ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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ERIE OBSERVER.

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B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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C. B. WRIGHT, & CO., Bankers and Dealers in Gold and Silver Coin, Uncurrent Money, Warrants and Certificates of Deposit. Also, Drafts on the principal cities in the Union, and all parts of Europe for sale. Office, in Rosenzweig's Block, corner of State and 6th streets. C. B. WRIGHT. J. N. MARKLEY. C. B. GUNNISON.

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E. L. NASON, Dealer in Stationery, Monthly Magazines, Cheap Publications, Music, Newspapers, Gold Pens, Pocket Cutlery, &c. Opposite the Reed House, Erie.

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JAMES LYTLE, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, &c., recently occupied by James Sill, Esq., as a Drug Store, Opposite the Store of N. Murphy, between the Reed House and Exchange Hotel.

JOSEPH S. CLARK, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, No. 3 Lytle Block.

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REES CROOK & CO., Manufacturers of Sash, Doors and Blinds, Peach st., Erie, Pa., adjoining the Office occupied by Hugh Jones.

J. HERRON STUART, Attorney at Law,—Office, at his residence, Fourth street, opposite the old Apothecary Hall.

MINNIG & BANYARD, Wholesale Grocers, Provisions, Produce, Pork, Fish, Salt, Fruits, Nuts, Glass, Nails, Brooms, Pails, Wooden, Willow Ware, &c. Terms Cash. Prices low. No. 4 State Street, 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie.

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

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GEORGE J. MORTON, Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Erie, dealer in Salt, Flour and Plaster.

JOSEPH McCARTER, Wholesale Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery and Willow ware, &c., &c., State street, Erie.

S. K. FULLERTON, Dealer in Boots and Shoes. No. 2, Hughes Block, State Street.

JACOB H. FRANK, Merchant and Trader, has returned from the West, and will remain in Erie during the winter. Those wishing his services will find him at his residence, corner 3d and French sts.

EMPIRE STORES, Wholesale, Jobber, and Retail Dealer in every description of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Carpetings, Oil Cloths, No. 13, State street, corner of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

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

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W. S. RUSSELL, Jr., Successor to Carr, Churchill, Johnson, & Co., Wholesale Jobbers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Nos. 3 and 5 Barrett Streets, New York. CHARLES A. SHEPHERD, CARTER A. SALISBURY.

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E. H. ABELL, Successor to William H. Sherman,) Dealer in Books, Public Square, between the Reed House and Post Office. Pictures taken in the best style of the art and warranted to please.

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

JOHN SWEENY, Attorney at Law, Office—Smith's building, up-stairs, Erie, Pa.

JOHN HEARN & CO., Wholesale and Commission Merchants, Dealers in Coal, Flour, Provisions, &c., Agents for the Line of Upper Lake Steamers, Public Dock, Erie, Pa.

CROCHEY & CLARK, Wholesale and Retail Grocers and Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines, Liquors, Segars, Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents for Salt. No. 2 Bonnell Block, State street Erie.

N. J. CLARK.

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

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

L. W. OLDS & CO., Wholesale and Retail dealers in Well and Cistern Water of superior quality, the cheapest and best now in use. No. 1 Reed street near Peach, Erie, Pa. Also, furnishing water to family, farm or mechanical establishments.

F. ALBERTI. M. L. OLDS.

R. CHURCHILL, Wholesale Dealer in Double Rectified Whiskey, in the Reed House.

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

PARK HALL, Commodious Hall for Concerts, Lectures, and Public Meetings, East of the Park. Enquire at the Banking Office of Reed & Co., No. 8 Reed House, Erie, Pa.

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

JARECKI BROTHERS, Manufacturers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Silver, Britannia and Plated Ware, Fancy Goods and Pocket and Table Cutlery. Fancy Goods Store, Reed Block, State street Erie Pa.

GRAY & PARKER, Commission Merchants, and dealers in West India Goods, Powder, Shot, Lead, Fish, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, oil, &c., &c., No. 4 Reed Block, State street, Erie, Pa. F. F. PARKER.

