# ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

[Sl]OAN & MOORE, PUBLISHERS. — $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. — B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

VOLUME 29. — ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 5, 1858. — NUMBER 4.



## THE ERIE OBSERVER.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
B. F. SLOAN AND M. M. MOORE,
STATE ST., OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE
B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

[If] paid in advance, or within 3 months, $1 50,if [not] will be charged [...] failing to pay within the year, the paper will [...] the account left with a proper officer for collection.

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[Dealers in] Boots and Shoes, Shoe Findings, &c., Park Row, [...] of Wright & Co's Exchange Office, Erie, Pa.

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[Attorney and] Counsellor at Law.—Office removed to corner [...] Rosenzweig's Block, corner State Street and the Public [Square], Erie, Pa.

BRIGDEN & HUTCHINSON,
[Attorneys] at Law. Office in Rosenzweig's Block, opposite [...] entrance on the Park, Erie, Pa.
[...] D. W. HUTCHINSON

W. E. MAGILL,
DENTIST, Office in Rosenzweig's Block, north side of the Park, Erie, Pa
Erie, Nov. 7 1857.—26.

C. B. WRIGHT, & CO.,
[Bankers] and Dealers in Gold and Silver Coin, uncur[rent] [Bank Notes, Land] Warrants and Certificates of Deposit. Also, [drafts on] the principal cities in the Union, and all parts of [...] Office, in Rosenzweig's Block, corner [...]
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[Dealers in] English, German and American Hardware and Cutlery [...] Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel, No. 3 Reed House,

JAMES LYTLE.
[...] the room recently occupied by James Sill, Esq. as [...] and over the Store of N. Murphy between the Reed [...] Brown's Hotel

JOSEPH S. CLARK.
[...] with J. Lytle

M. SANFORD & CO.,
[...] Bank Notes, Certificates of Deposit, &c. [...] on the principal cities constantly for sale. Office [...] Public Square, Erie

JAMES CROOK & CO.,
[Manu]facturers of Sash, Doors and Blinds, Peach st., [...] formerly occupied by Hugh Jones.

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[...] Office, at his residence, Fourth street, [...] old Apothecary Hall.

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[Dealers in] Groceries, Provisions, Produce, Pork, Fish, Salt, [...] Fruits, Nuts, Glass, Nails, Brooms, Pails, Wooden, [...] Stone Ware, &c Terms Cash Prices low No. 4 [...] Block, State Street, 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie.

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[General] Commission Merchants, Dealers in Coal, Fish, [...] Water Lime and Plaster. Public Dock, east of State [...]
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JOSEPH McCARTER.
[Wholesale] and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship [...] and Willow ware &c, &c., State Street, Erie,

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[...] Boots and Shoes No. 2, Hughes Block, State Street,

JACOB H. FRANK,
[Merchant] Tailor and Fancy, has returned from the West, [...] in Erie during the winter. Those wishing his [...] find him at his residence, corner 3d and French sts.

EMPIRE STORES.
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[Wholesale] Dealer and Manufacturer in first quality Ready [Made] and Gentlemen's furnishing Goods. No. 7, Brown's [...] street, Erie, Pa

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[Justice of the] Peace. Deeds, Agreement Bonds and Mortga[ges] [...] accurately and carefully drawn. Office on [...] over Jas S. Sterrett, Grocery Store Erie, Pa.

J. F. DOWNING.
[Attorney] and Justice of the Peace. Will practice in [the Courts] of Erie County, and give prompt and faithful [attention to all] business entrusted to his hands, either as an At[torney or Ma]gistrate. Office in Empire Block, corner of [...] Erie, Pa

W. B. RUSHMORE.
With Churchill, Johnson, & Co,
[Im]porters of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Nos. [...] Warren Streets, New York.
[...] CHARLES A. SHEPHERD, [...] CARTER A. SAUNDERS

TIBBALS HAYES & CO.
[Wholesale and] Retail Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, [...] Clothes, &c., No. 1 Brown's Block, Erie,

E. H. ABELL.
(Successor to William H. Sherman,)
[...] Artist, Public Square, between the Reed House and [...] Pictures taken in the best style of the art and [...]

GEORGE H. CUTLER.
[Attorney at Law,] Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and [other business] attended to with promptness and dispatch.

JOHN SWEENY.
[...] Peace, office in Beatty's Building, up stairs, Erie,

JOHN HEARN & CO.,
[Forwarding] and Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal, Flour, [...] Agents for [...] of Upper Lake Steamers, Public [Dock, Erie,] Pa

CHERRY & CLARK.
[Wholesale] Grocers, and Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines [...] Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents [...] No. 7 Bonnell Block, State street Erie,
[...] N. J. CLARK.

JOHN W. AYRES.
[Manufacturer,] Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, [...] Rocking, Office and Dining Chairs, No. 4 Key[stone Block,] Erie, Pa

JAMES C. MARSHALL.
[Attorney at Law,] Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, [...] street, Erie, Pa.

L. W. OLDS & CO.,
[...] and Wholesale and Retail dealers in Well and Cis[tern Pumps of] superior quality, the cheapest and best now in [use. ...] Fifth street near Peach, Erie, Pa [...] for carrying water for family, farm or mechani[cal purposes], [...] cheap.
[...] AKELEY, R. L. LOW.

