ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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

[VO]LUME 29. | ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 28, 1858. | NUMBER 16.

ERIE OBSERVER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY [SL]OAN AND W. M. MOORE, [illegible] OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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

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[illegible] lines or less make a square.

[illegible] week, $ 75 | One square 3 months $3 00
[illegible] 1 00 | One " 6 " 5 00
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[illegible] a year, changeable at pleasure, $10 [illegible] months, $6 6 months, $8 9 months, $11 [illegible]

[illegible] squares one year, $20 6 months, $[illegible]

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

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

[BUS]INESS DIRECTORY.

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

WM. A. GALBRAITH, [illegible] Office on 6th street, nearly opposite [illegible].

T. S. SINCLAIR, Successor to Stewart & Sinclair, [illegible] Druggist, Corner of State and 5th Sts. [illegible] Dye Stuffs, Glass, Camphene, Burning [illegible].

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

MILLER & HENRY, [illegible] Shoes, Shoe Findings, [illegible] Wright & Co's Exchange Office, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM S. LANE. [ATTORNEY] AT LAW.—Office removed to corner [illegible] Block, corner State Street and the Public [Square], Pa.

BRIGDEN & HUTCHINSON. [illegible] Office in Rosenzweig's Block, opposite [illegible] entrance on the Park, Erie, Pa.

W. E. MAGILL, [DE]NTIST, Office in Rosenzweig's Block, [illegible] the Park, Erie, Pa. Erie, Nov. 7 1857.—26.

C. B. WRIGHT, & CO., [illegible] and Dealers in Gold and Silver Coin, uncurrent [illegible] and Warrants and Certificates of Deposit. Also [illegible] the principal cities in the Union, and all parts of [illegible] for sale. Office, in Rosenzweig's Block, corner [illegible] Erie, Pa.

[illegible] BAILEY. | [illegible] GUNNISON

J. C. SELDEN, [Whole]sale and Retail dealer in all kinds of English, German and [American Hard]ware, Anvils, Vices, Iron, Nails, Steel, &c. [Carriage Trimmings], Machine Belting and Lacing, [illegible] opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa.

ROGERS & BENNETT, RETAIL Dealers in Hardware, Crockery, Glassware [illegible] Nos 11 and 12 Empire Block, corner of Fifth and [illegible] Erie, Pa. [illegible] BENNETT.

M'CONKEY & SHANNON. Successors to Barney & M'Conkey. [Wholesale and Retail dealers in E]nglish, German and American Hardware and Cutlery, [illegible] Iron and Steel, No. 5 Reed House.

JAMES LYTLE, [illegible] formerly occupied by James Sill, Esq. as a [illegible] State street, [illegible] the Reed [illegible].

JOSEPH S. CLARK. [illegible]

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

JAMES CROOK & CO., Manufacturers of Sash, Doors [illegible] formerly occupied by Hugh Jones.

T. HERRON STUART. [illegible]—Office, at his residence [illegible] the old Apothecary Hall.

[WE]NNIG & BANYARD. [illegible], Provisions, Produce, Pork, Fish, Salt, [illegible] Fruits, Nuts, Glass, Nails, Brooms, Pails, Wooden [illegible] Ware, &c. Terms Cash. Prince's [illegible] State Street, 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie.

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

WILLIAM H. LUCE. DENTIST, Office in Beatty's Block, north side of [the] Public Square, formerly occupied [illegible]. All work warranted.

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

JOSEPH McCARTER. [Wholesale] and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship [illegible] Wood and Willow ware &c., &c. State Street [illegible].

B. K. FULLERTON. [Boots] and Shoes. No. 2, Hughes Block, State street.

JACOB H. FRANK, [TAILOR] and FARIER, has returned from the West, [illegible] in Erie during the winter. Those wishing his [services will find] him at his residence, corner of and French sts.

EMPIRE STORES. [illegible], Jobbers and Retail Dealers in every description of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Carpetings, Oil [illegible] No. 2 State street, corner of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

BUFFALO CLOTHING STORE. [illegible] Dealer and Manufacturer in first quality Ready [Made] and Gentlemen's furnishing Goods. No. 7 Brown's [illegible] street, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM THORNTON, [illegible] Deeds, Agreement Bonds and Mortgages, [illegible] accurately and carefully drawn. Office on [illegible] 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 Attorney [or Magistrate]. Office in Empire Block corner of [illegible], Erie, Pa.