JOSEPH KICHENLAUB Jr., Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Spanish Sole Leather, French and American Calf Skins, Linings, Bindings, Kips and Splits, Thread, Silk, Linings, Bristles, Bristles, Rivets, Hammers, Lasts, Tacks, Pegs, Nails, &c. New Block, State street.

LIBBEY, HERMSEY, & Co., Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, Mill Gearing, Agricultural Implements, Railroad Cars, &c., Erie, Pa.

TO ROSA.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER

No sweeter music ever flowed
From mortal lip than thine;
Apollo copiously bestowed
On thee nectarean wine.
There is a gushing in thy lay,
Sweet song-bird of the South!
Like warbling in an English May,
Poured from a sky-lark's mouth

A charm beyond the reach of art
Is in thy wondrous strain;
Notes that can even thrill my heart,
So cold, to warmth again
I little thought that verse had power
To move my bosom more:
But genius is thy glorious dower—
I bow its spell before

I long, beneath these Northern skies,
For pinions swift of flight,
To sun me in thy lustrous eyes,
And dream within their light.
For fame to me has told the tale
That thou art Beauty's Queen—
That Venus would not dare unveil
Where thy fair brow was seen

No brighter being ever walked
The shore of old Romance
While the fair shapes of Elfland talked.
Or wove thy mystic dance.
For nature is the mother boon
Who nursed thee on her breast
Who lulled thee, with her softest tune,
In childhood's hour to rest

The stone on which Apollo laid,
His magic lyre found voice
Thy matchless minstrelsy hath made
My frozen heart rejoice.
For in its cadence is a spell
That opens memory's door,
While loved ones who have breathed farewell
Sit by our hearths once more

UNCLE PAUL'S WIFE.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine

It had rained all day; and at night with the same dull, monotonous sound, the rain still fell on the gravel walk beneath the window; while through the dark old pines at the back of the house, went the continual mournful soughing of the east wind.

I was weary of all in-door occupations, and could not resort to invectives against the weather, for I had no listeners.

My uncle, Dr. Paul Eastman, had gone three miles, through the wind and the rain, to visit a patient in the almshouse, a little boy whose life was nearly ended, and Mrs Eastman was visiting her friends in a distant State.

In an idle, half dreaming mood, I lay in the pleasant library, to await my uncle's coming.

The cheerful fire light sending its warm bright glow over the geraniums and roses in the deep bay window, over the few pictures on the walls and the well filled book shelves, banished all thought of the wintry desolation without. Above the shaded lamp, on the little study table was a portrait. It had hung there for many years, the old house keeper said. I cannot describe that pictured face, so nobly, so sternly beautiful.—Would you try to describe the look which the one you love wears for you? Neither will I try to paint with words that face, which was the full realization of my thoughts of those messengers who come from the unseen world, to strengthen and bless the weak and suffering among mortals.

Was she uncle Paul's first love—the fair young girl, whose loss had darkened all the years of his early manhood? I had heard something of the great sorrow which had clouded those years, and of one whose life of beauty had kept her memory fresh in the hearts of many. I had heard, too, of the tenderness with which Uncle Paul took to his home, which should have been hers, her invalid mother and little brothers, and cared for them, till the mother went to join the daughter, and the boys were fitted for commercial and professional life. But there was a mystery in his life. If he had loved and lost the one whose face was pictured there on the canvas, how could he ever have given the place that would have been hers, to the respectable, common place person whom I have known for five years as Mrs. Eastman?

The longer I watched the sweet face looking down upon me, the greater seemed the mystery; and so thinking I fell asleep.

A voice awakened me. "Ah! Miriam, dreaming?"

"Yes, uncle; dreaming of that face above your study table."

He walked across the room, and stood silently before it a long time. Then he came to me.—"It is very like her, Miriam; and she was pure and good as the angels."

"Can you tell me of her uncle? What was her name?"

Then, after a short silence, he told me of his early sorrow, and revealed the secret of the mystery that perplexed me.

"Her name was Grace Hyde. She was eighteen, and I was twenty one when she promised to be my wife. I was just finishing my professional studies, and had had my own way to make in the world; but I was strong to do my work and to fight my battles, for Grace was awaiting the result. Her love would strengthen me, and her hand would reward my victory.