S. K. CHURCHILL.
[...] and Dealer in Double Rectified Whiskey, in the [...] French st

J. G. BARR & CO.,
[Dealers in Boots] and Shoes at Wholesale and Retail, at No 10 [...] State street, Erie, Pa.

PARK HALL.
[...] Hall for Concerts, Lectures, and Public [...] East of the Park Enquire at the Banking [House of M.] Sanford & Co, No. 8, Reed House, Erie, Pa.

CARTER & BROTHER.
[Wholesale and] Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, [Dye Stuffs, Glass,] &c., No. 6 Reed House, Erie, Pa.

JARECKI BROTHERS.
[Dealers in] Watches, Clocks, Silver, Brittannia and Plated [Ware,] Glasses, Pocket and table Cutlery Fancy Goods [...] Block, State street Erie Pa. 24

GRAY & FARRAR,
[Wholesale Grocers,] and dealers in West India Goods Powder, [...] Fuse, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, oil, &c., &c., No. [...] State street, Erie, Pa
[...] F. F. FARRAR.

JOSEPH KICHENLAUB Jr.,
[Manufacturer of Boots] and Shoes, and Wholesale and Retail [Dealer in Sole] and Hemlock Sole Leather, French and American [Calf Skins,] Morocco, Linings, Bindings, Kips and Splits, Thread [...] Lasts, Lastings, Galloons, Bindings, Ribands, Hammers, [...] Tacks, Pegs, Nails, &c New Block, State

LIDDELL, HERSHEY, & Co.,
[Manufacturers] of Steam Engines, Boilers, Mill Gearing, Agricul[tural Implements,] Railroad Cars, &c., Erie, Pa.


## THE NIGHT SINGER.

BY AUGUSTUS WATTERS.

When sunset gilds the western hills,
And shadows haunt the dreamy vale,
While tired swains their teams release
And at the frugal board regale,
Then, perched on high, in leafy tent,
This bird proclaims the death of day;
Securely hid, he strikes the knell,
And until midnight tolls away!
Whippoo' will! Whippoo' will!
In the moonlight—in the shade;
Thro' the forest—thro' the glade,
Over park and over plain
Undulates that plaintive strain,
Whip-poo-we' whippoo' will!

Or when, perchance, nocturnal showers
The parched and red'ning corn relieves,
And stream in mimic catracts
From all the moss-grown cottage eaves,
E'en then the lonely songster pours
His liquid notes upon the gale;
Mid deepest gloom he still prolongs
The burden of his mournful tale
Whippoo' will! whippoo' will!
In the darkness—in the storm,
Faint his voice, and chilled his form.
Thro' the woods and o'er the plain,
Whip-poo-we' whippoo will!

Unseen, amid the sombre leaves,
He never trills with hope of praise
The stars gleam coldly on his path,
And song is all that cheers his days
Sadly sigh the midnight zephyrs,
The roses weep with pearly dew;
No kindred warblers wake to greet him,
No gorgeous landscapes meet his view.
Whippoo' will! whippoo' will!
In the stillness—in the shade,
Thro' the forest—thro' the glade;
Over park and over plain,
Undulates the sad refrain,
Whip-poo'-wee' whippoo' will!

Yet, bird of night, thy plaintive voice
On sorrow's cheek oft dries the tear,
While in the breast to virtue steeled
Remorse is roused with frantic fear,
Thou comest like an honest friend.
When shadows loom upon our path,
To cheer the soul whose yielding faith
Misdoubts escape from future wrath.
Whipoo' will! whippoo' will!
In the starlight—in the shade,
Shadowy glen, or moonlit glade,
On the oak, or by the rill,
Heaven shield thee! Whippoo' will!

From Harper's Weekly.

## DORA.

CHAPTER I.

My diploma—precious document!—was in my hand; the voice of our president, so paternal that it amounted almost to a blessing, still lingered in my ear—above all, sweeter and deeper than all, was the glance of sympathy which met mine, so full of gentle triumph, so serenely tender, from the most beautiful blue eyes that man ever looked upon In all that assembly I saw only those eyes, felt only the soft smile that beamed upon me from those blooming lips. How beautiful she was! so fair, so fresh—like an apple blossom with the May dew upon it! Never had she looked at me so earnestly before; and now, when I gave back her glance with a timidity which true feeling alone can inspire, it brought the color in a rich flood to her cheek and temples How I reproached myself for the audacious look which had clouded that fair face with crimson! How could I dare recognize the glances of her sympathy so boldly! A sight of the long lashes that drooped over her cheeks, lovely as they made her, stung me as a reproach, and I turned my eyes away, first upon my diploma, then upon my companions, wondering if they had remarked me Next me, with his diploma held carelessly, as if already forgotten, stood young White, the most brilliant and daring graduate of our class; for the world I would not have had his hard look upon my face, searching for the blissful secret which flushed it so warmly; but the direction which his bold eyes took filled me with sensations more embarrassing than his curiosity could have occasioned He was looking earnestly at Dora; a haughty smile was on his lip, and in his eyes. I could have struck him down for the very expression of those eyes—they seemed to brighten over her downcast looks, and feed upon the blushes for which my soul humbly reproached itself, with insolent selfcomplacency. Dora lifted her eyes, and encountering the gaze that I had unconsciously fastened upon her's shadow, it seemed, of displeasure sent the blushes from her cheek, and she turned away with an air of constraint that made my heart sink. For the world I could not have approached her had the crowd permitted it; and yet I saw young White detach himself from the group of graduates, and with his diploma held loosely, as the Roman orators carried their scrolls, for ornament rather than reference, saunter through the crowd to where Dora stood. The blushes came back to her face, ebbing to and fro like a tide, as he addressed her. She seemed restless and embarrassed. No wonder, poor girl! she knew that I was watching him; guessed, perhaps, at the condemnation and contempt with which I regarded his character—for of all our class he was the only man whose approach to the woman I loved would have given me pain. An egotist and an infidel, what had he to do with a creature like Dora?

