# ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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

LUME 28. ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 15, 1857. NUMBER 14.



E ERIE OBSERVER.

...ED EVERY SATURDAY BY

B. F. SLOAN AND M. M. MOORE,

Office—State and 6th sts.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

TERMS—Invariably in advance, of within 3 months, $1 50, if ...not be charged ... payment within the year, the paper will ...be discontinued until arrears are paid, at the option of a proper officer for collection.

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## NESS DIRECTORY.

JAMES LYTLE,

...cupied by James Sill, Esq., as a ...of N. Murphy between the Reed ...

JOSEPH W. CLARK,

EMPIRE STORES.

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

BUFFALO CLOTHING STORE,

...Manufacturer in first quality Ready ...Furnishing Goods. No. 7, Brown's ...

P. A. BECKER,

...and Provisions, Cigars, &c. Two ...respectly, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM THORNTON,

...Deeds, Agreements, Bonds and Mortga...carefully drawn. Office on ...grocery Store Erie, Pa.

BINNING & BANYARD,

...Flour, Pork, Fish, Salt, Grain, ...Nails, Brooms, Pails, Wooden, Willow ...Price low. No 4 Wright's ...above the Post Office, Erie, Pa. 47

SEILER & WARREN,

...Furniture, No 1, American Block. Collec...Offices of the United States and ...remitted. Bank Notes, Gold ...interest paid on time deposits. Me...Warrants bought, sold and located. 33

J. F. DOWNING,

...at the Peach. Will practice in ...county, and give prompt and faithful ...entrusted to his hands, either as an ...office in Empire Block, corner of ... 50

W. SHERRETT,

...in Wet and Dry Groceries, ...domestic Fruit, Wooden, Wil...Salt, Plaster, Nails, Powder, Shot, ...French street, opposite the Reed ... 51

...& M'CONKEY,

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

...BEEBE & DICKINSON,

...copartnership, would respectfully offer their ...the citizens of Erie and vicinity. Espe...to obtain a ... 33 S. DICKINSON

STARR & PAYNE,

...Merchants, Dealers in Coal, Fish, ...Foot of Foster Public Dock, east of State ... 50 JAS. G. PAYNE

CLARK & METCALF,

...Brokers, Erie, Pa. Interest allowed on ...Sight Drafts, Checks and Specie, na...Warrants bought and sold. Collections ...Erie in the United States; money re...on reasonable terms. 33

DR. L. STEWART,

...Office Stewart & Sinclair's ...and Seventh streets. Residence, ...east of Sassafras street. 33

R. S. RUSSMORE,

...Churchill, Johnson, & Co ...Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, No ...cor. Streets, New York.

CARTER & A. SACKETT,

...HAYES & CO.,

...Wholesale in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, ...&c., Nos 1 Brown's Block, Erie, Pa.

MAGILL & CO.,

...continue their office in Beaty's Block, ...of the Public Square, are prepared to ...to all other operators in prices, estimating ...according to its quality and real value.

ALLEN A. CRAIG.

...Office in New Block corner of Peach ...Square, Erie Pa. 52

L. H. ABELL,

...to William H. Sherman,) ...Square, between the Reed House and ...taken in the best style of the art and ... 33

THOMAS M. AUSTIN,

...Jewelry of G. Loomis & Co.) ...Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Musical In...Pumps and Fancy Goods, wholesale ... 33

DOELL, KEPLER, & CO.,

...Office, Running Steam Boilers, Vault Doors, ...and a variety of Machinery and Fancy Cast...33

M. CHAPIN,

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

W. SANDFORD & CO.,

...Bank Notes, Certificates of Deposit, &c. ...principally constantly for sale. Office ...Erie. 33

T. SHERMAN WRIGHT,

...Office, Public Square, a few doors East of ...County street, one door East of the old ... 33

BOOTH & STEWART,

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

GEORGE H. CUTLER,

...Street, Erie, County, Pa. Collections and ...promptness and dispatch 33

CARTER & BROTHER,

...Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, ...No. 3 Reed House, Erie, Pa 33

JOHN SWEENY,

...Office in Beatty's Building, up-stairs, ...

