ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

DURLIN & SLOAN, PUBLISHERS. — $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. — B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

VOLUME 24. — ERIE, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1854. — NUMBER 38.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

IRA S. GRAVES — Manufactory of the corner of [illegible], Erie, Pa. The highest price will be paid [illegible].

DR. S. C. BROWNEL — South side of the Public Square, between [illegible] Streets, Erie, Pa.

EPPIGYPE LIKENESSES FOR 1 DOLLAR. E. H. ABELL. Rooms over the Erie Bank, south [illegible], Erie, Pa. [illegible] in the best style of the art, and warranted.

T. D. EDWARDS. Counsellor at Law, Warren Pa. Prompt attention and collections will receive prompt [illegible].

D. D. WALKER & CO., Forwarding and Commission Merchants, fourth side west of the Public Bridge, Erie Pa. Coal, Salt, Plaster, Stores, Salt, Fish, Lime, Nails, Stoves, Castings, &c., with [illegible] for shipping either by steamboats, schooners, or by Railroad.

CARSON GRAHAM, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office on French St., [illegible] corner of the Park, Erie.

T. W. MOORE, Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candies, [illegible].

VINCENT, HIMROD & Co., Manufacturers of Stoves, Hollow Ware, Engines, Machinery, Railroad Cars, etc. State St., Erie, Pa.

THOMAS M. AUSTIN, [illegible] Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Musical Instruments, Looking Glasses, Lamps and Fancy [illegible].

H. JARECKI. [illegible] State Street, Erie, Pa.

L. S. TIBBALS & CO. Successors to the firm of Walker & Tibbals. Forwarding and Shipping Merchants, and dealers in Coal, Fish, Salt, Water Lime, Plaster, &c. [illegible] Packages intended for our care [illegible].

J. B. GUNNISON, [illegible] Stationery, Monthly Magazines, Cheap Music, Newspapers, Gold Pens, Pocket [illegible], Erie, Pa.

BOOTH & STEWART, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods and Millinery, No. 6, Poor People's Row, opposite [illegible].

LIDDELL, KEPLER & CO. Manufacturers of Iron Fence, Railing, Steam Boilers, [illegible] Fire Proof Shutters, and all kinds of Machinery, Castings, &c., done to order.

CLARK & METCALF, Wholesale and retail dealers in Dry Goods, Carpets, and [illegible], No. 1 Reed House.

JOHN B. COOK. [illegible] & Fancy Dry Goods, and the Greatest variety in the city, Cheap side, Erie, Pa.

STERRETT & GRAY, Wholesale and retail Dealers in wet and dry Groceries, Produce, Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Hardware and Stone Ware, Flour, Fish, Salt, Glass, Nails, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, &c., &c., French [illegible] the Reed House, Erie, Pa. [illegible] supplied with any of the above articles [illegible] and very cheap.

WM. S. LANE, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.—Office over Jackson's [illegible] corner of the Public Square.

ARBUCKLE & KEPLER, [illegible] Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c. [illegible] Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

DR. C. BRANDES, Physician and Surgeon.—Office at his residence on Eighth [illegible] French and Holland, Erie, Pa.

M. SANFORD & CO., Dealers in Bank Notes, Drafts, Certificates [illegible] on the principal cities [illegible]. Office in Beatty's Block, Public [illegible].

J. HERON STUART, Physician.—Residence on Fourth street, one [illegible] Drug Apothecary Hall.

RUFUS REED, Dealer in English, German and American Hardware and [illegible] Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel No. 5 [illegible], Erie, Pa.

CADWELL & BENNETT, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Glassware, Carpeting, Hardware, Iron, Steel, Spikes, &c. Empire Stores State Street, [illegible] Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa. [illegible] Vices, Bellows, Axle Arms, Springs, and a [illegible] of Saddle and Carriage Trimmings.

S. MERVIN SMITH, Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace, and Agent for [illegible] Mutual Life Insurance Company. Office [illegible] Wright's store, Erie, Pa.

GEORGE H. CUTLER, Attorney at Law, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections [illegible] attended to with promptness and dispatch.

JOSIAH KELLOGG, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, on the Public [illegible] State street. [illegible] and White Fish, constantly for sale.

J. G. & W. I. MILLS, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, [illegible] Foreign Fruit, Nuts, Pickles and [illegible] Lobsters, Preserves, and Hermetically [illegible] every other description always on hand, No. [illegible], opposite Brown's New Hotel.

W. J. MILLS, Buffalo. [illegible] Oysters in shell, from J. [illegible] New York, which will be sold at [illegible]. A. C. JACKSON, Ag't, Erie, Pa.

