ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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

VOLUME 29. ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 26, 1858. NUMBER 7.

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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

... in advance, or within 3 months, $1 50, if ... will be charged ... failing to pay within the year, the paper will ... the account left with a proper officer for collection.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING

... lines or less make a square.

... week, $ 75	One square 3 months			$3 00
... 1 00	One	"	6 "	5 00
... 1 25	One	"	9 "	6 75

... year changeable at pleasure, $10 ... months, $6, 6 months, $8, 9 months, $11 50, 1 ... squares—one year, $60 6 months, $35, 3

... in the Business Directory at $5 per annum ... Card, over six, and under eight, $7 ... notices, 10 cents a line, but no advertisement inserted among the Special Notices for less than one ...

... and others requiring frequent changes in their ... be allowed two squares, paper, and card, for $15 ... space, the charges will be in proportion, and the ... must be strictly confined to the legitimate business ... Payment for transient advertisements required ... yearly advertising will be presented half ... deduction of 10 per cent will be made on all except ... advertisements, when paid in advance.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. A. DAVENPORT. Office in Central Block, over Neuberger & ... store Entrance on State Street

WM. A. GALBRAITH. ... Office on 6th street, nearly opposite the ...

T. W. SINCLAIR, (successor to Stewart & Sinclair,) ... Druggist, Corner of State and 7th St's, ... Dye Stuffs, Glass, Camphene, Burning ...

W. A. BOOTH, AGENT. ... Dealer in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods and ... New Block, opposite Brown's Hotel 48

MILLER & HENRY, ... Shoes, Shoe Findings, &c, Park Row, ... Wright & Co's Exchange Office, Erie, Pa

WILLIAM S. LANE. ... at Law Office removed to corner ... Block, corner State Street and the Public ...

BRIGDEN & HUTCHINSON. ... Office in Rosenzweig's Block, opposite ... on the Park, Erie, Pa ... D. W. HUTCHINSON

W. E. MAGILL, ... Office in Rozenzweig's Block north side of ... Erie, Pa. ... 1857 26

C. B. WRIGHT & CO., ... Dealers in Gold and Silver Coin uncurrent ... Notes and Certificates of Deposit Also, ... principal cities in the Union, and all parts of ... Office, in Rozenzweig's Block, corner ... BAILEY, ... GUNNISON

J. C. SELDEN, ... Dealer in all kinds of English, German and ... Anvils, Vices, Iron, Nails, Steel, &c ... Trimmings, Machine Belting and Packing ... opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa

ROGERS & BENNETT, ... Dealers in Hardware, Crockery, Glassware ... Empire Block, corner Fifth and ... BENNETT

E. L. NASON. ...

McCONKEY & SHANNON. ...

JAMES LYTLE. ...

JOSEPH S. CLARK. ...

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

JAMES CROOK & CO., ... Sash, Doors and Blinds, ... occupied by Hugh Jones

T. HERRON STUART, ... Office, at his residence, Fourth street, ... the old Apothecary Hall

DINNIG & BANYARD. ... Groceries, Provisions, Produce, Fish, Salt, Fruits, Nuts, Glass, Nails, Brooms, ... Ware, &c Terms Cash ... 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 ... PAYNE

WILLIAM H. LUCE. ... Office in Beatty's Block, north side of ... Square, formerly occupied by Magill & Co ... warranted

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

JOSEPH McCARTER. ... Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship ... Wooden ware &c, &c, State Street, Erie,

B. K. FULLERTON. ... No 2, Hughes Block, State Street,

JACOB H. FRANK, ... has returned from the West, ... during the winter Those wishing his ... residence, corner 3d and French sts

EMPIRE STORES. ... and Retail Dealer in every des... Domestic Dry Goods, Carpetings, Oil ... State street, corner of Fifth, Erie, Pa

BUFFALO CLOTHING STORE, ... and Manufacturer in first quality Ready ... Gentlemen's furnishing Goods No 7, Brown's ... Erie, Pa

WILLIAM THORNTON, ... Deeds, Agreement Bonds and Mortgages accurately and carefully drawn. Office on ... Jas S. Sterrett, Grocery Store Erie, Pa

J. F. DOWNING. ... Justice of the Peace Will practice in ... Erie County, and give prompt and faithful ... entrusted to his hands, either as an Attorney ... Office in Empire Block, corner of ... Pa

W. B. RUSHMORE. ... Churchill, Johnson, & Co, ... Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Nos ... Streets, New York ... CHARLES A. SHEPHERD, CARTER A. SAUNDERS

TIBBALS HAYES & CO. ... Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, ... Shoes, &c., No 1 Brown's Block, Erie,

E. H. ABELL. (successor to William H. Sherman,) ... Square, between the Reed House and ... taken in the best style of the art and ...

GEORGE H. CUTLER. ... Erie County, Pa. Collections and ... promptness and dispatch

JOHN SWEENY. ... Beatty's Building, up stairs, Erie,

JOHN HEARN & CO., ... Merchants, dealers in Coal, Flour, ... Upper Lake Steamers, Public

CAUGHEY & CLARK. ... Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines ... Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents ... Bonnell Block, State street Erie, ... CLARK

JOHN W. AYRES. ... Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, ... and Dining Chairs, No 4 Key...

