ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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

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ERIE OBSERVER.

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B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

TERMS.—Cash in advance, or within 3 months, $1 50; if not paid within 3 months, $1 75; if not paid within the year, the paper will be charged $2. No paper to be sent out of the county, unless the amount is paid in advance, or a responsible person left with a proper officer for collection.

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A. J. DAVENPORT, Attorney at Law, Office in Central Block, over Neuberger & Bro.'s Entrance on State Street.

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WILLIAM S. LANE, Attorney at Law, Office removed to corner Reed's Block, corner State Street and the Public Square.

HIBBEN & HUTCHINSON, Law Office in Rosenzweig's Block, opposite the Public Square, Erie, Pa. J. H. HUTCHINSON.

M. B. MAGILL, Attorney at Law, Office in Rosenzweig's Block, north side of the Public Square.

C. B. WRIGHT, & CO., Dealers in Gold and Silver Coin, Uncurrent Bank Bills and Certificates of Deposit. Also, Agents for Collections in the Union, and all parts of Canada. Office, in Rosenzweig's Block, corner of State and Public Square. C. B. WRIGHT, C. R. GUNNISON.

CLARK & METCALF, Erie Brass Foundry, Rosenzweig's Block, south side, Public Square, corner of State and 6th Streets, Erie, Pa. Interest allowed on Special Deposits. Night Drafts, Checks and Specie, constantly bought and sold. Collections made on the principal cities in the United States, and exchange on our own responsibility.

J. L. MASON, Bookseller, Monthly Magazines, Cheap Publications, Newspapers, Gold Pens, Pocket Cutlery, &c. Reed House, Erie.

CONKEY & SHANNON, Successors to Barney & McCreary, Dealers in German and American Hardware and Cutlery, Iron, Nails, Iron and Steel, No. 3 Reed House.

JAMES LYTLE, Has removed recently to the store lately occupied by James Sidebottom, as a grocery, on the Corner of N. Morphet Street and the Reed House.

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

H. SANFORD & CO., Dealers in Exchange, Bank Notes, Certificates of Deposit, &c. Collections promptly attended to. Exchange on the principal cities constantly for sale. Office in the Public Square, Erie.

JENNS CROOK & CO., Manufacturers of Sash, Doors and Blinds, Peach st., Erie. Shop occupied by Hugh Jones.

J. BERRON STUART, Attorney at Law, Office, at his residence, Fourth street, Erie. Also Apothecary Hall.

BOOTH & MANYARD, Commission Merchants, Produce, Pork, Fish, Salt, Oil, Nails, Glass, Nails, Brooms, Pails, Wooden Ware, &c. Terms Cash. Price-in. No. 4 State street, 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie.

STARR & PAYNE, Commission Merchants, Dealers in Coal, Fish, Lime and Plaster. Public Dock, east of State. JAS. C. PAYNE.

WILLIAM H. LUKE, Attorney, Office in Beaty's Block, north side of the Public Square, formerly occupied by Mead & Co. Erie, Pa. Collections promptly and carefully attended to.

GEORGE J. MORTON, Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Erie, dealer in Lime, Hair and Plaster.

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S. K. FULLERTON, Attorney at Law, No. 2, Hughes Block, State Street, Erie.

JACOB H. FRANK, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Boots and Shoes, No. 4 Key Block, Erie, Pa.

EMPIRE STORES, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in every description of Domestic Dry Goods, Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c. 11 State street, corner of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

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WILLIAM THORNTON, Attorney at Law, Office No. 3, Agreement Bonds and Mortgages, neatly executed and carefully drawn. Office on the second floor of S. Sherrett's Grocery Store, Erie, Pa.

A. F. DOWNING, Justice of the Peace. Will practice in Erie County, and give prompt and faithful attention to business entrusted to his hands, either as an Attorney or Justice. Office in Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth Sts., Erie, Pa.

S. R. RUSHMORE, Jobber in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Nos. 179 and 181 Pearl Street, corner of Cortlandt, New York. CHARLES A. SHEPHERD, CARTER A. RAYMOND.

THOMAS HAYES & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Reed's Block, No. 1 Brown's Block, Erie.

E. R. ABELL, Successor to Watson H. Sherman, Dealer in Hats, Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, between the Reed House and Exchange Hotel, Erie, Pa. Hats made to order in the best style of the art and warranted.

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

JOHN SWEENY, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Beatty's Building, up-stairs, Erie, Pa.

