ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

...N A. MOORE, PUBLISHERS. $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

...UME 28. ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 25, 1857. NUMBER 1.

ERIE OBSERVER.

...BLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

...SLOAN AND M. N. MOORE,

...CORNER OF STATE AND FIFTH STS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

...within 3 months, $1 50, if ...paid within the year, the paper will ...continued with a proper officer for col-

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...50	One "	6 "	4 00
...75	One "	9 "	6 75

...changeable at pleasure, $10.

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...square—one ..., $40; 6 months, $26; 3

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...NESS DIRECTORY.

...JAMES LYTLE,
...Store occupied by James Hill, Esq., as a ...N Murphy between the Reed 49

...JOSEPH S. CLARK,
...EMPIRE STORES,
...and Retail Dealer in every de-...Fancy Dry Goods, Carpetings, Oil ...street, corner of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

...FFALO CLOTHING STORE,
...Manufacturer in first quality Ready ...and furnishing Goods. 10-7, Brown's ...Erie Pa.

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

...WILLIAM THORNTON,
...Deeds, Agreement Bonds and Mortga-...carefully drawn. Office on ...grocery store Erie, Pa.

...MINNIG & BANYARD,
...Produce, Pork, Fish, Salt, Grain, ...Brooms, Pails, Wooden, Willow ...Prices low. No. 4 Wright's ...the Post Office, Erie, Pa. 647

...SEILER & WARNER,
...Agents, No 1, American Block. Collec-...Offices of the United States and ...promptly remitted. Bank Notes, Gold ...Great paid on time deposits. Mo-...Warrants bought, sold and located 33

...J. F. DOWNING,
...THE PEACE. Will practise in ...Counties, and give prompt and faithful ...entrusted to his hands, either as an ...office in Empire Block, corner of 90.

...J. G. STERRETT,
...Dealer in Wet and Dry Groceries, ...and domestic Fruit, Wooden, Wil-...Fish, Salt, Glass, Nails, Powder, Shot, ...French street, opposite the Reed 36

...KINEY & MCONKEY,
...Furniture and American Hardware and Cutlery, ...Tin, Iron and Steel, No. 3 Reed House, Erie. 37

...BEEBE & DICKINSON,
...Partnership, would respectfully offer their ...the citizens of Erie and vicinity. Expe-...given to obstetrics 33 S. DICKINSON.

...STARR & PAYNE,
...Dealers in Coal, Flour ...Dock, east of State ...JAS. G. PAYNE.

...CLARK & METCALF,
...Erie, Pa. Interest allowed on ...Drafts, Checks and Specie. un-...bought and sold. Collections ...in the United States; money re-...responsibility. 33

...J. L. SWEENEY,
...Corner Seventh. Office Stewart & Sinclair's ...State and Seventh streets. Residence, ...east of Sassafras street. 38

...W. B. RUSHMORE,
...Cheshire, Johnson, & Co.
...Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Nos. ...Green Streets, New York.
CHARLES A. SHEPARD, 33 CASPER A. SACHERS.

...TESALS, HAYES & CO.,
...Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, ...Hats, &c., No. 1 Brown's Block, Erie, Pa.

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

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

...E. H. ABELL,
...to William H. Sherman,)
...Public Square, between the Reed House and ...Pictures taken in the best style of the art and ...able 32

...THOMAS M. AUSTIN,
...late of the firm of G. Loomis & Co.,)
...Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Musical In-...Guitars, Lamps and Fancy Goods, wholesale 33

...ROGERS & KENNEDY,
...successors to Caldwell and Bennett.)
...Dealers in Hardware, Crockery, Glassware ...and Iron Empire Block, corner of Fifth and ...Erie, Pa. 33 J. KENNEDY.