JAMES C. MARSHALL. ... up stairs in Tammany Hall building,

J. W. OLDS & CO., ... Retail dealers in Well and ... the cheapest and best now in ... Erie, Pa ... for family, farm or mechanic ... M. L. LOW.

S. R. CHURCHILL., ... Double Rectified Whiskey, in the ...

J. G. BARR & CO., ... Wholesale and Retail, at No 10 ...

PARK HALL. ... for Concerts, Lectures and Public ... the Park Enquire at the Banking ... Reed House, Erie, Pa

CARTER & BROTHER. ... Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils ... Reed House, Erie, Pa

JARECKI BROTHERS. ... Clocks, Silver, Brittannia and Plated ... and table Cutlery Fancy Goods ... State street Erie Pa 24

GRAY & FARRAR, ... dealers in West India Goods Powder, ... Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, oil, &c, &c, No ... Erie, Pa ... F. F. FARRAR.

JOSEPH EICHENLAUB Jr., ... Shoes, and Wholesale and Retail ... Leather, French and American ... Bindings, Kips and Splits, Thread ... Gallons, Ribands, Hammers, ... Pegs, Nails, &c New Block, State

LIDDELL, HERSHEY, & Co., ... Steam Engines Boilers, Mill Gearing, Agricultural ... Railroad Cars, &c, Erie, Pa

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

From Harper's Weekly

Habits are stubborn things;
And by the time a man is turned of forty,
His ruling passion's grown so naughty
There is no clipping of its wings
This truth will best be shown
By a familiar instance of our own

Dick Strype
Was a dear friend, and lover of the pipe.
He used to say, "One pipe of Kirkman's best
Gave life a zest."

To him 'twas meat and drink, and physic,
To see the friendly vapor
Curl round his midnight taper,
And the black fume
Clothe all the room
In clouds as dark as science metaphysic
So still he smoked and drank, and cracked his joke,
And, had he single tarried,
He might have smoked, and still grown old in smoke

But Richard married
His wife was one who carried
The cleanly virtues almost to a vice.
She was so nice,
And, thrice a week, above, below,
The house was scoured from top to toe,
And all the floors were rubbed so bright
You dared not walk upright,
For fear of sliding
But that she took a pride in

Of all things else, Rebecca Strype
Could least endure a pipe
She railed upon the filthy herb, tobacco,
Protested that the noisome vapor
Had spoiled her best chintz curtains and the paper,
And cost her many a pound in stucco
And then she quoted old King James, who saith
"Tobacco is the Devil's breath"
When wives *will govern*, husbands *must* obey,
For many a day
Dick mourned, and missed his favorite tobacco,
And cursed Rebecca

At length the day approached his wife must die
Imagine now the doleful cry
Of female friends, and aunts, and cousins,
Who to the funeral came by dozens
The undertakers, men and mutes,
Stood at the gate in sable suits,
With doleful looks,
Just like so many melancholy rooks

Now cakes and wine are handed round
Folks sigh and drink, and drink and sigh,
For grief makes people dry
But Dick is missing nowhere to be found
Above, below, about
They searched the houses throughout
Each hall and secret entry,
Quite from the garret to the pantry,
In every cupboard, corner, nook, and shelf,
And all concluded he had hung himself
At last they found him—Reader, guess you where?
'Twill make you stare,—
Perched on Rebecca's coffin, at his rest
Smoking a pipe of Kirkman's best!

A TALE OF AN OLD MAN'S YOUTH.

From Dicken's Household Words

Every one, who has ever read that terrible book, "The Mysteries of Paris," will probably remember a scene towards its close, where the escaped galley slave, the Maitre D'Ecole arrives, blind and helpless, and lame, and old, at a farm beyond Paris, and asks shelter for the night.—The dogs spring savagely at him as he enters, and would gladly tear him in pieces if they could, and he looks down at the wicked little Tortillard who guides him, and whispers, "They smell the blood These are the same clothes I wore the day I killed the cattle merchant at Possy"—He goes in—he sits down in the warm kitchen of the farm house, and takes his evening meal with the servants But lest he should be too comfortable—lest one stray gleam of sunshine should fall upon his path, Tortillard, who seems to have been his evil genius, hits upon a plan—a diabolical invention worthy of himself—by which he can recall him from the reverie into which he seems failing. The chains he wore as a galley slave have left a wound in his leg which will never heal, and which is most painful at times The boy sits directly opposite to him, at table, and with all the malice of a little fiend, aims now and then a kick at him, which hits the *open wound*, and almost makes him scream with agony, while at the same time he exclaims, "Mon pauvre papa! mon pauvre papa!" with an affected concern which wins the heart of all around him.

It is many a year since I read the story, but as I go on through life, Tortillard seems to meet me on every side In fact, he may be called a good type of the world Have you a private grief or misery concealed, like the wound of the escaped convict, yet always throbbing and tingling, even in your most quiet moments? Be sure the world will find it out, and pierce to the very center of it, with a careless blow If we cut, or in any way maim a limb, it becomes at once the limb of all others which is most certain to be hit against the corners of tables and chairs: it is the limb against which people stumble and open doors, with accidental recurrences, which look very much like settled purposes. And so with sorrows That nerve of our hearts which can least bear exposure, is always most exposed—and here a twinge, and there a sudden faintness, as we turn sharp angles in the path of life, show us that it is as sensitive as ever.