CARTER & BROTHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, [illegible] No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

JAMES LYTLE, Fashionable Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors [illegible] street, Erie.

JOHN H. BURTON & CO. Wholesale and retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Dye [illegible], No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

DURLIN & SLOAN, Dealers in [illegible] and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, and Printer's Cards, No. 9, [illegible], Erie, Pa.

GRS BEEBE & STEWART, [illegible] and Surgeons. Office and Residence [illegible] Sassafras Streets. [illegible] A. M. 1 to 2, and 6 to 7, P. M.

JOHN HEARN & CO. Forwarding, Commission Merchants, dealer in in Coal, [illegible] for a daily line of Upper Lake [illegible] Dock, Erie, Pa.

WAN EXPRESS COMPANY. [illegible] No. 2 Reed Block, State Street. [illegible] 11 o'clock, A. M. [illegible] 11 o'clock, P. M.

GEORGE J. MORTON. Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Erie. [illegible] Salt, Fish, Flour and Plaster.

ROZENSWEIG & Co. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c. [illegible] State street, Erie.

MARSHALL & VINCENT, [illegible] up stairs in Tammany Hall [illegible] the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON, Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office over Williams' [illegible], entrance one door west of State street, Erie.

TIBBALS & HAYES, Dealers in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No. 1 Brown's New Hotel.

SMITH JACKSON, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, hardware, Queens Ware, [illegible] Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

W. THORNTON. NOTARY PUBLIC. [illegible] Deeds, Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c. [illegible] carefully drawn. Office, Wright's Block, [illegible] Erie, Pa.

M. CRAPIN, Resident Dentist—Office in [illegible] Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth Street, up stairs. Prices reasonable, and [illegible] warranted.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT, Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling on the South side of the Public Square, 1 door East of the Erie Bank Building. Teeth inserted on Pivot and Plate, from one to an entire set. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifrice so as to leave them of pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

Select Poetry.

THE SKATER.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

The earth is white with gleaming snow,
The lake one sheet of silver lies;
Beneath the mornings ruddy glow,
The frosty vapors round us rise;
Sweet is the cool and springing air,
That waves the pine-tree on the hill,
But voiceless as a whispered prayer,
Breathes down the valley, clear and still.

Come, it's an hour to stir the blood
To glowing life in every vein!
Up, for the sport is keen and good,
Across the broad and icy plain.
On each impatient foot, to-day,
The ringing steel again we'll bind,
And o'er the crystal sea away—
We'll leave the world and care behind.

And oh, what joy is ours, to play
In rapid round and swift career,
And snatch, between the wintry ray,
One moment's rest and hasty cheer!
Then, when the brief, sweet day is done,
And stars shore begin to blink,
Down the broad lake that bears us on
We meet our sweethearts on the brink.

We heard their cheerful laughter ring,
Our bounding hearts gave quick reply,
With rapid sweep around we spring,
Like haddling winds away we fly;
We greet them well, how bright the glow
Of cheeks; that kiss the frosty air!
And homeward, o'er the moon-clad snow,
Each proud boy leads his willing fair.

Then gathering round the cheerful blaze,
While winds without were blowing shrill,
With laugh, and jest, and merry lays
We pass the jocund evening still;
Around the board our feasts all told,
Comes nature's welcome hour of rest,
And slumbers never brought with gold,
Sit light on each untroubled breast.

No lagging pulse impedes our sleep,
No standing dreams our couch annoy,
But health and peace, in quiet deep,
Smile hovering round the country boy.
Then, when the morning, sharp and clear,
Springs gaily o'er the glittering hill
With hardy sports we hail it near,
Our hardy labors bless it still.

Choice Miscellany.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

From Household Words.

There is one great fault in most of the novels and romances of my acquaintance, and that is, that all the interesting adventures are limited to persons of extraordinary personal attractions.—Can't an ugly fellow meet with surprising accidents by flood or field? Must all the people who run up ladders when a house is on fire and save beautiful young ladies from being burned to death—must all the heroes of this sort be six feet high, five-and-twenty years of age, and end with a baronetcy and twelve thousand a year? It is a most unfair distribution of the gifts of fiction, so perhaps Truth may be more just; and therefore I write down what happened, some thirty years ago to my friend John Belton, of the house of Jones, Belton and Jones.