The ceremonies had broken up, the crowd closed in between us, and they seemed swept away from my sight—this man and Dora Sandford. I would have given worlds to know if they went together—if the audacity of that man had reached so bold a point; but when I went swiftly forth into the street they were gone, and though I walked up and down for a full half hour before Dora's dwelling, they neither passed in nor out. So I went home to my solitary chamber, in a students' boarding house, and sat down to think The wide, wide world was before me. What should I do? where should I go? The past had given me knowledge and strength, the present was a single spot of ground upon which I might pause to breathe before entering the great battle of life. The future—I had no future but Dora, my bright, beautiful Dora, whose blushes had that night convinced me that my wild love was not entirely without its reward.

My profession, with a small sum of money, was all I had to depend on—that roll of vellum on the table was my title deed to vague greatness, which should in the end be laid at Dora's feet. I had no professional aspirations that did not centre around this fair vision. The first grand passion of my youth left no identity to any other; ambition, every thing, was merged in my hopes of attaining Dora. While a student I had studied hard, with an ardent love of my profession; my youth had been filled with a burning thirst for knowledge; I longed to add something to a science at once so grand and so benevolent as that of medicine. Nay, in my studies I had early felt a peculiar interest in certain classes of disease While the general science of medicine occupied my attention equally with that of my fellow-students, there was an absorbing desire to make myself the master of some disease which science had as yet failed to control.

This benevolent ambition—for I must call it so—grew and strengthened as I gathered knowledge. I believed then, and believe now, that few, if any, absolutely incurable diseases exist, and that science has a power as yet but partially developed over the human system. My ambition was not merely that of securing frame or wealth to myself I thirsted to become a benefactor to mankind, and to this end my studies had been incessant.

But even this great ambition bent before my growing love for Dora—this unspoken but ever consuming love, which, up to the night that gave me an authorized medical position, had been the dearest secret of my existence Now it was a secret no longer. Dora's blushes had revealed her consciousness of my adoration, and her sympathy in my aspirations! But White, what had he in common with that gentle girl—or did he in reality address her? He might have recognized some person in the group of ladies that surrounded her. Still, it troubled me somewhat that Dora and he had disappeared at the same moment.

I sat up late that night, thinking over these things, with vague feelings of impatience that the good fortune which is the natural growth of exertion must be so long coming I panted to be up and doing for my own sake, and for the good of humanity. The theories that had floated through my brain and fastened upon my convictions required the confirmation of practice; but where was to be my field of action, with a thousand cases of suffering humanity within half an hour's walk? How was I to reach the inner sanctuary even of a poor man's home, in order to test my knowledge, without years of patient waiting?

These were serious questions, that drove my hopes of Dora into a remote vision and dampened the triumphs achieved by the culmination of my medical studies. As the night wore on I grew feverish and restless; like a young race horse panting for a field of action, I could neither repose nor act. Thought made me more and more wakeful, till eleven o'clock found me walking my room, as if mere physical exertion, that led to nothing, could aid me to plunge at once into a full course of action.

My room was a small chamber in the rear of a boarding house, and overlooked the back yards of other buildings on the same square. In one of these buildings, a wing of which projected in to the garden, Dora lived. It was at a window in this wing of the house that I had first seen her, twelve months before, stooping over a table as if copying manuscript or coloring maps The delicate profile of her features—the golden amber of her hair—the cloud like muslin of her dress, all came back to my memory as I walked the room that night, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, I looked out half expecting to see her.

There was a light in her room that shone palely through the soft folds of a muslin curtain, leaving a glow upon them like that which summer moonbeams shed on the edges of a cloud — The window was open, and the curtains waved dreamily to and fro, but I could see no one stirring within She slept, no doubt, sweet girl.—I fancied her lying upon her snowy little couch, with her hands folded over her pure bosom, like a dove with its pinions furled The very atmosphere around me seemed balmy with her slumbering breath This young girl was to me like a flower that freshened the very air with her life —a magnolia, a white lily, a cape jessamine, whose very purity had a delicate richness in it.

It was something to look upon the curtains that shut her slumbers out from the sight, and I lingered near the window, praying for her happiness in the very depths of my soul

The night was very still, you could have heard a wren flutter upon its nest, had one even thought of building in the heart of a city As it was, the dreamy quiet remained unbroken, and a tender starlight lay upon the grape arbors and young fruit trees that ornamented the yards — All at once I heard a rustling of leaves and the sound of voices in the neighboring yard—very low and cautious were these noises, but I knew that they were human, and that secrecy was intended. The voices, low as they were, seemed familiar to me, and with suspended breath I listened

"Not yet, it is scarcely midnight—and it will be so long, so very long, before we meet again!"

