ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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

VOLUME 28. | ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 8, 1858. | NUMBER 52.

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

[illegible] SLOAN AND M. M. MOORE,

OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE

[illegible] SLOAN, Editor.

[illegible] advance, or within 3 months, $1 50 [illegible] charged [illegible] to pay within the year, the paper will [illegible] left with a proper officer [illegible]

[illegible] OF ADVERTISING

[illegible] or less make a square. [illegible] One square 3 months $3 00 [illegible] One " 6 " 5 00 [illegible] One " 9 " 6 75

[illegible] changeable at pleasure, $10 [illegible] 6 months $8 9 months, $11 50 [illegible] one year, $60 6 months, $30

[illegible] Business Directory at $3 per annum [illegible] over six, and under eight, $7 [illegible] 10 cents a line, but no advertisement [illegible] the Special Notices for less than one [illegible]

[illegible] requiring frequent changes in their [illegible] two squares, paper, and card for $15 [illegible] charges will be in proportion, and the [illegible] confined to the legitimate business [illegible] for transient advertisements [illegible] advertising will be presented half [illegible] per cent will be made on all except [illegible] when paid in advance.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CHAS. F. ADAMS, M. D., [illegible] Rooms at Rev. J. Forrester's [illegible] and Ninth Sts., Erie, Pa.

[illegible] A. DAVENPORT. [illegible] in Central Block, over Neuberger & [illegible] Entrance on State Street.

[illegible] A. GALBRAITH. [illegible] 6th street, nearly opposite the [illegible]

[illegible] SINCLAIR, [illegible] Stewart & Sinclair,) [illegible] Corner of State and 7th St [illegible] Glass, Camphene, Burning [illegible]

[illegible] BOOTH, AGENT. [illegible] Fancy and Staple Dry Goods and [illegible] Block, opposite Brown's Hotel.

MILLER & HENRY, [illegible] Shoe Findings, &c., Park Row [illegible] Exchange Office, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM S. LANE, [illegible] Law. Office removed to corner [illegible] corner State Street and the Public [illegible]

BRIGDEN & HUTCHINSON, [illegible] Rosenzweig's Block, opposite [illegible] Park, Erie, Pa. [illegible] HUTCHINSON

W. F. MAGILL, [illegible] Rosenzweig's Block, North side [illegible]

[illegible] WRIGHT, & CO., [illegible] in Gold and Silver Coin, uncurrent [illegible] Certificates of Deposit. Also [illegible] in the Union, and all parts of [illegible] Office, in Rosenzweig's Block, corner [illegible]

CLARK & METCALF, [illegible] Rosenzweig's Block, south side [illegible] Erie, Pa. Interest allowed on [illegible] Drafts, Checks and Specie [illegible] bought and sold [illegible]

[illegible] L. NASON, [illegible] Monthly Magazines, Cheap [illegible] Gold Pens, Pocket Cut[illegible]

McCONKEY & SHANNON, [illegible] & McConkey [illegible]

JAMES LYTLE [illegible]

JOSEPH S. CLARK, [illegible]

[illegible] SANFORD & CO., [illegible] Certificates of Deposit, &c [illegible]

JAMES CROOK & CO., [illegible]

HERRON STUART, [illegible] Office, at his residence, Fourth street [illegible] Apothecary Hall.

MINNIG & BANNARD, [illegible] Provisions, Produce, Pork, Fish, Salt, [illegible] Nails, Glass, Nails, Brooms, Pails [illegible] Ware, &c. [illegible]

STARR & PAYNE, [illegible] MERCHANTS, Dealers in [illegible] and Plaster. Public Dock, east of State [illegible]

WILLIAM H. LUCK, [illegible] Office in Beatty's Block, north side of [illegible] formerly occupied by [illegible]

GEORGE J. MORTON, [illegible] Merchant, Public Dock, Erie [illegible] Plaster.

JOSEPH McCARTER, [illegible] Groceries, Provisions, Ship [illegible] &c., &c., State Street, Erie.

[illegible] W. FULLERTON, [illegible] Hughes Block, State Street.

JACOB H. FRANK, [illegible] has returned from the West [illegible] winter. Those wishing his [illegible] corner 3rd and French sts.

EMPIRE STORES, [illegible] Retail Dealer in every des[illegible] Dry Goods, Carpetings, Oil [illegible] corner of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

[illegible] CLOTHING STORE, [illegible] facturer in first quality, Ready [illegible] Furnishing Goods, No. 7, Brown's [illegible]

WILLIAM THORNTON, [illegible] Agreement, Bonds and Mortga[illegible] carefully drawn. Office on [illegible] Grocery Store Erie, Pa.

J. F. DOWNING, [illegible] of THE PEACE. Will practice in [illegible] County, and give prompt and faithful [illegible] his hands, either as an At[illegible] Office in Empire Block, corner of [illegible]

W. B. RUSHMORE, [illegible] Johnson, & Co., [illegible] and Domestic Dry Goods, Nos [illegible] New York. CHARLES A. SHEPHERD, CARTER A. SAUNDERS

[illegible] HAYES & CO. [illegible] Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, [illegible] &c., No. 1 Brown's Block, Erie.

