ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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

VOLUME 28. | ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 5, 1857. | NUMBER 17.

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

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

OFFICE—OVER STATE AND FIFTH STS

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

TERMS—$1 50 a year in advance, or within 3 months, $1 50, if paid within the year, the paper will be charged [illegible] nothing to pay within the year, the paper will be sent until all arrears are paid, when it may be discontinued at the option of the publisher, with a proper officer for collection.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

Five lines or less make a square.	$1		
One week, $1 25		One square 3 months	$3 00
Two " 1 50		One " 6 "	5 00
Three " 1 75		One " 9 "	6 75

Yearly advertisements chargeable at pleasure, $10.

Business notices for a term of months, $4; 9 months, $11 50; 1 year, $20.

Business cards of not more than five lines, $5 per annum.

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Business notices, 10 cents a line.

Editorial notices, 10 cents a line.

Letters on business must be strictly confined to the legitimate business of the paper. Payment for transient advertisements required in advance.

Bills for yearly advertising will be presented half yearly.

A deduction of 10 per cent. will be made on all except transient advertisements, when paid in advance.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ROGERS & BENNETT, Wholesale Dealers in Hardware, Crockery, Glassware and Cutlery, No. 11 and 12 Empire Block, corner of Fifth and State streets. 13 — A. A. BENNETT.

JAMES LYTLE, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, in the room recently occupied by James Sill, Esq., as a Law Office, over the store of N. Murphy, between the Reed House and Brown's Hotel. 48

JOSEPH S. CLARK, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, in the room with J. Lytle.

EMPIRE STORES, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in every description of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c., No. 1 State street, corner of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

BUFFALO CLOTHING STORE, Wholesale and Retail Dealer and Manufacturer in first quality Ready Made Clothing and Gentlemen's furnishing Goods. No. 7, Brown's Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

P. C. BECKER, Dealer in all kinds of Groceries and Provisions, Cigars, &c. Two doors East of Smith Street, Cheapside, Erie, Pa. 47.

WILLIAM THORNTON, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Deeds, Agreements, Bonds and Mortgages, &c., accurately and carefully drawn. Office on State street, over Jas. S. Sterrett, Grocery Store, Erie, Pa.

MINNIG & HANYARD, Dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Produce, Pork, Fish, Salt, Grain, Iron, Nails, Glass, Nails, Brooms, Pails, Wooden, Willow Ware, &c. Terms Cash. Prices low. No. 4 Wright's Block, State street, 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie, Pa. 47

NEILER & WARREN, Wholesale Dealers in Exchange, No. 1, American Block. Collections on all the principal cities of the United States and Canada promptly remitted. Bank Notes, Gold and Silver bought and sold. Interest paid on time deposits. Money to loan. Land Warrants bought, sold and located on reasonable terms. 33

J. F. DOWNING, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Will practice in the Courts of Erie County, and give prompt and faithful attention to business entrusted to his hands, either as an Attorney or Scrivener. Office in Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth sts. 50

J. G. L. STERRETT, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Wet and Dry Groceries, Foreign and domestic Fruit, Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware, Flour, Fish, Salt, Glass, Nails, Powder, Shot, Oils, &c. French street, opposite the Reed House. 33

BURNEY & SPOONEYER, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hardware, Cutlery, Guns, Iron and Steel, No. 3 Reed House, Erie. 47

DRS. BEEBE & DICKINSON, have entered into Co-partnership, would respectfully offer their services to the citizens of Erie and vicinity. Especial care will be given to obstetrics. 33 — S. DICKINSON

STARR & PAYNE, Wholesale Commission Merchants, Dealers in Coal, Fish, Water Lime and Plaster. Public Dock, east of State street. 33 — JAS. G. PAYNE.

CLARK & METCALF, Commission Brokers, Erie, Pa. Interest allowed on Bank Notes and Sight Drafts, Checks and Specie, uncurrent Money and Warrants bought and sold. Collections on the principal cities in the United States; money remitted on the shortest notice and lowest rates. 33

M. J. L. STEWART, Attorney and Counsellor. Office Stewart & Sinclair's Law Office, corner of State and Seventh streets. Residence, one door east of Sassafras street. 33

W. B. RUSHMORE, With Churchill, Johnson, & Co., Importers of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, No. 2 and 31 Warren Streets, New York. CHARLES A. SHEPARD, L. CHURCHILL, 33 — CARTER A. RAUNDERS.