JOHN HEARN & CO.,

...Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal, Flour, ...on of Upper Lake Steamers, Public ... 33

GEORGE J. MORTON,

...Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Erie, dealer ...Plaster 33

C. B. WRIGHT & CO.,

...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 ...Hoatler & Cochran, North side of Park. 33

T. P. BAILEY, C. P. GUNNISON

F. R. BLAKE,

...Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and ...Fancy Goods, Flowers, Ribbons, Silks, Laces, ...Mansion, No. 1 Reed's Block, State street, Erie, ...

CAUGHEY & CLARK,

...and Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines ...Liquors, Cigars, Fruit, Fish, Oil and Acids ...Block, State street Erie, ...

23 N. J. CLARK.

JOHN W. AYRES,

...and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, ...Boxing, Office and Rocking Chairs, No 4 Key...Pa. 23

JONES C. MARSHALL,

...Office in stairs in Tammany Hall building, ...Erie, Pa.

W. C. BRALEY,

...Carriage and Harness, Livery Dealer, Trainer ...offers his services to the public. He will ...Canal Landing, where he will be glad to ...Erie, at the west. W. C. BRALEY. 46

J. J. LINTS,

...Stationery, Monthly Magazines, Cheap Publica...Newspapers, Gold Pens, Pocket Cutlery, &c. ...Reed House, Erie 22

L. W. OLDS & CO.,

...Wholesale and Retail dealers in Well and Cis...the cheapest and best now in use. ...Peach, Erie, Pa.

...carrying water for family, farm or mechanical ... 33 M. L. LOW

JAMES BROOK & Co.

...Manufacturers of Sash, Doors and Blinds, Peach st., ...occupied by Hugh Jones.

S. R. CHURCHILL,

...in Double Rectified Whiskey, in the ...

WILLIAM S. LANE,

...COUNSELLOR AT LAW.—Office Northeast Corner of ...Street 33

CLARK & BALDWIN,

(Successors to Burton & Harvey,)

...Druggists, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, ...Dye Stuffs, Brushes, Perfumery, Fine Soaps and ...Jewels, and by Druggists generally. ...Reed House, Erie, Pa. 33

R. A. BALDWIN

COPES ...the examining bank notes, and Spectacles ...will be found in abundance at the store of G. LOOMIS.

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

...a good variety and very cheap at CARTER & BRO.

GRAY & PARRAR,

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

A. H. GRAY F. F. PARRAR.

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 RICH ... Jr.,

MANUFACTURER of Boots and Shoes ... Wholesale and Retail dealer in Oak and Hemlock Sole Leather, French and American Calf Skins, Morocco, Linings, Bindings, Kips and Splits, Thread Webs, Cords, Laces, Lastings, Galloons, Rivands, Hammers, Pincers, Rasps, Tacks, Pegs, Nails, &c. American Block, State Street, Erie, Pa.

BENNETT, 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. 42

CANAL MILLS, ERIE, PA.

JAMES G. JACKSON, Wholesale and Retail Manufacturer of FLOUR, CORN, MEAL, MILL-FEED, BRAN, &C. 4C Cash paid for all kinds of Grain

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 8, Reed House, Erie, Penna.

Erie, Sept 27, 1856. 2m

NEW YORK & ERIE RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF HOURS, commencing Monday, July 6, 1857. Trains will leave, and arrive at DUNKIRK at about the following hours, viz

| WESTWARD BOUND | Arrive | EASTWARD BOUND | Leave |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dunkirk & Buff Ex., | at 11:00 P. M. | Steamboat Express | at 4:15 A. M. |
| Mail No 1, | at 8:15 A. M. | Mail | at 9:30 P. M. |
| Night Express, | at 12:00 " | Night Express, | at 6:40 P. M. |
| Emigrant, | at 5:00 " | Cincinnati Express, | at 10:00 P. M. |
| Accommodation | at 9:50 P. M. | Stock Express, | at 10:20 P. M. |
| Freight No 1, | at 9:20 A. M. | Freight No. 2, | at 3:15 P. M. |
| " No 3, | at 4:05 P. M. | " No 4, | at 4:25 A. M. |

NOTE.—The "Express Mail" connects at Hornellsville with Express Train for New York.

