ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CHAUNCEY HULBERT, Attorney at Law, Office on Second, Opposite the Great Pennsylvania Head Quarters, No. 212 Market Street, Philadelphia.

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DR. BEEBE & DICKINSON, Have formed a partnership, would respectfully offer their services to the citizens of Erie and vicinity. Examination free to the poor. Office in Dickinson's Building.

P. MINNIG & BROTHER, Wholesale Grocers, Produce, Pork, Fish, Salt, Grain, Flour, Iron, Nails, Brooms, Pails, Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware. Cash Prices low. No. 4 Wright's Row, adjoining the Post Office, Erie, Pa.

JOSEPH SERL, Corner of State street, between Second and Eighth streets, Meadville, Pa., Manufacturer and also keeps constantly for sale Spring Mattresses made upon a new and every way improved principle. Hair Mattresses with and without Springs. Prices very moderate.

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THOMAS MORHEAD, Will also attend to Drawing Deeds, Mortgages, and other instruments of writing. Office in Select Council, Wright's Block, corner of Fifth and State street.

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STARK & PAYNE, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, Dealers in Coal, Fish, Flour, Water Lime and Plaster. Public Dock, east of State street, Erie, Pa. J. Stark. Jas. G. Payne.

CLARK & METCALF, Exchange Brokers, Erie, Pa. Interest allowed on special deposits. Sight Drafts, Checks and Specie, on hand. Land Warrants bought and sold. Collections made on the principal cities in the United States. Business relied upon our own responsibility.

DR. J. L. STEWART, Office Stewart & Sinclair's Drug Store, Erie, Pa. Residence on the east end of Second street.

W. B. RUSHMORE, Attorney at Law, Meadville, Pa. Office in Masonic Building. Will attend to the collection of Claims in Crawford and adjoining counties. Refers to Hon. Thos. Allen, New York; Hon. Thos. Ross, Erie; Hon. Thos. Sill, Meadville. Meadville, Jan. 1, 1856. 3m26. Hazelton Wakeley, Jr. W. B. Rushmore.

H. B. HAVERSTICK, Erie, Pa., Wholesale and Retail dealer in Flour, Meal, Provisions and all kinds of Grain, east side of the Public Dock, Erie, Pa.

TIBBALS, HAYES & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Findings, Oil Cloths, &c. No. 1 Commercial Block, Erie, Pa.

MAGILL & CO., DENTISTS, continue their office in Reed's Block, north side of the Public Square, ready at all times to wait upon all other operators in prices, estimating work according to its quality and real value.

WILLIAM WILLING, Auctioneer and Broker, can be consulted at the Park Hotel, east side of the Diamond, Erie, Pa.

SAMUEL T. STEBBETT & CO., Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware, Wholesale and Retail, French and Fifth street, opposite the Farmers' Bank, Erie, Pa. Every article in the above line always on hand, with an extensive assortment of Stove and Hollow Ware. All kinds of Roofing and repairing executed with neatness and dispatch on reasonable terms.

CLEMENS & CAUGHEY, Brewers, and Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents for Gale's Ale. No. 7 Bonnell Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

WM. M. CAUGHEY.

WILLIAM C. WARREN, Real Estate Broker in Exchange, No. 1 American Block. Collections made on the Principal Cities of the United States and Canada, and promptly remitted. Bank Notes, Gold and Silver bought and sold. Interest paid on time deposits. Money loaned, Land Warrants bought, sold and located.

ALLEN A. CRAIG, Law Office, Erie, Pa., removed to No. 2 Hughes' Block, second door south of State Street.

E. H. ABELL, Successor to Hutton & Sherman, Merchant Tailor, Public Square, Opposite the Reed House and Erie Hotel. Fashions taken in the latest style of the art and warranted to fit.

L. W. OLDS & CO., Forwarders and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fish and Salt, Corner of Superior and Water streets, the corner of Water and Twelfth street near Lake Erie. Salt for curing water for sale, a farm or mechanical business for sale cheap.

RICHARD G. HERRON, Successor to Darlington & Herron, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicine, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Brushes, Perfumery, Fine Soaps and Fancy Goods. No. 5 Reed House, Erie, Pa.

D. D. WALKER & CO., Forwarding and Commission Merchants, fourth Warehouse from the Bridge, Erie, Pa. Also dealers in Coal, Salt, Fish, Lime, and Lime Stone, Iron, Nails, &c., &c., with unsurpassed facilities for shipping goods as Propellers, Schooners, or by Railroad. L. Dowdows.

