General Miscellaneous Matters.

From the Western *Literary Messenger.*

THE LAKE.

Now calmly sleeps the lake
The moon's bright beams are falling softly down.
And to its solitary shore, I take
My noiseless way from out the busy town.

Its rising waves I hear,
As carelessly they dash against the shore—
At every step its voice comes up more clear,
And every dashing seems to charm me more

And now it greets my sight,
All silvered o'er and sparkling as it lies,
The moon itself, from which it takes its light,
Shines not more brightly in its native skies

And there a distant sail
Rocks on its bosom, like a white winged dove.
Hearts wait impatient for the favorite sail
To waft them onward to the homes they love

A pebble now I drop
Into its bosom quickly *out of sight*
The rising waves a moment seem to stop,
To ask who breaks the stillness of the night.

Slowly it dies away,
That sudden sound upon my listening ear
The voices of the night catch up the lay,
Of words a mingled melody I hear

"Mortal! what doest thou
At night thus wandering by the Lake's lone shore
"I come to gaze upon thy beauties now
Thou seem'st of Paradise to ope the door"

"My life is from above.
From you resplendent orb to me 'tis given—
Would'st have thy *Lake's* dark side to shine above
Then spread thy sail in the pure light of Heaven.

POCAHONTAS

Murder at Piqua, Ohio

We have noticed heretofore the death of a Mr. Ragan by poison administered by his wife. The act was instigated by affection for a former lover Mr Mowrey, who had been examined on the charge as an accessory Upon that examination, Mrs. Ragan made a full confession of the crime, which is thus spoken of by the Dayton *Gazette*:

This morning, Mrs Ragan, who was present, although under arrest as the principal in the murder, consented to be sworn She is a lady of about twenty-two years, possessing a graceful figure, an intelligent countenance indicating much firmness and energy She is quite attractive in her appearance and manner, with bright hazel eyes, brown hair, and fair complexion The following is her testimony:

"I wrote a letter to James Mowrey in December last. I had talked with Mowrey before last summer, a year ago, I was at my father's house, and was nursing my child, and he came up to see me, and declared his affection to me, said he had been miserable the last four years of his life, he took my child and carried it to an other room, and asked to have me follow, but I did not. I told him I was a wife and a mother, and he ought not to think of former days My child after words died, and I did not see Mowrey again until the next fall, when I went to Tippecanoe to a quarterly meeting, where I met him again, and he again declared his affection for me, and said he was miserable unless he could be with me. I was still told him it was wrong, and we ought not to think of our former affection. I went I was with in the winter to attend a protracted meeting. I was kneeling at the altar at church, and he came and left but Mowrey, and I saw him as went home with me, and he again declared his affection and told me how miserable he was away from me — He asked me to write to him, and I told him I would. In a couple of weeks I wrote him a letter, and told him it was no use." After repeated solicitations from Mowrey, she administered the poison herself; that Mowrey was present when she obtained it, and asked if she was going to dispatch her old man now, but did not see her administer it, and how many grains she gave him a man. Her father was sworn, and substantiated her statements as far as he could from his knowledge

The parties are respectably connected, and are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church The moral sense of the whole community was shocked at the occurrence of such a tragedy as this.

A Pair of Royal Portraits.

Referring to the visit of Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie to Queen Victoria, which was announced to occur on the 20th instant, the New York *Tribune* gives the following striking portraits of two imperial personages, and also similar characters and fortunes

In June, 1844, there landed suddenly on the shores of England a man of noble presence, whom nature, as well as strange fate had marked out for a monarch From one end of the island to the other, men came to gaze on him, and Queen and subject, peer and peasant, vied with each other to do him honor Regardless of expense, and indifferent to the great expense, from distant quarters, to give strength and splendor, pomp and circumstance to the display of her military power which England paraded before him The man was Nicholas I., of Russia He had then the undisguised hatred of liberty as in those latter days of constitutional round the death-bed of the poor sick man His moderation then was boyond the admiration of other men No memory of Poland's fate intruded on this carnival of joy On the night on which he went to the great National Theatre battalions of guards were posted in front and in the worshipping crowds that swelled around and thundered at the gates for entrance. And when the national anthem of Russia was sung, each house rose, and every eye and mass of body and chivalry, such as its wars never had to show, was fixed on the one great man, to witness with the enthusiasm of the scene and the memory of his own distant land brought, for the moment, a manly tear, such a shout arose as England has seldom uttered, and women waved handkerchiefs and threw up their hats, and cried, "God save the Emperor Nicholas."

Within reach of the shout that night, sat another man in a respectable but not costly dwelling, No. 3 King street, St James He had in him of the spiritual beauty and look of command which send their calm yet terrible shadows over that face which looks down from the wall of every Frenchman's cottage, but he bore that talismanic name which finds a home in every Frenchman's heart. Upon the Corsican blood, stained with Creole, was marked the impress of the Paris nativity, and the cosmopolitan touch of his daily life, stamping him as a thorough bred gipsy, the incarnation of all that was bad and wicked in many races, and of a nature too lymphatic and phlegmatic to develope any germ that was good. His associations and habits at the time were even coarsely profligate His exile, if surrounded with a single appliance which could lend dignity to misfortune Circumstances which have changed his position have not changed his character

Napoleon, the penniless roue, and Napoleon, the perjured Emperor, are still the same. Three times has he shivered, with triumphant scorn, oaths which were built up in the most binding cement, and broken loose from obligations of honor and truth, whose sacredness even the most reckless profligates respect Yet, while we write, this man is doubtless receiving a counterfeit embrace at the postern of the Queen of England's palace, and will sleep to-night in the chamber in which, in 1844, slept Nicholas, the Czar Some few years since, at this same postern, Victoria welcomed Louis Philippe; to-day she welcomes Louis Napoleon; a few years more and she may welcome Louis Blank. So much for royal principle and royal truth.

Doubtless the air will glitter with light sparkling gossip, and pretty prattle, of how Victoria kissed Eugenie, and Eugenie kissed the Princess Alice, and they all kissed each other all the way round. The one will show her jewels in the boudoir, and the other in the nursery, and the world will be told of the undying love of England for Louis Napoleon, as before Louis Philippe, and her undying friendship for France, as before for Russia.

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List of Names and Firms of Persons

Engaged in Dealing in Goods, Wares, and Merchandize at Retail, in the County of Erie, for the year 1855

Erie—West Ward

	Class.	Tax.
[illegible]		$15
[illegible]		
[illegible]		
[illegible]		
[illegible]	14	7
[illegible]	12	10