ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

AN & MOORE, PUBLISHERS. | $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. | B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

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ERIE OBSERVER.

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F. SLOAN AND M. M. MOORE,

CORNER OF STATE AND FIFTH STS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

TERMS: In advance, or within 3 months, $1 50, if ... charged.

... paid within the year, the paper will ... at the end of the year, and left with a proper officer for collection.

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... lines or less make a square.			
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... year, changeable at pleasure, $8.

... 3 months, $6. 6 months, $9. 9 months, $11 50; 1 year, $20.

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NESS DIRECTORY.

JAMES LYTLE, ... occupied by James Sill, Esq., as a ... of N. Murphy between the Reed ... 45

JOSEPH S. CLARK, ... 46

EMPIRE STORES, ... and Retail Dealers in every description of Dry Goods, Carpetings, Oil ... corner of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

BUFFALO CLOTHING STORE, ... Manufacturer in first quality Ready ... Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods. No. 7, Brown's ... Erie, Pa.

P. A. BECKER, ... and Provisions, Cigars, &c. Two ... Chesapeake, Erie, Pa. 47

WILLIAM THORNTON, ... Agreement Bonds and Mortgages ... and carefully drawn. Office on ... Sherrett, Grocery Store Erie, Pa.

TINNING & BANYARD, ... Produce, Pork, Fish, Salt, Grain, ... Nails, Brooms, Pails, Wooden, Willow ... Prices low. No. 4 Wright's ... above the Post Office, Erie, Pa. 47

SHIER & WARREN, ... Range, No 1, American Block Collection ... cities of the United States and ... remitted. Bank Notes, Gold ... allowed on time deposits. Money ... bought, sold and located. 33

J. S. DOWNING, ... OF THE PEACE. Will practice in ... County), and give prompt and faithful ... entrusted to his hands, either as an ... Office in Empire Block, corner of ... 46

G. A. STERRETT, ... Retail Dealer in Wet and Dry Groceries ... Foreign and domestic Fruit, Wooden, Willow ... Iron, Salt, Glass, Nails, Powder, Shot, ... &c. French street, opposite the Reed ... 33

... NEY & MCCONKEY, ... and American Hardware and Cutlery ... Iron and Steel, No. 3 Reed House, Erie. 27

DRS. BLEHR & DICKINSON, ... respectfully offer their ... citizens of Erie and vicinity. Especially to obstetrics. 33 S. DICKINSON

... & PAYNE, ... WHOLESALE, Dealers in Coal, Fish, ... Plaster. Public Dock, east of State ... 38 JAS. G. PAYNE.

... & WETCALF, ... Brokers, Erie, Pa. Interest allowed on ... Sight Drafts, Checks and Specie, ... Warrants bought and sold. Collections ... principal cities in the United States; money ... at our own responsibility. 33

DR. J. L. STEWART, ... AND SURGEON. Office Stewart & Sinclair's ... State and Seventh streets. Residence, ... east of Sassafras street. 33

W. B. RUSHMORE, ... Churchill, Johnson, & Co. ... of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Nos ... Barclay streets, New York. CHARLES A. SHEPARD, CARTER A. SAUNDERS. 33

T. SEALS, HAYES & CO., ... Manufacturers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, ... Pine, No. 1 Brown's Block, Erie, Pa.

MAGILL & CO., ... are continue their Office in Beatty's Block, ... of the Public Square, are prepared to ... with all other operators in prices, estimate ... according to the quality and real value.

ALLEN A. CRAIG, ... office in Block corner of Peach ... Square, Erie Pa. 42.

E. H. ABELL, ... with William H. Sherman, ... Square between the Reed House and ... Pictures taken in the best style of the art and ... 33

THOMAS H. AUSTIN, ... of the firm of G. Loomis & Co.) ... Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Musical Instruments, Canes, Lamps and Fancy Goods, wholesale ... 34

ROGERS & KENNEDY, ... (Successors to Caldwell and Bennett.) ... Dealers in Hardware, Crockery, Glassware ... Nails, Empire Block, corner of Fifth and State ... 33 J. KENNEDY.