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

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

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

JOHN SWEENY. [illegible], office in Beatty's Building, upstairs, Erie.

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

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

[illegible] CLARK.

JOHN W. AYRES. [illegible] and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, [illegible] and Dining Chairs, No. 4 Kev [illegible], Erie Pa.

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

S. B. CHURCHILL. [illegible] Double Rectified Whiskey, at the [illegible].

J. G. BARR & CO., [illegible] at Wholesale and Retail, at No. 10 [illegible] State street, Erie, Pa.

PARK HALL. [illegible] Hall for Concerts, Lectures, and Public [illegible], East of the Park. Enquire at the Banking [House of] & Co., No. 5, Reed House, Erie, Pa.

OLDS & LOW. [illegible] Wholesale and Retail dealers in West and [illegible] the cheapest and best now in [illegible] street near Peach, Erie, Pa. [illegible] water for family, farm or mechanic [illegible].

[illegible] M. L. Low.

JOSEPH K. FERGUSON, [illegible] CONSTABLE. Office in the rear of [illegible] Fifth street, Erie, Pa. All business [illegible] promptly and faithfully attended to.

DENTISTRY.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT. [illegible] Dwelling in south Park Row, first [illegible]. July 10, 1858.

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

GRAY & FARRAR, [illegible] and Dealers in West India Goods, Powder, [illegible] Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, Oil, &c. &c. No. [illegible] State street, Erie Pa. [illegible] FARRAR.

JOSEPH EICHENLAUB Jr., [illegible] Boots and Shoes, and Wholesale and Retail [illegible] Leather. French and American [illegible] Linings, Bindings, Kips and Splits, Thread [illegible] Lastings, Galloons, Ribands, Hammers, [illegible] Pegs, Nails, &c. New Block, State [street].

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

Sweets to the Sweet.

"But till grace be in one woman one woman shall not come in my grace."—*Benedict.*

When thy blue eyes melt in liquid light,
My bosom swells with languid pleasure,
When black eyes gleam like stars at night,
My pulses throb with quickened measure:
And then when gray ones flash and glow,
And [illegible] their radiant beams upon me,
[illegible] on my word, I hardly know
[illegible] these lovely orbs have won me.

Redundant locks of raven hue
Befit a heroine of story;
While auburn tresses floating fair
Bewilder with their golden glory;
And simple bands of shining brown
Suggest a Raphael's Madonna
Which of these heads should wear the crown
[illegible] upon my honor.

[illegible] with a flowing form
[illegible] dreaming
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

And offer up a fervent vow
The rest, of all the world were mine
[illegible]
And still one woman shall combine
The varying charms of all the others,
[illegible]
[illegible]

THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE

I

When I first came to Woodislee, I came as curate, for the incumbent was near ninety years of age, and very infirm. I had a hundred pounds a year, and the little cottage that is now in ruins, close by the old church to live in, and never dreamed to have done better. That would have been enough and to spare, indeed—without my good wife here and the four little ones of course, who then were not in the question—for the place is not a dear one as to living. The Brent, which runs by our door, supplied me well with trout, and I was my own fishmonger. A knife and fork, too, were always laid for me at the squire's board, and on Sundays without exception, I was there to use them.

The Sunday after poor Mr. Melville, the old incumbent died, I was as usual at the Grange and as was natural, our talk fell on his loss and on the future vicar.

"I have appointed one in my own mind," said Mr. Markham; "and if he chooses to accept the living, as there is no reason whatever for the delay, he will read himself in within the month—a [illegible] young man not over rich, who knows the people here, and is well liked by them."

"I fear then sir he will not want a curate, since parish is so small."

"No I fear not Grantley. We shall be sorry to lose you, although we have seen so little of each other; but I will have you in my eye, be sure as will my wife, in whose way curacies come much more than they do in mine."

And so we parted for that time with a hearty hand-shake.

Ah, what a wife that Mr. Markham was!—a fair, buxom woman then, with auburn hair just dusted with gold, and wearing her thirty summers like a flower. She with her pleasant smile, was the fit messenger to tell me ere the month was up that I myself was the new vicar of Woodislee. She took as great delight to bring the news as I to hear it.