THEALES, HAYES & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c., No. 1 Brown's Block, Erie, Pa.

MAGILL & CO., DENTISTS, continue their office in Beaty's Block, north side of the Public Square, are prepared to compete with all other operators in prices, estimating work according to its quality and real value.

ALLEN A. CRAIG, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE—Office in New Block corner of Peach and Public Square, Erie Pa. 52.

E. H. ABELL, (Successor to William H. Sherman,) Law Office, Public Square, between the Reed House and Post Office. Pictures taken in the best style of the art and warranted to hold. 33

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

LIDDELL, KEPLER, & CO., Manufacturers of Iron Fence, Railing Steam Boilers, Vault Doors, Safes, Shutters, and all kinds of Machinery and Fancy Castings to order. 33

M. CHAPIN, RESIDENT DENTIST—Office in the American Block, corner of State street and the Public Square, up-stairs. Prices reasonable, and all work warranted. 33

E. SANDFORD & CO., Dealers in Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, Certificates of Deposit, &c. Exchange on the principal cities constantly for sale. Office in Reed House, Public Square, Erie. 37

T. HERRON STUART, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office, Fifth street, a few doors East of Reed House, Fourth street, one door East of the old Post Office. 33

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

GEORGE H. CUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gerard, Erie, County, Pa. Collections and business attended to with promptness and dispatch. 33

CARTER & BROTHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, &c., No. 6 Reed Block, State street, Erie, Pa. 33

JOHN SWEENY, AT THE PLACE, Office in Beatty's Building, up-stairs, Erie. 33

JOHN HEARN & CO., Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal, Flour, Produce, and agents for a daily line of Upper Lake Steamers, Public Dock, Erie. 33

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

C. B. WRIGHT & CO., Collectors and Dealers in Gold and Silver Coin, uncurrent Bank Notes and Land Warrants and Certificates of Deposit. Also, Exchange on the principal cities in the Union, and all parts of the Country for sale. Office, Beatty's Building, in the room occupied by Beatty & Cochran, North side of Parks. 33 — C. B. WRIGHT. — E. GUNNISON

T. R. BLAKE, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Artificial Flowers, Ribbons, Silks, Laces, Bonnets and Millinery, No 6 Reed's Block, State street, Erie. Particular attention paid to Orders. 33

CAUGHEY & CLARK, Importers and Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines and Cigars, Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil and Agents for Belle Air Whiskey, No. 1 Brown's Block, State street Erie. 23 — N. S. CLARK.

JOHN W. AYRES, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, Boots, Shoes, Rocking, Office and Dining Chairs, No. 4 Keystone Row. 23.

JAMES C. MARSHALL, ATTORNEY—Office up-stairs in Tammany Hall building, State street. 33 — Erie, Pa.

W. C. BRALEY, VETERINARY Surgeon and Farrier, Livery Dealer, Trainer and Horseman, offers his services to the public. He will be on the 5th street Cattle Landing, where he will be glad to see Blood Horse in the west. W. C. BRALEY. 33 Ind.

J. J. LINTS, Dealer in Gaitaperes, Monthly Magazines, Cheap Publications, Toy Books, Newspapers, Gold Pens, Pocket Cutlery, &c. Opposite the Reed House, Erie. 22

L. W. OLDS & CO., Commission and Wholesale and Retail dealers in Well and Cistern Pumps of superior quality, the cheapest and best now in use. Office, Second street near French, Erie, Pa.

T. P. ARTLEY, Dealer in Stoves for burning water for family, farm or mechanical purposes, for sale cheap. 33 — M. L. LOW

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

S. R. CHURCHILL, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Liquors, and Double Rectified Whiskey, in the Reed House.

WILLIAM N. LANE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office Northeast Corner of the Square. 33

CLARK & BALDWIN, (Successor to Burton & Herron,) Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Brushes, Perfumery, Fine Soaps and Fancy Articles, Reed House, Erie, Pa. 33 — R. A. BALDWIN.