[illegible] H. ABELL, [illegible] William H. Sherman, [illegible] between the Reed House and [illegible] the best style of the art and [illegible]

GEORGE H. CUTLER, [illegible] Collections and [illegible] dispatch

JOHN SWEENY, [illegible] building, up stairs, Erie.

JOHN HEARN & CO., [illegible] Dealers in Coal, Flour, [illegible] Lake Steamers, Full [illegible]

[illegible] & CLARK, [illegible] Domestic and Imported Wines [illegible] Fish, Oil, and Agents [illegible] State street Erie [illegible] CLARK

JOHN W. AYRES, [illegible] Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, [illegible] Chairs, No. 4 Ke[illegible]

JAMES C. MARSHALL, [illegible] Tammany Hall building.

[illegible] WOODS & CO., [illegible] Dealers in Western [illegible] cheapest and best now in [illegible] Erie, Pa. [illegible]

[illegible] CHURCHILL, [illegible] Whiskey, on the [illegible]

[illegible] BARR & CO., [illegible]

PARK HALL, [illegible] Concerts, Lectures, and Public [illegible] Park. Enquire at the [illegible] Reed House, Erie, Pa.

CARTER & BROTHER, [illegible] Medicines, Paints, Oils [illegible] House, Erie, Pa.

JARECKI BROTHERS, [illegible] Silver, Brittannia and Plated [illegible] Table Cutlery. Fancy Goods [illegible] street Erie Pa. 24

GRAY & FARRAR, [illegible] West India Goods, Powder, [illegible] Cigars, Fish, oil, &c., &c., No [illegible] F. FARRAR.

JOSEPH [illegible] JR., [illegible] and Wholesale and Retail [illegible] Leather, French and American [illegible] Kips and Splits, To[illegible] Rivands, Hammers, [illegible] Nails, &c. New Block, State [illegible]

[illegible] HERSHEY, & Co., [illegible] Boilers, Mill Gearing, Agricul[illegible] &c. Erie, Pa.

[From the Atlantic Monthly, for May.]

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen:
Look in upon thy wondrous frame,—
Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
Fired with a new and livelier blush,
While all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net
Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong,
And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the Master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds,
That feels sensation's faintest thrill
And flashes forth the sovereign will;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy thread!

O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mould it into heavenly forms!

From Harper's Weekly.

STORY OF A MAN OF BUSINESS.

I did not wait to hear the messenger conclude his sentence. Before the last word had died on his lips I was in the saddle, and putting the spurs to my horse, I dashed away. Only one thought was in my heart, and yet I could not help, even in that mad gallop over the hills, drinking in, through my senses, my fill of beauty. White and still lay the moonlight over the fields on either side. I could see my shadow stretch, Centaur like, upon the green sward. Not a breath of air was stirring—it was one of those rare nights such as sometimes the late fall gives us—pearls snatched from the neck lace of summer.—Pure and white, and silent was the matchless hour, and yet I was riding on through its stillness toward the home where the woman lay dying who was to die for me.

Involuntarily I slackened my reins as I approached it. This was my old habit, when Lilias had stood at the gate to meet me, and I had paused a little to look upon her exceeding beauty, and brightened by a moment's delay, the rapture of her welcome. It was all an illusion, I know, but I almost thought she stood there now! Under the boughs by the gate I seemed to see the gleam of a white robe, to catch the outlines of the slight, girlish figure, the light of a waiting, expectant face! But it was not so. Lilias Hunt would stand there never again. In that upper chamber, on whose windows the moonlight and the lamplight shone, I knew was that she lay dying. Never again, in all time, would she come forth in spring to meet me. Never again should I hear the glad echoes of that voice, sweeter and merrier than all the birds of the forest, as she tripped beside me along the steep paths of the wild-wood. How could I go in and look upon her now? I stayed my feet at the very gate way.

Again that curious sense took possession of me, by means of which the mind utterly absorbed in one great danger of sorrow, yet takes note of the minutest particulars of surrounding objects. I saw how peaceful was the scene—how the old brown farm-house, battered and stained by the winds and rains of a whole century of years, looked now, in the white moonlight, like a sentient thing, weary and gone to sleep. A faint, sweet scent came from the almost leafless boughs of sweet brier at the door. Along the path leading up to it from the gate were autumn blossoms—astors and dahlias. I could even distinguish their colors.

It might have been five minutes, or five seconds, in which I saw all this—I can not tell. Suddenly a voice seemed to say to me:

"Go in there now, you who have killed Lilias! Go in and look upon her before she dies. Wipe the death sweat from her forehead, and ask her to forgive you, now she is going where the rich and the poor shall all be alike!"

I turned, but no one was near. There was nothing round me but the stillness of that beautiful night; only, far off, from among a clump of fir-trees in a distant corner of the yard, came again the last words of the sentence, sighed out like the low refrain of some tune—sorrowful, yet triumphant:

"Where the rich and the poor shall all be alike."

My heart gave one wild, tumultuous throb of anguish. I pushed open the outer door, which was already ajar, and went in. Her mother met me at the foot of the stairs—not weeping, but with a pale, speechless sorrow upon her worn face, more pitiful than any tears.