...IDDELL, KEPLER, & CO.,
...Lawrence, Running Steam Boilers, Vault Doors, ...and all kinds of Machinery and Fancy Cast-...Erie. 33

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

...M. SANDFORD & CO.,
...Notes, Certificates of Deposit, &c. ...at the principal cities constantly for sale. Office ...Public Square, Erie. 33

...T. HERRON STUART,
...ATTORNEY—Office, Fifth street, a few doors East of ...Erie, Fourth street, one door East of the old ...Erie, Pa. 33

...BOOTH & STEWART,
...Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods and ...the Reed House and Brown's Hotel. 33

...GEORGE H. CUTLER,
...Erie, County, Pa. Collections and ...attended to with promptness and dispatch. 33

...CARTER & BROTHER,
...Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, ...&c. No. 3 Reed House, Erie, Pa. 33

...JOHN SWEENY,
...Office in Beatty's Building, up-stairs 33

...JOHN HEARN & CO.,
...Commission Merchants, Dealers in Coal, Flour ...Daily line of Upper Lake Steamers, Dock 33

...GEORGE J. MORTON,
...Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Erie, dealer ...Flour and Plaster. 33

...C. H. WRIGHT & CO.,
...and Dealers in Gold and Silver Coin, uncur-...Warrants and Certificates of Deposit. Also ...principal cities in the Union, and all parts of ...Office, Beatty's Building, in the room ...Beatty & Cochran, north side of Park. 33
C. P. BALDY, C. E. GUNNISON.

...T. M. BLAKE,
...Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and ...Ornithical Flowers, Ribbons, Silks, Laces ...attention paid to Orders.

...CUSHING & CLARK,
...Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines ...Segars, Tobaccos, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents ...Nos. 7 Bunnell Block, State street Erie. 33 N. J. CLARK.

...JOHN W. AYRES,
...Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, ...Office and Dining Chairs, No. 4 Kay-...Erie, Pa. 33.

...JAMES C. MARSHALL,
...Office upstairs in Tammany Hall building. 33 Erie, Pa.

...W. C. BRADLEY,
...Surgeon and Farrier, Livery Dealer, Trotting ...Horses, offers his services to the public. He will ...Canal Landing, where he will be glad to ...Horses in the west. W. C. BRADLEY. 46

...J. J. LINTS,
...Stationery, Monthly Magazines, Cheap Publica-...Newspapers, Gold Pens, Pocket Cutlery, &c. ...the Reed House, Erie. 33

...L. W. OLDS & CO.,
...and Wholesale and Retail dealers in Well and Cis-...Pumps, the cheapest and best now in use. ...Driving water for family, farm or mechanical ...Erie. 33
P. ACKLEY, M. L. LOW

...JAMES CROOK & Co.
...Architectural Sash, Doors and Blinds, Peach st., ...Erie, occupied by Hugh Jones.

...S. R. CHURCHILL,
...Dealer in Double Rectified Whiskey, in the ...Pennsylvania.

...WILLIAM S. LANE,
...COUNSELLOR AT LAW.—Office Northeast Corner of ...Square 33

...CLARK & BALDWIN,
...(Successors to Burton & Herron,)
...Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, ...Dye Stuffs, Brushes, Perfumery, Fine Soaps and ...No. 3 Reed House, Erie, Pa. 33 S. A. BALDWIN.

...SEARLE & FARMAN,
...Wholesale Grocers, and dealers in West India Goods, Powder, Shot, Shugs, Safety Fuse, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, Oil, &c., &c., No. 1, Bunnell Block, State street, Erie, Pa.
A. H. GRAY. F. S. FARMAN.

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

...JOSEPH RICE ..., Jr.,
...MANUFACTURER of Boots and Shoes, and Wholesale and Retail dealer in Oak and Hemlock Sole Leather, French and American Calf Skins, Morocco, Linings, Findings, Kips and Splits, Thread Webs, Cords, Laces, Leathers, Gallloons, Ribands, Hammers, Pincers, Rasps, Awls, Pegs, Nails, &c. American Block, State Street, Erie, Pa.