"I will not fetter you, Paul," she said; "I know how the promise of many young lives have been unfulfilled, because the daily needs of life and the necessity of a practical answer to the questions, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and where withal shall we be clothed? have wearied the spirit not yet ready for its life work, crippled its energies, and obtained to an ignoble service, while the nobler work it might have done, waits for another. Give all the time you need to the highest culture, the fullest development of your intellectual strength, find for yourself a fitting sphere of labor, and then, Paul, I will go with you, and together we will make life beautiful."

"I could not combat her resolutions. She was firm and her father said: "Grace is right; in the future you will acknowledge it."

"So I finished my studies in the University, and went to Paris. Grace, pale and tearful, with her little hand in mine, said; 'Be worthy of your best self, and may God forever guide and bless you, dear Paul.' And then we parted.

"I had not been away three months, when a letter from Grace announced her father's death. "An attack of apoplexy," she wrote. "Poor mother, it is a terrible blow to her; I know not how she will bear it. I pray that I may help her, and that God will give me power to comfort her. After that her letters were not sad, but there was a subdued cheerfulness, or it might have been an effort to be cheerful, and there was an impatient looking forward to my return. She had such trust in me, such an noble ambition for me, I was always stronger and better after reading her words. Her influence was around me continually, and the temptations of Paris life were are powerless; I could not disappoint her trust. I would try and be worthy of her.

"I had been in Paris nearly two years, and was preparing to return, when one day a letter, directed in an unknown hand, was given to me. I opened it hastily, with a presentiment of coming evil, for I had heard nothing from Grace for many weeks. There were three words from Dr. Merton, the family physician of the Hydes:

"DEAR PAUL: Grace does not wish to alarm her mother, and therefore wishes me to write.—Her days are numbered. Come quickly if you would see her."

"You can imagine the slow passing of the days that were bearing me to Grace. She was dying; she might be gone before I could reach her; and as if in mockery of my impatience, the dull monotonous ticking of the clock sounded in my ears, and the minutes passed so slowly. At last we reached New York. A few hours ride in the cars, and I was in A——. I went immediately to her house, but there was a strange name on the door plate. I rang and inquired where Mrs Hyde had removed. The servant gave me the street and number. I soon found the house, a small cottage, in a retired street.—"What was the cause of this removal?" I asked myself. "Why had they left their old home? And why had Grace never mentioned it in her letters? Was it possible that poverty had been added to the bereavement, and Grace had concealed it to avoid giving me pain?" Absorbed in these thoughts, I stood at the door, of the cottage just as Dr Merton was passing out. He grasped me by the hand. "Welcome home, Paul," he said. "They are all expecting you. Grace is quiet; she does not suffer now. I tell you, Paul, there is no use in trying to keep her here. She belongs to a better world. Angel-like her are not given to us for a long time.—They do their work quickly and go home."

"He had led me into the little parlor, and in a few words, told me all that Grace had concealed from me. Mr. Hyde had died insolvent.—His creditors had seized upon everything. Mrs Hyde had rented a small house, and furnished it plainly with the little remnant of the estate which was left them. Few, even of their most intimate friends, knew how very small this remnant was. Grace obtained a large class of pupils in music and at night, when she returned, weary from her lessons, she taught classes in French. With a brave heart she worked, sustained by the consciousness that her mother was saved from toil, and her little brothers were unconscious of the loss they had sustained.

"The constant, wearying toil was too much for one so wholly unused to it. While the spirit was very strong, the heroic young girl found peace in living for others, the warning came.—She must rest. A little longer she struggled, then sank, and there was no help for her. Her earthly work was done. * * *

The old man wept like a child. I could not weep. In my heart a rebellious voice was saying: "It must not be. Grace shall not die.—Life is worthless without her."

That evening she was my wife. I begged that it might be so; that I might not loose sight of her while she remained. How beautiful she was—my Grace—in that hour, with the dark hair brushed back from the forehead, the unnatural brightness that shone in her eyes, and the burning crimson in her cheek.

"To love and cherish till death us do part." Are those words uttered, with a full feeling of their significance, when hopes are bright and life seems only to have commenced? To us they were full of solemn import. Death might come to do his work in one week, one day, one hour; and I should have no Grace, no wife.