THOMAS M. AUSTIN, Late of the firm of G. Loomis & Co.) Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Musical Instruments, Glasses, Lamps and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail. 33

ROGERS & KENNEDY, Successors to Caldwell and Bennett, Dealers in Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, &c. No. 11 and 12 Empire Block, corner of Fifth and State streets, Erie, Pa. J. Kennedy.

S. S. STORRETT, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Wet and Dry Groceries, Flour, Foreign and domestic Fruit, Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware, Fish, Salt, Glass, Nails, Powder, Shot, &c., &c. French street, opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa.

LIDDELL, KEPLER, & CO., Manufacturers of Iron Fence, Railing Steam Boilers, Vault Doors, Shutters, and all kinds of Machinery and Fancy Cast-Iron Work.

M. CHAPIN, Resident Dentist—Office in the American Block, Cor. of State street and the Public Square, up stairs. Prices reasonable, and all work warranted.

WILLIAM S. LANE, Counsellor at Law.—Office over Jackson's Store, opposite the Public Square.

M. SANDFORD & CO., Silver, Bank Notes, Certificates of Deposit, &c. Wanted at the principal cities constantly for sale. Office Reed House, Public Square, Erie.

T. HERRON STUART, Attorney at Law.—Office, Fifth street, a few doors East of the Exchange, Fourth street, one door East of the old Post Office.

RUFUS REED, Importer of British and American Hardware and Cutlery, Table Cutlery, Iron and Steel, No. 4 Reed House, Erie.

H. JARECKI, Manufacturer and Dealer in Furniture, Second door west side of State street, Erie, Pa.

J. B. GUNNISON, Dealer in Stationery, Monthly Magazines, Cheap Publications, Music, Newspapers, Gold Pens, Pocket Cutlery, &c. Opposite the Reed House, Erie.

BOOTH & STEWART, Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods and Groceries, Between the Reed House and Brown's Hotel.

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

JONAH KELLOGG, Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, east side of State street, Erie, Pa., Dealer in Coal, Fish, Salt, Plaster and Water Lime, constantly on hand.

ARTHUR & SHOTHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, &c. No. 6 Reed House, Erie, Pa.

JOHN SWEENY, Office in the room formerly occupied by Dr. Chamberlain, in Wilson's Block.

JOHN HEARN & CO., Forwarding and Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal, Flour, Salt, Fish, &c., Agents for the Line of Upper Lake Steamers, Public Dock, Erie, Pa.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT, Resident Dentist.—Office and Dwelling in South Park Row, Erie, Pa. All work warranted.

J. W. DOUGLASS, Attorney at Law.—Office up Stairs in Benjamin Grant's Building, Park Row, opposite the Reed House and Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.

JAMES C. MARSHALL, Attorney at Law.—Office up stairs in Tuesday Hall Building, corner of State street, Erie, Pa.

ARBUCKLE & THOMPSON, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, and Dealers in Coal, Fish, Salt, Flour, Water Lime and Plaster. Public Dock, East of State street, Erie, Pa.

GEORGE J. MORTON, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Erie, dealer in Coal, Salt, Fish, Flour and Plaster.

C. B. WRIGHT & CO., Bankers, Collectors and Dealers in Gold and Silver Coin, uncurrent Money, Land Warrants and Certificates of Deposit. Also, Sight Drafts on the principal cities in the Union, and all parts of the Old Country for sale. Office, Williams' Block, corner of State street and Public Square. C. B. Wright. F. P. Bailey. C. E. Gibbons.

T. M. BLAKE, Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Straw Goods, Artificial Flowers, Ribbons, Silks, Laces, and Fashionable Millinery, No. 6 Reed's Block, State street, Erie, Pa. Particular attention paid to Orders.

G. W. DE CAMP, Attorney at Law. Office over J. B. Gunnison's Bookstore, Park Row, Erie, Pa.

TAYLOR & KING, Bankers and Exchange Brokers, Waterford, Pa. Refer to E. P. James & Co., New York. G. K. King. C. J. Taylor.

D. B. McCREARY, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office corner of State and Seventh Street, over Stewart & Sinclair's Drug Store.

W. C. BRALEY, Veterinary Surgeon and Farrier, Livery Keeper, Trainer and Salesman, offers his services to the public. He will be found at the 6th street Canal Landing, where he will be glad to show the best Blood Horses in the west. W. C. BRALEY. Erie, March 29, 1856.