HOMER RAMSDELL President.

New York, May 23, 1857.—41

1857. 1857.

Buffalo & Erie Railroad.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Monday, July 6, Passenger Trains will leave Erie as follows

1 30 A. M., Night Express, stopping at Westfield, Dunkirk, Silver Creek, connecting at Dunkirk and Buffalo with Morning Express Trains for New York.

1 50 P. M., Express, Mail stopping at all Mail Stations, connecting at Dunkirk and Buffalo with Express Trains for New York.

7 00 P. M., Cincinnati Express, stopping at Westfield, Dunkirk and Silvercreek, connecting at Dunkirk and Buffalo with Express Trains for New York.

6 00 A. M., Way Express stopping at all way Stations.

TICKETS for Sale at the office to the principal eastern and Southern cities and towns.

April, 25 1857. 51-tf R. N. BROWN, 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 A. M. | P. M. | P. M. | STATIONS. | TRAINS ARRIVE A. M. | P. M. | P. M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 7 55 | 2 50 | 5 15 | Cleveland | 7 35 | 1 30 | 4 50 |
| 8 21 | — | 5 52 | Bedford, | 10 48 | 4 16 | 9 1 |
| 8 52 | 3 44 | 6 26 | Hudson, | 10 00 | 3 44 | 8 43 |
| 9 23 | 4 12 | 6 57 | Ravena | 9 27 | 3 13 | 8 13 |
| 9 50 | — | — | Atwater, | | 2 43 | 7 48 |
| 10 3 | 4 50 | — | Alliance, | | 2 22 | 7 22 |
| 10 48 | 5 19 | — | Bayard, | | 1 45 | 6 50 |
| 11 04 | — | — | Hanover, | | 1 18 | 6 28 |
| 11 34 | 5 58 | — | Salineville | | 12 49 | 5 58 |
| 12 10 | 6 6 | — | Yellow Creek | | 12 10 | 5 28 |
| 12 20 | 6 36 | — | Wellsville | | 11 59 | 5 13 |
| 12 31 | 6 43 | — | 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 51 | 4 10 |
| 2 25 | 8 40 | — | Pittsburg | | 9 45 | 3 00 |

| TRAINS LEAVE A. M. | P. M | P. M | STATIONS | TRAINS ARRIVE P. M | P. M | P. M |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 9:00 | 1 15 | | Belle Air | 4:15 | 8:00 | |
| 9:18 | 1 35 | | Bridgeport | 3:55 | 7 42 | |
| 9 34 | 1 55 | | Portland, | 3:00 | 7 15 | |
| 10 06 | 2.45 | | Rush Run | 2 45 | 7 10 | |
| 10:24 | 3:00 | | Lagrange, | 2:25 | 6:55. | |
| 10:32 | 3:50 | | Steubenville | 1.50 | 6:45 | |
| 11:22 | 4:23 | | Jeddo. | 1:10 | 6:05 | |
| 11:40 | 4:45. | | McCoy's. | 12:50 | 5 40 | |
| 12:10 | 5.20 | | Yellow Creek | 12:15 | 5:20 | |
| 12 20 | 5 36 | | Wellsville. | 11 59 | 5:20 | |
| 12:31 | 5 45, | | Liverpool, | 11:44 | 4 57 | |
| 12.59 | | | Smith's Ferry | 11:32 | 4 15 | |
| 1:20 | | | Industry, | 11:16 | 4:30 | |
| 2.25 | 8.40 | | Pittsburg | | | |

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Train leaves New Philadelphia 7 45 A. M., Dover at 8.50, Waresburg at 9.25. Arrives at Bayard at 10.20, connecting with Train on Main Line, for Cleveland, Pittsburg and Wheeling. Leaves Bayard at 1 50 P. M., (on arrival of Train from Cleveland, Pittsburg and Wheeling,) Waynesburg 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 with the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad for Cadiz, Cosshocton, Newark, Columbus and Cincinnati.