"I know the way, Mrs. Hunt; let me go to her alone."

She did not speak—she made a motion for me to proceed. Quick as thought I sped up the stairs, and stood within the room where Lilias lay. It was lighted only by the moon-rays. I could see how like herself it looked—pure and neat, and very, very quiet. She was all alone. I went up to her and would have spoken, but something in her face stopped me. A smile sat upon it of ineffable peace. Her dark hair fell heavily over the pillows. Her lips were closed, and one hand lay out-stretched upon the coverlet. Tremblingly I touched it. Oh Heaven! how cold it was. Those fingers that had been wont to thrill at my lightest touch lay like ice in my clasp. O God! was I then too late? In all the anguish of that wild night ride this worst fear had never once come to me.

No need now to rain repentant tears—to press throbbing kisses upon that marble brow; and yet the tears fell, and the kisses—wild enough almost to have awakened from the long sleep of death her who had so loved me—were dropped upon her forehead; and yet she stirred not. Crushed and broken was my lily, drooping in this world's cold soil; and the great Gardener had only lifted her to bloom forever in the fields of the upper country! But it availed me nothing now to know that she was gone where the world's cold breath could never again chill her. I would have given more than my life but to have seen those pale lips unclose for one moment—but to have heard her voice say just once, "Harry, I forgive you!"

I *loved* Lilias Hunt. Standing this moonlight night—just such a night as that one was, twenty years ago—standing in memory by that death bed, I tell you I loved her as I never loved another—as man seldom loves woman. And yet my cruelty broke her heart. God forgive me!—I can never forgive myself.

She and I were children together. Both our parents were poor. We had walked to school through the flowery lanes in summer, and in winter I had drawn her upon my little sled.—When she grew up to innocent and beautiful maidenhood the love of our childhood had strengthened with our years. I saw in her the ideal woman who was to crown my life. A purer creature never walked forth under the light of heaven; a more beautiful woman, I think, God never created than Lilias Hunt, in her glad, innocent youth. I loved her, but I never asked her to marry me. Bad as I am, I never could have broken my plighted troth. My parents had contrived, by severe toil and strict economy, to assist me in obtaining a very good education and at twenty I left home to study law with a distinguished attorney in a neighboring county. My parting with Lilias was painful, and yet in my heart, was the hardest struggle I had ever undergone. I had resolved not to tell her my love, and yet it seemed almost impossible to leave her without. I told her she must give me a lock of her hair—a keepsake for the memory of the old school days. After a little entreaty she consented, and then she said, in a laughing tone, assumed—as I knew it was—to conceal deeper feeling:

"And now, Sir Absolute, you shall lose one of your own brown curls, just by way of retaliation. What a wound your vanity will get to be sure, for I shall take the very prettiest one, and you will miss it in your morning devotions before the mirror!"

I submitted laughingly to her illustration of the *lex talionis*, and I went away with her tress of hair lying close to my heart. I have been looking at it to day. It is dark, and soft, and shining as ever, though the white brow round which it used to wave has been still and pulseless for twenty years under the daisies of the church-yard.

When I left Mayfield that morning, despite my sorrow, a lover's hopes lay warm and strong at my heart. I was young, vigorous, and possessed of a fair share of talent. I was sure to succeed, so Hope whispered. I would win a name and a position, and then I would come back to my dove-eyed Lilias. All my struggles should be ennobled by her memory—should have her for a reward.

It was no wonder that I made rapid strides. I think Judge Wentworth was pleased with me.—He used to tell me that my future was certain, if I could but hold out as I had begun. I have told you that I was poor. I had neither time nor money to spare for frequent visits to Mayfield. I had resolved to remain six months in Windham before going home, even for a day.—In the mean time I did not allow myself the luxury of writing to Lilias. It would not be right, I thought, until I could ask her to share my life. She had never said that she loved me; but I had seen her cheek flush and her soft eye kindle at my coming, and I knew that I could trust her. I was content to wait.

Three months of my absence had passed away, when one morning, Judge Wentworth said to me,

"You have heard of my niece, Clara Barton? Mrs. Wentworth and I have long considered her as an adopted daughter. She has taken the place of our own children whom God saw fit to take away. She has been absent on a visit ever since you came here; but this morning we expect her back, and I want you to join us at tea to-night, and make her acquaintance. There is no one here at all suited to her taste, and you and she will have many things in common."

I had heard, through other sources, of Judge Wentworth's orphan niece—of her pride, her wealth, and her rare beauty. I could hardly expect to be received into her society on a footing of equality, but I was very curious to see her.—All I had heard of her, however, had not prepared me for the vision which greeted me when I entered the Judge's parlor.

Among all the women I have ever met I have never seen Clara Barton's peer. Lilias was quite as beautiful, but between them was a difference, not unlike that which exists between a wild rose, swinging fair and fragrant and wet with dew upon its parent stem, and some regal blossom of the tropics, lifting its proud head in lonely grandeur under the fiery beams of southern suns, and filling the air with a fragrance, subtle, intoxicating, dangerous. I stood for a moment at the door, forgetful of courtesy or propriety, and looked at her.