T. W. MOORE, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Produce, Pork, Fish, Salt, Grain, Flour, Iron, Nails, Paints, Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware, &c. No. 2, State street, opposite Reed's Hotel, Erie.

J. C. SCRIPTURE, Daguerreotype Artist and Dealer in Daguerreotype, Ambrotype and Photographic Materials of every description, State street, opposite Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.

I. W. HIBBARD & CO., Wholesale Manufacturers of Pierce's Super'r Percussion Matches, No. 221 Woodbridge Street, Detroit, Mich. I. W. Hibbard, H. B. Richardson, R. Rodger, F. T. Hayes. April 14, 1856.

100 PIANO FORTES. TEN OF WHICH ARE THIS DAY RECEIVED! Tep next Week, and so on, at Mann's Piano Forte Agency and Depot, sign of THE BIG FIDDLE. AMONG which are BOARDMAN, GRAY & Co's celebrated CAMPAY PIANOS, with the new PATENT CORRUGATED SOUNDING BOARD, which took the FIRST PREMIUM when Chickerings Pianos only received the THIRD premium. The great and increasing demand for these instruments renders it almost impossible for the manufacturers to fill their orders, notwithstanding the immense quantities they furnish, while all forge have to reduce their prices from 10 to 50 per cent, as of late. Strangers coming to the city will find it to their advantage to call at Mann's Warerooms, where may be found a LARGE STOCK OF VARIOUS MAKES, and an assortment of new and selected by the best judges in the city. Having just concluded a contract for 100 PIANO FORTES at extraordinary rates, I am prepared to furnish them on terms not surpassed in any city. Call and see. March 29.

PARKER, GRAY & DAVIS, REAL ESTATE BROKERS; LAND, INSURANCE AND GENERAL AGENTS, Council Bluffs and Sioux City, Iowa.

PARKER & DOYLE, Bankers, Dealers in Exchange and Land Agents, Chicago, Iowa. PARKER & GRAY, Real Estate Brokers and Land Agents, Iowa. Will find and enter Vacant Lands in Western and North Western Iowa, Secure Claims, and Pre-emptions in Nebraska Territory, for residents and non-residents. Pay Taxes, &c. N. T. DAVIS, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Sioux City.

REFER TO Hon. John Galbraith, and M. B. Lowry, Esq., Erie. D. Derrickson and H. L. Richmond, Esqs., Meadville; Hon. M. Trout, Sharon, and Samuel Brotherton, Waterford, Pa. Dr. S. Preminger and Pershing and Connelly, Rock Island, Ill.

MERCHANTS' INSURANCE COMPANY, No. 12, Merchants' Exchange, Philadelphia. Authorized Capital, $400,000. Amount Securely Invested, $200,000. Incorporated March 14, 1856, by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, under a perpetual Charter. Fire, Marine and Inland Transportation Risks taken at current rates. TRUSTEES: William Pettit, John McDowell, Jr., Benj. I. Woolston, John C. Montgomery, E. S. Witmer, John J. Marshall, John M. Patterson, Samuel Brotherton, Geo. W. Woolston, D. J. Sheppard, Hiram Miller, Chas. B. Wright, John J. Patterson, Wm. H. Allen, Aaron H. Day. E. S. WITMER, Vice Pres't. WM. V. PETTIT, Pres't. DANIEL S. FINE, Secretary. April 19, 1856.—1y-49. G. A. BENNETT, Agent, Erie, Pa. Office in Post Office Building.

J. J. LINTS, INSURANCE AGENT, REPRESENTING the following reliable Companies: ETNA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn. Capital $400,000. COMMONWEALTH FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE CO., Harrisburg, Penna. Capital $300,000. PENNSYLVANIA FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE CO., Pittsburg, Pa. Capital $300,000. ETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Hartford, Conn. Capital $100,000. Rates in each as low as security to the insured will permit. Office in Post Office Building. Erie, April 12, 1856. 49

