aloud. "And almost seeming to think herself the injured party!—You never sued!" he asked a moment afterwards: "you never sought a divorce?"

"No."

"Why did you not?"

"There were several reasons," said Stuart evasively.

"The exposure?"

"Ay, who likes to see himself and [illegible] in the hands of every newspaper editor!—at the mercy of every idler who amuses himself [illegible] the contemplation of misery and guilt!"

"And yet, George, I should have thought that your proud high spirit would have borne all this rather than"—He paused.

"You are right, Mr Morgan. I would have encountered any amount of *present* pain, if by so doing I could have redeemed the future from its abiding shame. I would have braved publicity, ridicule, everything, to have rescued my name from dishonor—to have regained the proud freedom I had lost. You are right in judging me so; but I was hindered."

"What could hinder you? In such a case your own judgment only should have been followed. You only had suffered, and no one, no one had a right to restrain you."

A smile—how bitter a smile—curled the lip of Stuart, and his proud mouth expanded with a look of wasted scorn

"My friend," he said, "you are a lawyer: you should know something of the English law of divorce. Do you understand?" he added, as Mr Morgan looked up inquiringly. "Doubtless my cause would [illegible] obvious. I should have gained a decree in my favor; but his lips and his hand closed quickly—I could not pay for it!"

III

The letter Stuart had opened in Mrs Herbert's presence was speedily followed by several others, to one of which he thought it expedient to make answer by. But after a short interval, came one to which he felt disposed to pay attention. It was a letter from the wretched woman who had worked him so much wo, to the effect that she would, on the receipt of a certain sum of money, emigrate to America, whith some of her friends were [illegible] to join. Stuart was in a mood willing to acquiesce in this arrangement. Hope only gratified his consent.—With the Atlantic between which and his spirit might feel lightened of some part of its burden, he could walk freely through the world without fearing [illegible] the cause and evidence of his misery—so he [illegible]—would start up and shake him. His departure made no change in the [illegible], which the vessel which contained the wife of Stuart [illegible] the shores of England. George Stuart felt himself a happier man.

Six weeks afterwards he was startled by the intelligence that the ship was lost. It is not in human nature not to rejoice at deliverance, no matter how effected; and Stuart may be forgiven if his first sensation [illegible] that disaster was one of thankfulness. In the list of passengers it was *their* [illegible]. Mr Morgan made no remarks of expression in his satisfaction, and noted with excessive pleasure, that though as quiet in his manner as ever, a relaxed look and softened eye of Stuart betrayed [illegible] than his words confessed.

But, however, [illegible] a possibility of mistake [illegible] of persons saved might have [illegible] others of the missing [illegible] sending [illegible] elsewhere. For some months Stuart would not [illegible] in expectation, yet in [illegible] the [illegible] contradictory of the reports [illegible] without waiting only be caused [illegible] made [illegible] every possible [illegible] bound himself free. Is he to be blamed, if at [illegible] months his thoughts sometimes [illegible] and I don't [illegible] her, whom he loved, as [illegible] well knew, loved him"—He [illegible] a few words of regret from the tempest-tossed [illegible] of [illegible] of his boyhood—Experience [illegible], and Hope, had taught him how to [illegible] sent, and in the furnace of affliction [illegible] had been sorely tried—But [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] and thought [illegible] concluded, the gushings of his heart were [illegible] than ever. He was not [illegible] that he had found that of which his boyhood [illegible] disappointed—a pure and gentle [illegible] sympathized with his.

As months [illegible] Stuart grew satisfied of [illegible] wonder that he relaxed a [illegible] of government, and every man knows [illegible] that when [illegible] is the [illegible] far off. The crisis came, and Catherine Herbert [illegible] to the strange story [illegible] she [illegible] would permit her to answer [illegible] written had been prefaced. But [illegible] and afterwards, and Catherine [illegible] and [illegible] which had previously so much [illegible].

My [illegible] it [illegible], but I must hasten towards [illegible]. This will bring me to a period more than [illegible] the [illegible] of the emigrant ship [illegible] and [illegible] few weeks after Catherine Herbert [illegible] gave her hand to Stuart.

It was morning, and Stuart was preparing to go out when it was announced that some person wished [illegible] immediately. Ordering the [illegible] into his study, he presently [illegible].