J. W. DOUGLASS, Has removed to new building west of State street, north side of the Park, over Clark & Metcalf's Store. 33

GRAY & FARRAR, Wholesale Grocers, and dealers in West India Goods, Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, oil, &c., &c., No. 1, Bonnell Block, State street, Erie Pa. G. H. GRAY. — F. F. FARRAR.

JOSEPH EICHENLAUB, Jr., MANUFACTURER of Boots and Shoes, and Wholesale and Retail dealer in Oak and Hemlock Sole Leather, French and American Calf Skins, Morocco, Linings, Binding and Spring, Thread Webs, Cords, Lacets, Lastings, Ribands, 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., &C. Cash paid for all kinds of Grain. 26

J. C. BELDEN, Wholesale and Retail dealer in all kinds of English, German and American Hardware, Anvils, Vices, Iron, Nails, Steel, &c. Saddlery and Carriage Trimmings, Machine Belting and Packing, French street, opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa. 15

WILLIAM WILLING, RESIDENT MUSICIAN, to be found at the Park Hall Music Store, French street, Erie, Pa. 15

J. G. BARR & CO., DEALERS in Boots and Shoes at Wholesale and Retail, at No. 10 Brown's Block State street, Erie, Pa. 15

C. S. RAWSON, PHOTOGRAPHIC AND AMBROTYPE ARTIST, Park Row, over Booth & Stewart's Erie, Pa. 15

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. 20tf

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 4:10 A.M.
Mail No. 3,	at 8:15 A.M.	Mail	at 9:30 P.M.
Night Express,	at 12:00 "	Night Express,	at 4:40 P.M.
Emigrant,	at 8:00 "	Cincinnati Express,	at 10:00 P.M.
Accommodation	at 9:50 P.M.	Stock Express,	at 10:20 P.M.
Freight No. 1,	at 9:00 A.M.	Freight No. 2,	at 3:15 P.M.
" No. 3,	at 4:00 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.—11:

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

7 50 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			STATIONS.	Trains Arrive.		
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
7.55	2.50	5.14	Cleveland	11.15	4.52	9.50
8.21	—	5.52	Bedford,	10.40	4.16	9.1
8.32	3.44	6.26	Hudson,	10.30	3.44	8.33
9.28	4.12	6.55	Ravana.	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	6.23
11.34	5.58		Salineville		12.49	5.54
12.10	6. 6		Yellow Creek.		12.10	5.23
12.20	6.30		Wellsville.		11.50	4.13
12.31	6.43		Liverpool,		11.44	4.02
12.43	—		Smith's Ferry		11.32	4.00
12.59	—		Industry.		11.16	4.00
1.20	7.37		Rochester.		10.55	4.10
2.25	8.40		Pittsburg.		9.45	3.00

Trains Leave			STATIONS.	Trains Arrive		
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
9.00	1.17		Bolle Air	4.15	3.00	
9.18	1.35		Bridgeport	3.55	7.45	
9.54	2.26		Portland.	3.00	7.18	
10.00	—		Rush Run	2.45	7.10	
10.24	3.06		Lagrange	2.21	6.55	
10.52	3.50		Steubenville	1.56	6.45	
11.22	4.22		Jeddo.	1.10	6.05	
11.40	4.48		McCoy's.	12.50	5.50	
12.10	6.20		Yellow Creek.	12.15	5.30	
12.20	6.36		Wellsville.	11.59	5.20	
12.31	6.48		Liverpool.	11.44	4.57	
12.43			Smith's Ferry.	11.32	4.15	
12.59			Industry.	11.16	4.00	
1.20	7.37		Rochester,	10.55	4.10	
2.25	8.40		PITTSBURGH,	9.45	3.00	

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Train leaves New Philadelphia 7:45 A. M., Dover at 8:30, Waverburg 4:25. Arrive at Bayard at 10:30, connecting with Trains on Main Line, for Cleveland, Pittsburg and Wheeling. Leaves Bayard at 1:45 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, Coshocton, Newark, Columbus and Cincinnati.

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

Superintendant's Office C. & P. R. R.,
Cleveland, March 6, 1857. 42tf

CLEVELAND & ERIE R. R.

1857—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT—1857.

ON and after August 3, 1857, and until farther 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 05 P. M. Buffalo 6 20 P. M.