...GENNETT, BARR & CO.,
...IRON FOUNDERS, Wholesale 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. 42

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. 5, Reed House, Erie, Pagna.
Erie, Sept. 27, 1856. 20tf

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	2:30	5:14	Cleveland.	11:15	6:52	9:40
8:21	—	5:52	Bedford,	10:40	4:10	9:1
8:52	3:04	6:28	Hudson,	10:00	3:44	8:08
9:28	3:42	6:55	Barnes,	9:27	3:18	7:41
9:50	—	—	Atwater,	—	2:52	7:08
10:3	4:00	—	Alliance,	—	2:22	7:38
10:48	5:19	—	Bayard,	—	1:45	6:50
11:04	—	—	Hanover,	—	1:18	6:22
11:24	5:58	—	Baltimore,	—	12:48	5:54
12:10	6:40	—	Yellow Creek,	—	12:10	5:28
12:20	6:36	—	Wellsville,	—	11:50	5:13
12:31	6:46	—	Liverpool,	—	11:44	4:57
12:43	—	—	Smith's Ferry,	—	11:32	4:45
12:59	—	—	Industry,	—	11:16	4:30
1:20	7:37	—	Rochester,	—	10:55	4:10
2:25	8:41	—	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	
9:18	1:35		Bridgeport,	3:54	7:45	
9:54	2:23		Portland,	3:00	7:18	
10:06	2:46		Rush Run,	2:45	7:10	
10:34	3:16		Lagrange,	2:25	6:55	
10:52	3:50		Stewartsville,	1:46	6:45	
11:22	4:23		Jedda,	1:10	6:05	
11:40	4:45		McCoy's,	12:50	5:50	
12:10	5:2		Yellow Creek,	12:15	5:20	
12:20	5:36		Wellsville,	11:59	5:30	
12:31	5:45		Liverpool,	11:48	5:07	
12:43			Smith's Ferry	11:32	4:15	
12:50			Industry,	11:16	4:20	
1:20	7:37		Rochester,	10:55	4:10	
3:05	8:45		Pittsburg,	9:45	3:00	

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Train leaves New Philadelphia 7:40 A. M., Dover at 9:00, Waverburg at 9:25. Arrives at Akron at 10:20, connecting with Trains on Main Line, for Cleveland, Pittsburg and Wheeling. Leaves Bayard at 1:45 P. M., (on arrival of Trains from Cleveland, Pittsburg and Wheeling,) Waverburg at 2:45 P. M. Arrives at Dover at 3:15 and New Philadelphia at 3:40 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 with the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad for Cadiz, Coshocton, Newark, Columbus and Cincinnati.

At Wheeling with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for Cumberland, Frederick burg, 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.

☞ 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.

J. DURAND, Sup't.

Superintendent's Office C. & P. R. R.,
Cleveland, March 6, 1857. 49tf

BEFORE offering these Wafers to the Public, they were thoroughly tested, and the Proprietors can now confidently recommend them as a certain Remedy for

EXPELLING WORMS FROM THE SYSTEM.

They contain no Calomel or Mercury in any form, or any other injurious ingredients, and may be given to the youngest infant with perfect safety. The Wafers are free from the objections to most other Vermifuges, as they are PLEASANT TO THE TASTE. "Children will eat them as readily as Candy."

They have been before the public less than one year, and within that time have won for themselves a reputation unprecedented in the annals of medicine. They are used and recommended by our first Physicians and most respectable families with the most marked success.

☞ Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by CLARK & BALDWIN, (*Successor to Burton & Herron,*) Wholesale and Retail Druggist, No. 3 Reed House, Erie, Pa.
STEPHEN PAUL & CO.
149 Chambers Street, N. Y. Wholesale Agents.
Price 25 Cents per Box. Dec. 13, 1856—1y.

ERIE, Dec. 12th, 1856.

Messrs. Clark & Baldwin:—GENTS.—I have for some time past been prescribing your "Anthelmintic Wafers," and I meet no that in my long practice I have never yet found as "certain, safe and pleasant remedy for Worms" as the Wafers prove themselves to be. I am daily recommending them to my friends and patients and am happy to say in every instance with the most marked success. They have never failed in a single case, operating as effectually upon adults as children. They have the advantage over vermifuges being so "pleasant to the taste that children will eat them as readily as candy." Being personally acquainted with their composition I unhesitatingly pronounce them the best worm specific now in use, and it can be administered to the youngest infant with perfect safety. I most confidently recommend them to the patronage of the public. P. FAULKNER, M. D.