LIBBEY, KEPLER, & CO., ... Stoves, Sailing Steam Boilers, Vault Doors, ... Safes, and all kinds of Machinery and Fancy Cast ... 33

M. CHAPIN, ... DENTIST—Office in the American Block ... Public street and the Public Square, up ... Prices reasonable, and all work warranted. 33

S. SANDFORD & CO., ... Bank Notes, Certificates of Deposit, &c ... Chicago, Burlington, Rock Island, Davenport, Galena, Racine, Milwaukee, St Paul and the North West. ☞ Tickets can be purchased at the Office on the Line, also at all the principal Ticket Offices of the various connecting Roads. ☞ Fare as low as by any other Route. Superintendent's Office C. & P. R. R., Cleveland, March 6, 1857. J. DURAND, Sup't. 43tf

PLASTER AND COAL DEPOT. THE undersigned thankful for the general patronage which the citizens of Erie and vicinity have heretofore given him, would respectfully inform the public that he now has and will keep constantly on hand

Plaster in Bulk or Barrel, of the best quality, at the Fairmount or Canal Mills, or at his Coal Yard on Eighth Street, 1 art of King's Malt House. Farmers, now is the time to

DOUBLE YOUR CROPS, by using plenty of this fertilizing gypsum. It will pay your mone back with large profits. Also the best

Blacksmith or House Coal! kept constantly on hand; warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded, and pay for all trouble, on return of the coal. The position for a Coal Yard is the very best in the city; being on a level with the town, there is no long and steep hill to encounter in hauling.

Eighth Street and the Canal, East of King's Malt House, Is the place to buy your Coal, where you can have it weighed on a pair of Fairbank's Hay Scales, and save one Handling. BROOKFIELD & MANNING'S

Coals Kept, and no other, which are the best in the market.—SILVER'S & CALL. Orders can be sent through the Post Office, or to the Coal Office of Erie, March 7, 1857 —1y 43 V. M. THOMPSON

FLOORING! FLOORING! WANTED, 200,000 feet of good WHITE WOOD and CUCUMBER FLOORING, 1¼ inches thick and from 6 to 20 inches wide at our Planing Mill on Eleventh street. Erie, Feb 28, 1857. CARTER & MALLERY.

To all whom it may Concern. ALL persons who know themselves indebted to the subscribers either by Note or Book Account, are notified that unless payment is made on or before the first day of April next, their notes or accounts will be left with a Justice of the Peace for collection. Erie, March 21, 1857. SENNETT, BARR & CO.

New Grocery and Provision Store, In Beatty's Block, West Park Row— I AM now receiving an entire Fresh and New Stock of GROCERIES, direct from New York, which I offer to sell to the public at prices that can't be beat by any other establishment in the City. I shall also keep on hand a general supply of all kinds of PROVISIONS, PRODUCE, VEGETABLES, &c, &c. Having had some experience in the Grocery and Provision Business, I flatter myself I am fully capable to be up with the times. April 4, 1857 WM. F. RINDERNECHT.

Groceries, Provisions, Cigars, &c. THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has removed to Chesapeake one door south of the corner of 6th street and the Park, where he is now in receipt of a large and splendid assortment of GROCERIES and PROVISIONS, consisting of every article in that line, among which may be found Coffees, Teas, Sugars, Syrups Spices, &c., of every variety and description. I would call especial attention to my stock of CHOICE SEGARS, comprising the various brands and qualities, which will be sold at reasonable rates. Determined to do a fair business, I respectfully solicit a call from purchasers. Erie, April, 4.—47 P. A. BECKER.

ORANGES & LEMONS, for sale by the box or dozen, at Ap 11 25. J. JOHNSTON & BRO'S.

HAMS.—A very choice article of Cincinnatti Sugar Cured Canvassed Hams, now opening and for sale at HANSON'S

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GRAY & FARRAR, WHOLESALE GROCERS, and dealers in West India Goods, Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, oil, &c., &c., No. 7, Bonnell Block, State street, Erie, Pa. A. H. GRAY. P. P. FARRAR.