The voice chilled me from head to foot—it was Dora's! I sunk upon my knees by the window, for all strength left me; my forehead fell upon my locked hands, my breath was suspended Dora there, after midnight, pleading in those pitiful tones! and with whom?—who but myself had a right to her presence?

"It will not do. I must be gone now, my girl, or the fellows will miss me and ask awkward questions as they have before," was the rather impatient reply.

Now the blood rushed in a torrent through my heart. I sprang to my feet, clenching my hands hard, and a groan broke through my clenched teeth.

The man who spoke was Wilson White

Then Dora pleaded—my angel Dora pleaded with this man White; pleaded piteously, only for a few more minutes of his time

"No, no—not yet; only a few minutes more. I feel week; I am ill. I shall die if you leave me so suddenly."

"Nonsense, girl; I shall write to you!"

"Not often—not often!" she said, with anxiety. "There will not be time for many letters before you come. Will there?"

"Why, how impatient you are! Of course I shall come the moment I am settled."

"Oh, that may be a long time—weeks, perhaps months. Indeed, Wilson, it would kill me to wait months. Days will seem like years to me!"

"Oh, you will soon get over this The sex always recover from these extremes."

"But I love you; how can I live, then, without your presence?"

"How have others managed it?" answered the man, absently, as if not quite conscious of the force of his words.

"Others—others! what is this—what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing—it was one of my infernal random shots. Don't turn so pale It means nothing; upon my honor, it means nothing!"

As he spoke White opened a gate which connected the back inclosures, for the inhabitants of the two houses were old neighbors, and had arranged this means of communication between their dwellings He leaned upon the open gate while finishing his sentence, then hurriedly held out his hand as if anxious to leave the poor girl without more words.

But Dora waved aside his hand, passing through the gate, and walked by his side till they paused directly beneath the window where I stood. The face was pale in the dim light, and her eyes sparkled like stars. Some deep feeling was aroused in her gentle nature. She was startled and earnest.

"Wilson, why not have this marriage ceremony before you go? How can I live through your absence and not your wife? Think what I may be called upon to endure."

Her voice quivered as she spoke, and she seemed trembling all over with excitement.

The man uttered a low, uneasy laugh, and seemed to offer her some careless caress, for she drew back a little, proudly, saying

"It is but a minute. Any hour will do. At daybreak, before you start."

"Nonsense; I could not get a clergyman.— What a little goose the child is!"

"It needs no clergyman. Any one can marry us. Indeed we can do it ourselves in this State. To night, then, if there will be no time in the morning. I will stay here; call some of your classmates out; it will be informal, but enough. Will you consent to this, Wilson?"

"And whom shall I call out for this delectable ceremony?" said the young man, almost with a sneer. "Perhaps you would like young ———" Here the wretch uttered my name.— "The fellow is in love with you, and I shouldn't mind calling him. I saw him gazing and you blushing, this evening"

"It was only because I thought you had made him a confident, he looked at me so earnestly," replied Dora. "Him my confidant, and about our affairs! That is really too unsophisticated. No, no; the fellow is in love himself, and you rather encourage him, I think!"

"Oh, Wilson!"

"Nonsense; don't clasp your hands and look so pathetic. I'm not offended! Far from it.— He's what we call a hard-working student, and such fellows always get on. If you have a caprice for the fellow, why that's all about it—I'm not offended."

"Wilson White, this is cruel—it is unmanly!" exclaimed Dora, in a voice sharp with agonizing shame

"Then why talk to me about bringing a raft of those students out to see us married by starlight, as if you and I were not witnesses enough for any thing that regards ourselves?"

"But that ceremony such as lies between the creature and his God, even that is wanting between us two. In the name of my mother who is dead I demand that before we part some ceremony which shall make me your wife before God shall be completed"

The poor girl spoke earnestly and with dignity. White at first seemed impressed, then annoyed; at last he said, recklessly,

"Very well! give me your hand—both hands, if it will make the thing stronger Now, I call your God to witness that from this hour I, Wilson White, take you, Dora Sandford, to be my wedded wife! Will this satisfy you?"

Dora drew her hands from his, and, covering her face with them, burst into tears "Oh yes, I am your wife— I will be your true wife to the end of my days!"

"Hush, hush, we shall be heard!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Now do be a good girl and go home, Dora!"

"Wife—oh, call me your wife before we part!" she exclaimed, creeping timidly into his arms and looking upon him with her tearful eyes and pale pleading face.

"Wife—yes, yes, you are my wife—I call God to witness it! Is that enough?" he said, kissing her impatiently, and half forcing her from his arms "Good-night! good-by! take care of yourself"

She moved away a few paces, very dejectedly, and returned again.

"Call me your wife once again."

"A thousand times, if you wish it; but do go in—the night is damp, and I am chilled to the soul!"

"And I too!" said poor Dora, and she glided away like a ghost, disappearing into the darkness of her home.