How little [illegible] what lies before us!—Stuart was [illegible] there, carelessly drawing on his [illegible] and [illegible] while this visitor that he had [illegible] the door and taken two steps forward [illegible] who was there. Then he stood [illegible] speechless, while his heart leaped [illegible] at the morning air, he gazed upon her whom [illegible] moment before believed the waters had engulfed. He asked no questions—he wished for no explanation—it was enough that she was there. No explanation could do away with the fact [illegible] her presence—her living, moving person [illegible] earth which held him and—his wife!

His wife? Whom was she? To whom did the title belong? To her who long ago had forfeited her right to bear it, and had covered herself and him with dishonor? Yes! in the eye of the law that creature was still his wife. And she, the pure and irreproachable being, the very impersonation of true confiding wifehood, who had late years cast in her lot with his—what was she?

"Good morning," said the visitor, perceiving that Stuart did not seem likely to break the silence. "I dare say you are surprised to see me, for I dare say you heard of the wreck."

Stuart said: "Yes"—calmly—it was the calmness of desperation, the "scrup of trembling" seemed full for him.

"The [illegible] I was picked up by an American vessel, then running after the wreck. I had taken a "life preserving cape" with me, and it kept me afloat [illegible]. Capital things those life preservers are they are!"

The easy [illegible] of the speaker was not without its effect upon Stuart. Something like indignation [illegible] him to ask: "Why have you been so long in discovering the truth to me?"

"About my being alive, you mean? Oh, how could I? The ship that took me up was not coming to England. We went to some place in South America, and then, after a while, back to New York."

"You might have written."

"Well, I never thought of that; or if I did, you know you made me promise not to write to you again."

"You promised also that I should never see you again."

"Yes"—the reply was accompanied by a spiteful laugh—"but then I wasn't expecting to be wrecked. Shipwrecks are sad things for upsetting arrangements."

"Why did you not stay in America?"

"The idea! When every one of my friends was drowned!—Good morning, ma'am—how do you do?

Catherine, believing that Stuart was gone to the office, had come in search of some trifle which had been mislaid, and opened the study-door before she was aware of the room being occupied. The word "shipwreck" caught her ear, and a horrible suspicion darted through her mind. It was speedily confirmed, for, as Stuart hastily turning when the stranger greeted her, would have hurried her from the place, his tormentor exclaimed with the same levity as before: "So then this is the mistress of my *husband's house?*"

Stuart tried to lead Catherine away, but she was fainting on his shoulder. He lifted her up and carried her to her room. Presently he returned. "Why are you here? What do you [illegible]" he asked in a voice husky though unbro[illegible]

It was [illegible]ney that was [illegible], and obtained "Go now, [illegible] Stuart, "and come to this house no more [illegible] office you may see or hear from me, [illegible] not safe for you to come."

The dark, almost [illegible] flitter of his eyes, seemed to startle his [illegible]. She took the money silently and departed at once. George wrote a couple of lines to Mr. Morgan, begging him to come immediately, and then returned to the room where Catherine still lay helpless.—The sudden shock had completely unsettled her nervous system; and the doctor, who had been hastily summoned, said gravely that she must be kept quiet. Quiet she must be, so far as the body was concerned, but it would perhaps have been better for her if the fainting fits which continually returned upon her had been more profound or of longer duration. As it was, the intervals of consciousness served to remind her that some dreadful event she scarcely new what, had occurred, and that its consequences were still impending. It is well known that this kind of consciousness is very dangerous to persons of delicate organization; before the night closed in, "Mrs. Stuart" was pronounced to be in a brain fever.

Who can describe the agony of him who bent over her couch listening to her wanderings, and feeling that this was his work? Oh, how deeply he regretted the weakness which had permitted him to accept the love she gave—how he reproached the rashness of his youth—how, in the bitterness of his spirit, he cursed the iniquitous law which, while offering deliverance to the wealthy, condemned *him* to this everlasting bondage of shame! In vain, In vain! She for whom he would gladly have given his own life, was *dying before his eyes, the victim of his errors*—Yet, was it so? Was he indeed to blame?—Partly—but all! Again, with the fierce wrath of a revengeful, deeply injured man, he execrated that mockery of justice, that solemn puppetry which only gold can set in motion—the English law of divorce.