☞ For sale in Girard by J. A. White and John S. Foster. Waterford by Copp & Dunlap; Edinboro by H. B. Ferris and W. S. Proudfit; Millcreek by S. Cochran; Lockport by J. M. Barnes and Wm Tyler; Albion by Davenport & Flowers; Concord by J. M. Fay; Springfield X Roads by Wm H Townsend; West Springfield by Ridge Potter; Fairview by R. Pettis; North East by Jones & Jewett, and by Druggists generally.

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, east of King's Malt House. Farmers, now is the time to

DOUBLE YOUR CROPS,

by using plenty of this fertilizing grounds. It will pay your more back with large crops. 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 in 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.—GIVE US A CALL. Orders can be sent through the Post Office, or to the Coal Office of V. M. THOMPSON
Erie, March 7, 1857.—1y. 43

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 26, 1857. CARTER & MALLERY.

To all whom it may Concern.

ALL persons who know themselves indebted to the subscribers either by Notes or Book Account, are notified that payment must be made on or before the first day of April next, else they will be compelled to do business with a Justice of the Peace for collection.
Erie, March 21, 1857. BENNETT, 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. SINDERSHOTT.

Groceries, Provisions, Cigars, &c.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has removed to Chapin's old door north 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 are to 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, 6—tf. P. A. BECKER.

OIL.—A very choice article of Cincinnati Sugar Cured Ham, now opening and for sale at J. JOHNSTON & BRO'S.
Erie, May 25, 1857. HARBOR

JUST RECEIVED and for sale, a general assortment of Wood and Willow Ware, comprising Tubs, Pails, Market Baskets, &c., &c., at J. JOHNSTON & BRO'S.

5 PIECES Cincinnati Sugar cured Hams on hand at No. 3 Bunnell Block and for sale by
Erie, June 27, 1857. A. CARTER.

Select Poetry.

THE REJECTED TENANT.

From the Dublin Nation.

My father plowed this old ten land—
His sires for ages did before—
His mother he cheered with boonsome hand,
And always plenty had in store;
His barnes teemed with fruitful corn,
His kine lowed o'er the pasture field,
His sheep ful song rose with the morn,
His labor brought an tenfold yield.

There's every spot he loved so well,
The hawthorn hedge, the upland's loam,
The mossy bank, the little dell
That lies behind our cottage home;
My mother, too, I see her still
My footsteps watch with gentle care,
Bearnes against her utmost will,
Or in my boyish pleasure share.

There's yonder meadow by the stream
Where oft I've rolled in childish glee,
And in the soft twilight early beam
I've climbed for nests the big oak tree;
And when maturer years drew nigh,
I went a wooing down the vale,
And whispered love with fondest sigh,
While mirth went round or startling tale.

Then famine stalked with fearful strides,
And gnawed at stalwart manly hearts,
And tore each loved one from our sides—
'Tis madness that the thought imparts.
I struggled with this demon wild,
For things grew sadder day by day,
I strove to nourish wife and child,
But one by one they pined away.

Twere better thus a thousand fold,
To die beneath the old roof tree,
Than perish in yon ditch from cold,
Where ruthless man had driven me.
A stranger will from henceforth sow
And reap this rich and fertile soil,
And in my own loved home below
A stranger roots from daily toil.

This sod from off my poor wife's grave
Is all on earth that I held dear,
While far across the Atlantic wave
I'll shed my lonely bitter tear.
Th'thus thy hearths, dear fatherland,
Are rift of joy, of love, and light,
Made desolate by the spoiler's hand—
The last of gold his only sight. NORAH.

Choice Miscellany.