"But she was mine, mine! and together we waited the summons that should seperate us.—In the few days that remained, she told me the bright hopes of the future, *our* future, that had sustained her in the days of trial, and of the faith that had made all things easy to bear.

"If I had known it would end so, Paul," she said, I would have told you; but I thought I was stronger, and would work bravely without telling you anything that would pain you, and you would soon come. But it is all right. I shall be yours in the other home. Walk worthily here, Paul.—Consecrate yourself to a noble life; remember all the dreams of your youth, and let them become living realities in your life, and perhaps in the home to which I am going, I shall know it all."

"Thus the day passed till the messenger came, and Grace went with him."

My uncle sat a long time, with his head resting on the table before him, before he spoke again. Then he continued: "It is thirty years since Grace's mother and brothers came to my home. Mrs Hyde lived but a few years, and one by one the brothers—there were three of them—made homes for themselves, and I was left alone.

"In this room I kept the books and plants she loved, and her portrait hung always over my study table; so I almost lived in her presence. But there were times, when my loneliness seemed unsupportable, and life was a weary burden, I would gladly lay down that I might go to her.

"Once I have seen her. Do not doubt it, Miriam. Five years ago, I was very ill for many weeks. Grace's portrait was taken from the library, and carried to my chamber, that during the long days when I had servants for attendants, I might have her face continually before me.—The disease gained ground, and my physician insisted that I must have some more suitable attendant. I had at that time no near friend or relative within many miles distant, and so Dr Ives brought Jane Hope to the house. I had met her frequently in the houses of my patients, and knew her as a skillful nurse.

"In my half dreaming moods, I had fancied that Grace was with me, and it was not always pleasant to be awakened by the touch of a hand larger and rougher than hers, and to hear a voice that had precision and harshness in its tones, when I had been dreaming of the voice so long silent. But I learned to know Jane better, and to value her practical knowledge.

"One night the narcotics I had taken, instead of producing their usual effect, had brought on a state of feverish wakefulness. Strange shadowy forms floated around me, sometimes taking to themselves the face of friends I had known in my boyhood. I could not drive them away. I rubbed my eyes and said: 'There is the table and there is the window. There is nothing between me and them; but the next minute the space would be filled with my ghostly visitors. Stephen Grant who in college bore the name of Euclid Grant, from his devotion to his favorite study, and something of a mathematical precision in every action, stood at the foot of my bed, in the dim light, wearing the same look of imperturable gravity, his head covered with triangles, and his hands filled with circle and squares. In a low, monotonous voice, he was reciting the causes of the disease, and prescribing for its cure. "Let, A. B be the disease, and C. D the time. Then to the square of ——." He was then interrupted by the dancing entrance of the young girl, who thirty-five years before had taught him lessons with which Euclid had nothing to do.—She came with the freseness of spring time around her, bearing in her hands arbutus flowers, violets and dasies, which she threw upon our Euclid.—They fell upon him and wreathed themselves around the angles, circles, and squares in which he had buried himself. Then a violin on the table commenced playing a lively strain; and tables, chairs, and ghostly forms in wild confusion mingled in the dance, and I saw no more.

"When I awoke, the light still burned dimly, and the portrait of my lost Grace looked tenderly, pityingly upon me, and I knew that through all the long years of loneliness, thus she looked down upon my desolate home. When my sorrow seemed greater than I could bear, one tho't had strengthened me; the thought that in the home to which she had gone, I should never more be lonely; she would be mine for ever.

"But that night, the earthly future seemed so long, and the way leading through it so weary and desolate, in my agony I cried: "How long! oh! how long!" Then the face changed. It became a living face, as full of tenderness as before, but wearing a cheerful, hopeful look; and—you will think it a dream Miriam, but I was not sleeping—I saw her as plainly as I see you now. She seemed to step down from the canvas, and noiselessly to approach me. I tried to rise. I stretched forth my arms to clasp her; but the waving of her hand repelled me, and her upward look seemed to say "Not here but there." She drew nearer, and then I saw Jane Hope, my kind faithful nurse, by her side. Then she took Jane's hand in her own—that little, pale hand—and holding it a moment, she placed it in mine, and said in those low, sweet tones, thrilling my whole being: "Take her Paul, my Paul; she will help you and comfort you, till you come to me. I am waiting for you, Paul; in His time you will come, and then, my own ——." I know not more of that strange night, nor of many following days and nights.