JOHN HEARN & CO., Commission Merchants, Dealers in Coal, Flour, Salt, Lime and Plaster, Foot of Lake Steamers, Public Dock, Erie, Pa.

CAUGHEY & CLARK, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines, Liquors, Cordials, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, Reed's Block, State street Erie, Pa. S. T. CLARK.

JOHN M. AYRES, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Boots and Shoes, No. 4 Key Block, Erie, Pa.

JAMES C. MARSHALL, Attorney at Law, Office opposite Commercial Hall building, Erie, Pa.

L. W. OLDS & CO., Wholesale and Retail dealers in Well and Cistern Pumps, of the cheapest and best now in use. Warranted to give satisfaction. Also, dealers in Spring water for family, farm or mechanical purposes. L. W. OLDS, M. B. LOW.

S. R. CHURCHILL, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Liquors, Rectified Whiskey, in the Old Stand, Erie, Pa.

J. G. BARR & CO., Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, &c., Wholesale and Retail, at No. 10 Reed House, State street, Erie, Pa.

PARK HALL, Is the Hall for Concerts, Lectures, and Public Meetings. Inquire at the Banking House of Messrs. Sherrett, Reed House, Erie, Pa.

GETTE & BROTHERS, Importers and Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, &c., No. 8 Reed House, Erie, Pa.

SIEBERT BROTHERS, Manufacturers of Silver Britannia and Plated Ware, Jewelers' Tools and Table Cutlery, Fancy Goods, No. 3 State street, Erie, Pa.

GRAY & PARKER, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in West India Goods, Powder, Shot, Lead, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, Oil, &c., &c., No. 1 Brown's Block, State street, Erie, Pa. F. F. PARKER.

JOSEPH EICHENLAUB JR., Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Boots and Shoes, and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Sole Leather, French and American Calf Skins, Findings, Bindings, Kips and Splits, Thread, Lastings, Wadding, Mallesons, Rivets, Hammers, Awls, Pegs, Knives, &c. New Block, State street.

LIBERTY, MERSHEY, & Co., Manufacturers of Cabinet Furniture, Builders, Mill Gearing, Agricultural Implements and Cars, &c., Erie, Pa.

HO! THE GREEN LEAVES OF SPRING.

BY WM. TOOTHE.

Ho! the green leaves of spring,
What pleasure to men they bring;
From their lusty roots the verdure shoots,
Till the robin is on the wing
And then from their foliage bowers,
At the sound of the April showers
The soft wood-notes from exultant throats
With tabolling brooklets sing

Ho! the green leaves of spring,
What joys upon earth they fling,
To the cottage door, the home of the poor,
What buds of bright hope they bring!
There's a charm in the laughing hours,
That fly from their shady bowers,
And the skies look blue, as their leaves come thro',
And the sun pours down on the Ling

Ho! the green leaves of spring,
Where the thrushes and linnets swing,
In the bright sunbeam, by the lumpid stream,
Till the hills and the valleys ring
How they wave in the freshening breeze,
And laugh at the blossoming lees,
From the branches high, near an April sky,
Where the skylark is on the wing

Ho! the green leaves of spring,
What blessing sto man they bring,
The birth of the year and the time of cheer,
When the stars in the orbits sing
The rivers they roll to the sea,
By the margin of woodlands free,
And the spaces deep amid haloes sweep,
And with sounding harmonies ring

UNCLE MARTIN'S STORY.

A LEAF FROM THE RECORDS OF A LIFE.

"I am waiting for the story," I said to Uncle Martin, as I sat, cosily wrapped in dressing gown and slippers, facing an uncle, who, for forty years, had led a single life, and who bid fair to continue a bachelor "unto the end."

"What story?" he asked, pausing a moment in his devotions to the contents of a pipe that had traveled from Stambout to America via California.

"The story you promised to tell me long, long ago. The reason why you are a bachelor, if I must be more explicit," I answered.

"Why and wherefore? Let me see; the question embraces an extent of twenty years—almost your lifetime, is it not?"

"Within a lustrum of it."

"Well, it seems to me that I recollect something about this promise to you, and I may as well fulfill it now, and be done with it. But do you know what you will hear?"

"No, I do not; except that it will be interesting, romantic, and—"

I paused.

"Something, new."

"And true," I added.

"Something more, still."

"Then tell me, for were I to guess from now till the rising sun wakens Cherry and Blossom, and recalls them from a canary's dreamland, I could not guess right."