She was a woman not much more than twenty, but her form was full, mature, regal. She was above the medium height, and yet not exactly tall. She wore a plain white dress with no ornaments save a band of curiously wrought African gold on each rounded arm, a bunch of crimson roses upon her bosom, and another drooping low in her jet black hair. Her forehead was low and smooth, with the black, shining hair waving away from it, and gathered, Grecian fashion, in heavy coils at the back of her neck. Her complexion was a clear, dark olive, with a rich crimson tint that came and went in the cheeks. Her mouth was small and proud. Her face indicated a strong and positive will, and her great black eyes were full of slumbering fire and power. Nothing, I repeat, could have been more unlike Lilias. In cultivating the acquaintance of this haughty beauty I apprehended no danger to my heart.

She did interest me exceedingly. Her conversation was brilliant beyond anything I had ever before listened to; her thoughts were fresh and original, and she reserved most of them for me, seldom exerting herself to talk much with others—a tacit compliment to which no man's vanity is ever insensible.

The history of the events that followed, in one blind, dizzy whirl, my first introduction to Clara Barton, is so incomprehensible, even to myself, that I despair of ever making it clear to another. I loved Lilias Hunt—God knows I loved her!—and yet—but I will not anticipate.

I had not known Miss Barton long before I discovered—how, I cannot tell to this day, for she never descended for one moment from the pedestal of her own dignity—that she loved me, and was resolved to be my wife. I was flattered by her preference, as, I think any man would have been; but for a long while every beat of my heart was faithful to Lilias. I was daily invited to the Judge's on one pretext or another.—Sometimes it was a book I was to bring; a song I was to practice with Clara; a rare flower I was to examine; and sometimes I went because it had become my habit to go, and I was lonely away. After a time I began to listen to the voice of ambition. I was proud and poor. Next to love, ambition was the pregnant passion of my nature; for a time it overpowered even love itself. I had known what poverty was. From my childhood it had stung me, crushing out the warmth and light from my life. If I married Lilias we must both suffer its stings together.—Our children must grow up to struggle with it as I had done. No leisure for the æsthetic part of life; no means to surround one's self with works of art, choice books, rare pictures. And in return for these privations what should I have? A low, soft voice, like Lilias Hunt's own, spoke in my heart, and answered—"Love;" but the tones of ambition hushed it into silence.—Tauntingly, they said to me:

"You have seen love and poverty in the home of your childhood. Did love make poverty less grim? Did it keep your mother's eye bright and her cheek young? Did it shed a silken lustre over her faded calico gown? Marry your pale, fair Lilias, if you will, and see her eye grow dim with care, her hands grow coarse, her slender figure bowed and thin; and then look into those eyes and try to recall the bright young Lilias of your love till your tears come, at the very contrast. Or, marry Clara Barton; be Judge Wentworth's partner and adopted son; be the husband of a wife, rich not only, but cultivated, graceful, accomplished, fairer than any of the houris in Paradise—loving you, too, with all the might of her tropical heart. Leave Lilias in maiden peace. You do not know that she loves you—you have never asked her—and by-and-by some other will woo and win her, one rich enough to set worthily the gem of her bright young beauty—to make her happier than you ever could."

Alas! even then the thought that any other should ever make the happiness of Lilias Hunt smote my heart with a sudden, deathly pang.—To stifle it I went out of the house—and walked hurriedly towards Judge Wentworth's. I had no purpose in the visit, beyond the wish to divert my mind from unwelcome thoughts; and yet it must have been fate or Providence which led my steps there at that hour. I pushed open the door without knocking, as was my habit, since I had become such a familiar visitor, and went into the parlor. Clara Barton was its only occupant. She raised her head from the arm of the sofa as I went towards her. She had been weeping. A bright red spot burned on either cheek, and round, shining tears still glittered upon her heavy lashes. Her eyes flashed, and her voice was full of pride and passion.

"I did not want to see you, Mr. Lincoln.—You had no right—you of all others—to come stealing upon me thus—to surprise me in my weakness."

Was it I, or some demon voice within me, which answered her? In that hour my soul fell from its high estate. I sat down beside her, and put my arm around her. I said,

"Give me the right—me of all others—Clara, to share all your sorrows—to shield you from grief, as far as in me lies, through the whole of our two lives."

I had crossed the Rubicon. There was no longer any room for repentance, though I might seek it ever so wildly, with tears and anguish.

Her answer was a burst of passionate tears.—That proud head sank upon my shoulder—that little hand, flashing with jewels, was laid in mine—and, almost before I knew it, I was betrothed to Clara Barton. And yet never had my love for Lilias surged in my heart more wildly than in this very moment, when I had raised up between us an invincible barrier forever! I saw her then as I had seen her last, standing in the shadow of the lilacs at the farm-house gate, her tender eyes sad and misty with the sorrow of parting; her sweet pale face uplifted to the summer sky. But she was my Lilias no longer, even in hope. Forever and forever must roll between us the inexorable tide of a destiny of my own creating. Ah, I wonder if Clara Barton felt the passionate beats of the heart against which her head was resting, and thought they were for her!