At Wheeling with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for Cumberland, Fredricksburg, Washington and Baltimore. Also, with Stevenson 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 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. 43tf

CLEVELAND & ERIE R. R.

1857—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT—1857.

ON and after August 3, 1857, and until further notice, Passenger Trains will run as follows, viz:—

LEAVE CLEVELAND,

9 50 A. M. Mail Train stops at all Way Stations except Wickliffe, Perry, Unionville and Saybrook, and arrive at Erie 1 25 P. M. Dunkirk 3 55 P. M. Buffalo 5 30 P. M.

4 25 P. M. Cincinnati Express Train stops at Painesville, Ashtabula, and Girard only, and arrives at Erie 7 34 P. M. Dunkirk 9 25 P. M. Buffalo 10 50 P. M.

9 30 P. M. Night Express Train stops at Painesville, Ashtabula, Conneaut and Girard only, and arrives at Erie 3 10 A. M. Buffalo 5 05 A. M.

LEAVE ERIE,

12 30 A. M. Night Express Train stops at Girard, Conneaut, Ashtabula, Madison and Painesville only, and arrives at Cleveland 4 20 A. M.

10 40 A. M. Mail Train stops at all Way Stations except Saybrook, Unionville, Perry, Mentor and Wickliffe and arrives at Cleveland at 2 30 P. M.

1 45 P. M. Express Train stops at Girard, Conneaut, Ashtabula and Painesville only and arrives at Cleveland 5 05 P. M.

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 East and 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 16, 1857. H. NOTTINGHAM. Sup't.

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, (Successors to Burton & Harvey,) 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 must say 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 as "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 & Curtis; Edinboro by R. R. Tracy and W. S. Proudfit; Mill Creek by S. N. McCreary; Lockport by J. M. Barnes and Wm. Tyler; Albion by Dyrenport & Flowers; Concord by J. M. Fay; Springfield X Roads by Wm. H. Townsend; West Springfield by Riley Potter; Fairview by R. Potter; North East by Jones & Jewett, and by Druggists generally.

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

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.

PIERCES Cincinnati Sugar cured hams on hand at No. 6 Round Block and for sale by J. MCCARTER. Erie, June 27, 1857.


## Select Poetry.

From the Missouri Democrat.

### THE RAIN UPON THE ROOF.

BY MRS FRANCIS D GAGE

Long ago, a poet dreaming,
Weaving fancy's warp and woof,
Penn'd a tender, soothing poem
On the "Rain upon the roof.

Once I read it, and its beauty
Filled my heart with memories sweet;
Days of childhood flitted round me,
And my eyes grew moist beneath my feet
Dreaming of a home long vanished,
And my gentle, loving mother
Spoke again in accents mild,
Curbing every wayward passion
Of her happy, thoughtless child.
Then I heard the swallows twitter
Underneath the cabin eves,
And the laughing shout of Willie
Up among the maple leaves
Then I blessed the poet's dreaming
Blessed his fancy warp and woof
And I wept o'er memories treasured,
As the rain fell on the roof

Years ago I lost the poem,
But its sweetness lingers still,
As the freshness in the valley
Marks where flow'd the spring time rill
I rest to read, but not to feeling
For the rain drop never falls
Over my head with pattering music,
But it people's memory's halls
With the old familiar faces,
Loved and treasured long ago,
Reassured now, as in life's spring-time,
For my heart no change can know
And I wander my childhood,
In the home far, far away,
Roam the woodland, orchard, wildwood,
With my playmates, still at play
Then my gray hairs press the pillow,
Holding all the world aloof,
Dreaming sweetly, as I listen
To the rain upon the roof

Every pattering drop that falleth
Seemeth like an angel's tread,
Bringing messages of mercy
To the weary heart and head
Pleasant thoughts of years departed,
Pleasant soothings for to-day,
Earnest longings for to-morrow,
Hopings for the far away
For I know, each drop that falleth
Came to bless the thirsty earth,
Raising seed to bud and blossom,
Bringing all things into birth
As the radiant bow, that scattereth
All our faithlessness with proof
Of a seed-time and a harvest,
As the rain upon the roof.