4 25 P. M. Cincinnati Express Train stops at Painesville, Ashtabula, and Girard only, and arrives at Erie 7 35 P. M. Dunkirk 9 20 P. M. Buffalo 10 40 P. M.

9 35 P. M. Night Express Train stops at Painesville, Ashtabula, Conneaut and Girard only, and arrives at Erie 1 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, Madison and Wickliffe and arrives at Cleveland at 8 20 P. M.

1 45 P. M. Express Train stops at Girard, Conneaut, Ashtabula and Painesville only and arrives at Cleveland 5 00 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 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. 49 — H. NOTTINGHAM, Sup't.

BEFORE offering these Wafers to the Public, they were the roughly 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 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. 12, 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 a *certain, safe and pleasant* remedy for worms" as the Wafers speak 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 remedy 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. F. FAULKNER, M. D.

☞ For sale in Girard by J. J. White and John B. Foster; Waterford by Cope & Curtiss; Edinboro' by W. F. Tiffany and W. S. Prescott; Millcreek by W. W. McNeally; Lockport by J. W. Barnes and Wm. Tyler; Albion by Dunnapel & Flannery; Concord by J. M. Page; Springfield by Reuben Kellogg; Mt. Vernon by Blackwell; West Springfield by Riley Potter; Fairview by B. Potter; North East by Jones & Jewett, and by Druggists generally.

Original Poetry.

For the Erie Observer

MOONLIGHT.

BY JOSEPH S. LEWIS.

Written Sabbath Night, August 30th, 1857.

How sweet the moonlight's fairy hour,
When stillness dwells within the bower,
And heaven's arch is clear and bright,
And all the stars with mellow light
Shine forth, from out the azure blue,
As if some gentle heart to woo;
And add their little beams in praise
To syntha's bright and glorious rays

How calm the moonlight's fairy hour,
As falls upon the plant the shower,
So falls upon my heart this night,
The gentle rays of syntha's light.
So fall they on the silvery lake;
With not a swell, and scarce a wake
So still and gentle moves the air,
That scarce a leaf is seen to stir

Oh 'tis a glorious night for walking;
"We hear enough," "Dont be talking"
Of going to bed, and taking ease,
When such a night, and such a breeze,
Hold out their charms with tempting air
To the old, young, and fair,
And let them feast to their delight
On balmy air and sweet moonlight.

Oh, glorious night for making love!
On the lawn or in the grove,
When moon and stars their vigils keep,
Lovers vow and sigh and weep
And pledge to each their hearts in love
When these are looking from above:
And seal their vows with many a kiss
To cap the climax of their bliss.

I love thy soft and mellow light,
Oh, syntha! in the calm clear night,
When stars look out with meaning eye
From the azure arch on high
And when the flower scented air
Breathes forth upon the young and fair.
Oh then 'tis sweet close by the side
To walk, with one's intended bride.

And hear her silv'ry tones of love
Like angel's whispers from above,
As fall they on the listening ear
Mingled with a sigh and tear.
Of all the scenes upon this earth
Since the moment of its birth,
A moonlight scene and lovely maid,
Throw all others in the shade.

Choice Miscellany.

THE SUICIDE.

from Harper's Weekly

"A MAN overboard!"

Next to the cry of "Fire!" these are about the most thrilling words you can hear out upon the great deep.

On board the *Fugitive*, running, as she then was, at the rate of eleven knots before a stiff breeze, these words were the certain death warrant of one unfortunate mortal. It was utterly impossible to rescue him. In vain were preparations hurriedly made to lower the boat. In vain was the vessel put about with all possible dispatch—Long before she swung round the "man overboard" was a mile behind, and lost to sight forever.

The passengers hastened to the quarter-deck, and, with eager interest, looking over the bulwarks into the unfathomable waters. The captain, after a brief inspection through his glass, shrugged his shoulders, and directed the man at the wheel to put the ship again on her course. In another moment, her sails were once more filled; like a greyhound just unleashed, the *Fugitive* bounded over the waves, nor did the favoring winds subside until, on the following afternoon, we anchored in the port of Havre.

And the man overboard? Peace be with his soul!