ENGAGING A GOVERNESS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN UNDERGRADUATE

One morning, during my undergraduate course in dear old Trinity, I arose, intent upon atoning for past indolence by a hard day's reading. All things seemed to favor my purpose; the weather being damp and gloomy, there was little risk of interruption from a visitor, and my wild fellow-student, Burrowes, who used so often to break in upon my studies, having just taken rooms outside College, there was, I concluded, no fear of disturbance from him. Throwing myself back in my chair, and placing my slippered feet upon the fender in a state of delightful ease, I had just got fairly under weigh, when, much to my annoyance, the withered old crone who attended me entered and placed a letter in my hand. The address was in the hand writing of the young gentleman I have just alluded to. And now a misgiving that my good intentions were about to be frustrated gradually possessed me. My anticipations were correct. I opened it rather testily, and found it to be an urgent summons to attend immediately at his lodgings, where he had made arrangements for offering myself and some other entertainments of the rarest possible kind. Again I read the note, and as I thought it over in my mind, we passed together, my better self into the Bob Acres' courage, began to tingle in my finger's ends.

"What piece of folly can the mad scamp have on hand?" thought I, as I read the letter through a third time. An insidious gleam of sunshine at this critical moment stole in through the dusky window.

"I must go and see." And throwing aside my books, I prepared to equip myself for the walk.

Jack Burrows was, in the cant phrase of the day, a "fast young fellow, just emerged from his teens, with plenty of money but with very little brains," who lived extravagantly, gave champagne suppers, and had, in consequence, a numerous circle of acquaintances. His chief companion was a young man some seven years his senior, who had been at Oxford, a seat of learning which, according to his own statement, he had voluntarily relinquished for the more quiet haunts of the Irish University. Rumor, however, had it, that he had been expelled from Oxford, and that, too, for an offence of no venial character. There was something disagreeable, and even sinister, about him, which, despite his studied efforts to please, rendered him an object of very general dislike. His name was Whitby, and this was all that was really known of him; for, though making frequent allusions to his Oxford acquaintances, his tone was vague and obscure, and he studiously evaded all attempts to draw from him any particulars as to his past life. He was the companion and abettor of young Burrowes in all his wild and extravagant courses; and such was the influence he had acquired over his pupil, as I may term him, that the latter had become a mere puppet in his hands.

On arriving at Burrowes's lodgings, I met several other young fellows, invited, no doubt for the same object as myself, but all as yet ignorant of the nature of the promised amusement. To our requests for enlightenment, Burrowes opposed a steady resistance until the whole party should have arrived.

"No," said he, in reply to our entreaties, "Frank Mahon is still due; when he comes, I'll make a clean breast of it."

And now all had assembled, and the mighty secret was revealed. Whitby, as I had suspected, had planned it; and it was worthy of its author.

"We are going to treat you," said Burrowes, looking slyly at his tutor, "to a lark with the Governesses;" and he burst into a roar of boyish laughter.

"How? What can you mean?" we demanded.

"Listen," said Whitby. "You know that every day there are scores of Governesses—old and young plain and pretty, strong minded and simple—seeking for employment. We have made a selection from the newspapers, and written to a dozen of them, and sent off answers to them through the post. All our elegant extracts will call here to day, at the different hours named. We will meet them in turns; and if we don's strike fun out of them, I will only say that we are not good for much."

The ungentlemanly character of the scheme was so apparent, that, young and thoughtless as we were, it was received with coldness. Some, including myself, even strongly condemned it; but Whitby having persuaded us that it was a harmless freak which would be productive of the utmost gaiety and amusement, it was decided at length that the joke, as he termed it, should be played out. I had been the first to condemn it, and was the last to yield; and, as a punishment for my obstinacy, it was voted that I should give the first reception, or, as Burrowes termed it, "open the ball."

We had not long to wait; for before many minutes had passed, little Tom Hatchell, who was smoking a segar in the balcony, announced an arrival.

"By George! she's magnificent," said he.—"Six feet high at least, with clogs."

The valet, who had been purposely placed on the watch, conducted her up stairs; while I, timid and nervous, feeling very like a fool, and very unlike a gentleman, repaired alone to the adjoining room to hold my reception. Making due allowance for the clogs, she was very tall, not young, and decidedly the worse for wear. Bowing very stiffly, she surveyed me from head to foot, evidently waiting for me to speak. Not well knowing what to say, I bowed her to a seat, an unaccountable fascination compelling me to keep my eyes steadily fixed on hers, which, in their turn, were fastened upon me, appearing to read my very soul. There was a cool self possession about her which threw me fairly out of the saddle. After some time she broke silence—

"I have received an answer," said she, "in reply to an advertisement of mine. Do you know anything of it?" and she fixed her large stony eyes upon mine.