Well, in three months more I was a married man. I never knew exactly how this happened. I certainly had not expected it myself. I think it all originated with Clara, whose influence with the Judge was unbounded. At all events he sounded me on the subject, and gave the plan his warm approbation. He did not believe in long engagements, he said; Clara's fortune would be enough for us both; I might as well be married, and continue my studies afterward. And so, one warm November day, I walked up the church aisle with a stately figure, robed in bridal satin, upon my arm, and went out again—a husband. I wonder if there was a single hour of real happiness in the winter which followed? I had striven to cast the memory of Lilias Hunt out of my heart, and sometimes, with my wife's superb head lying upon my breast, looking into her matchless eyes, toying with her magnificent hair, I cheated myself into believing that I was happy. My ambition was satisfied; my taste for wealth and splendor was fully gratified; I was no longer the poor student, with his uncertain way to work out alone. Rich and influential friends were around me; power and fortune were in my grasp; and for these things I had given up love and Lilias.

I think Clara loved me truly, but it was with a passion like her nature, self willed and imperious. She had little in her character of self-abnegation or silent fortitude.

I did not carry her to Mayfield until the next spring. My parents did not rejoice in my good fortune as earnestly as I had expected. In especial, I could see something of disappointment in my mother. I think she had suspected my love for Lilias Hunt, and she would have far rather seen me married to a gentle, loving woman in my own rank in life than the possessor of Clara Barton's fortune. Still she received my wife lovingly, for my sake; but I could see that my humble home was but a dull place for Clara, and I determined to cut our visit short.

The day before we left I was driving through the town my own luxurious carriage, with my wife beside me. Going slowly along a well known road, I met Lilias Hunt and her father, face to face. They, too, were riding in their humble, old fashioned wagon; and as they slowly drew near I could see them distinctly. O God, that white, white face! Was that my Lilias? As she saw me, she crimsoned to her very temples, and then turned pale as death.—Slowly I saw her beautiful head sink and sink, till she lay, like one dead, across her trembling old father's knees. I would have given all the world but to have snatched that fair head to my bosom—to have covered that pale brow with my kisses; but I was a slave, as is every man or woman who sells heart and hand for wealth and a name. I drove on, and left Lilias Hunt lying there in her father's arms, without one word.

"Poor thing, I should think she had the consumption!" said my wife, carelessly, as we passed along. "Do you know her, Harry?"

I do not think the finest alchemy of even the most jealous love could have detected any change in my voice as I answered,

"I used to, her name is Hunt."

The next day we left Mayfield. Oh, how glad I was to go back to business—to drown, or strive to drown, in the great turbulent battle of life, one weak woman's voice, whose tones must haunt me forever; to bury myself in study, closing doors and windows, and shut out the gleam of one pale, still face. And yet there were hours when memory was omnipotent—when I looked on my wife's proud beauty, or listened to her words as one in a dream—and my heart kept its sorrowful tryst beside the lilac trees with Lilias Hunt. All that summer I never heard from her, except that once this brief sentence, in the postscript to one of my mother's letters, filled my heart with a wild, vague sense of dread—

"Lilias Hunt is very feeble, and they doubt if she will ever recover."

It was the late autumn before I again visited Mayfield. This time my wife did not accompany me. The old farm house was never much to her taste, and I was willing enough to leave her behind.

Almost my first inquiry was for Lilias Hunt. I was told that for some time she had been considered in a decline, but, my mother added, she thought her malady was of the heart rather than the flesh. I had been home only three days when the messenger came who told me she was dying. She had heard of my presence in the village—she wanted to see me.

I have told you of my mad night ride over the hills, and how, when I stood by her bedside, it was too late. I could only kneel beside her, and rain my repentant tears on eyes that would not open—pour out my agonized prayers for forgiveness to ears that would never again listen.—And yet sometimes I think that she heard me, even then, my dead Lilias; that from heaven she has forgiven me, and is waiting on the other side of the river for my coming. God knows!

When they robed her for the burial, her mother found, lying upon her innocent heart, a locket such as her small means could purchase, containing the curl she had severed from my head the last time I ever heard her voice. They left it there.

Twenty years have passed since then. Honor and fame have come to me. My stately, fashionable wife has walked or sat by my side.—Merry children have sported round my knee, and grown up to manhood and womanhood; but Lilias has slept on through the years very quietly, with willows waving above her grave, and my hair lying still on her virgin breast. Ah, I have sometimes thought they buried my heart with it!

Statistics of Insanity.

It is of comparatively modern date that the insane have been treated upon correct and scientific principles, and statistics of insanity, as prepared by medical men, show some curious facts. In England where great attention has been given to the subject, it has been ascertained that the liability to disease is greatest between twenty and forty years of age; that the liability of the sexes is in the proportion of fifty-four per cent of males to forty-six of females, that the agricultural population is more subject to insanity than the manufacturer; that nutritious food is more beneficial to the insane than a low fare; that personal restraint is hardly ever absolutely necessary; and various other facts, all assisting more or less, to reduce the proper treatment of insanity to a positive science.