"During the days of convalescence, the portrait had such a happy look; and when Jane brought me the tempting delicacies, she could so prepare, there was a smile of sweet contentment on the face. So I learned to watch for Jane's coming, and to be very happy when she sat by me, busy with her sewing, or when I could watch her moving round the room, giving those indiscribable touches to its arrangements which do so much to please the eye.

"When I was well enough to get out, Jane came one morning to tell me she was going away. I told her all, and asked her to stay with me always. The next week we were married; and my kind good nurse has proved the kindest and best of wives."

A strange ending to all of Paul Eastman's early hopes; a strange awakening from his young dreams. From Grace, the beautiful and gifted Grace, purified by suffering, whose saintly life was a holy memory in the hearts of all who loved her, to cold, stern, practical Jane Hope, the faithful house-keeper, and alas! nothing more, how great the change!

Did the young wife, looking down upon his earthly needs, send a messenger to give Paul Eastman a wife, who should mend his stockings, and keep his house clean; make gruel and his bed; nurse his gout, and prescribe for his rheumatism—or was it an over dose of morphine that did the work? Who shall say? He firmly believed that Jane was sent to him by Grace, and so he is content; while I—I only "tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

MIRIAM GRAY

How the Pacific was Discovered.

On a golden Autumn day, almost three and a half centuries ago, near the summit of a mountain on the Isthmus of Darien, a company of Spanish soldiers and native Indians came to a sudden halt. They were the party of the heroic Castilian explorer, Vasco Nunez de Balboa. Thus far they had marched from the colony on the Gulf of Darien, for many weary days through dense tropical forests, infested by venomous reptiles and fearful wild beasts—through pestiferous swamps and black, slimy streams, and over rocky heights, encountering the most dreadful fatigue, illness, hunger and thirst, in the hope of discovering a new ocean, upon whose shores might be that country of whose marvels and riches the savages told such wonderful stories—the India of which the greathearted Columbus dreamed, when he set out on that voyage which the wise men of Europe thought would end in a plunge down some ocean cataract, into a black chaos, a thousand leagues below the world.

Balboa had been assured by his Indian guide that from the summit of a certain mountain he would behold the great sea, whose waves washed the shores of vast territories veined with gold and silver ore. Rousing their little remaining strength, the daring adventurers toiled up the rough ascent, as eager to behold the promised sea as were the Israelites of old to catch sight of 'the promised land.' But just before they reached the highest point, their leader commanded a halt, and they all paused breathless, but reluctant. Balboa had resolved to be the first to behold the Pacific, and he proceeded alone to the summit. I do not think that this was a noble act, but a selfish one, quite unworthy a true hero. Surely those brave followers, who had shared him all the perils and hardships of the expedition, should have had their full share in the first joy of the discovery. But he had it all to himself—the glorious sight of that vast placid ocean—those green and flowery shores—the beauty, the grandeur, the mystery of a new world—and it was more than he could bear unmoved. He sank on his knees and gave thanks to God. Then he called up his followers, and they cut down a large tree and made of it a great cross, which they erected on the spot, in sign of conquests and civilization. They also carved the names of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella upon several prominent trees—thus taking possession of the land.

They then descended to the seashore, and Balboa having in one hand his drawn sword, and in the other the Spanish standard, stood in the rising tide and shouted—'Long live the King and Queen of Castile!'—thus taking possession of the sea.

Perhaps they lingered on that shore till night, and saw the sun descend into that calm transparent expanse of sea, turning all the waves into a vast sheen of gold, and setting all the western heavens a glow with burning splendors, till they seemed like the open gates of 'the golden city,' or the mighty pavilions of the King of Glory.'

When the news of this discovery, of such incalculable importance to the whole world, reached Spain, it caused great wonder, rejoicing and triumph, and the name of Vasco Nunez de Balboa was associated with those of Christopher Columbus and Americus Vespucius. Yet I am sorry to add, in less than four years from the time of his glorious discovery, he was accused of disloyalty, and put to death by the Spanish governor of Darien.