Mr Morgan had been with Stuart more than once or twice, but could do little to quiet the tumult of his feelings. Several days had passed ere he began to speak decisively of what he thought advisable

"Everything must be risked now George, said the kind old man; "money *must* be had, and I will undertake to say that it shall be"

"My kind, good friend," said Stuart sadly: "but it is too late"

"I confess we shall be under several disadvantages, but I do not despair, nor must you"

Again the other murmured, "It is too late: and Mr Morgan took his leave

George slowly sought the chamber, from which he could scarcely bear to be absent, though it agonized him to be there

"The fever has abated," whispered the doctor, whom he met on the stairs

"Will she recover?"

The doctor paused. "Unless she is taken to ask to rally," and he passed on.

With a noiseless step Stuart approached the bed where Catherine lay quite still, with her eyes partly open. Presently her lips moved, and it was his own name they formed, but scarcely uttered. As he bent down and lightly kissed her forehead, a faint smile played over her lips—"George, dearest," again she murmured, and with a sudden effort she threw her right arm around his neck

That effort was the last; in another moment the arm relaxed its hold, the last faint breath escaped, and the lips pressed with his were those of a corpse

There is no stone by Catherine's grave, but Stuart knows it well; and sometimes when the streets are quite still, when the moon is down, and only the stars glimmer faintly on the tombstones, he wanders among the graves, and perhaps pauses a minute beside one distinguished Lillock—sometimes, but not often; for to nourish and indulge such grief as his would be madness, and he is no repining, melancholic man—The proud spirit is wrung, the strong heart nearly broken, but his burden of bitter memories is borne calmly, the duties of the dull present are performed unmurmuringly, and what he suffers he suffers in silence

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"OLD GRUBER"—One of the most out spoken of Methodist preachers was 'Old Gruber He was a real 'Hard Shell.' On one occasion, he assisted in divine worship, where a young Presbyterian clergyman preached violently against some of the doctrines of Methodism. Brother Gruber was asked to close the services with prayer, which he did, and, as is customary, prayed for the minister. 'Oh, Lord,' said he, 'bless the preacher who has preached to us this morning, and make his heart as soft as his head is, and then he'll do some good.'"

The above, from the Sierra Democrat, brings to mind a dozen stories about that good old eccentric man. We remember him from our earliest boyhood: every dog and cat, and every tobacco-chewer and over dressed lady has had reason to remember "Father Gruber," and woe be to the unfortunate youngster whom he undertook to reprove. Arriving at the house of one of the brethren, his first business was to drive out all the dogs and cats, and then see that his horse was taken care of. Once, at a camp meeting, a rather flashily dressed lady entered the altar-gate while the old man was preaching, and walked back and forth, seemingly afraid to sit on the rude benches. In fear of spoiling her finery She had an ostrich feather in her head dress, which was a sore abomination in the old man's eyes, and stopping in the midst of a pathetic passage, he exclaimed: "Brethren, open the gate, and let that goose fly out!"

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COMPENSATION.—"A few days since," writes "J D E" of St. Louis, "I was in company with one of the best of his race, and a resident of Chariton county, of this State, who told the following anecdote concerning a local preacher in his section; who, being a venerable personage, I will suppress his name. At a social meeting of his fellow church-members, among other things each was relating his causes for joy and sorrow, when Rev Mr.——said: "In my family of children I have much cause of joy, and also much to distress me. There's my son——, a good, reverent, dutiful boy; but there's my son Bill, he's an audacious scamp. He left his poor old gray-headed father many a day ago; and it's been a long time since I've heard on him; and when I last heard on him, he was 'way up to the Galeners, a-raftin' saw-logs, playin "seven-up," and horse-racing; but thank the Lord he's *making money* by the trip! *Ain't* he, sister?" 'Yes, brother, he is, and no mistake." This is strictly *true*; but to be properly appreciated, you should hear it *told* as I did."—*Knickerbocker.*

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PEOPLE WHO LIVE WITHOUT WATER.—"The day before we reached the Orange River," says Anderson, in his "Four Years' Wanderings in South Africa," "we fell in with a kraal of Hottentots, whom, to our surprise, we found living in a locality altogether destitute of water! The milk of their cows and goats supplied its place. Their cattle, moreover, never obtained water, but found a substitute in a kind of ice plant, (mesembryanthemum) of an exceedingly succulent nature, which abounds in those regions. But our own cows, not accustomed to such diet, would rarely or never touch it. Until I had normally convinced myself—as I had often the opportunity of doing it at an after period—that men and beasts could live entirely without water, I should perhaps have had more difficulty in realizing this singular fact."