In an interesting article upon this subject the *Ledger* states that the statistics of our American asylums agree, with these. In one respect, however, the English statistics exhibit a striking difference from our own; we allude to the vast proportion of insane among the pauper population. In England and Wales, in 1827, one pauper out of every fifty was insane; whereas only one out of every four thousand of the non-pauper class was so. In large towns, such as London, insanity prevails to a greater extent than in other towns, owing, it is supposed, to the greater cerebral activity of the inhabitants. This fact has its parallel in the United States, where the largest proportion of insane is found in New England, the cities also having more insane than the country. It would seem that the wealthy classes, who are comparatively free from anxieties, enjoy the greatest immunity; while the class which is most subject to it is the educated poor, whose whole life often is a constant struggle. Insanity is increased by civilization, forming a contrast, in this respect, to idiocy, which is rather the disease of savage life. A fertile cause of insanity is religious excitement.

The causes of insanity are various. In round numbers, about ten per cent, are hereditary physical causes: about sixty two per cent, moral causes; and the remainder unknown. Nearly half those insane from moral causes became insane from grief. In insanity from moral causes, about fifty-one per cent recover; but when the insanity is from physical causes only thirty four. Nearly half those who recover have a second attack, according to one authority. Another estimates that of ten persons attacked, five recover, and five die, not more than two continue well for the rest of their lives; the other three sustain subsequent attacks, during which at least two of them died.

At present there are fourteen thousand insane patients in the English county asylums. Towards them less hardship is practised than towards scholars in public schools. Not a single strait jacket it is believed, is to be found in any of these institutions. This is more, alas! than can be said of the United States.

☞ A gentleman of Norfolk Va., had a fine negro to whom he gave the privileges of hiring himself out, and keeping half the wages. A short time since the negro came home to his master, to tell him that the man for whom he had been working wished to buy him and would give thirteen hundred dollars for him.

"Well," said his master "what of that? I don't wish to sell."

"But, you see massa," said Sam, "I've had a cough some time, and 'spects I'm gwin into de sumption. I don't 'spect I shall last more'n two or three years, and I'd like to take dat man in!"

NORTH CAROLINA.—Traveling on the cars from O———to M———, not long since, in the night, we happened by good fortune to get into the same box with a regular blue devil exterminator, by whom, let it be supposed, our drowsy optics were kept expanded. This individual answered to the name of "Bat;" and his description of "Norf Kerlina," her manners and customs, gave the listener any thing but a favorable impression of the tar and turpentine state thus:

"Why, gentlemen, a dog with a long tail in North Carolina would be as great a show as a nigger with three heads."

"Why so?" asked several.

"They cut 'em off to prevent them knocking off huckleberries when they are chasing foxes and rabbits that run through the woods."

"Pshaw!" came from a listener.

"Fact, certain as rain; and you never see a man or boy there with buttons on his pants."

"What then?" asked one.

"Pegs," replied the ever imperturbable Bat. "Wear buttons all off climbing after persimmons."

"Go it, Bat," cheered an acquaintance.

"And I'll tell you another thing," he continued, "they have to bell the little niggers there just as we do calves."

"What for?"

"So their owners can tell which gopher hole they're in."

A general scream followed this—the engine squealed, and we all jumped off at M———.

YOUNG AMERICA.—A certain Doctor in this city has a bright little boy, three years old, who is a general favorite with every body about town, and from the fact that every person "makes much" of the little fellow, he is very prone to slip up town contrary to the will and advice of his "parients." One day the Doctor found him up street and commenced driving him home with a stout brush, which on the way he occasionally administered to the youngster's rear guard. All at once the boy stopped short, and turning to an about face, and looking his father full in the eyes, said he, "See here, old Doc! I aint no cow that you should use such a brush as that to drive me through the street before everybody." The Doctor weakened—dropped the brush, and allowed the young hopful to go home alone.—*Placerville Index.*

FROM UTAH AND THE WEST.

A letter to the New York *Times*, under date of April 19th, from Leavenworth city, contains much that is of interest. We give a few extracts:

It was my fortune to meet here Frederick Loba, an ex high priest of the Mormons, who escaped recently from Salt Lake with his family, and is now in this city. I do not know when I have heard or read a more interesting or remarkable history than his, and within a few days I shall be able to lay it before you in full. For the present I will only say that he is a native of Switzerland, a man of great intelligence and liberal education, and accomplished linguist, and possessing rare conversational powers. He has travelled over and is familiar with every part of Europe, was distinguished in his own land and in Russia for his scientific attainments, and was formerly a prominent official in his native town of Lausanne. But notwithstanding all this, he became a victim to the strange delusion of Mormonism, and attested his sincerity by forsaking his high, honorable, and independent position at home, and journeying with his family to Salt Lake in 1854, in the confident expectation to find there the Zion of God towards which his cultivated enthusiasm and intense religious zeal had turned with the highest and holiest aspirations.