"The vicarage is yours," said she, "and may this please you Mr. Grantly, as it pleases me. It was not with my will that it was kept a secret from you for so long, but you know my husband loves his kindly joke."

It was not likely after this, that I should not become their friend; and indeed, the Markhams and my old wife were ever together. Both [illegible] course grew very [illegible] with them [illegible] I learned pain enough, [illegible] in winter evenings, and the vicarage was almost less my home than was the Grange. I [am] sure that they did not else my wife for [illegible] so, I have the greatest gift of all to thank them for, and they stood both of them as sponsors to my eldest boy. About two years after I had been installed as vicar, I began to observe a great strangeness in Mrs Markham. She grew absent, started when addressed—especially if by her husband—wasted visibly, and lost in part her pleasant looks. The squire did not see this: she had always a smile to greet him with, however she might look to others, and would watch him sometimes when he was not regarding her, with a concentration of affection in her gaze more intense than ever. Another change was this: the squire's fortune being very large, his wife had a most liberal allowance, and kept quite a little establishment of her own. Her charities, besides those that were in common with his, were extensive. When any person needed help beyond that which I was justified in giving, I had been accustomed to apply to her as readily as to him; but now her alms at first diminished, and then altogether ceased. She parted under some frivolous pretence, with her carriage and ponies; and from being rather fastidious and choice in her attire, she came to dress with great simplicity, and a most ill, so that upon that point her husband rallied her. One night she was singing with us in the hall as usual, a favorite Scotch song of his, that she had sung a hundred dred times before, when her voice suddenly trembled, as though her heart was breaking, and she burst into a fit of tears. It was one of those exquisite melodies of Burns upon the domestic affections; and Markham spoke touchingly to me afterward of that excessive fondness of his wife's for him which had so completely overmastered her. "If I were to be taken from her," said he, "I do believe dearest Jane would die."

Certainly to watch her anticipating his slightest wish, and listening to his every word as though it were to be his last, it might well seem so. Upon my venturing to remark to him that she was generally in by no means good health, and not in her usual spirits, he thanked me, and was nervously alive to this at once; and thinking a little company might cheer her, he sent for his maiden sister from the north to spend some time with them—a quiet elderly lady, very excellent, but not in any way gifted as her brother and sister-in-law were. We two struck up an acquaintance very soon, and the squire was wont to make facetious allusions to it which would have been embarrassing from anybody else. She soon filled up, in some measure, that position of Lady Bountiful in the parish which Mrs. Markham had abdicated—although I confess she somewhat lacked the gracefulness of her well doing—and evidently to that lady's satisfaction. It left her more to herself, and at liberty to retire to her chamber or elsewhere, as had now become her favorite custom. This combination with the other peculiarities in her conduct, although still veiled from her husband's notice, did not escape the quick, womanly eye of Miss Markham.

"I cannot think," said she, as we were taking a walk together about three weeks after her arrival, "what change has come over Jane. If we did not know herself and George to have been the most loving couple that ever breathed, I should be inclined to think her an unhappy wife; and if I were not thoroughly convinced of the badness of her late husband, that she was regretting his loss."

I had never heard until that moment of Mrs. Markham having been a widow, and I expressed my surprise strongly.

"Indeed!" said my companion. "I had made certain that they had entrusted you with that revelation; but since you are aware of so much, you may now just as well know all."