"You will hear what no other person has heard; you will see what no other person has seen, except the one that gave it to me—long, long ago."

As my uncle spoke, he laid away his pipe, and, drawing up a slender gold chain that hung about his neck (one ray of my first recollection is that chain. When I was a child, and was dandled upon his knee, it was my delight to clasp it in my tiny fingers, and try—all vainly—to get it entirely in my possession,) revealed a locket attacked to the end. I looked up at him, and though there was no traces of a struggle going on within, I felt sure that memory was busy at his heart-strings, and that a picture of other days was before him.

"I have not opened this since this day last year. It is the anniversary of a day of sorrow to me, and—associated as it is with this picture and the story I am about to relate—this seems a most appropriate time."

He paused.

Hardly knowing how to answer him, I did the next best thing—remained silent, waiting for him to continue. Nay, as I saw him attempt to open the locket, and then pause, as if ashamed it might cause emotions which would unman him, I turned my eyes from him for a moment. When next my glance rested upon him, the locket was open.

"Look at it, Willie."

I took it and glanced at the face that met my view. It was a face which at first sight did not seem very beautiful, there was nothing glorious in the beauty of the pictured face. But the more you gazed, the more you became impressed—were you looking—with the sweetness that shone, like Hesper's light, from her dark-brown eyes. A light scarf was thrown carelessly, yet gracefully, over her shoulders, a lace collar rested upon her neck, and her lips seemed just on the eve of parting, as if to utter some sweet assurance of affection "to one beloved."

"What do you think of the picture?"

"The more I look, the more I like it. She seems as if about to speak to me."

"Shall I tell you what she spoke to me?"

"Yes please."

Uncle Martin took the locket, and touching another spring, showed a recess back of the portrait from which he took a strip of paper. It was yellow with age, and crumpled, as though tears had fallen upon it. I do not doubt but that tears had dropped upon it in days gone by.

"How does it read?" he asked, as he handed the slip of paper to me.

I looked at it and then at him. Then I said:

"Is there need?"

"Yes," was the low response.

"*Thine now; thine ever.*"

The words fell slowly from my lips. I knew how the sound of them would affect him, and was not surprised to see him bury his face in his hands, and give evidence of deep emotion.—"Surely," I thought, as I looked at the face and the motto, "surely it may have been more than a slight cause that brought about a dissension among hearts that love as my uncle must have loved; nearly a score of years have passed away, and yet the wound has not wholly healed."

"Yes," he at last said, "that is the way it reads, or did read, once. Now, I read it somewhat different."

"How, uncle?"

"*Thine? no! Thine? never!*"

I could not comment upon the construction.—I felt that it was a true rendering now, though once it might have been different.

"This is its meaning," added my uncle, as if divining my thoughts. The last time I looked at this strip of paper, the words seemed placed to read so; hence my desire that you should read them. It was an optical delusion, but the sense of the sentence is as I have rendered it. She is not mine: she never will be mine."

"Slip back the paper in its hiding place," he added, after a moment's pause. "Slip it back and close the locket. I must not look on that face again, until a twelve month has rolled around, until there comes a summons for me to join that caravan, of which the poet tells us. You remember the passage do you not. If so, repeat it."

In a low voice I complied with his request, and the noble thought of Bryant, in his "Thanatopsis," fell upon his ear:

"So live, that when the summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not—like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon—but, sustained and cutched
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

"When that summon comes," he continued, as the sound of my voice died away, "I hope to be sufficiently sensible to be able to hold the picture of Nellie Grey in my hand, and look one last look at her sweet face. I have always loved her, though she veiled a dagger in roses, and then sheathed it in my heart. The odor remains though the blood has been washed away by the years whose swift tide has rolled over it, carrying drop by drop to mingle in the ocean of the past. But if I am going to tell you the story, it is time to begin. Lower the curtain, and put out the light. It is a story fit only for the firelight to shine upon, and the ashes beneath the glowing coals are a fit type of a heart above, which only the coals of memory glow."