## Choice Miscellany.

From Harpe's Weekly

### TEMPTATION.

"Yes, very beautiful!

Not the beauty that fades in years; not the white neck, and rosy cheek, and sparkling eye, and ruby lip, and all that sort of loveliness that poets praise, men love, and talk of dying for.

Nothing of that kind was the beauty of Clare Glen She was tall and nobly formed, with an eye that commanded your worship Her cheek was brown, her lip was rather pale, her forehead was not high, her hair was black as midnight.—I can not well describe her to you so that you can understand her beauty. If you were to ask me any one of the ordinary questions about it I should answer No Was she graceful? No—but she was majestic Had she a small hand? No—but her hand was of shape, and color, and was one whom, seeing first in a crowded assembly, you would pause and gaze at with admiration and respect; whom, seeing alone, you would feel the temptation almost irresistible to spring forward to, and either bow before her as a superior, or clasp in your arms as a magnificent woman Do you understand me? No? Well, I can not make it better Clare Glen was beautiful

Close by the old house in which she lived there was a grove of trees—old trees, elms, oaks, and hickory—large old forest monarchs, through whose leafy boughs the starlight scarcely penetrated. My own home was on the other side of the grove, and as it was in a lonesome country-place, I had no fear of walking there alone in the evening, or of crossing it to see my friend.

I had a lover whom I loved. But Clare had none. We confided much in each other; I telling her all my love and all my hopes I had been a sad child, almost always sick, almost always thinking of death Twice I had looked into the grave so closely that the smell of the damp mould came into my nostrils, and I did not think it chilling or revolting By this you may judge of my mental condition Latterly I had been more happy, and when there came to the house one of my father's friends, who spoke gently to me and looking kindly into my large brown eyes (for I had fine eyes,) I loved him. There is One who knows how I loved and how I love him.

He was nearly forty, educated in the schools of the world, an accomplished scholar, a splendid man. His form was erect, manly, and noble; his face exceedingly fine, commanding respect, and his whole carriage that of the thoroughly refined gentleman It was strange that he spoke so gently to me, listened so kindly to my peevish ways and wishes, yielded so to my whims.

I had loved none before but Clare and my father. I was that father's only child, and I was motherless. So my heart went out to my lover with unrestrained affection After I knew that he loved me I was brought very low again by sickness, and now the grave was terrible, and the thought of going all alone to lie in the old church yard was a horror I can not tell of.

His love saved me. It was that and only that I clung to him, and clung to life for him. He was so good to me. He held me in his arms, and laid his hand on my forehead, and smoothed back my damp hair, and touched his lips to my thin temples, and—I shall go mad to night if I recall that hour of bliss when they told me I was to live and live for him!

Let me go on with my story calmly. We were to be married in the fall. I walked one summer evening across the grove to see Clare, and show her all I dared show her of a letter I had from him that day, promising to be with us the next morning Old Jupiter offered to go with me as I passed the servant's quarters, but I would not let him. I had pleasant thoughts for safeguard and company, and I went along singing in a low tone to myself; for I had no voice for song at any time, but could please myself, if no one else, by humming over old tunes as I went alone. He used to ask me to sing for him, but I never had the courage.

And so I went into the dark wood, and the sharp chirp of the crickets and the cries of insects drowned my voice and my step. And suddenly I heard a voice close to me in the darkness, just before me, and it thrilled through me; it was so like his voice I remember the words well even to this day They were simple, unmeaning words, but the tone was not to be mistaken.

"Yes, I will remember it."

"And not forget?"

"No, no. Trust me thus much forever, Clare."

And then just before me I saw two persons, and in the dim darkness I saw one draw the other close down to her and lift up her head, and—it was a long, a very long kiss they exchanged; I wondered people could kiss so long. I had never been kissed so; and yet I thought it seemed as if he were forced a little, and that she held him in her clasp longer than he liked.

I paused. It was so strange. Clare had never told me of this. Clare had a lover and I did not know it! Who could he be? I will not deny that for an instant one wild thought of who it might be well nigh killed me; but the next moment the impossibility of that was so manifest that I forgot it, only the start had so weakened me that I sat down on the ground, and they passed on.