"Mrs Markham, whom you perceive, even at this time, charming and almost perfect being, appears extraordinarily sensitive and unsuspicious of evil, was as Miss Jane Raby, romantic to the last degree. She eloped at school at the age of seventeen, with an adventurer named Heathcote. I never saw him myself, but I have been told that in youth he was extremely handsome, and gifted with some attractive but superficial talents. After living together a short time in great unhappiness, so far as Jane was concerned, he deserted her, and sent her back to her friends. He did not appear again for years. He must have treated the poor girl very brutally, to account for the horror absolute loathing which she entertained for him. He knew that she did so, and used that knowledge for his own profit. He had openly boasted that "he had not married a milksop like her for nothing but for her money;" and the moment which secured to her her property, the very day on which she came of age, brought this hapily to her side again. She bought him off with ransoms, then and at many other times, as the civilized nations in old time bought off the savage, and with the like result—he became more frequent and extravagant in his demands. When I say that he was a systematic gambler and a drunkard, I believe that I have mentioned only his lighter foibles. The relics of her original fortune, only remained to her, when he required of her a blank check to be filled up at his own pleasure. This, backed by her paternal uncle, and sole relative, in whose house she was then residing, she steadily refused to give him; and Heathcote, uttering the most frightful threats, was obliged to content himself with a draft drawn by Mr. Raby upon his own banker for a hundred pounds. He drew it merely to save his niece, who was in angony of terror from her husband's violence, and to get the man out of the house as quickly as possible; but as the matter turned out, this was the luckiest thing in the world. Heathcote altered the 'one' upon the order to 'five,' and the number '100' to '500,' and so got the check changed by the commission of a felony. The next time that this fellow came for his merciless tax—which was soon enough—Mr Raby had a policeman in waiting for him. "If," said that gentleman, "you ever attempt to persecute my unhappy niece, I transport you for the term of your natural life. You may thank her alone that I suffer you to escape just punishment this time. If it rested with me only—and luckily the proof of your penal crime does rest with me, and with no 'milksop'—you should be shipped off as soon as the law could ship you." Heathcote hectored a good deal, and strove to obtain an interview with his poor wife; but Mr Raby was firm. He told him out one hundred five pound notes, and enclosed them in a cover, whereupon he wrote his own name and address to remind him of this compact, telling him that it was the last handwriting and the last shilling of his that he should see. The conditions of gift were, that the recipient should depart for Australia forthwith, and never set foot again in England. "The fellow five hundred, the forged check sir, is in my own possession; and if ever I see your face again, it shall be produced in a court of law," which penalty the other, there being no help for it, agreed to. Heathcote's brutality must have been something excessive to have trodden all traces of love out of a heart like Jane's but he had quite succeeded in so doing. Although she had not consented to her Uncle's threat being held over him—and happy was it that it did not rest with her to use it—she could not but feel comfort from the event. Six months' experience of freedom did wonders in restoring her roses and lightening her heart of a [illegible] likely to crush it altogether. She began to move about less like an automaton, to wear the smile of content, if not of merriment, and to be in some sort like the Jane Raby of her years before. Then came some news which made her serious and silent a while, but could scarce have made her sad. Heathcote was dead in the bush, slain by the hand of one of his own wicked companions. In a concealed pocket within his vest was found the roll of bank noted in their still unbroken cover. It had escapes the eyes of his murderer, or the passing by of some honest settlers had disturbed him in his unfinished search. They forwarded the parcel to Mr. Raby, with a narration of these facts. A year after this event, it would have been impossible to recognize the spirit bowed and fragile Mrs Heathcote in the by no means inconsolable widow which she had then become. Thanks to her brief matrimonial career, she was not rich, but beautiful and happy as you see her now, Mr Grantly, or rather as you did see her until within these few months. My brother married with the full knowledge of her former life, and has never had a moment's cause, as he says himself, to regret his choice."

This narration which the kind hearted but misdoubting little old maid made piquant with various garnishments of her own, in the way of flings at the foolishness of young girls, and the futility of her early marriages, did not much enlighten me as to what was ailing with poor Mrs. Markham, although it increased my interest in her fortunes. Her conduct towards myself remained unaltered, or was marked by even greater communicativeness. She put to me several hypothetical cases of conscience, of which I could see no possible bearing on herself, and begged me, as a clergyman, to give her my best opinion on the subject. She told me that she had often bewailed the having no children, which she had once considered to be the sole blessing that had been denied her; but that now she thanked God that she was childless. The horrible thought began to cross me that my dear benefactress and firm friend was going out of her mind; and that idea grew stronger, although Mrs. Markham shook her head at it, and hoped it might be no worse.