J. W. DOUGLASS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office removed to new brick building of State Street, on the north side of the Park, over Smith & Metcalf's Exchange office. 33

JOSEPH EICHENLAUB, JR., MANUFACTURER of Boots and Shoes, and Wholesale and Retail dealer in Oak and Hemlock Sole Leather, French and American Calf Skins, Morrocco, Linings, Findings, Kips and Splits, Thread Webs, Cords, Laces, Leathers, Gallooons, Shoends, Hammers, Pincers, Rasps, Tacks, Pegs, Nails, &c. American Block, State Street, Erie, Pa.

SENNETT, BARR & CO. IRON FOUNDERS, Wholesal and Retail Dealers in Stoves, Hollow-Ware &c., State street, Erie, Pa.

S. A. DAVENPORT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office nearly opposite the new Court House, Erie, Pa. 43

CANAL MILLS, ERIE, PA. JAMES G. JACKSON, Wholesale and Retail Manufacturer of FLOUR, CORN, MEAL, MILL-FEED, BRAN, &c., &c. Cash paid for all kinds of Grain. 26

Park Hall. A LARGE and commodious Hall for Concerts, Lectures, and Public Meetings of all kinds, East side of the Park. Enquire at the Banking Office of M. Sanford & Co., No. 3, Reed House, Erie, Penna. Erie, Sept. 27, 1856 20tf

1857. Buffalo & Erie Railroad. 1857.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Monday, March 23, Passenger Trains will leave Erie as follows:

1 55 A. M., Night Express, stopping at Westfield, Dunkirk, Silver Creek, connecting at Dunkirk and Buffalo with Morning Express Trains for New York.

6 00 A. M., Way Express, stopping at all stations, connecting at Dunkirk and Buffalo with Way Trains East.

12 30 P. M., Express Mail stopping at all Mail Stations and connecting at Dunkirk and Buffalo with Express Trains for New York.

7 05 P. M., Cincinnati Express, stopping at Westfield, Dunkirk and Silvercreek, connecting at Dunkirk and Buffalo with Express Trains for New York.

TICKETS for Sale at the office to the principal eastern and Southern cities and towns. April, 25 1857. 41-tf R. N. BROWN, Sup't.

CLEVELAND & ERIE R. R.

ON and after June 15th 1857, until further notice Passenger Trains will run as follows, viz:—

EASTWARD.

The Mail Train will leave Cleveland for Erie at 8.00 A. M., stopping at all stations except Wickliffe, Perry, Unionville and Saybrook.

The Cincinnati Express will leave Cleveland for Erie at 3:00 P. M, stopping at Painesville, Ashtabula, and Girard only.

The Conneaut Accommodation Train will leave Cleveland for Conneaut at 4:00 P. M. stopping at all intermediate Stations.

The Telegraph Express will leave Cleveland for Erie at 6:28 P. M., stopping at Painesville and Kingsville only.

The Night Express will leave Cleveland for Erie at 9:20 P. M. stopping at Painesville, Ashtabula, Conneaut & Girard only.

WESTWARD.

The Conneaut accommodation train will leave Conneaut for Cleveland at 6:45 A. M. stopping at all intermediate stations.

The Night Express will leave Erie for Cleveland at 12.20 A. M stopping at Girard, Conneaut, Ashtabula, and Painesville only.

The Mail Train will leave Erie for Cleveland at 10:40 A. M. stopping at all stations except Saybrook, Unionville, Perry, Mentor and Wickliffe.

The Day Express will leave Erie for Cleveland at 1:55 P. M, stopping at Girard, Conneaut Ashtabula and Painesville only.

The Chicago Express will leave Erie for Cleveland at 11:50. P. M. stopping at Girard, Springfield, Kingsville, Ashtabula, Geneva and Painesville only.

The through Freight train will leave Erie at 8.30 P. M and will stop at Swanville, Fairview, Girard, and Springfield, when they have passengers for those stations.

All of the through trains going Westward connect at Cleveland with trains for Toledo, Chicago, Columbus, Cincinnati, &c, &c.

And all the through trains going Eastward connect at Dunkirk with the N. Y. & E. R. R., and at Buffalo with those of the New York Central and Buffalo and New York City Railroads.

Office of C. & E. R. R. June 15, 1857. H. NOTTINGHAM, Sup't.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURG RAILROAD LINE!

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

Trains run through to Wheeling & Pittsburg.

ON and after Monday, March 9th, 1857, trains run daily, Sundays excepted, according to the following TIME TABLE.