No other eyes except those saw that fatal spring. He was a strange character—sufficiently uncouth, in dress and appearance, to attract the attention of a most indifferent observer.—During the entire passage, from the moment we left the wharf at New York until he so summarily put an end to his life, I had noticed him with more than ordinary curiosity. He would walk the deck day and night, in fair weather and in foul, talking rapidly to himself. He seemed unconscious of the presence of any one; and though he often spoke in loud tones, I strove in vain to understand what he said. On the morning of the *suicide he gazed for hours together into the* water. I watched him then, simply because he was the only object I had to watch. I had no idea of his intentions. His manner had been all along so unaccountable that he ceased to excite my astonishment. I thought him some poor maniac, escaped, perhaps, from Bloomingdale, or destined certainly to end his days there. When he flung himself into the water, without any premonition, I was thoroughly taken aback. I shouted "A man overboard!" and instinctively flung a coil of rope into the sea. I watched his figure with painful anxiety as it drifted away. It grew less and less distinct. Finally, with a daring gallantry, as though he rejoiced at the prospect of inevitable death, he lifted his hat and waved it thrice round his head. This was his adieu. Then he disappeared.

A tragedy like this will absorb attention at sea. The curiosity, if not the sympathy, of the passenger is roused; he has nothing else to think about, and his mind dwells tenaciously on the subject, be it ever so distasteful. But having reached *terra firma*, he soon ceases to remember the scenes and incident of his voyage. It was not long, therefore, before I forgot the unfortunate suicide, and his wretched fate would have never again have troubled my memory had it not been for a most singular—a most startling circumstance.

The suicide himself—haggard and wild—rushed past me as I lounged, one evening, at the door of my hotel in Paris! He looked like a ghost, summoned suddenly from the world of doomed spirits. I could not be mistaken; the height, figure, manner, were all his; his hat was drawn down over his eyes, and his heavy overcoat was buttoned up to his throat (though it was very warm,) in the same way precisely as when he flung himself into the water. Was it a vision, a trick of the imagination, a fancy? Was it a spirit; or had the man passed in bodily shape before me? I was sorely puzzled, and more worried than I chose to confess even to myself.

He passed so rapidly that I had hardly time to think, much less to examine him closely or to follow him, which I certainly should have done had that been possible. But directly I caught sight of him he plunged into the crowd, and, in the dusk of the evening, I could see him no more.

Startling as this incident was, it soon faded from my mind amidst the pleasures and bustle of the French capital. I had so many sights to see, so many places to visit, such a great variety of subjects to engross my attention, that within a fortnight I forgot the strange form of the suicide as he rushed by me on that hot August evening.

Up, up, up the everlasting stairs of the great Cathedral Tower. The view *must* be seen. I protested against such exercise in the dog days, and tried to defer it as long as possible, but it was no use. My guide and *champion* in these matters was inexorable. "Pagan" was one of the mildest terms of reproach with which he could couple my name. So I submitted. I stopped half-way up to recover breath. The stoppages became more frequent as I advanced, but at length I *did* reach the summit, hot and fatigued.

The view was certainly sublime! How fresh and vigorous the breeze at this dizzy height! But what a contrast below, where the gayest city in Europe, for once tranquil, seemed to have stretched out its huge limbs in repose, under the exhausting influence of a midsummer sun. From the parching earth the steam slowly ascended, or floated lazily away in thin, misty clouds. I inhaled a different atmosphere, and looked down upon the thousands of toiling insects with a feeling of benign compassion.

A solitary individual stood on the tower top. When I had recovered my breath sufficiently to notice him, I found that he was closely scrutinizing me. By Heavens! it was the suicide! He was in bodily form—no doubt of that. Unshaven, wild, uncouth as ever, he glared at me from beneath his dark, heavy brows. He must have been at one time a man of prepossessing appearance, for even yet, in despite of the ravages, not of time but of disease, mental or physical, there were traces of remarkable personal beauty on his haggard, care worn countenance. What a world of misery and suffering, I thought, must there be in this man's history!

We stood there cowering—shrinking from the idea of holding converse with any one. But my curiosity and sympathies were too greatly excited to let him escape. I advanced quickly, laid my hand upon his arm, and claimed his acquaintance as a fellow-passenger from America.