I have thought of this, I fancy, more than most men, because I, myself, have such a sorrow; and I find that everything around me—things which, in themselves, are very dear to me—have a power to awaken it. I never see a violet upon a meadow bank, that I do not remember a fairer flower that smiled into life and beauty and faded before my eyes I never see a *star at night without a thought of eyes more* brilliant I never hear a bird singing its happy heart out in the summer time, without a sigh for a voice now hushed forever

I have lived long, long ago, in another land—in a quiet New England village which nestled in the heart of the Green Mountains, of that most beautiful of all States, Vermont That village is known to many as the birth place and early home of Powers, the great American sculptor. The brain and heart that designed the peerless Greek Slave were working beside the silver flowing Queechy, some forty or fifty years ago, in many a prank of boyish mischief, and the man that carved and chiseled that white dream of beauty then wielded a ponderous jackknife, and whittled out of bits of wood some faint foreshadowing, perhaps, of that which was yet to come It was this had tempted me to select it from all others for my summer residence, during a year of sickness and distress in the city of New York. It had a pretty English name—Woodstock—and was, I think, the fairest valley on which my eyes ever fell

River and mountain, the bright Queechy and the king of the hills, Mount Tom, lake and wood, and forest—all were there From one summit you looked down a region of pastoral beauty, with pretty low cottages, wide green meadows and grazing flocks; from another you saw a fertile valley, with the river winding, like a serpent, through it, and mirroring in its bosom the clear blue sky A third ascent, and a rock bound country, *gloomy with fir trees*, and keeping an unbroken silence like that of Siberia, met your view; while high up, upon the very summit of the great mountain, a lonely pond was lying, of which the school children told strange tales It had once stretched over vast acres, and bears and wolves had drunk from it when the country was wild and new, but with the march of civilization it had changed. Little by little the earth had filled it in, till the visitor could walk for half a mile securely on what had once been treacherous slime But the ground quaked always beneath a step, and the prudent took care not to venture too near the edge. I walked upon it once myself, and thought it very like these hearts of ours, in which, though we step ever so softly, we are ever liable to sink in beyond our depth, and perhaps rise no more.

But these were not all the attractions of the place. There were beautiful walks and drives; there were miniature lakes, upon which to row or sail a pleasure boat, and a park which was the pride of the whole State. It had grown up with the town, changing from an oval strip of ground, just boarded in and called a common, to a beautiful enclosure, hemmed in with maple trees as straight and luxuriant as trees could well be, decorated with an iron fence and gates, abounding with little walks and footpaths, and, in the spring, decked with grass as green as that of the Emerald Isle, and speckled and spangled with those two flowers of childhood, buttercups and daises, like a carpet brought from Fairyland.—It was a pretty place I used often to sit and read and muse there; but when the summer months brought the usual influx of city visitors, I left the place to them and wandered off in search of others more lonely.

In one of my mid day walks, I struck suddenly upon a grass grown road, leading off the main path, at the distance of three miles from the town. I followed it up a little hill, switching with my cane at the peppermint that grew on each side, or stopping to watch a speckled adder who glided lazily in and out from the fragment thicket, as I drew near to or recede from his home An old house stood half way up this hill, which was evidently the homestead of some well to-do farmer. It was large and square, and standing back, with an orchard climbing the green hills at its rear. Across the road which I was following, and just opposite the house, were three immense barns, whose great doors were standing open, to admit the carts of hay the oxen were drawing slowly from the hill pastures.—Through these doors I caught a glimpse of the river road below, the river itself, the covered bridge, blue sky and the woods beyond. It was a delicious bit of coloring, done by the hand of the Great Artist himself. At my feet was a little pool of stagnant water, on which some white geese and ducks were fraternising, while a brood of half grown turkeys, with their melancholy "Quit quit," were making up a foraging party for an excursion after grasshoppers across the farm

But the road, with its faint wheel track on either side, and its broad streak of green in the middle, stretched on beyond the farm house and the barns, and I lost sight of them as I descended the other side of the hill It was more lovely here, if such a thing were possible; because, with the same view, and the same houses standing in the distance, I also found a silence beneath the blue sky of noon that was delightful. *On one side of the fallen stone wall* a thicket of blackberries had grown over a heap of ruins, which marked the site of the first church or meeting house ever erected in the town. On the other, and across the road, lay a little grave yard, sloping quietly down to the road and river below The gate had rusted from its hinges and lay upon the ground, half hidden by the long grass that was growing over it

The tomb had not been in use for many a year; and as I peeped through the cracks of its door, I saw something lying on the floor which I knew was nothing more nor less than the fragments of the bier on which the coffins had once been borne out, but which, just then, I was pleased to magnify into the bones of a skeleton. The tender blue of an American summer day was in the sky, and the sun shone down brightly and hotly Nothing seemed to stir, save the grasshopper who leaped and chirped among the graves—a kind of Old Mortality among the insect tribe