Trains Leave.			Stations.	Trains Arrive.		
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
7:55	2.40	10:40	Cleveland.	11:15	6:02	9:00
8:21	—	11:42	Bedford,	10:40	5:16	9:1
8:52	3.44	6:28	Hudson,	10:00	3:44	8:42
9:23	4.12	6:55	Ravenna.	9:27	3:13	8:11
9:50			Atwater,		2.43	7:48
10: 3	4.50		Alliance,		2:22	7:22
10.48	5.10		Bayard,		1.45	6:50
11:04	—		Hanover,		1:18	6:23
11:34	5:58		Rainsville.		12:49	5:58
12 10	6 6		Yellow Creek.		12 10	5:28
12 20	6 26		Wellsville		11.58	5:13
12 3[illegible]	6 4[illegible]		Liverpool,		11 44	4 57
12.43	—		Smith's Ferry.		11 32	4 45
12.50	—		Industry.		11.16	4.30
1.20	7.37		Rochester.		10 55	4 10
2.25	8 45		Pittsburg		9 45	3:00

Trains Leave.			Stations	Trains Arrive.		
A M	P M			P M	P M	
9 00	1:15		Belle Air.	4 15	8:00	
9:[illegible]	1:35		Bridgeport.	3:55	7 45.	
9:54	2 25		Portland	3:00	7 15	
10:00	2 45		Rush Run.	2 45	7:00	
10 24	3:05.		Lagrange	2:25	6:55	
10 52	3:50		Steubenville.	1 35	6:45	
11 22	4:23		Jeddo.	1:10	6:05	
11 40	4 45		McCon's.	12 50	5:50	
12 10	5:2		Yellow Creek.	12:15	5:30	
12.20	5:35		Wellsville.	11:50	5.20.	
2 31	7 4[illegible]		Liverpool.	11 44	4:57	
12:43			Smith's Ferry.	11:32	4:45	
12 50			Industry	11 16	4:30	
1 20	7:37		Rochester,	10:55	4 10	
2.25	8 4[illegible]		Pittsburgh,	9:45	3:00	

PITTSBURGH BRANCH

Train leaves New Philadelphia 7.45 A. M., Dover at 8:50, Warrenburg at 9 25. Arrives at Bayard at 10:20, connecting with Train on Main Line, for Cleveland, Pittsburg and Wheeling. Leaves Bayard at 10 P. M., on arrival of Train from Cleveland, Pittsburg and Wheeling, Warrenburg at 2:45 P. M. Arrives at Dover at 4:00, and New Philadelphia at 10 P. M.

☞ No change of Cars between Cleveland and Pittsburg and Wheeling and Pittsburg.

CONNECTIONS.

The Trains connect at Pittsburg with the Pennsylvania Railroad for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York and Boston. At Steubenville and Indiana Railroad for Cadiz, Coshocton, Newark, Columbus and Cincinnati.

At Wheeling with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for Cumberland, Frederick, Washington and Baltimore. Also, with Steamers for Marietta, Parkersburg and points on the Ohio River.

At Cleveland with the Lake Shore and Cleveland & Toledo Railroads for Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Canada and New York; Toledo, Chicago, Burlington, Rock Island, Davenport, Galena, Racine, Milwaukee, St Paul and the North West.

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JUST RECEIVED and for sale, a general assortment of Wood and Willow Ware, comprising Tubs, Pails, Brushes, Buckets, &c., &c. J. JOHNSTON & BROS.

Select Poetry.

From Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.

BREAD FROM BRAIN.

Where the iron of our lives
Is wrought out in fire and smoke,
There the mighty Vulcans strive—
Hot the furnace, hard the stroke,
There the windy bellows blow,
There the sparks in millions glow,
There on anvil of the word
In the changing hammer hurled,
Hard the labor, small the gain
Is in making bread from brain.

Where the nameless stone is raised,
Where the patriot's bones were placed,
Lived he—little loved and praised.
Died he—little mourned and graced.
There he sleeps who knew no rest,
There unblest by those he blest:
Have he starved while sowing seed,
Where he starved the worms now feed,
Hard the labor, small the gain
Is in making bread from brain.