John Belton even then was not handsome; but he was big. Everything about him was big—his eyes, his nose, his mouth—but his manner was biggest of all. He was something like Louis the Fourteenth, only bigger, and with a considerable quantity of John Bullism in addition to the French dignity of the Grand Monarque.—When big John Belton was sheriff of his native city, he expanded more than ever. It was supposed there would have been no room for him in the narrower streets of his jurisdiction if he had swelled out any more, so they did'nt make him a knight. The consequence might have been awful. Big men, you may have remarked, are often addicted to very small pursuits. Belton was very fond of fishing. We used to laugh to see him affix a small bait to a small hook, and bring out at last a very small trout. But he was as much gratified as if it [illegible]—when, every year when his principal [illegible] called old Jones, had gone for his holiday, and his ships were fairly off on their long voyages, and the homeward-bound ones not expected for a month, he used to pack up his trunk and arrange his fishing-rods, and away he went to his favorite stream in the beautiful county of Hants, and we heard no more of him [illegible] from Lloyd's summoned him back again to [illegible] desk in Riches Court.

One autumn he had buried himself as usual in the solitude of the Downs. He had carried his conquering rod from brook to brook, and waded up to his chin, and toiled beneath his basket, and full of this happy consciousness, he had slept soundly every night for a fortnight in the little cottage about nine miles from Winchester; which out of compliment to that classical seminary, though without any pedantic regard to strict accuracy, he called his *Rus in urbe*. But, on a certain morning, the even tenor of his way was interrupted in a very disagreeable manner. He had risen early; he was walking at a rapid pace towards the scene of his morning's work,—a river at some distance from his *rus in urbe*—when, on crossing the high road to get on the gentle down which led to the valley, he was in search of, he heard the noise of wheels. Animal magnetism was not invented at that time, or at least Mr. Belton had never heard of it; but he [illegible] ten said that a feeling came over him, on hearing that very common-place sound, that all was not right. A sort of all-overishness came upon him and he wished he had staid in bed, instead of wandering over Hampshire hills at six o'clock in the morning. The vehicle came near him and stopped—a strong determined dead stop it made just at his side—and, on turning his eyes towards it, he saw a young man of seven or eight-and-twenty years of age, descending from the curricle, evidently with the intention of addressing him. He was surprised but not displeased. Belton was always fond of high society and he felt that this was a Lord.

"Will you excuse me, sir," said the stranger, lifting his hat in a stately but graceful manner, "if I take the liberty of requesting a favor at your hands?"

Belton bowed in a very stately and graceful manner, too.

"Certainly, sir; whatever lies in my power."

"It is what I expected from your appearance. One gentleman is rarely disappointed when he throws himself on the generosity of another."

"Oh! hang it," thought John Belton. "Here is a gentleman in distress. I won't give him a farthing." But a look at the curricle and the beautiful bay horses restored him to better thoughts. "He's out of money, perhaps. I'll lend him twenty pounds."

"The obligation you will confer upon me, sir," continued the stranger, "is the greatest which one man can bestow upon another. I know I have no right to ask it, except of the sincerest of my friends—but with me the appearance of a gentleman is a sufficient guarantee that my request, though not acceded to, will at all events be excused."

Belton's weakness we all knew, from his earliest appearance in the city, was a passion for the genteel.

"Say no more, sir, by way of apology," he said. "I'll do what you want, I'll be bound—unless" —he added with a playfulness which never left him—"unless it be to rob a church."

The stranger smiled. "It is not on quite so dreadful a business. It is merely to accompany me for a few miles along this road and be witness to a deed—"

The stranger paused and looked at Belton, who by this time had taken his seat in the carriage, and was sitting in an easy attitude (as if he had been used to curricles every day of his life,) with his rod and his fishing basket between his knees.

"I shall witness it with the greatest pleasure," he said. "Some important document," he thought; "his will, perhaps, or perhaps his marriage settlement." But here was a coldness and firmness in the expression of the handsome features of his companion, which did not accord with the idea of a wedding.

The fiery bays stepped out in noble style.—Belton was great on horseflesh, as on all other branches of life and art; and guessed the prices of the animals; and told anecdotes of the horrid bargains his friends had made at Tattersall's; and was just in the middle of his famous anecdote of the Lord Mayor's horse which had been in the dragoons, and which horse carried his lordship almost into collision with George the Third, on the trumpet's sounding a charge, when the stranger turned his horses sharp round up a narrow lane, and put them into a hard gallop with an exclamation that he feared they were too late.

"It must be the will of some rich old relation at the last gasp," thought the discomfitted story-teller.

"Is there any danger of immediate death?" he inquired.

"Considerable," replied his company, and again whipped the smoking steeds. On breasting the height, "Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed, "we are yet in time."

Belton looked in the direction of the course they now took along the level summit of the down, and perceived three gentlemen engaged in conversation at the side of a phaeton, from which it was evident they had just alighted.