I followed the path still farther And now, for the first time, it began to wind beside one of those bright leaping brooks peculiar to America, and to New England most of all. I sauntered along, looking for minnows in the sun light, and wishing I had nothing more to do than to spend existence in the same way, when a laugh, most clear and musical, made me start and look up

The road had wound around, so that the lonely grave yard upon the hill was shut out from my sight In its place I beheld before me a long avenue, or rather grove of maple trees, clothing the base and top of another hill, far higher The sparkling brook, with a last gush of music, leaped into the sunlit recesses of this forest, and was lost to my sight. But, on my right hand, stood a little bird's nest of a white-washed cottage, surrounded on all sides by a field of waving oats now nearly breast high A narrow footpath led from the rustic gate up to the cottage door, which stood open; and at a well, close by the house, stood a young girl, apparently fishing with a line for something in the water, while a dark eyed and very beautiful lady stood on the steps looking at her. A fat brown and white dog, with broad feet which turned out ludicrously—as if no other way could they support the weight of his body—sat on the green sward in front of the gate, blinking sleepily at the sunshine and the flies. When he at last saw me, he put up his head and gave a terrible howl, as if he felt deeply insulted by my approach—a sound which alarmed his young mistress, so that she dropped the line she held, and started back from the well in dismay. I then saw that she had long auburn curls, and that her face was full of that exquisite life and light and bloom, which youth and a sunny heart can shed upon the most *irregular features* There was nothing for me but to make my excuses for my intrusion as well as I could; so after pacifying the dog, I opened the boarded gate and walked up to her. It was Lucy, whom I thus met, for the first time.

It is strange how soon a perfectly natural and simple manner sets one at ease. I had always been called and had always thought myself the shyest of men; yet, in five minutes I was talking with the little fairy as freely as if I had known her all my life. I had been introduced to aunt Susan, who evidently regarded her young niece as the apple of her eye.

I had been reconciled to Tiger, who, after much entreaty on the part of his mistress, condescended to hold out his fat paw for me to shake, showing his teeth wickedly all the while, as if he would like to bite me, if she only was not there; and I had found the way to her heart by succeeding after a loss and patient effort, in rescuing from the well the line and pail with which she had been trying to draw water before I arrived Then, seeing that I looked heated and tired, she insisted upon my coming into the cottage to have some of Aunt's currant wine, while I rested I was only too glad to see her abode, and followed without any hesitation.

I must own that I have tasted better and sweeter wine than that which had been spoiling for two months at the damp cellar at Gan Eden, but I should have taken arsenic cheerfully, if her small hands had mixed the draught. I had seen her once or twice *before* in the park at Woodstock; had asked her name, and heard it casually; and had afterwards heard that her aunt had taken this place to please her, and that they were living entirely by themselves in their romantic solitude, with the exception of an old family servant who came with them from the city, and the uncouth dog, who was the prime pet and favorite of Lucy. More than this I had not sought to hear; and Gan Eden might have been located in the moon for aught I knew. Now that I had stumbled upon it, however, I looked around with no small degree of admiration, as Lucy did the honors of the two rooms to which I was admitted.

It was a little bower of a place, perched upon the banks of that same merry brook which had so beguiled me, and with its windows facing the south and west. I do not know if the sun was coaxed into doing double duty there, or not, but I am sure I never saw rooms so full of his golden light before. Every door and window was always left open of a pleasant day; and through the hop vines and the honeysuckles came the warm and perfumed air, the song of birds, the lowing of cattle, and the busy hum of bees, till the rooms seemed all alive with light and sound. It was by no means an uncommon thing to see a swallow dart through from one window to another, and a frisky little squirrel crept into the kitchen each morning, and chirped saucily for his breakfast. By-and-by he brought his family with him; and I found Lucy one morning, seated on the floor, scarcely daring to draw her breath, while the pretty creatures nibbled away, close beside her, at the crumbs she had scattered for them Her love for her pets was not her least charm in my eyes. To be sure, when I found her one day with a spoon and pitcher, just outside the gate, trying to pursuade a freckled ribbon snake, who opened his brilliant eyes, and displayed his thread like tongue in scorn, to drink the milk she poured for him in little grassy hollows along the road, I did object; but I tolerated her spiders and flies, and bugs and beetles, and dogs and cats, and even mice, because she had them under her immediate protection

It was my first day at Gan Eden; but ah! it was not my last Many a sunshiny afternoon was spent in the little parlor, with its wreath framed picture, its flowers of every hue, its vine shaded windows, and sloping, terraced doorway. I read to Lucy's aunt, but I looked at Lucy, and made strange blunders with my reading I walked over the hills, and traced out the spring of the dancing brook; and the little garden hat was always by my side, reaching up to my heart and no further, when its owner stood beside me with her hands full of flowers and mosses, chattering as fast as her tongue could run, about her treasures. She treated me much as she did Tiger; and I was only too glad to be his fellow slave.—Yet I am sure the frank child never dreamed how dear she was growing to me To her I was only "James," or "Brother James"—only a grave and serious man, too old, even then, to be more than a protector and a confidential friend; but not, alas for it! too old to love her, and that with a strength and tenderness a young man could never have felt My staid manners made me seem even older than I really was; and her aunt entrusted her to me, in all our excursions, as complacently as if I had been made of iron, instead of bearing about a living, beating heart within my breast.