In that cellmber lone and drear,
Sits the poet writing flowers,
Bringing heaven to earth more near,
Raising thoughts in dewy showers,
While signs of nectar rare,
Only is the lukewarm tear
Of feats of gods he chants—high trust,
As he eats the mouldy dust.
Hard the labor small the gain
Is in making bread from brain.

When the prophet's warning voice
Shouts the burden of the world,
Sackcloth robes must be his choice,
Ashes on his head be hurled
Where the tyrant lives at ease,
Where false priests do as they please,
He is scorned and pierced inside,
He is stoned and crucified
Hard the labor small the gain
Is in making bread from brain

Patriot! Poet! Prophet! feed
Only on the mouldy crust:
Tyrant fool and false priest need
All the crumb and scorn the just
Lord! how long, how long, oh Lord!
Shall the world withhold reward?
Let the pen become a sabre,
Let Thy children eat who labor
Bless the labor! bless the brain,
In the making bread from brain.

Choice Miscellany.

THE DEAD SECRET.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Story of the Past.

THE afternoon wore away, and the evening came, and still there were no signs of Uncle Joseph's return. Toward seven o'clock Rosamond was summoned by the nurse, who reported that the child was awake and fretful. After soothing and quieting him, she took him back with her to the sitting room; having first, with her usual consideration for the comfort of any servant whom she employed, sent the nurse down stairs, with a leisure hour at her own disposal, after the duties of the day. "I don't like to be away from you, Lenny, at this anxious time," she said, when she rejoined her husband; "so I have brought the child in here. He is not likely to be troublesome again; and the having him to take care of its really a relief to me in our present state of suspense."

The clock on the mantel-piece chimed the half hour past seven. The carriages in the street were following one another more and more rapidly, filled with people in full dress, on their way to dinner, or on their way to the opera. The hawkers were shouting proclamations of news in the neighboring square, with the second editions of the evening papers under their arms. People who had been serving behind the counter all day were standing at the shop doors to get a breath of fresh air. Working men were trooping homeward, now singly, now together in weary, shambling groups. Others, who had come out after dinner were lighting cigars at corners of streets, and looking about them, uncertain which way they should turn their steps next. It was just that transitional period of the evening at which the street life of the night has not quite begun—just the time also, at which Rosamond, after vainly endeavoring to find relief from the weariness of waiting by looking out of the window, was becoming more and more deeply absorbed in her own anxious thoughts, when her attention was abruptly recalled to events in the little world about her by the opening of the room door. She looked up immediately from the child lying asleep on her lap, and saw that Uncle Joseph had returned at last.

The old man came in silently, with the form of declaration which he had taken away with him by Mr Frankland's desire open in his hand. As he approached nearer to the window, Rosamond noticed that his face looked as if it had grown strange y older during the few hours of his absence. He came close up to her, and still not saying a word laid his trembling forefinger low down on the open paper, and held it before her so that she could look at the place thus indicated without rising from her chair.

His silence and the change in his face struck her with a sudden dred which made her hesitate before she spoke to him. "Have you told her all?" she asked, after a moment's delay, putting the question in low, whispering tones, and not heeding the paper.

"This answers that I have," he said, still pointing to the declaration. "See! here is the name, signed in the place that was left for it—signed by her own hand."

Rosamond glanced at the paper. There, indeed, was the signature, "S Joseph;" and underneath it were added, in faintly traced lines of parenthesis, these explanatory words: "Formerly, Sarah Leeson."

"Why don't you speak?" exclaimed Rosamond, looking at him in growing alarm. "Why don't you tell us how she bore it?"

"Ah! don't ask me, don't ask me!" he answered, shrinking back from her hand, as she tried in her eagerness to lay it on his arm. "I forgot nothing. I said the words as you taught me to say them. I went the roundabout way to the truth with my tongue; but my face took the short cut, and got to the end first. Pray, of your goodness to me, ask nothing about it! Be satisfied, if you please, with knowing that she is better, and quieter, and happier now. The bad is over and past, and the good is all to come. If I tell you how she looked, if I tell you what she said, if I tell you all that happened when first she knew the truth, the fright will catch me round the heart again, and all the sobbing and crying that I have swallowed down will rise once more and choke me. I must keep my head clear and my eyes dry—or how shall I say to you all the things that I have promised Sarah, as I love my own soul and hers, to tell, before I lay myself down to rest to-night?" He stopped, took out a coarse little cotton pocket handkerchief, with a flaring white pattern on a dull-blue ground, and dried a few tears that had risen in his eyes while he was speaking. "My life has had so much happiness in it," he said, self-reproachfully, looking at Rosamond, "that my courage, when it is wanted for the time of trouble, is not easy to find. And yet, I am German! all my nation are philosophers—why is it that I alone am as soft in my brains and as weak in my heart as the pretty little baby, there, that is lying asleep in your lap?"