"Oh! yes, I do," returned I, feeling like a culprit beneath the scowling eye of Justice.

"My name is Magawley," continued the lady. "I believe I am true to the time named.

"Oh! quite punctual—remarkably so."

"Punctuality, sir," she added, "has been the guiding principle of my life."

"That fact, ma'am," I observed, "does you much honor; it is a letter of recommendation in your favor." I was going to add more, but the faint sounds of suppressed laughter in the adjoining room banished it from my head, and threw me once more into a state of embarrassment.

"I am happy to find you concur with me on so important a point," said the lady.

"Finishing governess, ma'am?" I asked, not knowing well what to say, yet anxious to exhibit *aplomb* to my critical companions.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "a finishing governess in the most extended sense of the term.—My studies, sir, have not been confined to the narrow limits which fashion has hitherto prescribed for the female mind. The wide range of the mathematics, English in all its ramifications, the dead and modern languages——"

"Irish, of course?" I timidly suggested.—My chance shot seemed to take the lady aback.

"Why—no," said she, after a moment's pause, "not Irish; it's not customary, nor is it in fact genteel."

"Ah! there you see, is fashion," I remarked.

Here, with a view of removing me as to her capabilities, she entered into a minute detail of her acquirements, overwhelming me as it were, beneath a torrent of words, and producing as she did so, a voluminous roll of papers in verification of her statements, whilst I, smiling, simpering, and yawning by turns, submitted to my fate like a martyr. Heartily wishing for an opportunity of biding her good morning, yet not knowing how to do so, a mode of terminating our interview suddenly occurred to me.

"Before we proceed further, ma'am," said I, "may I ask you one question?"

"Sir, a dozen—a hundred," was the reply.

"Well, then, madam, will you inform me are you a married or a single lady?"

The question seemed to disconcert her, and she appeared for a moment to doubt my serious mien; then, satisfied that I was in earnest, she answered—

"I am single, sir; yet, still hardly so. Nay, I may even say that I am wedded."

"Oh! you are engaged," said I, rather puzzled at her statement.

"I will explain," she continued. "Possibly you think I have uttered a paradox; but you shall see. You must know, then, that I was born a literary character. My parents were literary people. The one was the Belle Lettres, the other was the Dr Slop of the day. From my father I inherited the love of abstruse knowledge. I drank in the classic fables of ancient Greece with my mother—ahem!—that is, I imbibed it. My life, sir, has been a laborious one. I have been a devout worshipper at Minerva's shrine, and have not wooed the goddess in vain. Thus absorbed, I have not found time for thoughts of matrimony in its actual sense. You see before you one who, in common *parlance*, is unmarried, but who can yet lay claim to be the spouse of literature."

Here, to my dismay, boisterous roars of laughter pealed and echoed again from the adjoining room, which I vainly strove to smother by a feigned fit of coughing.

"Madam," I replied, on regaining my composure, "I regret to hear your statement, for it deprives me of the power of engaging so accomplished a lady."

"How so?" she asked, with evident disappointment.

"The fact is, ma'am," said I, breaking into a perspiration at this crisis of my fate, and speaking spasmodically, "the lady who requires the governess has sons—three young men of my own age—my cousins. She has the terror, inherent in all mothers, of their forming unhappy attachments and marrying. She will not permit an unmarried lady to reside in the house. (here the laughter again became audible.) and her instructions were to select a married lady and an elderly one. Could I possibly depart so far from my orders as to select so gifted and accomplished a lady as I have the honor of addressing——"