Two of the gentlemen came forward and shook hands with the owner of the curricle, and looked inquiringly at Mr. Belton.

"The colonel has deceived me at the last moment," said the young man in an explanatory tone; "and my friend here has kindly consented to take his place."

This seemed quite satisfactory; and one of the gentlemen taking Belton aside, said:

"It is useless, I suppose, to change the resolution of your principal?"

"This gentleman knows me," thought Belton, "and is aware what a pig-headed blockhead my principal, old Jones is. "Change his resolution!" he said aloud. "When he has once made up his mind, you might as soon ask a millstone to grow into buttermilk."

"Then we may proceed to business at once," said the gentleman, drawing himself up and assuming a haughty look.

"With all my heart," said Belton.

"Will you stop, or shall I?"

"You, if you please."

"You'll drop your handkerchief?"

"Sir, I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. Belton, placing his handkerchief in the breast-pocket of his coat, and considering that the gentleman was warning him against the depredation of rustic thieves.

In the space of two minutes from the time they arrived on the ground, Mr. Belton, with the half consciousness of a person in an opium dream, saw some curious evolutions performed without having the slightest idea of what they meant. His companion took his stand opposite the third gentleman of the other party, who had kept some little way retired. The active individual who had entered into such a strange conversation with him, took long steps, loading pistols, whispering to the two gentlemen, and making himself excessively useful in a way he had never observed before. The tall and powerful figure of his friend might have been a study for painter or sculpture. His lips firmly contracted; his cheek pale. There was one peculiarity of his attitude which it was impossible not to observe; with his left elbow supported on his right hand, the left hand was continually used in smoothing the long moustaches which adorned his lips. While all the preparations were going on he never moved from that one position, till on a pistol being placed in his hand, he turned rapidly round, watched the fall of a handkerchief, which was dropped by the active assistant, and two sharp cracks went off at the same moment.—When Mr. Belton looked again, he saw his companion stretched on the ground, his face covered with blood, and the discharged weapon lying close to his nerveless hand. The third member of the original party came quickly up from the phaeton where he had stood; grasped the wrist of the recumbent figure, and shook his head on discovering no pulse. With a cloth which he had rapidly unrolled he tied up the chin of the unfortunate combatant, giving him the ghastly appearance of a corpse; and exclaiming, "Gentlemen, this is an unfortunate affair." "One is fatal. We must provide for our own safety," he aided the horror-struck perpetrator of the crime into the phaeton, mounted the box, and drove off at full gallop across the down.

This was too serious a matter to be misunderstood any more. Belton was terrified and shocked—terrified at the prospect of his own fate, and shocked at the dreadful ending of the unfortunate young man. He overcame the instinctive horror which all men have of death, and placed his hand on the victim's breast.—There was vital warmth still there; but he could detect no beating of the pulse. The cloth round the jaw became saturated with blood; and sickened with the sight, bewildered with surprise, and utterly unknowing what to do, he was wakened at last from the torpor of his despair by hearing, at a great distance, the voices of some of the shepherds noisily guiding their flocks.

He rushed away, scarcely caring in what direction. In spite of his eminent skill in horseflesh, his practical education in that department had been neglected; and he had not the least hope of being able to drive the fiery coursers in the curricle, even if he had known in what direction to make the attempt. He had some vague recollection of a law by which the person found in presence of a murdered man was instantly executed, or at all events imprisoned for trial. But who was to give notice of the terrible event? Was the corpse to lie there, unhouselled, on the summit of that bare moor, looking up into the noonday sun and midnight stars with that awful visage, with the white cloth round the chin?—These thoughts passed through him with the rapidity of lightning—perhaps they did not occupy half a minute all together. But the good prevailed over the timid in Belton's nature; and he determined that his late companion, if beyond the reach of human aid, should at least have Christian burial. He made right across the combe or ravine by which they had ascended;—and, on the upland levels of the opposite down, he encountered a man watching a great number of sheep.

"Can you drive a pair of horses?" inquired Belton, assuming as easy a manner as he could.

"Ees; I droives five," said the man; "and main hard work it be when they be all on end."

Belton thought probably it was tremendous work to drive five rearing horses, which was his interpretation of their being all on end; but felt sure now that the curricle would be a very easy matter in the hands of such a charioteer.

"Then here's half-a-crown for you," he said. "Go to that hill, and you will see a gentleman—lying on his back—only to refresh himself of course. Help him into the carriage you will see near, and drive to the nearest surgeon's; he has met with a slight accident. In fact," he added with a faint laugh, "he has had a hurl out of his drag and requires a plaster."