She was as good a person as ever lived; but she had the weakness of her order, which somehow is always to think the worst that can be of all her sex. But when I had seen Mrs. Markham come out of the firewood, under the sand-cliff, a little after sunrise one morning, and she told me, pale as a spectre, and quivering in every limb, that she had only been to get an appetite for breakfast; when she asked me at another time for the loan of twenty pounds for a very pressing emergency, and begged me to keep it secret; and when I coupled with these things her piteous endeavors, so transparent to myself and her sister in law, to conceal her unhappy condition at all times—a mark most significant of an unsettled brain—I felt quite sure of my painful surmise being but too true. I was even debating how to break this horror to Mr. Markham, that remedial measure might be resorted to before it was too late, when a circumstance occurred which changed my suspicions into a certainty even still more terrible.

II.

It was on a Tuesday, in the midsummer, and the squire was gone to a meeting, likely to be a stormy one, upon education, at the neighboring town; Miss Markham, ever desirous of a little shopping had accompanied him, and I had intended to have done so likewise, had not the illness of a parishioner suddenly prevented it. His case requiring certain aliments which was not within the scope of our resources at the vicarage, I walked down to the grange, according to custom to request that they might be sent to the sick man's cottage. Mrs. Markham was not within; but the beauty of the afternoon enticed me upon a terrace, the extremity of which communicated with the walled garden. The gate was always kept locked, I knew, and only the squire and the head gardener had the keys of it. Sauntering slowly along upon the turf, and drinking in the prospect dreamily, I had reached the extremity of the walk, and was about to turn, when I heard the whispering of voices. I could not see who the persons were, for they were behind the wall in the garden close below me. They had no business there, I knew, and had probably come after some very choice melons of the squire's. I made no scruple therefore of listening; but after the first few words I felt as though I would have given both my ears rather than have done so.

"I tell you Jane, that now or never is the time. There is a heap of money in his desk to-day, which will go to the bank to-morrow. Markham is away at Ruff-ham, and it will not kill him when he comes to find it gone."

"Never!" said a clear full voice, which I knew to be Mrs. Markham's. "I will die first. I will go away with you yourself, before I would rob my husband."

"Your husband?" said the other with a sneer. "Pooh, pooh! you need not be so squeamish for a few pounds, since you are in for so many pennies already. Why you've made free of hundreds——"

"Not a shilling, she interrupted vehemently—"not one shilling have you touched of his. My own luxuries, my comforts, the wants of God's own poor, have gone to support your profligacy; but not one penny of *his*, heaven knows."

"Jane," said the ruffian slowly, "take you good heed to what I say; I'll blow upon you, and tell all to his face. I'll carry you off, I swear it, before his very eyes. What you have known of me hitherto is nothing to what you shall know of me when you and I come to live together again." I seemed to see and feel through the wall itself the shudder that ran through that poor lady's frame at these words. If I had tho't the worst of her, instead of being assured, as I then was that her wicked husband Heathcote was indeed alive, and persecuting her with a power more terrible than ever, my heart would not have bled for her less painfully, my indignation against him would not have risen higher; but as it was, my teeth were grinding in my wrath, and my stick was furiously gripped, as though it were a sword. Silently, like a thief in the night, I stole down to the wall, and setting my feet in some convenient crevices, peered cautiously above it. Both luckily, had their faces turned away from me; but I could see, even on the man's back, scoundrel and coward written. His poor wife's wrongs and goodness, and all that I had heard of his brutality, swept over me in a sea of indignation. Oh, for one quarter of an hour of my college days, before I had put on that ecclesiastical garb! Oh, to have given him ever so brief an example of that 'one, two,' which I remember to have had some skill, in the bygone time. My years and profession indeed, were already unforgotten [illegible] wished he might just have laid his hand upon her in his rage. My stick was an ashen one, and would not have broken for some time, I think. He wanted to do it, I could see by the twitching fingers: the bowed and trembling, but still graceful figure—the appealing sobs, for which I could only guess the meaning—the young life withered and struck down in its joys by his cruel threats and presence—they moved him not one jot. I dared not trust myself to look any longer, but resumed my station at the foot of the wall. After a storm of menaces, met by almost hysteric expostulations that grew fainter every moment, I heard him say. "You know where I am to be found, woman; and if that I demand does not come to my hand within the next eight-and-forty hours, I come to this house as surely as you are my wife, and claim you." I heard a fall upon the ground, and knew that his poor victim had fainted; but I waited until the wretch—who heeded her no more than if she were a log—had left the garden and plunged swiftly into the copse that fringed its northern side. I ran in then at the open door, lifted Mrs. Markham from the path, and revived her at the spring that flowed hard by. She was afraid, on coming to herself, to look up at me, taking me for Heathcote; but I told her how I had walked in, seeing the gate open, and expecting to find her gardening, and how I feared the heat had been too much for her. She was ice cold, poor thing; but she murmured—"Yes, the heat, it was the heat," as I supported her homeward up the hill. I got away immediately, and pretending a telegraphic message, packed up a little carpet bag; drove down to the railway station at full speed, and arrived just in time for the up express, as I had hoped.