I complied with his wishes, and there in substance, he related what follows:

"Nellie Grey and I were near neighbors. The farms of our respective parents joined each other, or, rather, we were only separated by a row of willows. In those days, peace and amity reigned to such an extent, that there was no need of fences to mark the boundaries of property.—The laws of *Meum* and *Tuum* were as unknown as that principle in mechanics (so long sought for, and which will never be found) by which perpetual motion is to be established. Nellie was a year or so younger than myself, and though not absolutely a beauty, yet had sufficient loveliness to turn the heads and win the hearts of nearly all the farmer youths within a circuit of ten miles. But none of them were received with the favor with which she looked upon me; and gradually it grew to be a settled fact that her presence was immovably fixed, and, one by one, suitors dropped away, discouraged at the grasp that hung so temptingly beyond their reach, leaving me the sole master of the field. Somehow or other, I did not glory in this. I felt conscious that I loved Nellie Grey, with a love as deep as the ocean's depth, and as changeless as the immutable hills that have stood the wear and tear of centuries, on which the regal moon looking now, sees no alteration since its beams first fell upon them, on the night after the ark rested on Ararat. And Nellie was conscious of this, and returned the affection I had for her, with all the ardor and impulse of youth. I credit her with sincerity during the happy period of our lives. In the quiet afternoons we would walk under the willows, and watch the sun sink behind the western hills, and, as my arms twined round her yielding form, and my eyes met hers, as I made this sweet confession—"Nellie, I love you," I never failed to get from her the answer I expected. Her brown eyes would look up to mine, and her lips would say, "And I love you," and then—how could we help it? Our lips would meet, and we would seal the mutual confession with a kiss. Ah! those by gone hours beneath the willows! They mark a bright era in the history of my life, and—alas! that it should be so—serve also to reveal the greater, deeper darkness of the days that followed after. Willie, I have watched the sun rise and kiss the lips of stony Memnon on his ancient throne; I have floated southward down the tide of the Gaudalquiver, through the sunny valleys of smiling Spain; I have stood in the shadow of St. Peter, in the city upon the seven Hills; I have stood where the three hundred fell at Thermopyle; I have bathed my face with the water drawn from the wells at Elima, and cooled my brow beneath the shadow cast by its seventy palm trees; I have battled with desert sands, and with ocean's storm; I have watched the sun sink behind western prairies, and from the shore of of the Pacific, saw it dip its crimson disc in the cooling wave; I have been tempest-tossed, and a prisoner; I have lingered in the vales of Avoly, and suffered under the frozen Pole; but there never came a day, or an hour, when the memory of those sweet seasons of solitary communion was effaced from my mind.

"But I weary you, and will hasten on. All through the summer in which she reached her eighteenth birthday, our companionship was sweet—tender and uncontrolled. Our parents were well pleased with the drift of our affections and, I doubt not, often talked over the apparently approaching nuptials. And we? One day I asked her to fix the time when a husband might to guard and to cherish her would be given me. She said that on the day appointed by the Governor of the State as a day of general thanksgiving, there would be special cause for it in our homes. So it was agreed between us, and the months that intervened seemed to dwindle down to days as I looked hopefully forward.

"About two months previous to the time we supposed our nuptials would take place, it became necessary for me to visit a town in a distant state, on business connected with our family estate. I had a long interview with Nellie ere I started. An artist named Sylvanus Osborne had been staying in the vicinity, and her father had taken the opportunity to secure a portrait of his daughter. This picture—you are holding it now in your hand—Nellie gave me at that parting interview. With it was the slip of paper, with the motto you have read. I comforted her as I could, and assured her that absence would but strengthen my affection for her. She seemed distressed beyond measure at the thought of separating from me for the three weeks I would probably be absent, and wept, long and bitterly, as my lips met hers for the last time, until I returned."

Here my uncle paused. I handed him a glass of water; he just wet his lips with the liquid, and then continued:

"I went away, carrying with me the picture and the sweet assurance of Nellie's love. I left Sylvanus Osborne behind me, and when I returned home—after a stay prolonged two weeks beyond what I originally intended—I found that he had—"

I started to my feet at the thought of what was coming. Could it be possible?

"Nay," he continued, after pausing a moment looking at the astonishment depicted upon my countenance, "do not wonder; in my absence she had found a consoler. She had listened to other words of love, and, under the willows, had made a new confession. She had given *me* the picture the artist painted, and had given herself to the artist.