"I be Doctor Whimbler's man," said the shepherd; "he zeats all these downs, and lives in that ere red house among the turnips with the broken chimbly pots."

"That's very lucky," said Belton. "I'll hurry on and tell the Doctor to be ready to receive his patient."

So saying, he turned away in the very opposite direction; and was rushing off as fast as he could, when the man called him back. The summons shook him like a leaf; he felt his knees bend under him; but the man had only stopped him to point out the nearest way to Doctor Whimbler's; and Belton, saying he had to call on a friend on the road, continued his walk at a pace that would have done honor to a steam-engine.

But where to go? He had no notion in what direction his *Rus in urbe* lay. Even if he had, what was the use of going there? The hue and cry would be up in a very short time: the people who had seen him sitting so stately in the curricle would be sure to recognise him; and—here a dreadful thought overwhelmed him, as if he were already looking on the judge's black cap—his rod and basket! he had left them in the carriage! Was the name on the handle? Was there a card with his address on the lid? He could not remember, and therefore took it for granted that they were. "John Belton, Riches Court." What was the use of further concealment? He would inquire for a magistrate—for a policeman—for a turnkey; he would give himself up to justice. He has often told me that this resolution calmed him like a charm. He was now going to be hanged, and knew the worst. He even became jocular. He saw a considerable amount of humor in the rapidity of the change that had taken place in his position. Half an hour had altered it for life. He merely accepted a polite stranger's offer of a seat in his carriage, and had become enveloped in an affair in which he had no original concern, and must make his appearance on a scaffold for the murder of a man he had never seen before. In these meditations many miles were passed over, many bye-ways sought out, many turnings and twistings scientifically performed to foil his pursuers off the scent; but at last he felt faint and hungry, and was under the necessity of seeking the haunts of men. Some smoke at a little distance directed him towards a village at the foot of a gentle eminence. He looked out for a public house, and a little way across a field he perceived a mansion which he feebly began to recognise as one he had seen before. It was not, however, a house of entertainment; it was a red brick house; it stood in a field of turnips; it had broken chimney posts.

"I say, my man," he said to a lad of ten or twelve who passed him while gazing on the object of his surprise, "there's a penny for you.—Whose house is that?"

"That be Doctor Whimbler's, sir—thank'ee."

Doctor Whimbler's—the very place in all the world it was his object to avoid! The love of life grew strong as the danger of death drew near. He slunk like a guilty wretch from the hedgerow, and finally got into a wayside inn. Three or four laboring men were refreshing themselves. Belton ordered some bread and cheese and a glass of beer.

"He was dead, I tell ye, afore Jem Stokes got up to the Down," said one.

"Well, I heard said that he groaned four or five times after he got to Whimbler's," said another; "but whoever did it will be hanged; and that's a great comfort."

"Yes it is," said all the guests, except one.—Mr. Belton did not enjoy his bread and cheese so much as usual

"It was a duel," continued the first orator, "about Miss Florimond at the Hall. The Captain said he would have her, though her father had promised her to Sir Charles. So Sir Charles shot the Captain, and if he's hanged she on't have nee'er a husband at all."

This seemed to be considered a good joke, and the men laughed accordingly. Belton did not laugh, but joined in the conversation.

"Miss Florimond will be much to be pitied," he said. "Who was the Captain?"

"He's the dead man up at the old Whimbler's; and there goes the beadle for the Crowner's jury," said the man: "they'll send out a warrant for the seconds, and I 'spose they'll all be hung in a fortnight."

Belton left unfinished his bred and cheese, paid his reckoning without saying a word, and walked at his utmost speed away from the fatal neighborhood. A coach overtook him when he was nearly worn out. It was bound for London. He got inside, pulled down the blinds, and determined to keep his own counsel, and let events take their course.

From that day he was more attentive to business than ever. A weight was on him. But it was like the weight of a king's crown; it had dignity as well as care. He was the depository of a tremendous secret, and he swelled with the consciousness of the superiority which this gave him over everybody he met. A week passed on and he was unsuspected. He ventured to look at the newspapers. Only once he caught a glimpse of the awful subject. It was an allusion to the late fatal duel in Hampshire, and though the reporter was wrong in his date, there could be no doubt it alluded to the same event. "The seconds have absconded, and have hitherto eluded discovery. One of them is unknown; and the medical man, it is supposed, has gone to America."