I walked back homeward. It hurt me that Clare had kept this secret, and I would not go to see her that night; but the next morning I went over and told her frankly all I had seen and heard, and she listened calmly, and told me when I was through that she was unable then to explain it, but would some time—and I was content with that, I trusted Clare so fully then.—But the time never came, and I have not known, and do not to this day know, who it was that walked in the wood with Clare that August evening; only—but wait a little.

I was married in October, and went abroad.—For four years I wandered with my husband.—He was the kindest, best of men. I had no wish ungratified. Every thing that luxury could invent or wealth purchased, for we were very wealthy. My father had died, leaving me a great fortune, and my husband was already rich.

Our child was born in Florence, and died in Rome Alas the day when little Clare's eyes closed on the sunshine that came pouring its morning light over the Pincian Hill! We buried her a little way from Shelley's grave. You know where that is, close to the upper wall of the cemetery. Her name, too, was written in water, in many tears, on her little tombstone.

Clare—Clare in heaven! knowest thou thy mother's pain and sorrow here?

We came home in the spring after that, and in August we were at Saratoga. Clare Glen had married and old man, and was Clare Gay. She might have reversed it and called herself gay Clare, for she was queen of that summer's gayeties in Congress Hall. Her husband was an invalid, and cared little how his wife amused herself, and she made the days and weeks go merrily. It was so pleasant, so inspiring, to see her. I was too weak and feeble to do more than look at her; but when he helped me out to the drawing-room in the evening, I would sit in wonderment and admiration as she queened it so grandly among men whose names where well known the country over.

He never left my side, my kind and faithful husband, but stood at my chair all the evenings through, and talked to me, telling me the names of all the people, and little stories about them, that whiled the time away deliciously. Sometimes I would look up at him while he talked, and see him looking across the room at her, and his eyes would fill with that smile I so loved as he looked down to me and caught my look.—Once I saw on his face a look of pain, as Clare waltzed with a stranger, and I said to him, "Clare is imprudent, is she not?" and he replied, with a strange emphasis, "Worse, worse, I fear—much worse." It frightened me, for I loved Clare as my sister, but a passing fit of pain called off my attention, and I forgot it then.

My rooms were on the first floor. The windows opened on the broad veranda. We had always adopted the European custom of sleeping in separate rooms. I would have it so, for I was very restless, and every motion would disturb him.—I had learned, too, to suppress my moans of pain, for an unnatural breath would bring my husband into my room in an instant, midnight, and morning or noonday. It reminded me of that night in the old woods, for it was the same voice.

"I will not, Clare"

"You will not?"

"So help me God, never! Remember your promises to me, your vows to him"

"You dare—you dare—"

I heard her voice choking with passion, a quick step along the veranda, and all was still

It started me, and I spoke aloud. He was in the room before my voice had ceased to sound, and at my side. His hand soothed my aching head. It never was so cool on my forehead before, and I fell asleep with a smile on my face.

A few days after that Clare Gay's husband died. He was very old, and disease had worn him out They buried him at Saratoga, my husband taking charge of all the arrangements.—By his will Clare was left very rich. She went home with us, and we were again in our old places, with the grove between us.

I had never told my husband the incident of my seeing Clare with some one in the grove until now. He made light of it, and said she had perhaps had more lovers than I know of, and so it passed. I grew stronger as winter came on; I could walk and ride with comfort. January found me a new person; and one evening I said to old Jupe that I would go over to the other house if he and Bill would walk with me. They followed; and in the middle of the wood I heard those voices again. Did they haunt the old forest?

"Never, never, Clare!"

"As there is an Avenger, you shall!"

"I tell you it is impossible. You do not understand how firm this resolution is. I will die first!"

And I let them pass on, but this time I sat down shivering and weak A terrible fear came over me—terrible because I could not understand it Jupe saw me sinking, and shouted, "Miss Lizzy's gwine to faint," and the next instant my husband rushed up the path *by which I had come*, and I heard him say, "How could you be so imprudent, dear wife?" and then I fainted in his arms.