I will not tell you of the hours immediately succeeding the discovery of Nellie Grey's deceit. I will not undertake to describe the anguish in which I was plunged as I listened to the story of her betrothal, and the approaching bridal. I asked if it was sanctioned by Farmer Grey, and was answered in the affirmative. I questioned no further in the matter, though my brother—your father, Willie—gave me what information he had gained during my absence. It seemed that Mr. Osborne was very wealthy, and that his appearance as an artist was a freak of fancy.—He had strolled into our vicinity, and the sweet face and engaging manners of Nellie had captivated him. For this I could not blame him.—Had not others knelt at her feet? Had he known of any prior engagement, his conduct might have been different, for he seemed to be a man of honor and integrity. My absence had not even hurried his proposal. He knew only what common report said, and when he confessed his love to Nellie Grey, he found that rumor had—as usual—played him false, for she smiled sweetly upon him, and sent him away with a happy heart. I have often wondered if, at that hour, any thought of me crossed her mind. Perhaps her love's wealth dazzled her eyes, and so captivated her heart that she thought only of the future, and cared nothing for the past. Perhaps—but conjecture is useless. Let me return to actuality.

"They were married; but I did not stay to witness the ceremony.

"I left home and country, and became a wanderer upon the face of the earth. I carried with me wherever I went, the picture and the promise of false Nellie Grey. I schooled my heart to hate her, but it would not learn the lesson.—Neither could I forget her. Her image was before me, night and day, whatever situation I was in. In my dreams, her face came to me, and once more I walked under the willows, and made a sweet confession; once more I said, 'Nellie I love you,' but I ever awoke before she gave the answer. Was it not singular? Just as I bent my head to listen my dream would end, and the darkness and certainty of despair made my heart ache.

"So the years passed—five, ten, fifteen years. Then I returned home to find you a youth, verging on manhood, and—something more—a grave in the churchyard, on which was inscribed—*Nellie Linton?*

Once again I started to my feet, saying—"*Nellie Linton?*"

"Yes," replied my uncle. "Let me drop the name Osborne now, for the disguise is no longer needed. Do not blush when I tell you that I know *your* secret; but I believe that Alice is unlike her mother in *one* thing at least. She will keep the troth she has plighted to you; I know she will.

"And now I have told you my story. They say that Nellie lived happily with her husband. I have met him several times since I have been here, and what little I know of him confirms me in believing that she did.

"What else? Nothing, except that Nellie's daughter will be to my nephew what Nellie was not to me, faithful and true, as become a woman."

In May there is a bride. Need I tell you whose? As we pass through the portals of the church, after the minister has joined our hands, we will go by a grave, over which the myrtles blossom—at it we will pause a moment, and, if Uncle Martin drops a tear there, who is there that will chide him?

A TALE OF TERROR.—The following story is told by one of the Vienna journals: As a farmer of Orsinovi, near that city, was a few nights since returning home from market, he stopped at a road-side public house, and imprudently showed the inn keeper a large sum which he had received. In the night the inn-keeper, armed with a poignard, stole into the farmer's chamber, and prepared to stab him; but the farmer, who, from the man's manner, at supper, conceived suspicion of foul play, had thrown himself, fully dressed, on the bed, without going to sleep, and being a powerful man, he wrested the poignard from the other, and using it against him laid him dead at his feet. A few moments after, he heard stones thrown at the window and a voice which he recognized as the inn keeper's son, said: 'The grave is ready!' This proved to him that the father and son had planned his murder, and to avoid detection, had intended burying the dead body at once. He thereupon wrapped the dead in a sheet, and let it down from a window; he then ran to the 'gendarmerie,' and stated what had occurred. The gendarmerie accompanied him to the house, and found the young man busily engaged in shoveling earth into the grave.—'What are you burying?' said they. 'Only a horse which has just died!'. 'You are mistaken,' answered one of them, jumping into the grave and raising the corpse, 'Look!' and he held up a lantern to the face of deceased. 'Good God!' cried the young man, it is my father!' He was then arrested, and at once confessed all."

OF WHAT STUFF NOBILITY IS SOMETIMES MADE.—England is a pure aristocracy, says the Albany *Times*. It prides itself upon the legitimacy of the blood of its royalty and nobility. It contemns the idea that base blood has ever been permitted to enter the veins of its aristocracy.—But not all the laws of men can prevent the course of nature, nor can the utmost safeguards avoid the chance of a commingling of base natures with high born tastes and inclinations.—The record of the genealogy of its nobility may show a pretty clean record and a general freedom from the admixture of base ingredients, but now and then history and tradition point to a case in which the rule and law of high words has been broken in upon and violated.