T. R. BLAKE, WHOLESALE & RETAIL MILLINER, No. 6 REED'S BLOCK, STATE STREET, ERIE, PA. THE subscriber has just returned from Boston and New-York with the largest and best stock of Millinery goods that he has ever brought to this city, consisting in part as follows: BONNETS, Florence, French, Swiss, English, Coburg, Neapolitan, Chip, Lace, and American Straw. CHILDRENS' HATS AND JOCKEYS. French, Pedal, Rutland, Lace, Pearl, and Fancy Bloomers—new shape. A few French Pattern Bonnets just as they were imported. Silk, Lisle, Crape, Blond, Tissue and Lawn Bonnets in great variety. Ribbons, Flowers, Silks, Laces, Crapes, Ladies' Dress Caps, Mohair Head Dresses, Blonds, Laces, Embroideries, Edgings, Straw Goods, Ruches, Mohair Braids, Sewing Silks, Needles, Pins, and many other kinds of goods, too numerous to mention, TO BE SOLD WHOLESALE OR RETAIL FOR CASH ONLY. Having been thirty-one days in the eastern cities, and at the largest manufactories, receiving the first selections of their goods, and having secured the services of some of the best Boston milliners, I flatter myself that Every effort made to please my numerous Patrons will be crowned with the utmost success. The proprietor, thankful for past favors, hopes that with the many great facilities he has, and by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of patronage. T. R. BLAKE, Proprietor. Milliners from all quarters will be supplied with every kind of Millinery Goods, Patterns, and Pattern Hats, at wholesale prices. The Bleaching and Pressing department will be under the superintendence of Mr. Albert A. Blake, from one of the largest manufacturing houses in Massachusetts. His work needs but a trial to insure public patronage. Prices of Bleaching and Pressing, 3 Shillings. A liberal discount to Milliners. T. R. Blake, Proprietor. Erie, March 26, 1856. No. 6 Reed's Block, State street.

Erie & Meadville EXPRESS & TRANSPORTATION CO. (Under the management of the Plank Road Co.) Daily Lines from Erie to M'Kean, Edinboro, Kleckersville, Saegerstown & Meadville. CONNECTING at Erie with the American Eastern, Western and Southern Express, will attend to the collection of Drafts, notes and accounts. Each Wagon has a Safe and is accompanied by a Messenger. O. D. SPAFFORD, Supt. H. D. Leeland, Agt., Erie. A. M. Dunham, Meadville. Erie, January, 26, 1856. 37

WILLIAMS AND GUION'S OLD BLACK STAR LINE OF PACKETS. PASSAGE from any part of Great Britain and Ireland secured at the lowest possible rates by this old established Line, sailing from Liverpool for New York every five days, comprising the following magnificent ships:

Ships.	Tonnage.	Ships.	Tonnage.
Australia,	1800	North America,	1050
Arabia,	1050	Oswego,	1100
Conqueror,	1000	Ohio,	1500
Dewit Clinton,	1400	Robert Kelle,	1500
Enterprise,	1200	Saratoga,	1400
Guy Mannering,	1000	Southampton,	1600
George Washington,	1800	Ticonderoga,	1400
Jacob A. Westervelt,	1700	Universe,	1700
Irene,	1400	Vanguard,	1500
John Bright,	1200	William A. Harbeck,	1300
Leviathan,	1400	Charles,	1400
Marmion,	1200	New Ship,	1000

The Ships of this Line are the largest and swiftest in the trade. Their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any other Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount. No certificate of passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult who must be paid for on the same certificate. Persons desirous of having their friends brought out from Great Britain and Ireland, by the Black Star Line of Packets, can purchase tickets at my Office (agent) and thus secure to them that despatch and good treatment for which the above ships are noted. Drafts of $1 and upwards, on Great Britain, Ireland and Germany may be procured at this office the payment of which is guaranteed without discount in the nearest Bank of the parties in either to the above named countries. RICHARD O'BRIEN, Agent. Corner of Fourth and State Streets. Erie Sept 22, 1855. 1y19

Eureka! What have you Found! THE most splendid and superb assortment of Goods ever brought to this city, at John Goldring's, No. 3, Brown's Block, in the store lately occupied by J. M. Justice, embracing CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., of the most fashionable Styles and Patterns, and Garments Ready Made of every description to suit the taste of the most fastidious and the purse of the most economical. If you doubt it, call, see and be astonished at the richness of the Goods, and Low Prices. The Publisher will always find him ready and willing to accommodate every one by showing his stock to all who give him a call. Don't forget No. 3, Brown's Block State Street. Custom Work cut and made in the best manner and most approved styles. Let an enlightened public consult their own interest by an examination, and be convinced, and then purchase. Erie, May 10, 1856.—3y. JOHN GOLDRING.

A SUPERIOR article of Metallic Paint, very durable, and of different colors, ground in oil, and put up in cans from one to twenty pounds, for painting Houses, Wagons, and all kinds of farming utensils, for sale by R. G. HERRON, No. 5, Reed House. May 17

Select Poetry.

WHO BEARS THE BLAME?

BY A. H. DUGANNE.