I was sick a long time, and in the spring Clare and he took me off to Saratoga again. Clare had been untiring all the winter through, and had lived in the house, shutting up her own to give me her every moment. When I began to think of something besides my own pain and sorrow, and to look at my babe with something of a mother's tenderness, I observed a strange coldness between my husband and Clare. He seemed to wish her out of the house, and yet he was always kind to her, and spoke very gently, and called her Clare, as of old. When we were at Saratoga the same thing continued. I can not exactly define it, but it was evident to me; and at the same time I began to observe that his once rugged, robust frame was yielding. It frightened me. He was so thin and pale, and I had not noticed it—I was so selfish in my own disease, and he so good, so noble, so devoted! I believe nothing did so much to cure me as that. I grew better hourly when I began to feel that he needed my help. In July I was well and strong; and though I perhaps may not be the one to write it, I had grown to be a beautiful woman. Health, spirits, hope, cheered and gladdened my face I was a new person, and now my husband idolized me. It was a glorious summer. Such were the fabled hours of joy when God's sons loved men's daughters—brief realizations on earth of supernal pleasures.

The end hastens. He is dead. My husband died August the 27th, 18— I write it with a firm hand, though the day is a terror to me when it comes back every year.

He died suddenly. Clare was married to the Baron G—— on the 20th, and sailed for Europe the next day. My husband sank rapidly from the beginning of the month, and at last closed his eyes in peace. His arms were around me when he died—close around me; I lay on his breast; I could not hold him in mine, but he clasped his around my neck, and said in a low whisper, "My wife, Lizzie, believe—believe this, whatever you hear when I am gone—believe that I loved you only, faithfully—only—only. Remember that to be tempted is not to sin.—Dear wife, you are most beautiful—most beautiful." And whispering words of love that I would not write here for all eyes to read—no, not for worlds, those precious words—he ceased to breathe as he ceased to speak

They did try to make me doubt him. Here is a letter Clare sent me afterward—see if there could be baser perfidy than this—she whom I loved as a sister—all my life long—she sent me this letter; false, for he told me it would be false with his last, last whisper.

"You shall know it if it kills you—I loved him, and he loved me. I will not have you living on in the same world with me and believing that he was yours when he was mine. Yes, mine. My own! When he first knew you in the old house I won him from you. I tempted him with love, I gave him warm embraces, delicious ay, delirious kisses. You were weak, puny, sickly, and what did he care for the clasp of such arms as yours? In mine he found life, love, passion. But he married you, you say.—He did, but because of his foolish creed of duty He was faithful to you after that, you think.—Ay, he was, because he led you off to be away from my temptations. Had he staid at home we would have been damned together. But I say he loved me, and when he would not fly with me I killed him by flying from him with another—"

And much more of the same kind.

But I have faith in him. It is a blessed thing this same faith. I see now how she sought to make him like herself, and how he half yielded, human-like, and how he bravely overcame the temptation. He was tempted and did not fall, and I love him with the more devoted love now that I know all the story!

As for Clare, I know nothing of her. My child is taught to pray for her as one of the tempted that fell, but may be saved yet through mercy.

### HOW THEY CATCH FISH IN CHINA.

The following account of the manner of fishing on the Chinese river Min, is by Lieut Habersham:

As we passed under the massive blocks of grey granite upon the foaming breast of the rising tide, and shot out into the expanding river beyond, we saw a low raft of bamboo moored under the lee of the heavy pier to our paddle, and five duck-like birds, which we at once imagined to be some of the celebrated "fishing cormorants" of the East. We also imagined that this might be our only opportunity for witnessing their singular mode of fishing, and consequently stopped in the hope that the Chinaman would gratify our curiosity. We were not disappointed.

Scarce had we "rounded to," when he reached out his hand towards the birds, the nearest of which at once waddled up to him and stepped into his open palm. He now smoothed his feathers with the right hand, bent his mouth to his arched neck for a moment, and then put him upon the edge of the raft. There the bird dipped his bill into the water once or twice, snapped his head from side to side, shook his tail several flirts, and ended by diving suddenly into the turbid water that washed his feet.