III

On the next Wednesday at noon I was back again, and at once took my way down to the Grange. Mrs Markham had been very ill, I heard, and was now no better; the squire was even then at her bedside. I sent for him upon the plea of very urgent business, and he came down into the library at once. If I had not been in his own house, and expecting to meet no other but himself, I should not have known him.—His eyes were swollen and dull, his gait tottering, and his features white and drawn like the face of a dead man. She had told him all, at last; his first and only love, his true and devoted wife, the partner of six happy, happiest years, was to be torn from him by another, and doomed to a life of misery.

"Grantley," said he, in a hollow, unnatural tone, "I have that to tell which will wring your heart, I know it—it has already broken mine." He had fallen into a chair like one whose limbs refused to sustain him, and the tears coursed down his cheeks unchecked and unconcealed.

"Markham," said I, "I know all—everything—more, I think, than you can tell. Your agony is not for yourself, but for your—for her, I am well assured. She shall not be dragged away. Be comforted. He shall never touch a hair of her head."

His despairing eyes turned towards me not without a touch of hope. I was about to speak further, when the front door bell rang.

"The man has come," groaned the poor squire, as if inexorable fate had laid its very hand upon his shoulder.

"Show him in," said I to the servant, for his master seemed to have lost all power of speech. For my part, I drew a hopeful augury from that delicate bell-ringing; a ruffian that had nothing to fear would have pulled with both his hands.

Heathcote slouched in with an insolent air, half sneak half bully.

"I don't want the parson to hear what I have got to say to you," were his first words.

Mr. Markham, who kept his back turned towards him, waved his hand to me in sign that I should speak for him.

"You may say whatever you will," said I quietly. "I am aware of the object of your coming, you want to extort the money from this gentleman, which you tried to persuade another to steal from his own desk."

"Oh, she told, did she?" said the villain, with a diabolical smile. "It will be the worse for her, presently, that's all."

"No, sir, she did not, if you mean your wife Mrs. Heathcote. "Ay, sir," added I, as he started back, "we are aware of all that and very much more." "You were overheard in the garden. There is more than one thing known [illegible], Henry Heathcote, of your old doings, which you are not aware of."

I saw him turn as pale as the poor squire himself. "Whether or no," said he after a little, "I shall have the money or I shall have my wife—who has committed bigamy—whichever that gentleman pleases."

"That gentleman," said I, as I observed Mr. Markam was about to speak, "is not to be intimidated, month after month, as Mrs. Heathcote was, into supplying your bottomless purse. Nay, sir, your oath is not to be trusted. I hold in my hand a warrant for your apprehension, procured yesterday from Hampshire by Mr. Raby, upon a charge of forgery, the proof of which I have now with me. The consequences are upon your own head, remember, and when you leave this house, it will be for a jail."

"I was quite prepared for this, sir," said the ruffian, with a look of indescribable malice.—"Mrs. Markham that was, will, however, accompany me to prison. Fine food for the scandal of the county that will be; and a good convict's wife she will make to me in my banishment without doubt."

Mr Markham writhed like one in torture upon his chair. We were indeed in the man's power, as he said, and my journey into Hampshire had been of but small service. One desperate course, however, which had been suggested by Mr. Raby, was left to me, and I tried it. "Miserable man," said I sternly, "do you then dare to force us to extremities? You scoff at banishment, but what say you to the gallows? you"—I strode up to the trembling wretch, and laying my hand upon his shoulder, whispered aloud—"you murderer!"

The sweat stood out upon his pallid brow, his knees smote together, and his hair seemed absolutely to bristle up, so abject was his terror.—"Mercy! mercy! I never found the notes," he murmured.