I witnessed all this—it had passed before me like a maniac's dream, burning itself upon my memory I grew cold at heart. The first sweet romance of life was torn up, root and branch, but I grew strong under the very fire that hardened me My love for Dora had not changed—could not change—but it was no longer a passion I did not stop to think if she had fallen—if she was less holy than in my worship I had imagined her She was wronged and helpless—this thought was enough.

I arose and paced the room, revolving over what had passed before me, thinking of Dora and her helplessness She was an orphan, dependent upon her own pretty accomplishments for support. White, I felt sure, was about to abandon her forever. The vow that he had taken, solemn and morally binding as it was, I knew well he would mock at should she ever attempt to hold it as binding. What did he care for a vow before God who openly expressed a disbelief of the Divine existence? Alas, poor Dora! how could I help her? A thought struck me Before a witness that vow was a legal marriage. Was not I the witness? had I not heard this solemn marriage vow uttered in the pure starlight, before the most holy God? The law required no more. If Dora was lost to me forever she was a wife, and I held the secret of her union All night I walked my room in the darkness—twice I looked out toward Dora's chamber. Both times she was seated by the window, with the muslin curtains brooding, like a half luminous cloud, over her; pale and tearless, looking wistfully in the direction of a room over mine.

In that room the young graduates were making a night of it before their separation

Loudest among these revelers I heard the voice of White My blood boiled with indignation as I listened He was singing snatches of a bacchanalian song, which rang out upon the night with a clash of glasses and a broken chorus that must have penetrated that poor watcher to the heart

As the gray of morning came on Dora disappeared like a mist from the window. Thus ended my first love dream with the first night of my professional life

CHAPTER II.

The second year after this found me in a small country town in the northwest portion of New York An advertisement in one of the city papers had sent me there. A physician who had built up a practice in the town wished to sell out; and, from his account, the position promised to be a good one Twelve hours after reading this advertisement I was on my way to the interior, eager to seize on any thing that promised a fair start in my profession. My first movement, after reaching the hotel, was to seek out the doctor's office and commence negotiations. It was a small white building with green blinds, surrounded by a picket fence, and with a tin sign on one side of the door. I glanced at the sign. "Doctor White, Physician and Surgeon" Doctor White! the name startled me a little. I remembered the man who had so recklessly abandoned poor Dora, and for a moment shrunk from entering the office But the name was a common one enough—there was scarcely a probability that this would be the man; and, if it were, what had I to fear? I had never wronged him, or any one, in my life. Why, then, hesitate to meet him?

It was an easy question; but when a young, honest heart has been wounded, the owner may well shrink from looking at the instrument of his torture. I felt mine shrinking together, and my whole frame quiver at the mere possibility of meeting my fellow student again

I opened the door and went in. A young man sat in front of an open window with his feet resting on the sill and lying back in his cushioned office chair smoking a cigar He heard the door open, wheeled round, chair and all, looking at me through a cloud of smoke which he slowly emitted from between his lips before attempting to speak. It was White himself.

"Halloa, my fine fellow!" he said, reaching out his hand. "What pleasant wind brings you this way?"

His insolent composure swept away all my nervousness. I told him my business in a few words, standing all the time while he sat still.

"Oh, that's it—I thought so! your tastes were always rural—now mine are not. Paved streets and two pair of horses for me! But sit down. Here is a chair, and you will find a cigar in that case Let us talk the matter over comfortably."

I sat down but rejected the cigar.

"Ah, temperate as ever!" he observed, knocking the ashes from his cigar with a fillip of his finger. "The same old fellow. Well, the ride is a pretty good one for this part of the country, and the prospects encouraging—that is, for a person properly recommended and circumstanced; but the old ladies have a prejudice in favor of married men. All right there, no doubt —noosed by this time, I suppose?"

"No," I answered, briefly.

"No? that surprises me. I thought you had a fancy for that—that sunny haired girl who used to color maps in the window opposite our boarding house. Not married to her yet?"

I did not answer. The blood rushed to my face, and I grasped my cane hard, so tempted to knock him down that my whole frame shook with the suppressed desire.

He cast a sidelong glance on my face, and I saw the slow blood mount to his temples. He turned the subject instantly, and began to converse upon the business in hand. I saw at once that he was disposed to join me to a hard bargain, resisted him resolutely, and at length we came to terms. Before I left his office furniture, and ride were mine.

I went back to my hotel; a train had arrived during my absence, and coming slowly up from the depot I saw a young woman carrying a small leathern satchel in her hand. She wore a linen traveling dress, and a brown veil fell from the little straw bonnet concealing her face. As she passed me I caught a glimpse of her features: it was Dora—not the beautiful girl I had loved, but a frail, fair creature whose veins seemed filled with snow, and whose large, mournful eyes grew wild at the sound of laughter from a little boy who rushed by following his hoop, as if she had learned to think mirth out of place in the world.

A bench ran along the windows of the common receiving room which opened upon the long veranda where I stood. The sight of Dora took away my strength, and I sat down near an open window, unconscious that she had seated herself just within.

A light buggy wagon came up to the door in which was a young lady, with a lad who drove the horse. The lady sprang out and ran into the house, throwing back her veil as she went. She was very like Dora, except that her hair was of a deeper brown and her eyes hazel instead of blue.