The following curious and historical fact strongly illustrates his point. Aside from that consideration, the case is one full of romance:

The wife of the celebrated Lord Clagendon, the author of his History of the Rebellion, was a Welsh pot-girl, who being exceremely poor in her own country, journeyed to London to better her fortune, and became a servant to a brewer.—While she was in this humble capacity, the wife of her master died, and happening to fix his affections on her, she became his wife. Himself dying soon after, left her heir to his property, which is said to have amounted to between £20,000 and £30,000. Among those who frequented the tap at the brewery, was a Mr Hyde, then a poor barrister, who conceived the project of forming a matrimonial alliance with her. He succeeded, and soon led the brewer's widow to the alter. Mr Hyde being endowed with great talent, and now at the command of a large fortune, rose in his profession, became the head of the Chancery Bench, and was afterward the Hyde Earl of Clarendon. The eldest daughter, the offspring of this union, won the heart of James Duke of York, and was married to him. Charles II immediately sent for his brother, and having first plied him with some very sharp railery on the subject, finished by saying: "James, as you have brewn, so you must drink," and commanded that the marriage should be legally ratified and promulgated. Upon the death of Charles, James II mounted the throne, but a premature death frustrated this envisible duchess. Her daughters, however, were Mary, the wife of William II, and Queen Anne, both grand-children of the *ridicrant* pot girl from Wales, and wearing in succession the crown of England.

LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.—The author of a work called "Notes of an Army Surgeon," records the following incident as having occurred during the siege of Fort Erie, in the war of 1812.

"I remember one day, in making my hospital rounds, a patient just arrived, presented an amputated fore-arm, and, in doing so, could hardly restrain a broad laugh; the titter was constantly on his face.

"What is the matter? This does not strike me as a subject for laughter."

"It is not, doctor; but excuse me—I lost my arm in so funny a way that I still laugh, when I look at it."

"What way?"

"Our first sergeant wanted shaving and got me to attend to it, as I am corporal. We went together in front of the tent. I had lathered him, took him by the nose, and was just applying the razor, when a cannon ball came; and that was that the last I saw of his head, and my arm. Excuse me doctor, for laughing, but I never saw such a thing before."

☞ A gentlemanly individual, who had been deprived of a very valuable umbrella, posted up the following notice: "Who was the gentleman who exchanged umbrellas with me the other day, and forget to leave him?"

THE REIGN OF MAY.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

I feel a newer life in every pole,
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is building there;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May,
The trees of the woods
With the light dallying of the west wind play,
And the full brimming floods;
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

THE FELON'S BRIDE.

My opening scene lays in a town west of the Alleghany range—a town more famed for its beauty than its size.

The blast of autumn swept the leaves from the trees, and they stretched out their bare and quivering limbs to implore winter to cover them with its icy sheen. The poor were shivering in their hovels, the rich enjoying life as best they could, surrounded with such comforts as wealth always commands.

In a neat cosy mansion in the said town—or rather in a parlor thereof—sat two persons; one a young man whose almost beardless face and youthful appearance did not place him above one and-twenty years in the records of time, if so much. Had it not been for a rather reckless and dissipated look, he would have been considered handsome. He had a dark, flashing eye; his hair curled around a high, fair brow; his features were regular, his figure good, and his dress was in the fashion, and elegant.

His companion was a modest and lovely blonde, small and plump in figure, with auburn hair, and those tender blue eyes, which, while they speak not of fever heat, nor tameless passion, still contain a world of deep and constant love. Her age was evidently two or three years less than his; just that era when the girl is merging into womanhood; when, with new thoughts, new feelings, new passions, and no experience, she emerges from the bud into the flower, hanging upon the thorny bush of humanity, at the mercy of every breeze, and in danger from every daring hand.

'What do you say, Annie?' asked the young man. 'Will you not be mine without his consent?'

'Oh! Charles, how can I?' replied the young girl, as she clasped one of his hands within both her own. 'How can I? I love and fear my father; I love you; but is it not my duty to heed him?'

'And so marry old Prendegast, the banker, for whom he intends you!' said the young man, bitterly.

'No Charles; that I *will never* do!' she replied, in tears the while; 'it is cruel in you to say it.'

'And yet he intends it; he taunted me with it to-day, when I asked your hand of him, while he called me nothing but a beggarly post-office clerk.'

A change came over the young girl's face, as she heard this. The tears seemed of themselves to dry upon her burning cheeks. Her little form seemed to enlarge, and her plump bosom fell like waves on the lakelet suddenly aroused to motion. The color on her cheek grew deeper and the light in her eye more bright.