Who bears the blame? From North to South
An impious threat has rung:
From Southern lip and Northern mouth
Defiant words are flung—
The words which are a nation's shame—
"Disunion!" "Strife!" Who bears the blame?

Ho! Massachusetts! land where first
Fair Freedom's banner rose,
Ho! Carolina! land where burst
Her lightnings on our foes!
Are ye ashamed of Moultrie's fame?
Or Warren's blood? Who bears the blame?

A voice from Moultrie's battle ground,
To warn the South, comes forth
From Bunker's height, with solemn sound,
A voice rebukes the North:
The martyred dead their wrongs proclaim—
The North and South must bear the blame.

They bear the blame—or South, or North,
Who range the hostile lines—
Whose words are fierce, whose hearts are wroth
Who threaten—arms—combine,
Who marshal here a hostile band,
And there in hostile columns stand!

They bear the blame who urge the strife
In Freedom's hallowed guise;
They bear the blame who bear the knife
In slavery's cause to rise!
Or North, or South, 'tis still the same—
Ye dare not ask, "Who bears the blame?"

Forbear! Forbear! The warning comes
From Vernon's sacred tomb—
With mourning march, with the muffled drums,
Our martyrs walk the gloom.
Our star-thick banner sinks in shame—
Our Union falls! Who bears the blame?

(Madison (Geo.) Visitor.

Choice Miscellany.

LUCY WITHERS.

CHAPTER I.

In one of the sweetest valleys of the most romantic and beautiful inland county of "Merry England," near the banks of that noble stream so well known for its small island, on which stands the proudest memento of perseverance and ingenuity over crafty Italian machinations, (the silk mills of Sir John Combe) is a hostelry, well known to the tired angler and weary pedestrian, rejoicing in the sign of the "Six Bells," which some fifty years back had for its host one Luke Ashton, the hero of my tale.

It was a fine sunshiny summer's morning that Luke Ashton was standing at his door, ruminating, hesitating and wondering what he should do to dispel the *ennui* that had crept over him, whether he should take his line and snare the finny tribe, or whether he should scale the high peak raising its towering head far above him, to breathe in freedom the morning's balmy air, or whether he should go and see dear Lucy Withers, the silk winder's daughter, half a mile across the valley. The last resolution was no sooner thought of than acted on, and off he set with a true lover's speed to Lucy's abode, leaving his sister Mary Ashton, a laughing blue eyed maiden of some eighteen years, to look after the wants of his guests.

Luke had reached about half-way to Lucy's cottage, when he saw tripping lightly towards him on the green sward he was so rapidly crossing, a sylphid figure, who soon to his heart's delight proved to be no other than Lucy herself.

"Ah! dear Luke," she modestly exclaimed, "how you surprise one."

"Nay, dear Lucy," he answered, "say rather you have surprised me by this unexpected, yet joyous meeting. Ah! Lucy, you are more dear to me than all the world beside."

Lucy blushed, then timidly replied, "So you say, Luke, and so say many men, and yet deceive us poor simple girls at last."

"Believe not all you hear, Lucy; men have deceived 'tis well known, and women have blighted the hopes of man's heart forever; but believe me, dear Lucy, I never can be false to you or wander far while those eyes shine so brightly to lure me gently back again."

Lucy sighed and exclaimed, "Ah! Luke, you flatter me, but if those eyes you so laud should, through sorrow or sickness grow dim, wouldst thou then love me?"

"Dearer and dearer still; should men cease to love the moon and stars because dark clouds will sometimes shut their light and beauty from their gaze? I would tend you as a storm stricken flower, watching day by day till health once more bloomed on you; and you seemed more beautiful than ever."

These words, uttered with a true lovers fervor, seemed fully to satisfy the sylphid being to whom they were addressed; for after gazing fondly for one moment on her lover, she yielded to his proffered embrace, and sunk into his extended arms, which thoroughly closed around her, in all the ecstacy of fond affection.

Lucy was the first to speak after this ardent proof of her lover's protestations, and putting aside her long ringlets which had fallen in some disorder over her fair face, she said, "We must part, dear Luke, my father ere now awaits me at the silk mill."

"Nay, nay," he passionately exclaimed, "why this haste, it is but early day, see how beautiful the blue etherial mist rests itself on the top of yon towering peak, while look towards the east and see what a trail of glorious light the newly risen sun has left behind it, the dew is yet wet beneath our feet, and sparkles in the sunny beams like diamonds in the petal of each blushing flower. Dear Lucy, you must not yet depart."