I heard a rush, an exclamation, and then the sound of two or three eager kisses, which seemed, however, all on one side.

"Dora, my dear, dear sister Dora!"

There was no answer, only a succession of low sobs

"What, crying; dear, dear child, crying!— But it is for joy. Oh, tell me it is only for joy! I would not have any human being shed a tear of grief to-day for the whole world."

There were a few murmured words that I did not hear, but their import was betrayed by the answer

"Yes, Dora, it is my wedding day. Why did I not tell you in my letter? Because we all wished to give you a little surprise, and him too I do not think he knows that I have a sister—a half-sister, you say. Well, what of that? we had the same mother; and let grandfather think as he will, you are near and dear to me as if our fathers and our names had been one There is no difference."

"Except that your father was the son of a rich man; mine, poor all his life: that you are an heiress, and I—"

"But it is not my fault I am not of age — The property belongs to my grandfather, not to me, or I would have given you half with my whole heart. But never mind, to morrow I shall be a married woman, with a handsome portion and a husband. Oh, sister, when you see him all the money in the world will seem nothing to the happiness of bearing his name"

"Then you love him very much," said the low voice of Dora, "and he loves you?"

"Love him! Oh, Dora, I am ashamed to say, even to think how much; and his affections make me so proud, so rich! The very thought of giving him pain would kill me, I am sure — But you shall see him; he will invite you to live with us, for we are going to the city You shall never sew a stitch or color a map again in your life. Then kiss me, darling sister, and let us go."

"But you have not told me who it is that you are to marry, Charlotte!" said Dora; and I was sure from her voice that she was trying to smile and could not.

"Indeed! haven't I? It seems as if everybody must know, but how could you? Well, he is a physician."

"A physician?"

"Yes, and his name is White, Wilson White!"

There was no answer, but that instant I saw a hand clutch hold of the window frame close by me with a sudden spasm, as if it would sink into the wood, and then fall away again cold and stiff

I sprang to my feet That name went thro' me like a poniard; it seemed to have killed her.

Without giving myself time to think I went into the room, and, lifting Dora from the floor where she had fallen, I laid her upon a sofa, while her half sister looked on silent from terror. At last she was about to run for help.

"Be quiet," I said, gently. "I am a physician; you require no one else; she will come to herself presently."

"Oh, Sir," cried the ardent girl, "what is it— what can have done this? She looked ill from the first; but the fit came upon her suddenly, like a shock of lightning."

"She is evidently delicate; the fatigue was enough See, her lips are less blue. That is right; rub her poor hands. There, there!"

She opened her eyes while I was speaking, saw who held her hand, and drew it away shuddering, till we could see her frame tremble from head to foot.

"Sister," said the bride, while the tears ran down her cheek, "sister!"

The shuddering increased. Dora drew herself together, and shook till the teeth chattered in her head.

"Dear, dear, what can I do?" cried the young girl, appealing to me

"Let her rest," said I; "call for a room. I will prepare something that will do her good.— Return home for a few hours and send again— She will be better then."

Dora opened her eyes and gave me a look of thankfulness that went to my heart.

"No," said the sister, "I can not leave her; I will not."

"You must," I answered, firmly "Physicians have a right to be tyrannical. My patient requires rest; I will see that she obtains it."

"But this is cruel, Sir."

"It is kindness to her," I answered. "You can do no good, but much harm here. Return later in the day—or, better, I will bring her myself to your house the moment she is well enough."

I led the young lady toward the door as I spoke. She resisted a little, and when Dora lifted her hand ran back with eager affection and bent over her. Dora made an effort to speak, but her lips only trembled; at last she said, in a hoarse whisper, "When is it?"

"In the evening, dear, at nine."

"I shall be better—quite well before that hour," she said, and lifting her arms drew the young girl down and pressed her lips, around which the blue coldness still lay, to that rosy mouth, two or three times.

Then the young lady went away, and I carried Dora up stairs, to a room that had been prepared for her.

She looked at me very earnestly as I laid her upon the bed, like a poor little fawn, shot through the heart, which feels itself bleeding to death

"Be quiet," I said, gently, "and all will be well."

She looked at me with a strange, wild gaze, questioning me with her eyes, but not once with her lips.

"Yes" I repeated, "all shall be well. Listen, my poor girl. I know every thing."

She uttered a low cry. Her pale hands flew up and covered her face.

"Do not be afraid; do not tremble so, my poor child," I said, speaking as if I had been her father. "He did not tell me; I heard it by accident."

Her hands loosened their clasp over her face and fell apart. Her lips trembled, evidently with thankfulness that the man she had loved so fatally was not altogether base as my words had suggested.

"No, he did not tell me," I said; "but on the night when you parted in the garden I heard all that passed!"

She started up. "Then—then—you heard him say before Almighty God that I was his wife? You heard that? Oh! say you heard that!"

"Yes, yes, I heard it; and a very important admission it was, for by the laws of our State those words made you his wife."

She fell back as if I had shot her through the heart.

"His wife—his wife! God help me! God help us all!" she exclaimed wildly, struggling to get up. "God help my poor sister most of all! It is her turn now—her turn. Oh! what can I do? What will become of us?"