How soul crushing was his disappointment when he reached the much longed for "Valley of the Mountains," to find there the theatre of lust and crime, of every description and the most disgusting character, perpetrated in the name of religion! His eyes were speedily opened. Once in the city of the Saints he awoke from his delusion, for his education and refinement were proof against even religious fanaticism and superstition. From that hour his attention was turned to plans for escape from the Valley. Foreseeing, however, that this would be impossible if his purpose should be discovered, he was compelled to conceal his true feelings, and *appear* to join with heart and soul in the ceremonial mummeries from which his judgment turned with intense loathing. He escaped finally, in April last, and arrived here, after suffering incredible hardships, broken down in health, his family all sick, and without a farthing left of the ample means with which he started towards Salt Lake. No one who talks with Mr Loba can doubt his sincerity, for honesty is stamped in every lineament, and truth beams out from every line of his eloquently simple narrative.

Of course, then, his testimony in regard to the condition and resources of the Mormons at Salt Lake is of especial value, for no man could be better qualified to speak intelligently of the facts as they are. I have questioned him closely upon these points, with the following result: He says, unhesitatingly, that the Mormons will not attempt to resist the United States troops if they go out in a body, instead of scattering along the road in small and careless parties, as did the Government wagon trains which were destroyed upon the plains last season. Mr. Loba met these on his way in, and earnestly cautioned their conductors against their carelessness, assuring them of their danger, and urging them to concentrate and move forward in a body, but they could see no enemy, nor apprehend any danger, failed to follow the friendly advice, and were cut off and robbed.

Mr Loba bases his positive opinion that the Mormons will make no attempt at organized resistance, upon his personal knowledge of the fact that they have no means of resistance. They have very little ammunition, no gunpowder factory, no material from which to make the powder, none of the appliances essential to that purpose, nor any single man who knows how to make an ounce of explosive material, even if his life depended upon it. Nor have they any artillery, with the exception of a single piece of cannon, a two pounder, one of a pair given them long since.

True, there is an abundance of iron ore three hundred miles or more south of Salt Lake City, but it is highly magnetic, and up to the time when Mr Loba left, although large sums had been expended in experimenting, all efforts to melt it down and render it fit for use had failed. Neither are the Mormons any better off in the matter of manufacturing small arms. They have some few gun tinkers among them; but, as an evidence of their utter incompetency, he mentions the fact that no one of them was able to make a screw for him, to replace one which he had lost from a revolver of peculiar construction.

Mr. Loba estimates the total population of the valley at 32,000 souls. Of these, counting every male from fifteen to sixty years of age, he estimates that there are not to exceed 7,500 capable of bearing arms, while not more than 3,500 of the whole number, in his opinion, would make even passable soldiers, under drilling by skilful men. Not one in ten of the entire male population have firearms of any description; and a large proportion of those they have are out of repair and worthless. He has no confidence in the statement that the Mormons have fortified Echo Canon, except it may be by digging ditches, and poising rocks to be rolled down from the overhanging cliffs. Their boasts of mines under the road, and all that sort of thing, he scouts as idle nonsense. In short, he considers the Mormons destitute of any effective power of resistance to even the small force already under command of General Johnston, and maintains that Brigham Young's entire reliance has been based upon his hope of being able to deter the United States from attempting to deal with him by lying boasts of his ability to wage successful resistance.

He believes that when Brigham finds his braggadocio has failed, and that the United States authorities are determined to pursue him, he will have a "special revelation from God" instructing him to retire before the Philistines. In obedience to these directions, he will go off with his 2,500 Danites or "Destroying Angels," and, when the troops arrive at Salt Lake, will be found missing. They will probably go northward to Vancouver's Island, or possibly to the Russian possessions, which they can do easier than go southward to Sonora, as they are without means of sustenance while crossing the desert lying in that direction. Mr. Loba naturally feels very deeply the misery and degradation which Mormonism entails. He had witnessed every species of outrage and crime heaped upon men and women in the name of religion, and feels that it is a stern duty of the Government of the United States to go to every extreme in order to prevent the sacrifice of further victims.

Perhaps no single incident in connection with Mormon history presents more of horror than the history of hand cart trains, which you may remember was painted in such glowing colors by some of the Mormon missionaries whose harangues I reported at one of their meetings in New York last summer. I asked Mr. Loba to give me an unvarnished statement of the facts—for it was evident from the story told by the Mormons themselves that they were hiding important details which would not bear discovery. It appears that Young sent Franklin and Saml. D. Richards, two of his shrewdest and most unscrupulous minions, to Liverpool, to superintend the emigration thence to Salt Lake, of the numerous proselytes made in Europe. These men collected a large sum of money from the faithful in sums of £53 each, which was to purchase wagons and other outfit for the passage from New York to Utah—each sum of £53 providing for a family—or if the man had none, for himself and associates. A party of about 2,500 souls collected under this arrangement, but left with their faces toward "Zion." On their arrival on the frontier they were informed that Brother Brigham had received a revelation from God, directing that in order to try their faith, and thus test who among them were worthy the honors of the faithful, they should journey to Salt Lake in hand cart trains!

Accordingly, their pilots and leaders—filled with the grace acquired at the feet of their Prophet Brigham—kindly purchased the hand carts for them at a cost of eight dollars each, and generously put them at the disposal of the newly arrived brethren at exactly double that sum. Of course the entire party were compelled to go on foot, six to each hand cart, which they dragged along with its contents, consisting of seventeen pounds of luggage to each person. All the property of the emigrants, over and above this, they were compelled throw away, of course, thus losing the little remnant of their savings after having been most religiously robbed of all their cash. Now dissensions arose among them, and the result was that they did not reach the banks of the Missouri, from whence to start westward, until the 1st of September.