O, the golden days of that happy summer fled too quickly. Lucy met me one afternoon at the gate, with as sad a face as she could wear

"We are going," she sighed "Aunt says it is time to go back to the city, and so we leave Gan Eden to day; spend a few days in town, and then return to noisy New York I am sure, if it was not for some we shall meet, I should never want to see the place again"

It would have been well for me if I had attended more to what she had just said; but the thought of her going from the only place on earth that seemed fit for her, swallowed up every thing else

"I should like to visit the old places with you to day, Lucy"

"Come in, then, and we will go while the servant is packing the furniture"

The trees had just begun to put on their glorious autumn colors, and *banners of red*, purple, gold, crimson, russet, pale yellow, green, and brown, were flung out on every order The September sunshine was yet warm in the middle of the day; and the smell of the beeches and the rustle of the dead leaves under foot—I remember them all, as if were but yesterday! But when the light began to fade, and we turned towards home, I looked back at the lovely scene, and all was bare and gray, and perfectly desolate Even so has my life been, Lucy

It was a hard trial for her to leave the pretty place. There were so many leave takings of old familiar spots, so many charges to the farmer who owned the house, to let the oak wreaths hang as they were till a new tenant came in, and 'Oh to be sure and feed the squirrels every day of his life;' so many hunts after Tiger, who was always supposed to have been drowned in the well or smothered under the luggage, and so many outbursts of joy at finding him, safe and sound, and generally fast asleep, that it was nearly dark before I got her to take the last look, and let me lead her to the pony carriage which was waiting at the gate I got her safely in at last, and saw her drive away; the little garden hat always turned towards the cottage as long as it was in sight Little she cared about Gan Eden, or all I was losing with it. But I consoled myself with the thought that I was inseparably connected with it, in Lucy's mind. Never could she think of the flowers, and the sunshine, and the bees, without also giving a thought to the friend who had watched and loved them with her. I went back and leaned against the well, where I had seen her first; I bent down and kissed the rough board where her hand had often rested. If a tear fell now and then, and broke the image of the star which shone so tranquilly in the water below, it was only known to me, and to that star, and to Him that made us both.

The few days she had mentioned fled like so many moments, and after that evening of moonlight and music, she was to leave us I stood with her in the parlor of her uncle's house, about ten minutes before the arrival of the stage. There were curtains of some transparent rose-colored material at the windows, and she was festooning them back with some waxen white flowers with green leaves—the last clippings of her aunt's conservatory—and the warm light fell upon her face as she made a graceful curtsey to me.

"There! Is not that pretty? When you come to see us in the city this winter, I shall arrange our parlors in the same way to make you remember Woodstock and Gan Eden"

"I am not likely to forget either of them," I said, looking fondly down at her, and in another moment it would have all been said, if she had not laid her hand upon my arm and whispered:

"Dear old James, I should so like to tell you a secret."

"Well?"

"But you must never let my aunt know I told you, or she would give me a terrible lecture. I suppose it is very improper and all that—but I should so like to tell you myself. I want you to come to us on the second week of January, and stay till after the twenty-fourth"

"And why till then?"

She blushed, and looked anywhere and every-where, but at me

"Because, on the twenty-fourth I am to be married"

With a strong effort, I mastered myself, and turning my face from the light, prepared to hear and answer her next question, which soon came.

"Are you angry?"

"Not I," I answered steadily. "But does your aunt know this?"

She opened her large eyes with innocent wonder.

"Of course. How stupid you are getting, my dear old James. Why, she made the match!"

"Ah!"

"Edward is scarcely older than I am, but his father wishes him to marry, to make him steady, I believe, or some such nonsense—as if such a fly about as I am would not unsettle him still more! However, we are very fond of each other"

"But how comes it, Lucy, that after all our familiar friendship, this is the first time I have ever heard his name?"

She shook her curls about her face and laughed

"Oh, I didn't like—I was afraid you would think it was silly You are so grave and wise, and indeed I never should have had the courage now, only that I am going away But would you like to see his picture?"

"Yes."

She took a pretty little case of blue velvet from her pocket, and, unfastening the golden clasps, laid it open in my hand. I looked upon my rival. A dashing, handsome, audacious boy of twenty, with a midshipman's uniform, a pair of bright, dark eyes, and an incipient moustache—that was all! He looked merry and happy enough, but he seemed more likely to be deeply in love with himself than with the pretty child they were going to give him for his wife. She needed training as well as loving, constancy as well as fervor I could have been all to her, husband, father, and friend'

"Hark! there comes the stage!" she exclaimed, snatching the picture from my hand, and running away to call her aunt Before she returned to me, I was calm, at least outwardly

"You will be sure and come and see us when you get back to the city, the very day you come," she pleaded, standing on the steps, and holding my cold hand in both hers

"Yes, Lucy"

"And remember, what I told you is a secret," she added, dropping her voice a little "You must not even speak of it in your letters, for aunt will always see them"

"I shall write, then?"