REMOVED.
MOORE'S CHEAP GROCERY STORE
AT THE OLD STAND!
T. W. MOORE has just received from New York, and is now opening at
THE OLD STAND
No. 7, State street, directly opposite Brown's Hotel, a new and cheap stock of
GROCERIES,
Wooden & Willow Ware, Provisions,
&c., which he desires to show to his old customers and the public. His stock of SUGARS embrace all varieties, and as they were purchased before the late rise, he can sell them a little less than other retail houses in this city
*His Stock of Teas and Coffee are very fine,*
and will bear inspection, for proof of which call in and examine.
Erie, July 5, 1856.

WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE.—Baby Wagons, Empire Cabs, Rocking Horses, Children's Chairs, Bird Cages Pails, Tubs, Kealses, Churns, Baskets, and lots of other "Traps," used in the family, for sale cheap at MOORE'S new Grocery Store State-st.

CASH FOR FURS.
WANTED BY S. SMITH, for which the highest price will be paid in Cash, 5,000 Cat Skins, 4,000 Opossum, 1,000 Mink, 4,000 Fox, 10,000 Coon, 6,000 Musk.
Erie, Feb. 23, 1856.

Groceries at Greatly Reduced Prices.
I HAVE JUST RECEIVED an immense stock of Prime Groceries, which I offer to the public at large. I stand ready to display one of the largest, best, and most complete assortment of GROCERIES in this market. I offer inducements to customers, offered in either house in this city; and I ask one and all to call, and test it to be truth of what I say.
CRUSHED, GRANULATED, POWDERED, AND BROWN SUGARS.
I offer and will sell ten per cent, lower than the same quality have been offered at in this city, the past six months
COFFEE
Prime old Government Java, over a cup of which you may feel [illegible] comfort. Mocha and Laguayra. I will show you in quantities that will [illegible] you, and at prices that will astonish and please you.
TEAS OF EVERY KIND AND FLAVOR.
In fact every [illegible] Syrup, Molasses, Vinegar, Spices, Starch, Indigo, every thing, in fact, that families need in my line of business will find. Determined to do business and sell goods at small [illegible] fits, I ask "all the world and the rest of it mankind," to call before [illegible] and let me show you how cheap Groceries can be sold at
JOS A STERRETT'S
Erie, June 21, 1856. No. 3 Hughes Row.

December Appointments.
DR. HARDMAN,
PHYSICIAN for DISEASES of the LUNGS. Formerly Physician to Cincinnati Marine Hospital and Invalids Retreat May be consulted at
Brown's Hotel, Erie, Thursday, and Friday December, 10 & 12
Meadville, Barton House,
Franklin,
Lancaster,
Harrisburg,
Pittsburg,
Dr. Hardman treats Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Laryngitis and all diseases of the throat and lungs. MEDICATED INHALATION, lately used in the Brompton Hospital London. Important in the treatment of all human maladies, not [illegible] in these [illegible] the direct manner. All medicines are estimated by [illegible] upon which *inhalation* is based. If the stomach is diseased, or [illegible] medicated vapors directly into the lungs—Medicines are the antidotes to disease and should be applied to every seat of disorder. *Inhalation* is the application of this principle to the treatment of the lungs, for it gives us direct access to the intricate air cells and tubes which is out of reach of every [illegible] of administering medicines. The reason that consumption and other diseases of the lungs, have been [illegible] incurable is because they have never been reached [illegible] medicine; the stomach receives the benefit, and the lungs [illegible] a single particle of relief to the stomach. The [illegible] of [illegible] are [illegible] acting upon the [illegible] remedy, which the [illegible] does not [illegible] nails, expanding their pores, and [illegible] action upon the [illegible] remedy, which the [illegible] does not [illegible] the [illegible] were [illegible] Inhalation [illegible] the remedy to the very [illegible] action. Its application is as simple [illegible] in the [illegible] of inhaling perfumes, and [illegible] with [illegible] comfort. Consultation free.
Other Diseases Treated.
In relation to [illegible] Dr. [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]