So it little profited the brave adventurer that he had found a mighty ocean, on which European eyes had never before gazed, and pointed the world to regions of exhaustless riches. Yet let us hope that for him the waters of that other unknown sea, which lies between us and the true 'promised land,' was illuminated by the 'Sun of Righteousness,' and that the gates of the golden city of God were not closed against him.—*Little Pilgrim.*

HOT BREAD.—The following is from Dr J. G. Bunting, who has been experimenting with Alexis St. Martin, the man with a hole in his stomach, made by bullet, through which can be seen all the process or stages through which the different articles of food must pass in the act of digestion.

"Hot bread never digests. Bear this in mind, reader, if you are accustomed to eat the light and tempting biscuit at tea, or the warm loaf which looks so appetizing upon your dinner table. Hot bread never digests at all; after a long season of tumbling and working about in the stomach, it will begin to ferment and will eventually be passed out of the stomach as an unwelcome tenant of that delicate organ, but never digests—never becomes assimilated to or absorbed by the organs that appropriate nutrition to the body. It is a first rate dyspeptic producer. The above is true, as it has been repeatedly proved from actual observation through the side of Alexis St. Martin."

THE QUIET EYE.

BY ELIZA COOK

The orb I like is not the one
That dazzles with its lightning gleam,
That dares to look upon the sun
As tho' it challenged brighter beam
That orb may sparkle, flash, and roll,
Its fire may blaze its shaft may fly;
But not for me: I prize the soul
That slumbers in a quiet eye

There something in its placid shade,
That tells of calm unworldly thought.
Hope may be crossed, or joy delayed—
No clamorous plaints, no ray is caught.
Its passive language seems to say,
"I know that I must close and die,"
And death itself, come when it may,
Can hardly change the quiet eye

There's meaning in its steady glance,
Of gentle blame, or praising love,
That makes me tremble to advance
A word that meaning might reprove.
That haughty threat, the fiery look,
My spirit proudly can defy;
But never yet could meet and brook
Th' upbraiding of a quiet eye.

There's firmness in its even light,
That conquers of a breast discern,
And oh! take watch how ye excite
That firmness till it yield a tear
Some bosoms give an easy sigh,
Some drops of grief will freely start
But that which sears the quiet eye
Hath its deep fountain in the heart!

AN INCIDENT AT NIAGARA FALLS.

BY MRS. GASKELL

"You were in too much agitation this morning," said Madame Percival, "to take much interest in a scene that was present to my mind as we looked upon the rapids, but I think I must tell it you now. I said that I had often been at the Falls. It must be nine or ten years since what I am going to tell you about happened during one of my visits. You noticed the small rocks that come up to the surface in the current just above the rapids. Of course they form obstacles to the drift wood and rubbish that is constantly being borne down the stream; and this accumulation of stray substance has, in time, formed some of these rocks into islands. There is one of the largest just in the middle of the rushing waters, where the impetuous torrent is fullest and widest, not half a mile from the Falls. It is covered with brushwood, and even some trees of a tolerable growth. I was walking on the shore one day, and came to the road just opposite to this island. There I saw a hundred or so of people collected, now still and breathless, now moved about as by some common sympathy. What could be the matter? I walked hastily up, and then, looking by sympathy to the point on which all eyes seemed fixed, I saw two men on the island—two Irishmen, as they told me—who, ignorant of the force of the rapids, had undertaken to cross the river in a boat—going to their day's work, as I think they said—at a point too near the Falls for any one but a stranger to attempt. Their boat had long since been whirled away over the Falls. They were saved as by a miracle; they had been carried by the force of the stream, dashing against this piece of resistance—this little island, not two hundred yards off, and had sprung out on the safe ground, as it were, by instinct; but it seemed but like exchanging one kind of death for another. They were safe from the Falls; but no human being had ever set foot on that island, surrounded by the whirling floods; it seemed beyond the power of man to reach it—how much the more to escape from it! Any one who attempted it would be carried down a short two minutes' agony of swift, relentless torrent, and then—God pity the state of that creature dashed down the Falls!—The thought of that ghastly sweep of waters made the little crowd silent and motionless, even while looking on at the passionate gestures (no doubt accompanied by many words and cries that were utterly lost in the roar of many waters) of the two men, who, now kneeling—now standing up and tossing their arms aloft in the air—now down again on their pleading knees, their heads buried in their hands, as if trying to drown the perpetual rush of the resounding torrent, and to speak their last earthly words to God with clear and steady minds. Oh, my God! what could we—helpless men—do for these, our brothers? Through the crowd came a cry; it cleft our murmured, whispered words like a sharp, flaming sword; it was the wife of one of the doomed men.