"What a question! Why, I depend upon you for all the news of Gan Eden, and all the gossip of the town You must go up to the old place now and then, James, (for my sake, and feed my poor little squirrels Dear old Gan Eden!"

She looked wistfully up at me, and her tears began to fall

"You have been so good, so kind!" she murmured "Oh, what shall I do without you?"

God bless her! If they had but left her with me for those autumn months, and I had felt it not dishonorable to make the attempt, she would have loved me, I am sure

When I had seated her in the coach beside her aunt, she leaned from the window and put back her veil

"James"

I turned back when I heard my name, and went up to her There were no careless bystanders looking on, none but those who knew and loved her, and who were incapable of misconstruing anything her loving heart might make her do As I stood beside her, she put her hand upon my shoulder, and whispered in my ear, "Do not forget Lucy!" Something warmer than the sunshine, something sweeter than the south wind, something softer than the new fallen snow, and quite as pure, just touched my cheek, and the stage rattled away and bore her from me

I put that timid, innocent kiss away within my heart, and going to my room in a bustling hotel, locked myself in for the remainder of the day Many years have come and gone, and my cheek has grown pale and thin, but Lucy's last farewell is remembered as vividly as in those first hours after I had lost her

Who will wonder to hear me say I did not keep the promise I had made? I did write once or twice, but the letters I got in return only wrung my heart; and it was a relief to me when I left Woodstock, and so could let my wanderings plead as the best excuse for my silence.—Her quiet friendship was no return for the love that pained every fiber of my being, and I knew it was best to sever every tie that bound me to her, at once I wrote the farewell I dared not trust myself to speak, and made it as cold and calm as even her lover could have wished. Then I went for the last time to Gan Eden, and spent one whole day *in the places we had loved* My last visit was to the house, which still stood empty I did not enter by the usual way, but crossed the brook, from the hill, and went round to the back of the house At a low window, through which Tiger used to escape when his mistress had confined him to the house, lest he should follow us, I stopped, and raising the sash, looked in The oak garlands which she had hung with her own hands, upon the walls, rustled drily as the clold wind blew I saw a single faded rose lying on the floor She had worn it in her hair on the evening of her departure, and I had seen her take it out and throw it aside before she tied on her hat. I had intended to secure it then, but something had drawn my attention away, and through all these weary weeks it had been waiting for me, that it might speak to me of her. Poor faded thing! I entered the room, and put the dead rose carefully in my breast. My footsteps made a hollow sound upon the decaying floor, and the squirrel, fat and sleek as ever, ran from a hiding place behind the door, and vanished through the window It was a pleasure, at least, to think the little fellow had not fallen into neglectful hands since she had gone. I leaped out upon the ground again, took one long, last look into the dear old room, shut down the window, and turned away. From that hour there was no Gan Eden for me, save in my dreams.

I went away to the land of gold. My fortune was already sufficient for all my wants, but I felt that stirring and striving within me which must be silenced, and I knew no better course to take. I plunged into the wildest speculations, and bought and sold at such daring risks that those who had known me in my quiet and steady days, said I had gone mad. And so I had—and yet I prospered, because success was nothing to me.—Like King Midas, everything I touched turned to gold—till the sight of it became almost hateful to me.

Now came the time when I might have filled Lucy's place, had I wished it. Beautiful women look kindly on the butterfly, who would have spurned the caterpillar. But I had grown moody and reserved, and their smiles and blandishments fell on me like sunshine on granite. If ever I sat by my lonely fireside and thought of marriage, the words of the gentle Elia came to my mind. "The children of Alice call Bertram father," and I sighed, and stirred the coals, and let my thoughts wander away.

It was a selfish life, as well as a lonely one.—But one day there came a change. It was ushered in by a terrible illness, and a suffering like unto death. When it passed I was another man. The angel had "troubled the waters;" a hand which was not mortal had laid me in the pool, my eyes were opened, and my infirmities were healed. I saw that if all that could make earth glad and beautiful, had been taken from me, it was only that I might learn to lay up treasure in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and thieves cannot break through nor steal. I heard the poor crying out on every side for succor, and when I was able, I gave it, for the sake of Him who held the poor in loving remembrance. It is the most true that no good work, which is done in the name and for the sake of God, can ever lose its reward. Even while I was thus holding the "cup of cold water" to the parched lips of his little ones, His grace was filling my heart with a new and living light.

It was then that I first sought some tidings of her. The friend to whom I wrote gave me a brief answer. She was dead! Carried away by the raging of the great pestilence; and the young husband had already filled her place with a second wife

From that day I have never written her name until now; but she has always lived within my heart. My affections are no longer placed on things of this world; they bud and bloom in a brighter one, and I hope one day to gather their blossoms there

---

INVENTORY OF JUNE.—Of all the months in the year June is among the pleasantest, though it must be confessed, this year is somewhat of an exception to the rule.—Here is an 'Inventory of the best part of the month'

"Skies of deepest azure,
Dance of mountain streams,
Glittering in the brightness,
Of the noontide beams,
Scent of apple blossoms
Filling all the air,
Cowslips in the meadow,
Violets everywhere;
Floods of golden sunshine,
Trailing robes of green;
Gayer than the garments
Of the proudest queen,
Seas of crimson clover,
Choirs of singing birds,
And the blessed charm of
Happy children's words
Soft, melodious whisperings
In the tasseled trees,
Joy of tell tale breezes,
Hum of honey bees
Unrestrained resplendence,
Universal cheer,
Beauty all unbounded
Tell us June is here
June of bloom the fairest
June of song the rarest
Of the changeful year'

A LEAF

FROM THE DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN.