Time had its usual soothing effect. He had visions of the murdered man for some days, but after the lapse of a few weeks the strange longing came upon him which has impelled so many evil doers to visit the scene of their iniquities.—He would go to *Rus in urbe* once more, and make inquiries for himself. He would find out who Miss Florimond at the Hall was. Florimond was a beautiful name. Belton was romantic, in spite of weighing thirteen stone. What an ending it would be if he—but then there was that Sir Charles, the actual culprit. It would be an excellent second ry punishment to cut him out. So, at the end of two months, Belton ordered a new suit of clothes; a bright green satin waistcoat; with a dimond stud in the frill of his shirt, which would have qualified a king's ransom if it had been real; a pair of boots with fixed brass spurs on the heels; and set off, without consulting anybody, to resume his apartments in the *Rus in urbe*.

The plea of a sudden call to town soon explained to his housekeeper the cause of his disappearance; and he lost no time in making all the inquiries he could venture on without exciting suspicion. With this view he resumed his piscatorial pursuits, and as he discovered that near the scene of the dreadful transaction there was a house of entertainment called the "Isaac's Arms," in honor of old Isaac Walton, he betook himself to his rod, and strolled, in a very unconcerned manner, from brook to brook, till, at the close of a sharp October day, he found himself in the coffee-room, or rather the bar of the wished-for-hotel.

If there appears a little frivolity in the ease with which Mr. Belton reconciled himself to the sad event, you must bear in mind that he considered himself free from any moral guilt attending the affair. He could not justly be charged with any intentional wrong, and as he had only a very few minutes' intercourse with the unhappy victim of the laws of society, he had no feelings of regret for the loss of a personal friend.—He had, therefore, got entirely over the first shock of the scene; and if the truth must be told, I fear some little portion of pride and gratification mingled with his remembrance of the dead. It is not every ship-broker who takes part in a duel with a Sir Charles. "A meeting" is an heir-loom of feudal times, and a very knightly method of settling a dispute. No duelist has yet been hanged; and, till that tremendous event takes place, the pistol will be the only argument resorted to by the people who have perhaps no other way of showing their patrician blood. These considerations had some weight with Mr Belton; and, though he would have scorned to join a housbreaker in forcing his way into a house, he considered it rather a feather in his cap that he had assisted at an affair of honor. Murder is so much more aristocratic than theft.

The bar of the "Isaac's Arms" was left in solitary possession to Belton all night. The landlord had been bottling off his winter's ale, and felt the effects of the operation so powerfully that he could not speak. In answer to some questions about Miss Florimond at the Hall, he hiccupped a good deal about the odds being five to one, and then remembered that the name was Miss Rosamond, and that she was a chestnut filly rising four. The candles burnt themselves nearly out—the gusts of a rising wind were heard against the outside walls—a pale watery moon moved ghost-like in the sky, like the wreck of the flying Dutchman floating noiselessly over the waves—the waiter, who enacted the parts also of a gardener and stableman, came in with "the gentleman's slippers," and Belton, who was now very sleepy, could only gather from the rather indistinct replies of the multifarious functuary, that though they were very dull just now, there would be rare doings next week, as Sir Charles was going to marry a young lady at the Hall. The surname of Sir Charles was unknown to the intelligent hostler; the Christian name of the young lady labored under the same disadvantage. He had never heard him called anything but "Sir Charles"—and had never heard her called anything at all. But the marriage was to be on Wednesday, and both horses were ordered for eleven o'clock. This was ample food for a long series of meditations. Miss Florimond was going to marry the survivor—forgetting the gallant young fellow who had died for her sake. The whole picture of that awful hour presented itself afresh. He saw the frightful wound; the preternatural calm—the rigid features—and the girl was about to lay her hand, before the altar, in the hand of the man who had pulled the trigger—who had taken the aim! He tried to banish the thought, but couldn't. It haunted him and oppressed his spirits beyond the power of brandy to raise them. Great were his efforts in that way; and perhaps his unnatural excitement was produced by the unusual quantity he drank to explain the extraordinary incident which occurred that night. I am not superstitious; but it is useless to deny that persons under strong agitation of the nervous system have their senses so sharpened that they see strange, unearthly appearances which it is impossible to account for by the ordinary laws of nature; and, however difficult it may be to bring ourselves to a belief in these startling departures from the usual course of human affairs, I think that the evidence that "such things be," is irresistible and conclusive.