'He has spoken to me of that old wretch,' said she, 'and he is invited here to spend his Christmas evening.'

'Then, dearest, let him come: but do not let him find you here. Let us fly. Disguises for both are ready; the cars pass in two hours; I have plenty of ready money, and in a few hours we can be in another State, and you shall be my wedded wife. Then we will send your father word, and a copy of our certificate of marriage; and though he may storm and rave for an hour or two, he will soon see that it is useless, and call us back to his love and home again! Come, Annie, come!'

She hesitated—there was evidently a struggle going on in her young heart—love in one scale, and duty in the other. He saw her indecision.

'Prendegast is a hateful old miser!' said he.

The scale turned in a moment.

'Charles,' said she, and her tone was low and solemn, and her look touchingly earnest in its trusting innocence as she spoke, 'Charles, I will go with you; but I pray God to treat you as you do me; for my honor, my very life, is in your hands from the very moment I leave my father's protecting roof!'

'Amen, my dear Annie,' said he, as he kissed her tenderly. 'You need not fear wrong from me, for I love you, as I do my very life!'

And he seemed in look and tone most sincere, as he spoke those words.

'Be with me in an hour, at the corner of Blank and Cypher street, dearest,' he continued, 'and from thence we will go where we can disguise all that is necessary to escape recognition at the depot; and then within ten hours more, you will be so much mine by the laws of God and man, that no power on earth can drag you from me. I have arranged at the office, and got leave to be absent for a few days, so that I shall not lose my situation by being away from my post.'

'I will be there, Charles,' replied Annie, not in a wild romantic manner, but with the quiet firmness of one who seemed well to know what she is about to do, and who in deep, calm love, was willing to risk all for him whom she loved.

And now the reader may as well be told who those young people—so bent upon an elopement—were.

Annie was the only daughter of the wealthiest man in the place—the daughter of an honorable but ambitious man, who was stern in his manner, and haughty, while she was winning as a June morning. Yet Mr. Rivers was looked up to with great reverence on every hand. Annie—young though she was—had many suitors, some attracted by her beauty, but more for her position as an heiress. Among these—as we already know—was Mr. Prendegast, who ranked second only to Mr. Rivers in wealth in the place and who had run into grey-headed old bachelorship before he thought himself rich enough to enjoy the luxury of a wife.

Charles Albro was the only son of a most respectable widow, who, with but a small income, had supported him through his youth, and so educated him, that he was capable of filling almost any situation with credit, which he could reach at his age. His manner was easy and graceful, and his address winning. For two years prior to the date of this story, he had held a position in the post office of his native town, and had been promoted therein only a few days before.

* * * * * *

There was a large gathering at the house of Mr. Rivers, on Christmas evening, for he was not niggardly in his hospitality. And as they gathered in, many wondered why the lovely Annie was not there as usual, the first to welcome her father's visitors. But all that the anxious father could tell them, was that he expected her in every moment—all that he knew about her, that which a servant told him—'She had gone out early in the afternoon to make a call,' and had not returned.

The hours sped on, and his anxiety increased to fear! What had become of her? Had she been decoyed away and murdered, or doomed to a fate more horrible yet? The excitement of his guests was almost as great as his own; but when the clock struck nine, a man presented himself at the door of Mr. Rivers, and asking an interview with him, handed him a note which accounted for her absence. It was jointly from herself and Charles, giving no clue to their destination; however assuring him that as soon as the knot was tied, he should hear from them, and when assured of his forgiveness, they would return to him.

"Why was this note delayed; it is dated six hours ago!' shouted Mr. Rivers.

"I was paid to deliver it at nine o'clock, and not a minute before!' said the man, sententiously, as he turned and left the house.

'A thousand curses on the ungrateful girl!' cried Mr. Rivers, as he communicated the facts to his friends. 'Forgive her? I'll see her rot first! He—the beggarly upstart—asked me for her, and I refused him, and now he has stolen her!'

'Bad endorsement! My cake's all dough!' muttered Prendegast, as he put on his yellow kids, and bade his friends good night.

Other friends, particularly young men who had been on Annie's track, sympathised with him and left; and soon he was left alone in his wrath. Left alone to fume and fret, to curse and to writhe, for he was not one of that sort to take 'the ills the gods sent,' and be thankful that they were no worse.