No one need go into the field of romance to picture scenes of thrilling import The vast arena of human life furnishes incidents of every day occurrence, the vividness of which far surpasses anything recorded on the pages of fiction.

Early in the summer of 1835, I left the crooked streets of New York, at the solicitation of a particular friend of mine, and started on a trip up the Hudson, with the intention of spending the summer months, and avoiding for a while the din and hum of city life My friend was one of those persons who seemed to be enveloped in a mystery Although I had been with him for three years and a half, I could give no kind of conjecture as to the strange secret that ever preyed upon his mind Sometimes in his soberest moments, I would cautiously venture some question, to get a clue to the channel of his thoughts, but his great self possession would throw off every look of sadness and melancholy, and put me at my ease with nothing further to say. He was one of those strange beings you would look at not knowing why, till you would nearly forget yourself in the multiplicity of conjectures as to his probable occupation and calling. He was rather above the medium size, always dressed in the richest style which money could furnish, though a glance would show him to be no brainless fop His hair, usually long, was of raven blackness, and his large, deep, black eyes possessed a fascination which cannot be desribed More than once have I listened to his eloquence, till unconsciously I would be off my seat leaning forward to catch the faintest whisper. Never shall I forget his thrilling eloquence in defence of a pale and emaciated being brought into a criminal court charged with the crime of murder The evidence was circumstantial, but so perfect a chain did it make, that out of a thousand, none supposed but that a verdict of death would be pronounced against the unfortunate sufferer.—My friend, who had heard the elaborate testimony and the plea of the people's counsel, arose and walked majestically towards the stand. After speaking a few words with the prisoner, he opened with a defence which threw consternation and bewilderment into the countenance of every listener The very eyes which a few minutes before were frowning scorn and contempt, were weeping tears of pity for the unhappy victim.—At the close of the speech, a universal shout of "Not Guilty," went forth and the prisoner was borne away in triumph by the excited multitude.

But I digress—we were going up the Hudson The day was unusually fine The romantic scenery of the beautiful Hudson, and the vivacity of the crew formed a subject of happy contemplation, and on this occasion every one seemed enjoying themselves to their heart's content. We were promenading the the deck, with several young persons, ladies and gentlemen, when all of a sudden my friend became fearfully agitated, and a death like palor overspread his features—I glanced around, but could discover nothing unusual; but a few seconds had made such a change in his looks, that I became alarmed, and advised him to go to his room. It was with difficulty we managed our way througy the crowd without attracting the attention of the passengers. We reached the berth, but had not more than closed the door, before he uttered in broken accents, "I have seen her! I have seen the pale, sad face I have been seeking for years! Did you not see her?" he exclaimed, and his eyes glisteded with a light almost unearthly. In answer to my imploring entreaties, he finally related the following incidents of his life.

The young lady referred to, had been his companion in early years, and had accepted his proposals of marriage, but the haughty pride of her old father, (her mother having been dead,) forbade her having any intercourse with him, after he had learned her true feelings and ojects, and so zealously did he watch her movements, that months and even years passed without his exchanging a word with her, either by letter or otherwise. Her declining health began to create serious apprehensions, and a European tour was recommended by her physician. But a few days were spent in making the necessary arrangements, and accompanied by her father and brother, they started on the voyage across the ocean. Before going, however, she managed to leave a letter which fell into his possession. Her last words breathed a prayer for her lover, and implored him to follow her, in the hope of meeting again on earth. He took passage the next opportunity, and landed two weeks later than the boat which bore the only treasure he valued on earth. He learned no tidings of them, however, and after a year's long and painful search, got news from some one who had made their acquaintance, that they had sailed for some port in America. With heavy heart he again dared the raging billows of the ocean, and after a perilous trip, landed again in New York.