"Ho!—ho!—ho!" to my inexpressible misery roared the voices within, all efforts to check their laughter having apparently been abandoned. And now the "spouse of literature" rose with dignity and looked defiantly around, while I, not knowing how to act, stood before her like a statue. The cold perspiration burst upon my forehead—my tongue became dry and thick, and seemed paralysed; I could have wished the floor to have given way and buried me beneath. The thought of throwing myself on my knees and imploring pardon had occurred to me, when, as if to add the climax to my embarrassment, the valet, a boy of fifteen, a greater scamp than his master, entered and presented the lady with refreshment in the shape of a bumper of champagne, a renewed peal of laughter from within hailing the feat as one of exquisite drollery.—There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so is there but a narrow line dividing the grave from the gay; and, as I surveyed the scene before me, my state of feelings underwent a thorough revolution, and, regardless of consequences, I joined in the hilarity with a zest surpassing even that of my companions.

"Eh! What is the meaning of this?" demanded the lady, looking ferociously around.

"The fact is, ma'am," said I, attempting an explanation, but failing, and again breaking into uproarious laughter.

"Hut, tut—impudent—audacious puppy!" she exclaimed, dealing me a blow upon the cheek with her hard, fleshless hand, that brought me to my knee, and rang like a trumpet through my ears; then tossing the tray out of the servant's hand, and dashing the wine in his face, while the glass fell in fragments around, she strode majestically from the room, making a fearful clatter with her clogs as she descended.

My friends now gathered round me with congratulations on the creditable manner with which I had acquitted myself; while, smarting with pain, for my cheek burned as if it had been roasted blistered, I endeavored to appear cheerful and to share in their mirth.

"That was a remarkable old monster," said Sheridan, one of our party. "I wonder what kind of a divinity mine will be."

"I hope she won't have as hard a hand as my friend," I exclaimed, pressing my hand to my cheek.

"My turn next," said Whitby, rubbing his hands gleefully together, "and I think I can promise you a little variety;" and producing a newspaper from his pocket, he read—"A young lady from the country who has been educated on the Continent." "My tastes are exotic," said he, folding up the paper. "Two is the hour named, so I suppose we shall have her here directly; people in want of employment are usually punctual," and he ended with a short, disagreeable laugh. Ere long the second arrival was announced. We took our places in the front drawing-room, and, "the young lady from the Continent" was shown into the adjoining room, one of the folding doors being left partially open to enable us to witness the interview. A glance convinced us that she was not the denizen of a city. Glowing with health, pretty and piquante, and, above all, possessed of that charm of youth to which the French have applied the phrase, "*beaute de diable*," she impressed us at once with admiration, and, (such is the power of beauty) with a full sense of our dishonorable and unmanly conduct.

"What a lovely girl!" remarked one in a whisper. "Is she not beautiful!" exclaimed another. "By Jove! we are acting a shabby part." As for me, I spoke not, but vowed internally that if Whitby attempted to insult her I would fell him to the floor; for I felt for the time endowed with treble strength. For a few moments she stood irresolute, expecting doubtless to see the lady who as she supposed, had written to her, while Whitby, wearing an impudent air, yet looking rather sheepish withal, stood silent before her. There was that peculiar dignity about the young girl which ever attends purity and innocence when accompanied with good sense. The bold man felt awed—his tactics were deranged.

Finding no lady appeared, and that Whitby still remained silent, she asked, in a slightly foreign accent, to see the lady who wished to engage a governess.

"Oh, yes—your advertisement—y—s," returned Whitby; smiling as he no doubt thought with a most fascinating expression. "Please—sh—my dear—to take a seat."

Astounded at this familiar address, she looked at him haughtily and in silence.

"Why—sh"—continued Whitby, running his hand through his hair—"it is not exactly a lady—it is I who require a governess."

"You!" she returned, in a tone of cutting satire—"I thought you was the footman."

Here, no doubt to Whitby's discomfiture, we opened with a most provoking titter.

"No, my child, you mistake," continued he—"I am a gentleman—a sad and lonely one—who wishes for some rose bud like yourself to breathe on him her fragrance—to lead his wayward heart to virtue—to be his monitor—his governess."

This insolent speech so astonished the young lady that for some time she stood perfectly still; then hearing our voices in the next apartment, she indignantly demanded an explanation.