"No," said I; "but here is the packet"—and I produced it—"and red with the blood that still cries out against you!" At the sight of this frightful evidence, the coward knelt upon the floor and covered his face with his hands.

"Rise, wretch—go!" thundered the squire, who had risen up like a man returned to life from the grave. "Here is money—the sum that you demanded—take it. If ever again these eyes of mine light on you, as sure as there is a sun in heaven, I hang you."

The cast down, half paralyzed figure of Mr. Markham seemed to dilate as he said these words; he loooked like some incarnate Nemesis denouncing certain vengeance upon the creature at his feet. It gathered itself up like a stricken hound, seized the proffered notes without daring to look up into the donor's face, and rushing out of the door and from the house, as though the executioner was even then upon his heels, sped away under the flaming eye of noon from Woodislee, for ever.

IV.

Mr. Raby's guess had been a true one. The pocket of Heathcote had been picked, by one of his wicked companions in the bush, and he had murdered the thief for the purpose of recovering the packet, to which hope he had been foiled.—This having been found upon the body, had been judged conclusive to identify it with his own remains; and for these so many years had not dared to show himself in civilized parts to gainsay it, but had lived the marauding life of a bushranger. Tired of this, and having by a successful pillage obtained money enough for his transit homewards, he had ventured back to England. Finding his unfortunate wife well married and in such great happiness, his hatred of her was redoubled, and his determination strengthened to persecute her at all hazards.—The poor lady had never before had strength of mind to reveal his existence; and now her confession, and the certainty of having to leave her beloved Markham for this dreadful husband, had brought her into the most dangerous state. She had prayed for death more fervently than any dying man for life; when, therefore, the squire had carried up to her the result of my interview with Heathcote—for he did not needlessly distress her with the account of his new atrocity, and of the means whereby he had finally got rid of him—she was almost beside herself with joy. Her gratitude towards me was without bounds, and as she strove to raise her attenuated form from her couch to receive and thank me, tears choked her utterance. The squire was but little more composed. With their mutual confidence, which had been but this once broken, quite restored, and their very life blood, as it seemed, set once more flowing in their veins, it fell to me to wake them from their dream of new found happiness, by reminding them of the real position in which they stood. The reaction from the extremity of despair to the certainty of safety, had been too great to admit of any thoughts, save those of unalloyed content. Good and Christian man as the squire was, the circumstances of Mrs Markham being still the lawful wife of Henry Heathcote—whatever that man's character might be—and therefore making her continuance at the Grange impossible, had never once occurred to him. The man having thoroughly got rid of, and all idea of personal annoyance at an end, Mr. Markham had dissociated her in his mind from all relation with her first husband at once. The poor lady must have indeed thought often of the sad case, but had put it from her, probably, as something too horrible to be dealt with justly. Nevertheless, she was the first to see the rightness of the path which it was my duty as a clergyman to point out to both of them. If ever there was a case where spirit and letter seemed at war—if ever one where innocent error seemed to be more terribly avenged than crime itself—I acknowledge that it was this of theirs. My heart was wrung for them to its core; but I had no glimmer of doubt as to what was necessary for them to do. Tenderly, but firmly, I put it before them; and before I had done, Mrs. Markham signed to me that it was enough. "I go," said she, "dearest George, at once, while I have still strength to travel."

"The vicarage, madame, is of course your home as long as you please."

"I thank you, dear Mr. Grantley, but I leave Woodislee," said she, "as far behind as possible, this very night."

"And I," chimed in the good little old maid, whom we had almost forgotten, she had been so silent a spectator—"and I with you, sister Jane, to the end of the world, if you will. She is my care, George, from henceforth, for I have wronged her in my heart."