"Don't speak again; don't tell us anything till you feel more composed," said Rosamond.—"We are relieved from our worst suspense now that we know you have left her quieter and better. I will ask no more questions—at least," she added, after a pause, "I will only ask one."—She stopped; and her eyes wandered inquiringly toward Leonard. He had hitherto been listening with silent interest to all that had passed; but he now interposed gently, and advised his wife to wait a little before she ventured on saying any thing more.

"It is such an easy question to answer," pleaded Rosamond. "I only wanted to hear whether she has got my message—whether she knows that I am waiting and longing to see her, if she will but let me come?"

"Yes, yes," said the old man, nodding to Rosamond, with an air of relief. "That question is easy; easier even than you think, for it brings me straight to the beginning of all that I have got to say." He had been hitherto walking restlessly about the room; sitting down one moment and getting up the next. He now placed a chair for himself, midway between Rosamond—who was sitting, with the child, near the window—and her husband, who occupied the sofa at the lower end of the room. In this position, which enabled him to address himself alternately to Mr and Mrs. Frankland without difficulty, he soon recovered composure enough to open his heart unreservedly to the interest of his subject.

"When the worst was over and past," he said, addressing Rosamond—"when she could listen and when I could speak, the first words of comfort that I said to her were the words of your message. Straight she looked at me with doubting, fearing eyes. 'Was her husband there to hear her?' she says. 'Did he look angry? did he look sorry? did he change ever so little, when you got that message from her?' And I said, 'No: no change, no anger, no sorrow, nothing like it.' And she said again, 'Has it made between them no misery? has it nothing wrenched away of all the love and all the happiness that binds them the one to the other?' And once more I answer fo that, 'No! no misery, no wrench. See now! I shall go my ways at once to the good wife, and fetch her here to answer for the good husband with her own tongue.'—While I speak those words there flies out over all her face a look—no, not a look—a light, like a sunflash. While I can count one, it lasts; before I can count two, it is gone; the face is all dark again; it is turned away from me on the pillow, and I see the hand that is outside the bed begin to crumple up the sheet. 'I shall go my ways, then, and fetch the good wife.' I say again. And she says, 'No! not yet. I must not see her, I dare not see her till she knows'—and there she stops, and the hand crumples up the sheet again, and softly, softly, I say to her, 'Knows what?' and she answers me, 'What I, her mother, can not tell her to her face, for shame.' And I say, 'So, so, my child! tell it not, then—tell it not at all.' She shakes her head at me, and wrings her two hands together, like this, on the bed cover. 'I must tell it,' she says. 'I must rid my heart of all that has been gnawing, gnawing, gnawing at it, or how shall I feel the blessing that the seeing her will bring to me, if my conscience is only el-ar?' Then she stops a little and lifts up her two hands, so, and cries out loud. 'Oh, will God's mercy show me no way of telling it that will spare me before my child?' And I say, 'Hush, then! there is a way. Tell it to Uncle Joseph, whose little son died in your arms, whose tears your hand wiped away, in the grief time long ago! Tell it, my child, to me; and I shall take the risk, and the shame (if there is shame) of telling it again. I, with nothing to speak for me but my white hair; I, with nothing to help me but my heart that means no harm—I shall go to that good and true woman, with the burden of her mother's grief to lay before her; and, in my soul of souls I believe it, she will not turn me away!'"

He paused, and look at Rosamond. Her head was bent down over her child; her tears were dropping slowly, one by one, on the bosom of his little white dress. Waiting a moment to collect herself before she spoke, she held out her hand to the old man, and firmly and gratefully met the look he fixed on her.