"Nay, but indeed I must," she smilingly replied, "so farewell till even."

"Well, well," he exclaimed. "I yield, fair tyrant, adieu." So saying he kissed her pretty pouting lips once more; they parted, Lucy for the silk mills, and he for the Six Bells.

Lucy Withers was one of the most beautiful light-hearted creatures that ever gambolled on the green sward, with bright blue eyes, fair and open brow, Grecian nose, a sweet smiling mouth, and a neck and a neck and bosom which would have shamed the snow, before the winds of heaven have ruffled it, while down it flowed luxuriantly long waving curls of chesnut hair. Her smile had witchery in it, and her very voice breathed music to the soul. And yet she was—

"A creature not too fair or good
For human nature's daily food."

But of this more anon. The host of the Six Bells had scarce crossed his threshold when he was met by his sister, who informed him his presence was wanted by a new guest, who was now sitting within the bar. He was not slow in obeying, and on entering the bar was somewhat surprised at the appearance his guest presented.

He was a tall thin dark man, and apparently not more than thirty summers had passed over him, though his brow seemed clouded with a weight of care, and his once dark hair, was with the exception of one patch, of a silvery grey; his dress was deep black, and he wore a mourning ring, on which every now and then he looked and sighed. Acknowledging Luke's obeisance with a graceful inclination of the body, he proceeded to ask him whether he had accommodation for one who wished to make a stay to explore the wonders of the Peak, for two, or perhaps three months; Luke answered in the affirmative, an arrangement was soon affected, and the new guest duly took up his abode at the Six Bells.

CHAPTER II.

Alas! for love's fidelity.

'Tis evening, a gentle summer's evening.—The sun is setting gloriously, leaving in its descending track a rich and glorious trail among the clouds, all nature seems sunk in repose.—The hum of the bee is hushed, and the flutter of the glittering butterfly is heard no more; each little flower has closed its silvery cell and droops its modest head; no sound steals on the ear—

"Save the drowsey thrilling of some distant fold,"

or the low chirp of some solitary mateless bird. Of all things a Summer's evening, such as this, is most fitting for love or memory's inspiration, so here again we introduce the new guest of the Six Bells.

He was standing at the base of one of the highest peaks, behind which the sun was fast disappearing. He stood with his arms folded on his breast, and giving one long wild melancholy look around him, with a deep drawn sigh, broke forth into the following rhapsody:

"Yes, yes! 'tis here I will end my days; this quiet, this awful, yet romantic scene befits me well; here man may commune with himself, and teach his spirit humbleness. Humbleness said I? I, whose cursed and rebellious spirit has laid in the cold and silent grave, a creature of Heven's own creation, in the very morning of her existence, when hope's cup was full to overflowing with all the blessed realities of life. O Annie! Annie! lovely, lost, and hapless girl, thy proud, despising, persecuting destroyer, who scorned thy undying affection, dimmed thy bright beauty, trampled on thy virtue, and sullied forever thy angel-like and snowy purity,

"For soft as the memory of buried love,
Pure as the prayer that childhood wafts above
Was she."

now feels all the tortures of the damned, whilst thou art reposing beyond yon etherial canopy in thy pale quiet beauty a seraph thrice blessed.—O man, man, why boast ye of your triumphs over the frailties of Woman. O think ye, think ye! when your day-dream has passed away, when your reign of merriment and debauchery is over when sickness shall palsy your limbs, make pale your now flushed and riotous cheek, dim your sparkling and wanton eyes, and stretch ye sinful and hopeless, on your bed of death, Oh! think ye then, whether the once vain knowledge of having trampled on female virtue, and broken loving hearts, will lighten your weight of sin, and gain you an entrance nearer Heaven. I ask you—I who have sinned most deeply and cruelly in that sense." He paused, and gazing upwards for some moments on the sky, in whose cerulean arch one star had now appeared, one which shone with peculiar radiance, the eye of the stranger rested on it for some moments, and he again spoke, but in a more subdued tone. "How beautiful! how very beautiful! is that one lone star, in its fixed solitude illuminating the vast space around. Oh! if the spirits of those who love us are permitted to infuse their essence in the stars, so as still to watch and guard our destinies, surely, Annie, thine must have mingled with yon bright lonely star, for there is such wondrous fascination in its light, that I gaze and gaze on't till my eyes grow dim and aching. I will go home to rest, thy spirit star shall be my guide, I will pray deeply and fervently, for I have much need for prayer and repentance, God keep me, my mind is wandering, and full of evil thoughts." So saying he bent his step towards the hostelry.