"My dear young lady, will you be seated and hear me," returned Whitby.

"Dear young lady!" she repeated contemptuously, while proudly tossing her head, and looking, as I thought, more beautiful than ever, in the indignant scorn with which she regarded Whitby.

"Yes, dearest!" he continued inwardly enraged with her. "Only listen to me, and suffer me to explain;" then approaching her, he seized her hand and attempted to press it to his lips.

I could resist no longer. "This is outrageous!" I cried, darting forward I tore him from her side and hurled him to a distant part of the room. Recovering himself in a minute, he became deadly pale; and scowling at me with an expression of anger and malignity I shall never forget, he followed the lady into the room we had just occupied. If his object was to prevent her from raising an alarm, he was too late; for, rushing to the open window, she screamed at the top of her voice—"Ho! Richard, come up here;" and in a moment afterwards a noise was heard like the bursting open of the hall-door, and the party summoned dashed into the room. He was a tall, fresh-colored lad, about nineteen, his likeness at once proclaiming him as the brother of the young girl to whose assistance he had come.

"What's wrong, Nelly?" he asked impatiently, in a tone redolent of the far West.

His sister, clinging to his arm, rapidly detailed what had occurred, while the young man, seeming to swell with rage, glanced around him like a panther determined to attack, but uncertain upon whom to make the first spring.

"Who has dared to insult you thus?" he at length asked.

"That man," she replied, pointing to Whitby. Then, overcome with excitement, and with the sense of the outrage offered to her, she burst into passionate tears.

Roused at her grief, the brother disengaged her from his arm, then with quivering lip, and dilated nostrils, his eyes seeming to flash fire, he advanced toward the offender, who, though ill at ease, endeavored to appear calm and collected.

"So you are in want of a governess," said the youth, advancing towards Whitby, and grasping with his left hand the lappels of his coat.

"Hands off, rascal! or you shall repent it," roared Whitby.

"Rascal!" exclaimed the youth, indignantly; then raising the stout cane which he carried in his right hand he applied it across the shoulders of the other with a force that must have cut to the bone.

Uttering a yell of mingled rage and agony, the latter dashed his clenched hand into his opponent's face—they grappled and rolled together on the carpet. The young lady, who had now recovered her composure, to our great surprise, contemplating the scene before her with the utmost satisfaction, and appearing only anxious that her brother should prove the victor. Her tears like an April shower, soon dried and gave place to sunshine.

In a few moments we separated them, but found it impossible to keep them asunder.—Their blood was up, and they were madly anxious to rush at each other. Whitby stormed and raged like an angry tiger; the other acted like a young panther that had just tasted blood and was sure of his prey. Whitby, who was a strong, well grown man, was wont to boast of his strength, and prided himself on being a patron of the ring. He was something of an amateur; too, and handled "the gloves" with some dexterity. Exasperated at the audacity of the youth who had thus dared him, he determined to visit him with condign chastisement, probably, too, he felt that his reputation was at stake, and that his influence over Burrowes depended upon his successful termination of the contest.

"I'll give this lad such a dressing," said he in confidence to those around him, "as he'll remember all the days of his life. I'll send him home whining like a beaten cur."

In truth, this result was only what we expected. So much was I impressed with the inequality of the contest that I declared it should not be proceeded with, and thrust myself between them to prevent a collision. My efforts, however, were unavailing.

"This, sir, is my business," said the lad, endeavoring with my efforts to restrain him. "Believe me this before I've done with him I'll cause his mother to regret the day he offered an insult to the blood of the Martins."

"But you are a mere boy," said I, "while he is a full grown man."

"Don't mind that," returned he, indulging in a short, dry laugh, in which, to my surprise, his sister joined. "Only see fair play, and I am satisfied."

The fact was that the young lad, being fresh from school, where in those days boxing was still in fashion, was a perfect master of the pugilistic art, and though inferior in size and strength, was vastly superior to the other in agility and in vigor of lungs.

I could only yield, and determined to see fair play, assumed to myself the position