Here, then, they stood, with twelve hundred miles of weary travel on foot before them, and the merciless rigors of a northern winter staring them in the face. The commonest humanity would have inspired the leaders of the deluded band to stay their steps until the opening spring. But they seem to have been oblivious to any such sentiment. They got up another revelation from on high, in which the travellers were bidden onward, and assured that the angels of the Lord would be upon their right hand and upon their left, shielding them from harm, providing them sustenance and protection, and conducting them rejoicing into the valleys of the mountains, where dwelt the glories of Israel's God.

Thus twenty five hundred honest, simple souls, full of honest faith and zeal—old men and young, gentle women and tender children—plunged into the wilderness, never doubting the result.—Sad to relate, of that entire band, only about two hundred frost-bitten, starving and emaciated beings lived to tell the story of their sufferings! Mr Loba himself witnessed the entrance of the survivors—many of whom were compelled to submit to the rudest kind of surgery for the amputation of limbs already frozen to death! Twenty-three hundred of the devoted band had fallen by the way, tortured victims of hunger and cold, some of them indeed torn by famished wolves, while life still struggled for the victory over famishment and frost!

The picture is too horrid to contemplate—but my informant states that its truth is well attested by many persons who soon after passed over the scene of this march of death and found it strewn with its thousands of ghastly human skeletons! He says, too, that among the Indian tribes of Utah, white children are now living who were picked up from the snow by the savages, and thus rescued from the death which their parents had failed to escape.

Mr. Loba well asks whether it is not the province of Government to take notice of such events as these, and essay an effort to prevent their recurrence. It was far from safe, however, to suggest such an idea in Salt Lake City. A London friend of Mr. L.'s, named Jarvis, stung to the quick at the sight of the miserable remnant of the hand-cart immigration, remarked that if such an event had occurred in England, Brigham Young would have been called to account by the Government. For the utterance of this sentiment Jarvis became at once the object of cruel persecution. The Destroying Angels burned his house, robbed him, and dragged him out by the hair of his head. He was obliged to fly for his life, abandoning all his property of every description.

The condition of the female portion of the community at Salt Lake is represented as most deplorable. Large numbers of them feel deeply the degradation of their position, and look forward with joy, even to death, as a means of release. When the army shall have reached the Valley, Mr Loba believes that the greater portion of the female Saints will avail themselves of the protection thus afforded them, and abandon Mormondom.

INCOME.—No one is less respected than a man who muddles away a large income, nobody knows how. For all expenditure there should be something to show, and that something ought to have either usefulness, or dignity, or permanence to recommend it. But every now and then we meet with cases of expenditure perfectly mysterious. A man of princely inheritance or preferment does nothing, makes no figure, helps nobody, has no expensive taste, yet not only spends every sixpence of his income, but gets into difficulties. His domain is neglected, his house ill-furnished, his equipages shabby, his servants ill-paid, his subscriptions in arrears, his hospitality mean, his sons stinted, his daughters portionless, his estate encumbered; in fact, every thing goes to rack and ruin about him. Instead of performing his part in sustaining the great fabric of society, as far as his influence extends, there is one vast dilapidation. He may be said to crumble and crash in every direction. Nobody can say where the money is gone. It has not benefited friends, assisted dependents, built churches, fertilized the soil, ornamented the country, delighted the town, or done any thing that a man can lay his hand upon. It has all been fribbled and fribbled away on hollow pretenses and petty occasions, without either system or object; it has won neither gratitude, nor admiration, nor respect.

A HEROIC MAIDEN.—A few days ago a slide occurred at a cut on the Pittsburg and Connellsville Railroad, at a point on the Youghogeny, above and opposite to M'Keesport, where there is a sharp curve in the river, and the track is laid wholly on the cutting. A large rock fell and remained directly on the track. This was observed by a daughter of Mr John Dravo who resides on the opposite side of the river. The male portion of the family were absent at this time, and she, knowing it was about the hour when the cars would pass that point, and that there was no time to be lost, ran to the river side, unloosed her father's skiff, rowed across with all possible haste, and ran along the track in the direction of the approaching train, waving a red handkerchief, and succeeded in attracting the attention of the engineer, in the very nick of time. The brakes were applied, the train stopped, and the danger pointed out. It was the opinion of the officers aboard that nothing but the timely warning given by Miss Dravo, saved the lives of all on board the cars. The curve in the road was so sharp that a collision would have thrown the cars off the track down the embankment into the river. The Company have shown a proper appreciation of the heroic conduct of the young lady, and the invaluable service rendered, by presenting her with a pass over the road for many years to come, and ordered the train to stop at that point where she can most readily reach her residence, whenever she happened to be on board the cars—a compliment and convenience at the same time, as it is a considerable distance from her father's house to the nearest station.—*Pitts. Dispatch.*

"I don't think its any use to vaccinate for small pox," said a backwoods Missourian, "for I had a child vaccinated, and he fell out of a window and was killed in less than a week after."