He mumbled something about being in a hurry; but I would not be put off.

"Excuse me, friend," I said; "you are a fellow-countryman of mine, in a strange land, and if it were not so, your present appearance claims my sympathies. I am very curious to learn how you escaped after jumping into the sea, and—if I might be so impertinent as to pry into your affairs—why you committed such an act of despair. Believe me, I seek to do you no harm; I would rather do you all the service in my power, and you appear to be in need of a friend."

Unused, as he doubtless was, to sympathy, my words touched him. But still he answered in a reckless, devil-may-care sort of way.

"What's the use in trying to kill yourself? I've been trying it for months and months, and cannot succeed. I swallowed Prussic acid once, but overdosed myself. At another time I dashed myself from a railway train, going at full speed, but I could only break my leg. Then I thought that if I took ship and flung myself overboard in mid-Atlantic, I should surely find the death I craved. But, as you see, I am here alive to-day. I did not think we were so near the French coast, and a cursed fishing-smack picked me up when I was unconscious and had lost all powers of resistance."

"But why," said I, becoming more and more interested in the man—"why carry out such desperate intentions? Has life no enjoyments for you? Have you sought as resolutely for peace and happiness in this world as you have after the terrible uncertainties of the next? Are you sure that you will better your condition by suicide? Can you find no comfort here?"

His face darkened with uncontrollable emotion as I spoke, and grasping me by the hand he muttered in a hoarse whisper, "I am a murderer—a fratricide! Hell contains no demon as deeply dyed in guilt as I am!"

I recoiled, involuntarily.

"Ha!" he said, "are you convinced now? But I have more yet to tell. Wait till you hear the whole;" and with almost incoherent utterance he related his brief story. I can never forget his fearful revelations, or the manner in which they were delivered.

"I was born," he began, "and brought up in one of the wildest districts of Arkansas. I need not mention the place, for I do not wish to have my crimes hawked about the world, or myself made a subject for puling moralists to execrate. I have other and stronger reasons, moreover, to keep my name and birth-place secret. I had one brother, younger than myself, and though I look old now, I have not yet reached my thirtieth year. I loved that brother once, for we were orphans, left alone in the world at a very early age. We grew up to manhood together, and, as the devil would have it, both loved the same woman. It is an old story—varied, perhaps, in detail—but still the old story of jealousy and revenge. From the moment when I first discovered that my brother loved, I hated him with an intense hatred. She—on my soul I do now verily believe it—was no better than a flirt. Her vanity was piqued by our adoration, and she kept us both on and off, favoring first one and then the other. Day by day I grew mad and madder with hatred and jealousy. The thought of revenge, at first vague and indefinite, crept stealthily into my soul on dark nights. I felt an irresistable impulse to fling myself from the cars, and with me to think was always to act. So I dashed myself overboard, and on, on the monster rushed, leaving me crushed and senseless behind. Why did I not die then? Why did any one save my wretched life and bring me back to the hell from which I strove to escape? Twice since, as you know, have I attempted to destroy myself, and now—ha! ha! we shall see what virtue lies in a leap from this grand old tower! Stand back! or else by the Eternal! I will drag you with me to perdition!"

He flung me from him as he spoke. I was weak as a child in his hands. He seemed gifted with supernatural strength. It was impossible for me, unaided, to frustrate his intentions. I called loudly for help.

With a movement quick as lightning he sprang to the verge of the tower; there he stood poised for a brief instant; a flash of exultation from his eye, and then down, down, down head foremost from that appalling height!

Shuddering with horror I crawled to the edge. The body was still falling, falling, falling. I thought it would never reach the bottom. Presently there floated upward the dull, heavy sound of a distant crash on the pavement. There was a great commotion below. The people ran hither and thither. They looked like ants whose nest had been suddenly disturbed. I was sick and giddy with the sight, and hastily descended from a place where I had witnessed such an awful scene.

There was a dense crowd of people collected in the street. Three men were bearing away a bleeding, shapeless mass. It would have been impossible to recognize it, or even to say that it had ever been a human creature.

Dead at last! dead at last! Poor, wretched, misguided suicide!

A LOST INHERITANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Express* writes thus:

I have a story to relate to your readers this week, which, though occupying more space than I usually devote to incidents, conveys so excellent a moral, that I have yielded to the temptation to give it in full.