The "Isaac Arms" was a long, rambling, old-fashioned inn, with a narrow passage running through it from end to end. The bedrooms lay to the south of this passage, while a window or two looked northward over some quiet fields, by the side of which lay the parish road. With the candle in his hand, Belton paused a long time on his way to bed, and looked out of the window.—The night had grown wilder than before—the wind was louder—the obstructions of the moon darker and more frequent. In one of the sudden clearings of the sky he thought he saw someting in motion on the narrow road, but the light of his own candle confused him, and he laid it on the floor of the passage and looked out again.—The quick tramp of a horse now met his ear, and wondering who could be in such rapid motion at that time of night, and in that retired situation, he slipped down stairs and went out by the northern door, which commanded the road by which the traveler must pass. The traveler pulled up and dismounted within a yard of where he stood. The moon was under a cloud—he could see very indistinctly.

"Is the chaise ready? They are close at hand," said a voice he did not recognise.

"I really don't know," said Belton.

The speaker started—and by a rapid motion pulled the cloak closer round.

"Are you a gentleman?" resumed the voice hurriedly.

"I should think I was," replied Belton.

"Then I am safe. You will be secret—pass on."

The clouds dispersed for a moment. The stranger was a lady of tall and graceful presence, closely muffled, but revealing enough of shape and motion in the riding habit in which she was dressed, to complete the conquest which her musical voice had begun. But Belton had no time for the display of his admiration. The stranger disappeared, and the horse, when left to itself, celebrated his recovered liberty by some well directed kicks in the immediate proximity of Mr. Belton's eyes, which made him beat a rapid retreat towards the house. The clatter of the emancipated animal's gallop was shortly lost in distance; and Belton, after ten minutes ineffectual search for the mysterious lady, gave up the attempt to discover her retreat; and, wearied more than ever, chilled with the night air, and puzzled at the strange event, he went once more up-stairs and entered on the long narrow passage which conducted to his room. His candle was still on the floor; and, on going forward to lift it up, he saw as distinctly as if it had been in open day a figure standing silent and erect at the other end. It was not fancy that conjured up the terrible appearance. It was the form of a tall and handsome man—resting the left elbow in the right hand, and smoothing the moustache—there was the same firm expression of the eyes and mouth, and round the jaw was rolled a white cloth concealing the cheek, and sustaining the chin exactly as he had seen it applied by the surgeon on the morning of the death.

Belton gazed, horror-struck, for some time. The figure made no movement. There it stood, fixed and rigid, still playing with the moustache, and looking with those unearthly eyes, as if expecting to be addressed by the witness of his fate. Belton could stand the sight no longer, but made a forward rush to seize his candle. In his terror and agitation he overturned the light, and the duelist and his second were left in total darkness. Ever through the long hours of that awful night, Belton, who groped his way to his bed, saw nothing but the features of the murdered man; near him they seemed to come. If sleep for a moment closed his eyes, clearer and clearer the phantom rose to view; and feverish, ill, and with concience awakened with all its strings, he rose early in the morning, and, without any allusion to the adventures of the night, betook himself to town.

There was something too painful in this incident to be kept entirely to himself. He told it to his friends. I heard it very soon after it occurred; and though we all good-naturedly labored to dispel his illusion, it was in vain. He became, as the saying is, an altered character. He subscribed to charities, and became governor of hospitals, and grew immensely rich, and had a charming family, and gave dinners to lords, and put Charles Belton, his eldest son, into the crack regiment of the service. The memory of the night at the "Isaac's Arms" by these means was beginning to die out, or at least it was not so much talked of as before. But, about two years ago, he asked me to go with him to Gravesend in a magnificent new ship he had just launched, which was going to carry out the recently appointed Governor to one of our noblest dependencies. The great man was to embark at Gravesend, and Belton resolved to get everything ready for his reception. The cabins designed for his Excellency and suite were, fitted up as if for an Indian King, and very difficult to please must his Excellency have been, if he felt discontented with the attention bestowed on his comfort. The small vessel which brought him on board at Gravesend was to take us on shore. The Governor stepped on deck, and was received by Belton with all the respect due to his rank. He was a man about fifty years of age, and supported on his arm a lady a few years younger, but still wearing the remains of exquisite beauty. With somehow haughty manners he had a bold, manly appearance, which attracted notice, and a sweet smile which won our liking. He stood near the helm, and looked with admiration at the proportions of the noble ship. Belton shook hands with him, and wished him a prosperous voyage. We then got into the vessel at the side, and, on looking once more to the quarter-deck we had left—"See there!—see there!" whispered Belton to me. "Look how he stands!"

The Governor had rested his left elbow in his hand, and was smoothing his moustache. There was a visible scar on his left cheek, imperfectly concealed by his whisker.

"That's the man I saw die on the Hampshire Downs, whose ghost I saw at the "Isaac's Arms." I can't be mistaken."

"Perhaps you are," I said. "Perhaps he was only wounded—perhaps he ran away with the intended bride of his rival—perhaps you had taken too much brandy and water."