"'Are you blind, lame, stocks and stones?' she said, as she would have waded deep into the tossing waters if two or three strong men had not held her by main force. 'He has seven children, the youngest a sucking babe. Hearken to him!' for *she* heard him, or thought she heard him. 'For the love of God!' he cries; 'for the love of the Blessed Virgin, send help.' 'Patrick! Patrick!' she screeched—as if he could hear—'are ye thinking on the blessed Lady of many sorrows in the little church of Drougdamore at home?' Oh,' said she, dropping her voice, 'that we had never left our home, and the poul' parents, who blessed us when we left, and are thinking on us now, little dreaming what a death lies before us; for if he dies, I will die, and God help the orphans!'

"Suddenly a man came up, stripped to his trowsers. I believe he had been in the crowd before, only I had not noticed him. He was a fine, stalwart young fellow, with a rope tied round his waist, and the end of the coil in the hands of another man. Two or three were following him, evidently dissuading him from undertaking such a tremendous risk, as I saw in his flaming eye and compressed lip he himself believed it to be. They were speaking low and earnestly. I only caught one piece of his answer. 'Take care of my old mother, boys; but that I know you will, I'd say ye mind out there has wife and children. I have none.' Then he came up to the passionate, woeful woman, and told her that, by God's help, he would strive to save her husband, and bade her bless him before he went. She looked him steadily in the face for a moment, as if reading his soul, and then lifted up her arms and blessed him. 'God be with thee in thy going out and in thy coming in; in the deep waters, as on the dry land; in the struggle of thy life, as in the deeper struggle of thy death! God be with thee evermore. His will be done!'

"And, as if the reference to God had calmed the tumult of her despair, or it might be from pure physical exhaustion, she sat down mutely and meekly, cowered down by the side of the terrible stream, and buried her head in her gown tail, which she had worn, like many of her countrywomen, in lieu of a cloak or shawl.

"The young man and he who held the end of the coil of rope began to ascend the course of the torrent. We lost sight of them for a time. We held our breaths. The only sound that broke the dead silence that coexisted with the rush and crash of the torrent were the low, muttered prayers of the poor Irishwoman, as we heard her telling her beads. At length some one cried out, 'There he is!' and sure enough, high up at the head of the river, we saw a little black scallop shell of a boat, steered or sculled (I don't know which you call it) by one man; it was whirled, and tossed, and thrown hither and thither by the white, foaming rapids, not yet—where he was—at their full force, but gathering fury every yard that he neared the island, still two or three hundred yards away. All the steersman's energy and power seemed reserved for the one action of tacking from rock to rock, so that at each obstacle he could take breath, and rearrange the boat. He was drifted swiftly from rock to rock. At times we feared his strength would not suffice to guide his little boat to the next point of land among the seething waters, and that we should see him borne past us like lightning, carried hopelessly to the Falls by the tremendous rapid. At times we lost him behind the scrubbery brushwood that grew here and there on an islet larger than the others; but at length the last passage was made—he was there on the island. We saw him rousing and comforting the men, who by this time had sunk into the weakness and the stupor of despair. He cheered them up, he patted their backs; he pointed to us, or rather to the poor shrouded wife, still praying with hidden eyes. Then at last we watched him cut down some tree branches, and lay them in the bottom of the boat—we could not imagine why—and then there was some arrangement of the rope he had taken with him. I hardly know how—for by this time the poor wife had gone down to the ground with a heavy fall and a long sobbing groan in a dead faint, from which no efforts of mine could rouse her—nothing, in short, but her husband, as—saved and rescued by that brave young man—he stood by her, and took her in his arms, and cheered her and comforted her by the sound of that voice she thought never to hear more."