The raft, drying their feathers, switching their tails, and looking altogether quite cool and comfortable. After being down from ten to fifteen seconds, the absent explorer hopped suddenly out of the water with quite a good sized fish in his mouth, swam to his master, gave up the half swallowed prize, and hopped upon his knee, where he shook himself while the fish was being put in the basket. His master then stroked him down as before—much to his apparent delight—whispered again in his ear, and placed him once more upon the edge of the raft.

Again he dived, and again he came up with a fish. He then underwent a similar process of caressing, and was once more placed upon the water's edge. Now, however, fortune seemed to have left him. He had no fish when he arose after a protracted absence, and seemed at a loss what to do. He turned himself around in the water several times, keeping his dark eyes fixed on his master's as if asking permission to try again. Suddenly the latter made a motion with his hand, and down he went. When he came up he brought quite a large fish—eight inches long, say—which struggled violently, as though surprised at the unusual situation in which he found himself He too was put in the basket, the proud cormorant once more caressed, and then placed gently in the centre of the raft, instead of upon its edge as formerly.

This seemed to tell him that his services were no longer required, and that he had acquitted himself with considerable credit; for he moved off to the other end of the raft with the stately step of a conqueror, while the next in turn advanced to supply his place. They seemed to regulate their movements by a nod or motion of the hand from their master. Cormorant No. 2 was not as sprightly as a looking bird as his predecessor: nevertheless, he brought up a fish after the first dive, gave a flirt with his expanded tail, and swam to his master to give up the prize.—He was taken out as before, relieved of his mouthful, and subsequently placed gently on the edge of the raft. There he sat a few moments perfectly motionless, but seeming suddenly to see a fish, dropped off like a piece of lead, and nothing more was seen of him for at least fifteen seconds. Then he came to the surface with a spring that took him almost out of the water, but having no fish. His actions now expressed his disappointment almost as plainly as words could have done. He did not swim towards his master as formerly, but kept sculling about in a small circle, with his bright, unsteady glance fixed on him, at the imminent risk of twisting off his neck.

The master pointed down with his finger and down went the unsuccessful fisherman. Still no fish. Once more, and still no success. Finally he was taken back upon the raft, slapped soundly on the head, and thrown angrily down. He immediately made streaks for the other end, tumbling heels over head and looking very much ashamed of himself. The next in turn now waddled forward; but, having seen enough, we continued on our way.

AN AMERICAN "TOSSING UP" WITH THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.—Bayard Taylor relates the following anecdote in his last letter:

"Last Summer, an American who was on a visit to St. Petersburg, happening to be walking in one of the narrow streets of that capitol one muddy day, when he suddenly met the Grand Duke Constantine. The sidewalk was not wide enough for two persons to pass, and the streets was deep in filth. Both stopped, and a moment's awkward pause ensued. Suddenly the American, taking a silver rouble from his pocket, shook it in his closed hands, and cried out: "Crown or tail?" "Crown!" guessed the Grand Duke.—"Your highness has won," said the American, looking at the rouble and stepping into the mud. His cuteness in saving his dignity, while he acknowledged the Grand Duke's, brought him an invitation the next day to dine with the latter."

### "GO IT."

You're a sinner, sir,
And you know it;
But no matter, friend,
"Go it."

Only by and by,
You may chance to die—
There's a God on high;
And you know it

You defraud and cheat
And you know it,
Mix the chaff with wheat
"Go it"

Only, there's a place,
Where you run your race,
Shame will veil your face,
Dare you show it.

You have wronged the poor,
And you know it;
Made their sorrow sure—
"Go it"

Yonder wrinkled crone
Shall before the throne,
All your sins make known
How you met her cold,
Shivering and old,
From the crazy wall,
Ready it to fall,
In the snow storm sent,
When for lack of rent,
Tears the grave and groan
You—for bread—a stone

Men have given you gold,
And you show it:
Earth your praises told
"Go it."

God your Gold can rust,
Turn his fame to dust,
Ask you for your trust,
Can you show it? [*Olive Branch.*]

### MISS MADELINE SMITH.

In the English papers received by the late arrivals from Europe, we find narrated some after scenes in the case of Miss Madeline Smith, tried