The train from Paris to Lyons stopped at the station of Joigny, a town upon the route, and again went on, after leaving a few passengers.—The depot, for a moment crowded with railroad agents and lookers-on, was soon deserted by all but two individuals.

One of these was an old man, dressed in the garb of a well-to-do farmer; the other, a youth of five-and-twenty, who seemed to be waiting for some one to meet him. To this personage the old man finally addressed himself. "May I presume, sir,' said he, 'to inquire if you are Clement B."

"Yes, my good man," replied the youth with a haughtiness of manner: "and I have no doubt you are Mr. Martin."

"At your service, sir," returned the other.

"Well, Mr. Martin," continued Clement, "I began to imagine you intended to keep me waiting. That would not have been the best manner in which to have insinuated yourself into my good graces."

The old man, instead of replying, let his head fall upon his breast as if in deep affliction, and conducting the new comer towards an old-fashioned carriage, to which a rough looking horse was harnessed.

"Here is your carriage, sir," said Martin.—"If you will be good enough to get in I will have the honor of conducting you to the Hermitage."

"That my carriage?" cried Clement. "Why I shall be taken for a travelling pedlar."

Notwithstanding, as there seemed no means of avoiding it; he took his seat beside the old man, but not without expressions of disdain. In another moment, the man had seized the reins, and the horse started on a clumsy trot.

But a few days before, Mr. Clement B, who now puts on so many grand airs, was a simple clerk in a crockery store in Paris, and possessed the reputation of being a quiet, unpretending little fellow. What, then had brought about this sudden and radical transformation? He had become, since the previous day, a rich man; and it may be well understood that the possessor of an income of 20,000 francs a year finds it difficult to retain the modest demeanor of a poor clerk. On the previous day, while dusting the crockery under his charge, a letter had arrived for him by the post, containing the startling intelligence that one of his uncles, whom he had often heard of as an eccentric and very wealthy old man, but whom he had never seen, had just died at his chateau in Burgundy, leaving his nephew, Clement, sole legatee of his estates, to the exclusion of many other heirs. The letter was from a notary of the province, who desired him to leave Paris immediately for Joigny, the town near which his uncle had resided, where he would be met by Martin, an old confidential servant of the defunct, and conducted from the railroad to the "Hermitage," the name which the deceased had given to his chateau and his estate, which constituted the main. Almost driven out of his senses by such an unexpected stroke of fortune, he hastened to obey the notary's directions, and upon his arrival at Joigny, joined old Martin, as we have seen. On jolted the queer vehicle, in which our hero had so contemptuously taken a place, until after a ride of several miles the occupants arrived at their destination. Martin offered the honors of the Hermitage to the new proprietor, called all the servants, and introduced them to their future master, and then conducted the latter to his apartments.

"This was the sleeping apartment of your uncle," said Martin, as they entered a vast apartment, furnished in old fashioned style.

It was the room he died in ten days ago.

But the nephew, instead of evincing any emotion upon being shown the chamber of his benefactor, threw upon all around a look of scorn, and cried, "Upon my word, I can't say I think much of the old boy's taste! I never saw anything so frightfully ugly in all my life."

"Notwithstanding, sir," replied Martin, "it's the best there is here; and if you cannot content yourself I really do not know where you will find other lodgings."

"I live here! You don't imagine I'm such a donkey, I hope. For us young fellows, d'ye see, Paris is the only place; so I shall sell this old rookery at once, and be off."

"Sell the hermitage, your uncle's favorite place of residence! Impossible. And we servants, who hoped to end our days under this roof—what will become of us?"

"Mr. Martin," retorted the young man, "let me have none of your complaints, I beg. Get me some dinner, and afterwards you will drive me to my notary's.

After having eaten a hearty meal, notwithstanding he found the meats insipid and the wines sour, the legatee still accompanied by Martin, re-entered the old carriage, and the two again started off.

"If I am not mistaken," observed Mr. Clement, after an hour's ride, "we passed this spot this morning, and that," pointing to a building, "is the railroad depot. Do we take the cars?"

"You, alone, will do so," responded his companion, speaking very gravely, and in a manner which caused the young man to