But Belton was overcome with astonishment. On arriving in town we looked at one of the biographical compliations of the day; we found he had served in all quarters of the globe, and that he had married Miss Florimond, daughter of Alfred Hope, Esquire of the Hall.

Belton was disappointed and displeased to find that his ghostly visitation had faded in the light of common day. But there are some people who turn everything to profit. Charles Belton was shortly afterwards ordered on foreign service within the limits of his Excellency's command. A letter from Belton, with an account of his share in certain transactions long ago, produced a friendship which it is probable will never decrease. Charlie is aid-de-camp to the Governor, and has outstripped all his contemporaries in the rapidity of his rise. And Belton himself thinks that duels are sometimes excellent things, and is no believer of ghosts.

Practical Experience.

A New York paper gives the following experience of a now wealthy merchant of that city:

"I came to this city years ago, determined to have mercantile employ, and in fact such business as suited me. I had not money enough after being here two weeks, to take a letter out of the post office from my family and friends. I looked into every newspaper, read every advertising column—went to every part of the city;—nobody wanted me, after some conversation. I could not find any particular place, or particular salary that suited me. I thought I could not work, I had not been brought up to that. And again, *work*; was it not disgraceful? Nevertheless, there was something within that whispered me, if I could once make a lodgement in anybody's business. I could make myself so useful and so indispensable, that my employer could not do without me. Under these reflections, I picked out my particular branch of business, and determined on being employed in it. I entered the store, and asked if a clerk was not wanted. "No," in a rough tone, was the reply—all being too busy to be bothered with me—when I reflected that if they did not want a clerk, they might want a laborer, but I was dressed to fine for that. I went to my lodgings, put on a rougher garb, and the next day went into the same store, and demanded if they did not want a porter, and again "No" was the response—when I exclaimed in despair almost, "not a laborer?—Sir, I will work at any wages. Wages is not my object.—I must have employ, and I want to be useful in the business."

These last remarks attracted their attention, and in the end I was employed as a laborer in the basement and sub cellar, at very low pay, scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. In that basement and sub-cellar, I soon attracted the attention of the counting-room, and of the higer clerk. I saved enough for my employers in little things wasted, to pay my wages ten times over, and they soon found it out. I did not let anybody about commit any pretty larcenies without remonstrance or threats of exposure and real exposure if remonstrance would not do. I did not ask for my ten hour law. If I was wanted at 3 A. M., I was there, and now cheerfully there; or if I was kept till 2 A. M., I never growled, but told everybody, "go home, and I will see everything right." I loaded off at day-break packages for the morning boats, or carried them myself. In short I soon became indispensable to my employers, and I rose—and rose—till I became the head of the house, with money enough as you see, to give any luxury, or any position a mercantile man may desire for himself or his children, in this great city."

THE SCIENTIFIC DOG.—The editor of the Portsmouth Journal recently made a visit to E. Merriam, at Brooklyn Heights: Mr. M. is a meteorogical observer, and has made records from three instruments, every hour, day and night, for eight years, many of which have been published in the "Scientific American." The editor inquired:—"But, sir, how do you manage, to keep your record through the night hours—you would seem to want some time to sleep; how do you manage?" The reply was, "One member of the family keeps the record from seven in the morning to seven in the evening. Another keeps it from seven to eleven in the evening, and I and my dog keep it the other eight hours. I retire regularly, my dog is stationed in the entry by the clock, and at its striking immediately scratches at the door. I rise, make the record, and in a few minutes am regularly asleep again, until the dog gives notice of the expiration of another hour." "We saw," he says, the intelligent animal which has been so faithful in aiding his master in his scientific researches—and also the evidence of labor performed on the door of the sleeping room of his master. His regular service for three years he has deeply recorded in the panel of the door by an hourly scratch."

"WHO MADE YOU?"—One of the ladies connected with the "Methodist Five Points Mission," who has under her charge some thirty little boys, called them together on the morning of Christmass, to perfect them in their answers to questions she intended to put to them before the visitors during the afternoon. After arranging them properly, the first boy on the right, in answer to the question, "who made you?" was to say, "God;" the next, "of what were you made?" to reply, "the dust of the earth," and so on through the catechism. The all-important moment having arrived, the little "shavers" were told to stand up. The little head boy, it seems, was missing; but the fact being unnoticed by the teacher, she proceeded as with the question, "who made you?" which elicited the following laughable answer; "I was made out of de dirt of the 'ert; but the little feller what God made has got the belly-ache and gone home."—*N. Y. Mirror.*