"Oh, go on, on!" she said. "Let me prove to you that your generous confidence in me is not misplaced!"

"I knew it was not, from the first, as surely as I know it now!" said Uncle Joseph. "And Sarah, when I had spoken to her, she knew it too. She was silent for a little; she cried for a little; she leaned over from the pillow and kissed me here, on my cheek, as I sat by the bedside; and then she looked back, back, in her mind, to the Long Ago, and very quietly, very slowly, with her eyes looking into my eyes, and her hand resting so in mine, she spoke the words to me that I must now speak again to you, who sit here to day as her judge, before you go to her to-morrow, as her child."

"Not as her judge!" said Rosamond. "I can not, I must not hear you say that."

"I speak her words, not mine," rejoined the old man, gravely. "Wait, before you bid me change them for others—wait, till you know the end."

He drew his chair a little nearer to Rosamond, paused for a minute or two, to arrange his recollections, and to separate them one from the other; then resumed:

"As Sarah began with me," he said, "so I, for my part, must begin also—which means to say, that I go down now through the years that are past, to the time when my niece went out to her first service. You know that the sea captain, the brave and good man Treverton, took for his wife an artist on the stage—what they call play-actress here? A grand, big woman, and a handsome; with a life, and a spirit, and a will in her, that is not often seen: a woman of the sort who can say, We will do this thing, or that thing—and do it in the spite and face of all the scruples, all the obstacles, all the opposition in the world. To this lady there comes for maid to wait upon her, Sarah, my niece—a young girl then, pretty, and gentle, and very, very shy. Out of many others who want the place, and who are bolder, and bigger, and quicker girls, Mrs. Treverton, nevertheless, picks Sarah. This is strange, but it is stranger yet that Sarah, on her part, when she comes out of her first fears, and doubts, and pains of shyness about herself, gets to be fond with all her heart of that grand and handsome mistress, who has a life, and a spirit, and a will of the sort that is not often seen. This is strange to say, but it is also, as I know from Sarah's own lips, every word of it true."

"True beyond a doubt," said Leonard. "Most of the strong attachments in the world are formed between people who are unlike each other."

"So the life they led in that ancient house of Porthgenna began happily for them all," continued the old man. "The love that the mistress had for her husband was so full in her heart that it overflowed in kindness to every body who was about her, and to Sarah, her maid, before all the rest. She would have nobody but Sarah to read to her, to work for her, to dress her at night. She was familiar as a sister might have been with Sarah, when the two were alone, in the long days of rain. It was the game of her idle time—the laugh that she liked most—to astonish the poor country maid, who had never so much as seen what a theatre's inside was like, by dressing in fine clothes, and painting her face and speaking and doing all that she had done on the theatre scene, in the days that were before her marriage. The more she startled and puzzled Sarah with these jokes and pranks of masquerade, the better she was always pleased.—For a year this easy, happy life went on in the ancient house—happy for all the servants—happier still for the master and mistress, but for the want of one thing to make the whole complete, one little blessing, that was always hoped for, and that never came—the same, if you please as the blessing in the long white frock, with the plump, delicate face and the tiny arms, that I see before me now."

He paused, to point the allusion by nodding and smiling at the child in Rosamond's lap, then resumed.

"As the new year gets on," he said, "Sarah sees in the mistress a change. The good sea captain is a man who loves children, and is fond of getting to the house all the little boys and girls of his friends round about. He plays with them, he kisses them, he makes them presents—he is the best friend the little boys and girls have ever had. The mistress, who should be their best friend too, looks on and says nothing; looks on, red sometimes, and sometimes pale; goes away into her room where Sarah is at work for her, and walks about, and finds fault; and one day lets the evil temper fly out of her tongue, and says, 'Why have I got no child for my husband to be fond of? Why must he kiss and play always with the children of other women? They take his love away for something that is not mine. I hate those children and their mothers too!' It is her passion that speaks then, but it speaks what is near the truth for all that. She will not make friends with any of those mothers; the ladies she is familiar fond with are the ladies who have no children, or the ladies whose families are all up-grown. You think that was wrong of the mistress?"

He put the question to Rosamond, who was toying thoughtfully with one of the baby's hands which was resting in hers. "I think Mrs Treverton was very much to be pitied," she answed, gently lifting the child's hand to her lips.