* * *

At that same hour, the postmaster of the place was closeted with Mr Holbrook, the great United States secret post office detective—in his line the very Fouche of America, and a terror to all delinquents who dare to lay their unwashed hands on Uncle Sam's mails, or the contents thereof.

Recent heavy robberies had been traced to that office, and now they were, in the night, when all the clerks were away, engaged in comparing notes, and looking for evidence whereby they might find out the guilty one. And though he would be the last one of all whom Mr. Bascomb, the P. M., would have suspected, yet, in the private desk of Charles Albro—the lock of which they picked—was found such proof as left no doubt of his guilt. Envelopes of letters which had been described to the agent as containing money; drafts which, without endorsement, he dared not try to get cashed; for Charles had not got quite so bold in crime as to add forgery to his other faults.

This came crushingly upon Mr. Bascomb, for he had not only been Charles' warmest friend, but he knew his amiable mother well; had known his father in life, and he knew how fearfully this blow would come on her.

'Where is this young man?' asked Holbrook, who in the sternest discharge of his duty, knows no sympathy with the criminal; nor were he fit for his office if he did.

'I don't know,' replied the P. M. 'He applied yesterday for a few days' leave of absence; but he was in town to-day. I saw him this morning.'

'His arrest must be effected as quickly as possible, and then perhaps we can recover some of the money he has taken. The hope of escape often makes my most hardened cases disgorge; whereas, if I act too roughly, they keep all to fee lawyers and bribe jurymen with.'

'I shall leave all to you,' said Bascomb, sadly. 'I wish to be as little mixed in the affair as possible for his poor mother's sake!'

* * * * * *

It was three days later. In a quiet room in a small hotel in a retired town in Pennsylvania, Charles Aldro and his young wife sat waiting an answer to a joint letter which they had written to Mr. Rivers, announcing their whereabouts and their union, and asking his sanction to the same. Both looked happy—Annie supremely so; for she knew of no cloud o'erhanging; felt no cruel sting of conscience in her pure heart;

A heavy knock was heard at the door.

'Come in,' said Charles, and a shadow chill and dark seemed to fall upon his heart as he spoke, for he felt an evil hour was at hand.

A most gentlemanly looking man followed by another more rude in his appearance, entered.

'I believe I have the honor to address Mr Charles Albro?' said the gentleman.

'That is my name, sir,' said Charles, who did recognize his visitor.

'I have some private business with you, sir, can I see you in another room?' said the latter, his manner though polite, so firm that it implied a command rather than a request.

'I know not of any business which I cannot attend to in the presence of my wife,' said Charles, rather stiffly.

'My name is Holbrook, and I am an agent in the U. S. Postoffice Department,' said the officer, blandly. 'I presume I need say no more for you to understand my business!'

Charles stood for an instant as if he had been struck by a thunderbolt—the blood left his cheeks—his tall frame quivered like an aspen in the gale—then he groaned: 'Lost—lost for ever!'

Suddenly, as if struck by the hand of death, he fell senseless to the floor. He had been too suddenly awakened from his dream of security and of bliss.

'Oh! heaven, sir; what is the matter? You have killed my husband!' screamed the young bride, as she sprang to his side.

'No, madam, he is only in a swoon, from which he will soon recover. I am sorry, for your sake, that I must do this, but he is my prisoner, and I must secure him while best I can!' said the officer kindly, while he slipped a pair of steel handcuffs upon the wrist of the senseless man.

'A prisoner! For what crime? Oh, he is too good, too noble, to commit a crime! Of what do you accuse him?'

'Of robbing the United States mail!' said the officer assisting her to raise Charles to a chair.

'Oh, it is false—I know it is—tell them so, my husband—tell them so!' sobbed poor Annie, as Charles opened his eyes once more.

A groan that seemed to come up from amid the wretched fragments of a broken heart—a look of indescribable agony—was her only answer.—His tongue could not utter the word which would clear his fame before her.

What did she do? Did she, as other friends afterwards did, turn from him with sudden scorn and loathing—friends, too, who had shared the proceeds of his guilt? Did she do this? No; she placed her hand upon his, and said to the officer; 'Lead on sir; we are ready to go wherever you deem it your duty to conduct us!'

'But, lady, you are not under arrest.'

'I am his wife, sir; and where he goes I will go. Even though he be convicted of the crime of which you accuse him I will not desert him. I am his wife, his widowed mother's daughter!