She sat on the bed, rocking to and fro like a demented thing.

"Yes," I said, "it is a legal marriage; no vows could be more solemnly taken. I was a witness; rest content; he can not marry another."

"But he will!" she said, grasping my arm with both hands, and piercing me with her wild looks. "At nine, she said; at nine."

I was frightened by the glitter of her eyes.— "Lie down," I said, gently forcing her back to the pillow. "Promise me to try and rest while I go in search of this man. Have no fear; the marriage shall not take place"

"No, no; if I am his true wife it is impossible. I must be dead before he can marry her; that is the law isn't it?"

"Yes, that is the law Now try and rest; she can not be his wife."

She turned away her head, and I left the room, ordering a chambermaid to go up and sit by her as I went down stairs, for there was something in her eyes that made me anxious

Doctor White was not in his office. A lad who loitered near the door told me that he had gone over to old Mr. Lincoln's, two miles away up the valley, and might not be at his office again for days, as he was going to marry the rich old gentleman's grand daughter, Miss Charlotte Lincoln, that very evening.

Two miles away, and the sun almost at its setting! I asked the boy to point out the direction of old Mr. Lincoln's house.

I could keep the road, he told me, or take a short cut across lots and along the river, which was pleasanter by far.

It was the shortest route, and therefore I selected it. Leaping over the nearest fence into a meadow, I soon found myself on the banks of the river, a small stream that broke up through the greenness of the valley like a vein of quicksilver. I could see that it was very deep in places, forming dark eddies, and scooping out little coves in the shore. One of these coves was scattered thickly with water-lilies, now blossoming in great stars of snow, which were just beginning to shut themselves up for the night as I passed; for the sun was near its setting, and though gleams of gold still broke upon the water those shadows which always hush the American lakes to sleep were slowly gathering there.

In all my excitement I remember feeling saddened by the stillness of the scene. Those closing blossoms seemed like pure-human hearts from which all hope was withdrawn. Still nothing could be more tranquil than the spot; a flock of sheep had encamped on the bank; some were drinking of the waters before lying down, others had already selected places of rest in the ferns. Nothing in life could be more innocent, no repose could be more perfect. Yet my heart sunk, and I held my breath while passing this little cove.

A stone bridge, composed of a single arch, gave my first view of the spacious old farm-house in which the wedding of that night was to take place I knocked at the door and inquired for Doctor White. He had not yet arrived, but they expected him every moment

Which way would he come?

By the river, no doubt; he always walked, and was sure to come that way as the road was dusty and his horse at the farm.

I looked at my watch—it was near eight I turned from the house with a sense of relief It was far better to meet this man in the open air, away from the household to which I brought so much cause of sorrow. We should encounter each other probably on the river's brink, where I would tell him all that I knew, and forbid the unholy marriage he was about to make.

As I closed the door yard gate the curtain was hastily withdrawn from an upper window, and I saw the beautiful face of Dora's half sister looking eagerly out. She was crowned with white roses, and her bridal garments gleamed before me like waves of snow. The very sight chilled me to the heart. It was a terrible duty I was performing

The twilight had deepened before I crossed the stone bridge and reached the little cove where the water lilies were sleeping. This spot was about half way between the old mansion house and the town. I had seen no human creature yet, and began to fear that Doctor White had taken the road. But as I came near the cove a sound as if of something falling into the river made me halt to listen For a moment I could hear the water dash up and down against their banks; then came a rush of tiny hoofs, and a whole flock of sheep scoured over a piece of rising ground at my left, evidently frightened away from the bank by the noise I had heard.

I never could tell why, but that instant I forgot the man I was searching for and thought only of Dora. I ran forward to the cove, that moment concealed from me by a swell of ground and a clump of trees. It was almost dark; the shadows on the water were rendered blacker by the broad lotus leaves that had been lately disturbed, for I could see them ripple and surge up from the black deep as if some heavy weight had dragged them to the bottom from which they had just struggled free.

All at once a dark mass rose up from the depths of the stream, weltered a moment among the leaves, and sank again. I saw nothing but this heap of blackness—heard nothing but the sough of the waters as they closed over it; but I was as certain then as I am now that it was the body of Dora Sandford.

I plunged into the river—I struggled with the tangled roots of the water lilies—rose, caught my breath, and plunged again. Up from the tangled roots I dragged her. The ferns gave way in my grasp, the saplings broke beneath our weight, but still I girded her her form with my arm and lifted that marble weight up the bank.

The twilight still lingered faintly on the [illegible] I saw her pale face, [illegible] on hair black [illegible] in my arms, and strove to breathe some of my own life through her lips. I [illegible] and wrapped it about her [illegible] ledge or strength could [illegible] wild hope of bringing her to life.

It was all in vain. Then I lifted her [illegible] arms, oh! so tenderly I clasped her [illegible] close to my heart that grew cold [illegible] bosom. I turned my face up [illegible] her on—on along the bank, [illegible] across the stone bridge to the old farm-house.