"Then I, for my part, think so too," said Uncle Joseph. "To be, I is!"—yes! To be more pitied some months after, when there is still no child and no hope of a child, and the good sea-captain says, one day, 'I rust here, I get old with much idleness, I want to be on the sea again. I shall ask for a ship.' And he asks for a ship, and they give it him, and he goes away on his cruises—with much kissing and fondness at parting from his wife—but still he goes away. And when he is gone, the mistress comes in again where Sarah is at work for her in a fine new gown, and snatches it away, and casts it down on the floor, and throws after it all the fine jewels she has got on her table, and stamps and cries with the misery and the passion that is in her. 'I would give all those fine things and go in rags for the rest of my life to have a child!' she says. 'I am losing my husband's love, he would never have gone away from me if I had brought him a child.' Then she looks to the glass, and says between her teeth, 'Yes! yes! I am a fine woman with a fine figure, and I would change places with the ugliest, crookedest wretch in all creation, if I could only have a child!' And then she tells Sarah that the captain's brother spoke the vilest of all vile words of her when she was married, because she was an artist on the stage; and she says, 'If I have no child who but he—the rascal monster that I wish I could kill!—who but he will be to possess all that the captain has got?' And then she cries again, and says, 'I am losing his love—oh, I know it, I know it!—I am losing his love!' Nothing that Sarah can say will alter her that is about her. And the months go on, and the sea-captain comes back, and still there is always in the secret grief growing and growing in her mistress's heart—growing and growing till there is no hope yet of a child; and, once more the sea captain gets tired on the land, and goes off again for his cruises—long cruises, this time; away, away, away, at the other end of the world!"

Here Uncle Joseph paused once more, apparently hesitating a little about how he should go on with the narrative. His mind seemed to be soon relieved of its doubts, but his face saddened and his tones sank lower when he addressed Rosamond again.

"I must if you please, go away from the mistress now," he said, "and get back to Sarah my niece, and say one word also of a mining man, with the Cornish name of Polwheal. This was a young man whoworked well and got good wages and kept a good character. He lived with his mother in the little village that is near the sea-cliffs; and seeing Sarah from time to time took much fancy to her, and she to him. So it end came that the marriage promises was between them given and taken; as it happened about the time when the sea captain was back after his first cruises, and just when he was thinking of going away in a ship again. Against the marriage promise nor he nor the lady his wife had a word to object, for the miner, Polwheal, had good wage and kept a good character. Only the mistress said that the loss of Sarah would be sad to her—very sad; and Sarah answered that there was yet no hurry to part. So the weeks go on, and the sea captain sails away again for his long cruises; and about the same time also the mistress finds out that Sarah frets and looks not like herself, and that the miner, Polwheal, he lurks here and there round about the house; and she says to herself, 'So! so! Am I standing too much in the way of this marriage? For Sarah's sake that shall not be!'—And she calls for them both one evening, and talks to them kindly, and sends away to put up the banns next morning the young man Polwheal. That night it is his turn to go down into the Porthgenna mine, and work after the hours of day. With his heart all light, down into that dark he goes. When he rises to the world again, it is the dead body of him that is drown up—the dead body, with all the young life, by the fall of a rock, crushed out in a moment. The news flies here—the news flies there. With no break, with no warning, with no comfort near, it comes on a sudden to Sarah, my niece. When to her sweetheart that evening she had said good bye, she was a young, pretty girl; when, six little weeks after, she, from the sick bed where the shock threw her, got up, all her youth was gone, all her hair was gray, and in her eyes the fright look was fixed that has never left them since."

The simple words drew the picture of the miner's death, and of all that followed it with a startling distinctness—with a fearful reality. Rosamond shuddered and looked at her husband. "Oh Lenny!" she murmured, "the first news of your blindness was a sore trial to me, but what was it to *this!*"

"Pity her!" said the old man. "Pity her for what she suffered then! Pity her for what came after—that was worse. Yet five, six, seven weeks pass after the death of the mining man, and Sarah in the body suffers less, but in the mind suffers more. The mistress who is kind, and good to her as any sister could be, finds out, little by little, something in her face which is not the pain look, not the fright look, not the