After another search in the southern and western cities, he returned nearly discouraged and resolved to take a trip up the Hudson, with a view of selecting some favorable retreat, and to rest his weary limbs. His story was mournful, and told in depth of feeling I cannot describe. And now some unknown fate had brought them together when least expected. He recognized in her attendant the stern features of her cruel father, yet neither saw him. He talked long and earnestly, till away past the hour of dinner, and finally began to be restored to his former self-possession. He again sauntered forth, thinking to get some opportunity of speaking a word, or making some gesture which would avert her attention. But presently the summons was given for supper We seated ourselves at the table opposite a couple of reserved seats, and presently the old man and his daughter came forward and seated themselves in them My fried, unlike himself a few moments before, was cool and collected. Presently he asked the lady if she would have some delicacy which had been saved for a dainty appetite. She reached her plate, and at the same time caught a glance of his features—Her hand trembled so violently, she came near dropping her plate. Another glance fully assured her of the personage before her She tasted once or twice, and expressed herself unwell. She arose with the help of her father, who little mistrusted the cause of her illness She requested to be taken on deck where she could inhale the fresh air. A cushioned sofa was placed at the bow of the boat, and the poor girl fell fainting upon it. The old man was somewhat alarmed at her sudden illness, and enquired for a physician, and as that happened to be my vocation, I offered my services, which were thankfully received—Being informed that nothing more than a nervous sensation had affected the girl, he seemed to rest at ease, and leaving her in my charge, went back to finish his supper. The opportunity had come; I beckoned to my friend who had followed us, and he quickly came forward I arose to leave them alone, but *she* unconscious of my presence, flew to meet him, and fell fainting in his arms It was too holy a meeting to witness, and I left them alone and went below, hoping to engage the old man's attention, and thus give the lovers a few moments of uninterrupted enjoyment I succeeded in keeping him quiet a half an hour or more, but he finally became uneasy and started for the deck. He came in sight of them before I had time to go forward and warn them of his approach The poor girl heard his hurried footsteps but did not take her head from her lover's bosom, before the old man had seen their position He comprehended the whole in an instant, recognizing the stranger who sat oposite him at the table as her former lover. He became fearfully enraged. The pale and weeping girl, half dead with affright, flew from her lover's arms, and ere he conceived her intentions, gave a fearful scream and plunged into the mad, boiling waters Quick as thought, her constant lover sprang over the railing, and was lost to view The alarm was given and the boat stopped, but no earthly effort was of any avail One momentary glimpse of two struggling forms, and two pure spirits went in holy communion to the God who gave them

The old man fell overboard about an hour afterwards, and his fate was never known, only to those who saw him go down, they thinking his retribution sent from heaven

---

MURDER OF A BUFFALONIAN.—Marshall B Morin until recently a resident in this city was brutally murdered at Holley Springs, in the State of Mississippi, on the 5th of June inst, by a man named B J Malone and his son—The *Express* gives the following particulars:

A niece of Malone, to whom Mr. Morin was paying his addresses, had been foully slandered, and Mr Morin, believing it his duty to chastise the perpetrator, applied to Malone to act as his friend in the transaction. Malone consented, but begged that the matter might be put off for 24 hours, to which Morin consented In the meantime, Malone busied himself in circulating the most aggravating slanders against his own niece, with a view of exciting, as much as possible, the public indignation against Morin. Before the 24 hours elapsed, Morin determined to wait no longer, but called on Malone to accompany him, who, still making professions of devoted friendship to his (Morin's) face, invited him to his counting room, wher he was set upon by Malone and his son, knocked down with a crow bar, and then riddled with pistol bullets—He died in a few moments. The muderers were arrested and an examination commenced, which was postponed, and the prisoners placed in custody of the sheriff, who allowed them to walk at liberty about the streets, armed and equipped for more deeds of violence There is no probability that they will be punished Mr Morin was a son of the agent of the Illinois Central Railroad at Memphis, and was formerly an express messenger, and afterwards clerk of a hotel in this city At the time of his death, he was proprietor of a hotel in Holly Springs. He has a brother still residing in town, and his remains were expected to arrive here last evening

---

MURDERERS.—Felony is a modern road to fame. A man achieves distinction now-a-days by going out and murdering somebody. After a hue and cry and a sharp chase, he is caught and chained in a dark cell "Poor fellow," say the public, as they gaze through the bars, "he does not look so frightful after all." Then they begin to admire him. One expatiates on his talents. Another eulogizes his nerve. A third suggests that not he, but bad education is responsible for the crime. A fourth thinks his wicked parents should be hung. He is "the victim of circumstances." Then they write him poetry. They send him dainties They take his daguerreotype They get his autograph They publish his letters. His religious opinions are quoted as if they contained a new revelation. Men seek his society. Women weep over his persecutions. Presently it is rumored that the Judge regrets his sentence, and the jury their verdict Petitions fly around. The Governor is denounced if he hesitates to set aside the judgement of the Court. All hands help to dignify Crime and defeat Justice, and the scoundrel walks to the prison or the scaffold a Hero and a martyr.

There are scores of ragged children in our streets who will one day be murderers. Bestow this surplus sympathy on them *now*, when it can reclaim them to virtue and train them to usefulness—instead of waiting till they are grown up hardened in crime! So bestowed it might effect as much good as in its perverted form, it works harm.—*Albany Journal.*

The Washington correspondent of the New Albany Ledger well says of the acts of the Republican party:

"A pretty record they are making for themselves, truly! They have abandoned their Philadelphia platform of "Congressional sovereignty," and got astride of the Democratic plank of popular sovereignty. They have abandoned their plank of "No more slave States," and have voted to admit Kansas into the Union under the Lecompton constitution, if the people should so determine. *They voted to admit a slave State*, and vote to *reject free States* They vote to admit Kansas under a pro-slavery constitution, and to reject Minnesota and Oregon under free State constitutions. When Minnesota is admitted over their votes they resort to faction to succeed in disfranchising her. And yet, forsooth, they are the peculiar friends and champions of freedom. Who can repose any further confidence in their avowed principles, their pledges and promises? They are utterly demoralized and reckless, and no confidence can be placed in them. They are mad, and governed more by the blinding fury of their passions, than by the dictates of reason or the promptings of patriotism.