It was one blaze of lights. [illegible] amidst the hum of voices, and the rustle of wedding garments—the smiles and flowers of a happy bridal glowed and rustled around [illegible]

They were standing up, hand in hand, [illegible] the minister of God—that bad man [illegible] girl. The bridegroom looked [illegible] bride timidly happy. The glow of [illegible] love shed its roses on her cheek. I [illegible] inner room where they stood. The [illegible] away right and left, as I hurried [illegible] and laid the dead wife at her husband's [feet]. He looked down on that cold, white [face], which the water was still dripping, [illegible] vow froze upon his lips, turning [illegible] Then, without a word of penitence or [illegible] turned and left the house—left it forever, [illegible] the bride could recover from the [illegible] which seized upon her. The door [illegible] ing with a heavy jar made her start. [illegible] at me—at the empty place by her side, and at last on the pale form at her feet. [illegible] gave way and she fell upon her knees, [illegible] with a burst of sudden anguish, "My sister, my sister!"

No look or movement seen answered that appeal. Dora was dead.

We found a note in her chamber at the hotel; it contained only a single line:

I will not crush my sister as I have been crushed. He has ceased to love me. Without love, what is the name of wife? [illegible] but she shall never suffer the pain which has driven me wild. Do not speak of [illegible] I charge you with the breath of a dying woman. I charge you to keep my secret [illegible] Let the wedding go on! Before nine he will be a widower; and I, oh my God, have enough [illegible] shall I be?"

It was impossible to keep Dora's [illegible] sister read the note, every word of it, [illegible] us two no human being ever [illegible] of that broken marriage.

I do not know that any one ever [illegible] pointed love; but a great shock [illegible] latent disease. Charlotte Lincoln [illegible] sumptive family. She faded [illegible] tragic death of her sister, and [illegible] more (for she became my patient [illegible] three months,) dropped quietly [illegible] We laid her in the quiet church [illegible] sleeps by the side of Dora. The [illegible] outskirts of the grounds [illegible] even-tide [illegible] you can see the steeple [illegible] from the distance, [illegible] and but few persons ever [illegible] that holy place.

## Kansas Brigands—Proceedings [illegible]

Some portions of Kansas [illegible] Fort Scott, seem really to have been [illegible] the plunder and robberies of a gang of [illegible] under one of General Lane's men, [illegible] gomery, and a pettifogging lawyer [illegible] M'Nulty. A letter from Kansas City to the St. Louis Republican, dated the 18th, [illegible] the state of affairs:

From all I can gather, I am justified in saying they are a thorough band of outlaws, plundering alike Free State and Pro-Slavery [men] who come within their reach, and that some of their acts are not only criminal, but fiendish in the highest degree. I give you an instance or two:

On the 5th a Dr. Rockwell, of Westport, [a] town inside of the Missouri line, was traveling through Linn County, when he was stopped on the highway by a large gang of these robbers.— He was ordered to dismount and deliver up.— They took, from the Doctor's statement, $[illegible] in gold, a valuable gold watch, a pair of Colt's revolvers, and a fine horse worth $150. After they had made this levy on the Doctor, they coolly told him that if he had never worked in the shafts before, he would now have a good opportunity to break himself to the harness, and thereupon departed, leaving the Doctor in possession of his own buggy.

On the 6th inst., a band of fourteen of these outlaws, under McNulty, met a Mr. James Parent, a resident of Davenport, Iowa, on the prairies of Linn county, and coolly inquired of him whether his horse was a good traveler, to which he responded it was not. The robbers stated it "was a time o' war," and as one of their men on the hill had no horse, he would thank Mr. P. to dismount and let them have the use of the animal. There being fourteen heavily armed men around him, resistance was useless; he was compelled to dismount and give up his property, which the robbers deliberately led off, while he, poor man, had to trudge afoot some seventy or eighty miles.

Mr. Parent is a repectable and intelligent gentleman, and gives the best of reference at Davenport. He is a decided Free State man of the Fremont school, but don't think the [illegible] installments of Black Republicanism [illegible] was professed by his friends in the campaign of 1856 He has followed that political road as far as he desires for the present; the bugbear of "Free State" or "Pro-Slavery" has no further charms or terrors for him.

Outrage have been committed on women and children of the grossest character, [illegible] not only be deprecated everywhere, but [illegible] the vengeance of the law should be made to fall with its heaviest force.

The state of things is horrible in that quarter. Owners of claims, who have substantial homes, are either robbed or driven from their homes, and necessarily there will be little or nothing made in Linn County this season. [illegible] the United States Marshal for the Territory is embodying forces for the arrest of the [illegible]

An Anecdote.—A young friend of [illegible] the following story of himself: When [illegible] had read the well known story of George Washington's love of truth, and the father's [illegible] noble principle of his son, so well [illegible] the occasion referred to, of George's chopping down the cherry tree, acknowledging the [illegible] action, and receiving a full and free [illegible] besides praises and kind caresses from his father. So Jim actuated by a noble example, thought he would try the experiment. He [illegible] with the hatchet, and going to his father's orchard, cut down some choice fruit trees. He then coolly sat down to await the old man's [illegible] and as soon as he made his [illegible] up to him with a very important air [illegible] edged the deed, expecting the [illegible] tears, benediction and [illegible] ed parent. But [illegible] old gentleman caught up a [illegible] an all fired lamming. [illegible]

[illegible] "I am afraid, dear [illegible] gone, absence will [illegible] fear, dear husband; the longer [illegible] the better I shall like you."