CHAPTER III.

"Such is the fate of artless maid."

"Alas, alas!" was the exclamation of Lucy Withers, who was sitting in her cottage anxiously awaiting the arrival of one as dear to her as life. "Should Luke prove false to me after all his vows of unalterable affection; should he deceive me, and not come this evening, though he knows to morrow's our wedding day, and I have obtained my father's consent. Ah me! I that ought to feel so happy, feel sad and lonely; so sad that I could almost weep."

"Who talks of weeping?" exclaimed Luke, who hastily entered the cottage, "not my own pretty Lucy, I'm sure."

"Ah! dear Luke, how you surprise one," replied Lucy, smiling. He gazed tenderly on her, and she continued. "Oh! Luke, I'm so glad you've come, for I've been strangely unhappy, but now all is joy."

"Unhappy! dear Lucy will not your father give his consent."

"Oh! yes," she answered, "that I have obtained. He gave it willingly."

"Then we are forever blest, Lucy; to-morrow sees you mine for life; I must thank you for your welcome news." So saying he imprinted three or four kisses on her pretty, pouting lips, ere she could interfere to prevent it.

"For shame, Luke, spare a maiden's blushes."

"Nay, I love to see you blush, it renders you more beautiful; and this very eve your beauty does outshine itself."

And she did indeed look lovely as she raised her blue eyes, and her sweet, meek countenance, timidly to his face, blushing more deeply than before; her handkerchief too had slipped aside, disclosing to the enamored look of her lover, such parts of her gently heaving and snowy bosom, as were not hidden by her luxuriant chesnut tresses: one small white hand was enclosed in his, whilst from beneath her dress peeped forth the prettiest little foot and ankle in the world. Alas! for beauty, nine times out of ten it is fatal to its possessor, for it creates ideas and feelings which the persons of the plain and homely never could give rise to.

What more was said between the lovers we will not mention. It suffices for our tale sufficiency to say, that poor Lucy found that beauty was a fatal gift, for ere the morning broke that was to have seen her a happy bride, her guardian angel deserted her, the destroyer had triumphed, and she found herself a lost, if not abandoned, wretched girl.

CHAPTER IV.

"Poisoned, ill fare, foresooth, dead,
Cut off."—King John.

It is the case with all men, after they have triumphed over woman's weakness, more particularly when that triumph is obtained easily, to cast their victim off, leaving her to shame, sorrow, and misery. So acted Luke Ashton, for after putting off the marriage day from time to time, and offering vain consolations, poor Lucy in the end was utterly disregarded by him, and left to her own fate, and the anger of a dishonored parent; but He, "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," did not forget her in her hour of need, nor forget her destroyer.

The reader must suppose some months to have elapsed since the events above related.

The Stranger was still a guest at the Six Bells, nor did it seem his intention very soon to leave. And his manners were so mild and inoffensive, and he paid bountifully for every thing, Luke was in no hurry to get rid of him.

Luke Ashton laughed and joked as merrily as ever with his guests, and seldom or never thought of such a thing as Lucy Withers; not much wonderment will be expressed at that, when it was reported that he was paying his attentions to some bright-eyed nymph, and that he was about shortly to marry; however true these reports might be, or whatever his intentions were, they were at once ended by the following catastrophe.

It was a winter's morning, the sun was dimly seen making its way through a dense cloud, faintly illuminating the snow resting itself on the peaks, and as far round as the eye could scan, nothing was to be seen but a wide, white waste. Luke was, or seemed lost in thought, when some one came behind and tapped him on the shoulder, he turned round and beheld his sister, looking fearfully pale and ready to faint.

"Why sister, why Mary!" he exclaimed, "what ails thee?"

"Oh! Luke," replied the terrified girl, "our strange guest——."

"Well, what of him?" cried Luke, growing alarmed in his turn, "what of him, Mary?"

"He's poisoned, brother, dead in his bed."

"Poisoned! dead! say you?" replied he, and so loudly, that several of the guests rushed out, and with Luke and his sister proceeded to the chamber, where they found him dead, sure enough, and a paper labeled 'Arsenic,' together with a basin, which had evidently contained gruel.

CHAPTER V.

If the reader will accompany us to one of the cells of the County Prison, he will there behold Luke Ashton, who has been fully committed to take his trial for the murder of his stranger guest. That proofs were strong against him will be seen.