"And the young man—what became of the young man?" asked I.

"Why" (and Madam Percival' eyes were wet with tears, although her mouth was smiling,) "we did not know how to make enough of him—some of us blessed him, and some of us shook him by the hand—he, all the time, trying to get rid of us, and making light of his daring, and at last escaping from us, under pretence of needing to change his clothes, which were indeed wet through with the spray and dashing waters.—When he was out of sight the oldest man among the crowd took off his hat, and just thanked God in as few and simple words as you can well imagine; and then held the hat to us all, without another word of explanation. We knew what it was for; for while the young man had been gone up the wooded shore, before he had embarked upon the roaring waters—we could not have spoken a word then—it had been bruited that he was a poor working lad, who maintained his old mother by daily labor—and we longed to make his life a bit easier to him henceforth. So one put in a purse as pledge for something more, and many put in dollars, and some few put in cents (with tears that they had no more to give,) and altogether there were from three to four hundred dollars either paid or promised, by the time he came out of the kind of public-house into which he had gone to change his clothes.—Those who were on the watch for him brought him to us again—unwilling and sheep-faced, though he did not know why we wanted him.—Then the old man (who would fain have made a speech, *only* words failed him) shoved the hat into his hand, and burst into tears.

"The young fellow looked at the money—looked round at us all—and then quietly placed the hat on the ground. 'Thank you all, kindly,' said he; 'but I can't take it.' He gave no reason; only replied over and over again in the same words. 'Thank you all kindly; but I can't take it.' We could do nothing at the moment; but it was suggested (and the idea was followed out) that the house in which his mother lived, and the rent of which he had to pay, should be bought, and given to the old woman, before he knew any thing about it. Meanwhile, he said, in a simple and straightforward manner enough, 'I cut a few stems and branches down from you place. I thought as no man had over been there before, to my knowledge, no one might happen to go there again; and they might be, kind of curiosities in the way of walking sticks. I reckon to make six or seven of 'em and I hope they will not be thought too high priced at half a dollar each.'

"You may be sure there was a rush for them; and many a one cried, 'Let them be put up to auction!' But no! the first bidders had them; and no begging or entreaty could make him take more than half a dollar for each."

Congressional Humor.

The Hon J. L. Gillis, who represents some half dozen of the northwestern counties of our State in the national House of Representatives, created a good deal of mirth in that body during the session of May 14th. The "Judge" is known to many of our readers, and therefore his speech will be read with interest.

At the opening of the session, on the day we mention, the clerk, on proceeding to call the roll, found about one hundred and forty of the members were absent. The Speaker directed the door to be closed, and that special messengers should be appointed, who should take into custody those who were absent without a sufficient excuse. Quite a number were brought to the bar, and on being asked for an excuse, Judge Gillis gave his reason for absence as follows:

"Mr Speaker, I am the humble representative of the wild-cat district of Pennsylvania, [laughter] and it is not to be expected that either the people of that district or their representative should be completely conversant with all the rules of this House, or any other disorderly body. [Renewed laughter] It is not to be expected that either they or their representative should be acquainted with all the etiquette of this "city of magnificent distances," as my colleague has called it. I was invited to dine with the President; and I had been informed that it was etiquette with members of this body that an invitation to the President's was an imperative order, and could not be disobeyed. [Great laughter] Regarding it in that light, I accepted the invitation. I have been dining with the President, and have enjoyed myself, and enjoyed the company after dinner very much; and now I am willing to pay for it. [Excessive laughter.] Mr Speaker, I am afraid that those gentlemen on the other side of the House, who did not receive invitations, are a little envious because they did not. [Renewed laughter.]

I have only another word to say. I heard that the sergeant-at-arms was after me, and I flew, not to the horns of the altar, but to the horns of Buck. I seized them, and held on to them, until I found I was out of danger. Then I let loose, and came here; and now throw myself on the mercy of the House." [Laughter.]

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN IN HIS GIG.—It is now but a century since Benjamin Franklin, postmaster-general of the American colonies by appointment of the crown, set out in his gig to make an official inspection of the principal routes. It is about eighty years since he held the same office under the authority of Congress, when a small folio (now preserved in the Department at Washington) containing three