It appeared that Luke, the day before the stranger was found dead, had purchased arsenic, which he alleged his guest required for making experiments on some minerals he'd discovered in his frequent wanderings. On the night the stranger was last seen alive, he complained of being unwell, and requested some gruel might be made for him, which was done, and taken to his chamber by Luke; it was supposed the paper was left behind merely as a blind to make people believe he'd mixed the poison for himself. On the deceased's papers being examined, it was discovered he was one of the partners of a large mercantile house in London. His friends were written to, and soon hastened down in the persons of two brothers, who on learning all the particulars, were firmly persuaded that their unfortunate relative had been made away with, under the idea of his carrying a large sum of money, which however, was not the case, his finances being nearly exhausted.

Luke and his sister were taken up together, but there being no evidence against the unhappy Mary, she was discharged and was now the constant and affectionate attendant on her unfortunate brother, who she believed from her soul was innocent.

Of the deserted Lucy nothing was heard, her father and herself having a few days before the above events, removed no one knew whither.

The day of the trial was drawn nigh, and with it the fate of Luke Ashton. Though very few who had known him could believe that he was guilty, yet proofs were against him so strong, that no one doubted his conviction. Even Luke himself had given up all hope, though knowing well his innocence; and it was now in the gloomy cell, and at the midnight hour, when all was lone and still, that Lucy, his once dear Lucy, flashed upon his brain, and an accusing conscience knocked bitterly at his heart. A cloud was on his brow, which his hoping, kind and watching sister could not, with all her tenderness, remove. She, poor girl, knew nought of Lucy Withers, or her fate; and Luke had never had the heart to tell her.

The day of trial came, the Court was crowded, and it being Friday, the cases of murder were taken first; and Luke Ashton was placed at the bar, and being called on, in a firm voice pleaded not guilty.

The Counsel for the prosecution then stated his case, and in the most elaborate manner, proved, as far as circumstantial evidence could prove, a clear charge of murder against the prisoner at the bar. During its progress, many of the spectators shed tears, as they gazed on the youthful prisoner, as he stood not pale with guilt, but unblanched and undaunted. Mary Ashton was spared the pain of being present, by her brother's most earnest request; fearing that the sight of her would unman him.

The case for the prosecution being closed, the prisoner was called on for his defence.

"I have no defence, save that I am innocent, wholly innocent of this foul charge," he replied, calmly.

By the judge—"Do you deny purchasing the arsenic?"

"No!" A murmur ran through the Court.

"Have you any witnesses?" resumed his Lordship.

"None, my Lord, save heaven and mine own conscience."

"Not one?" replied his Lordship, evidently surprised.

"Not one!" ejaculated the prisoner.

"Then the case, my Lord, is closed," said the Counsel for the prosecution.

His Lordship turned to the Jury, and was about summing up, when he was interrupted by a noise, at the further end of the Court, and presently a young female was seen making her way towards the witness-box, and on being asked her business, requested to be sworn as a witness on behalf of the prisoner. These words were uttered in so low a tone, that they reached not the ears of him at the bar.

Her request was granted. She was sworn, and ascended the witness-box, and just at that moment the eyes of the prisoner were directed towards her, and he discovered, to his astonishment and surprise, the well know features of Lucy Withers.

Surprise for a few moments held him speechless; but on recovering himself, he inwardly exclaimed, "This is just, 'tis as it should be, she comes to help to condemn me."

But Lucy heard him not, and once, and only once, she turned her meek eyes towards him. She pale, very pale, but seemingly firm and resolved in what she was about to do.

There was a deep silence in the Court, which was broken in a few moments by the Judge addressing the witness,

"Well, Lucy Withers, what have you to say on behalf of the prisoner?"

"That he is innocent, wholly innocent of this crime, my Lord."

"What proofs have you?" replied his Lordship.

"That letter, my Lord," returned Lucy, producing one, "which I found in a snow-drift, the wind having left it bare."

It was handed to the clerk of the Court, who read it aloud. It clearly had been written by the deceased, and showed the deepest remorse for the cruel part he had acted towards "his poor lost heart-broken Annie;" and firmly expressed his resolution of committing suicide, and concluded with "this very day shall Luke Ashton prepare the means."

The counsel for the prosecution then rose, and said, "Might not this letter be a forgery? This witness comes forward at the eleventh hour, may she not have interested motives?"

"I can have none," replied Lucy meekly, "for by his means," pointing to Luke, "I have become a broken-hearted, unwished-out-cast."

Luke shuddered, and bent low his head. And the counsel for