The squire's grief was terrible to witness, but he made no opposition. Miss Markham had a small estate in a distant county, to which it was arranged that the two ladies should immediately remove. Boxes were hurriedly packed, the travelling chariot ordered to the door; and, after such a leave taking as I trust does not often fall to the lot of mortals, the invalid was lifted in, in a fainting state, and borne away swiftly into the night. Darkly, indeed, it fell upon the Grange, where the widower was left mourning for the wife that was still alive. Weeks and months passed by, but he would not be comforted. The sketch book on the table, the piano in the hall, the flowers that her graceful hand had tended in and about the house, the garden wherein she had loved to linger, her favorite walks, the very prospect her soul had delighted in, were robbed of all their charms for him. At once—Tears, instead of smiles, sprung forth at the sight of them; horror was born of them instead of joy—[illegible] the glory had departed, and into which the life was no longer breathed. [illegible] ever, the cheerfulness seemed quite to have forsaken him, and he was growing old at heart and grey on head apace. Mrs. Heathcote—for she had re-assumed her former name—never wrote one line to him, nor he to her; but his sister corresponded with the squire daily, and to receive those letters, and to talk with me and others who had known her of his departed wife, was his sole pleasure.

It was some two years after the separation of Mr. and Mrs. Markham, that I exchanged my vicarage at Woodislee for the summer months, on account of the sickness of my eldest child, for a parish on the sea-coast, and, with much difficulty, I got the squire to accompany us. The novelty of the mode of life and scene were somewhat benefitting him, and long excursions on the water affording him most amusement, I persuaded him to take them continually. One evening, while he was employed, I was suddenly sent for from the beach, to see what could be done for a poor fellow who had fallen off the cliff. He was, the messenger told me, as we hurried along, a well-known accomplice of the smugglers infesting that part of the coast, and had met with this accident, it was supposed, while signaling to some of them the approach of a revenue-cutter. A little crowd had gathered round him on the shore, but not evincing that sympathy which is usually felt among the poor in places of that sort for victims to the excise laws. They had, however, furnished him with a mattrass, and were giving him water. He was speechless, and scarcely sensible, they said; but a glance at his terrified eyes as I came up convinced me to the contrary. Mangled as he was about the head, and altered by what appeared to me to be the certain approach of death, I recognized the wretched Heathcote at once. He was borne, by my directions, to the nearest cottage, and a man on horseback dispatched for medical help, although I saw it could be of little avail. I remained by his bedside all through that night, and it was a fearful one.

When the doctor told him that, without doubt, he was a dying man, I thought it would have killed him on the instant. "I have done everything that is horrible, and nothing good my whole life long," he said. I gave him such comfort as I could with truth afford him, and urged him to penitence and prayer. His murder, his felony, and whatsoever other crimes he may have committed, did not seem to oppress him so heavily as his treatment of his poor wife. "An angel, an angel," he repeated, "and I was a fiend to her. Markham, Markham, he will make her happy yet. Poor Jane!" poor Jane!" were his last words. When after his burial, I told the squire this, he was affected to tears. "My hatred of that man," said he, "has stood between me and heaven, I believe; but I forgive him all."

In twelve months' time from that forgiveness, he stood within this church upon the hill at Woodislee, and was married afresh unto Jane Heathcote by me. It was a happier day than any of us had hoped to see at the Grange again. The only person who shed a single tear was dear little Miss Markham; but that is her way of expressing intense satisfaction. Not a villager was there who did not rejoice in their joy, from the ancient clerk of eighty years, who kissed the bride's hand at the door, to the little school children who scattered flowers before their feet. There is very little else to tell. Besides—see, there comes toddling up to us a little fellow before whom nothing further must be said: a pleasant-looking, handsome lad, with the smile—the old smile that is worn again now—of his mother. Once upon a time, I remember, she said that she was happy not to have him; but they were both glad at the Grange, too, I think, to welcome the young squire.

STUPIDITIES.

Walking along the streets with the point of an umbrella sticking out behind, under the arm or over the shoulder. By suddenly stopping to speak to a friend, or other cause, a person walking in the rear had his brain penetrated through the eye, in one of our streets, and died in a few days.

Stepping into a church aisle, after dismission, and standing to converse with others, or to allow occupants of the pew to pass out and before, for the courtesy of precedence, at the expense of a greater boorishness to those behind.

To carry a long pencil in a vest or outside coat pocket; not long since, a clerk in New York fell, and the long cedar pencil so pierced an important artery, that it had to be cut down upon from the top of the shoulder, to prevent his bleeding to death, with a three months' illness.

To take exercise or walk for the health, when every step is a drag, and instinct urges to repose.

To guzzle down glass after glass of cold water, on getting up in the morning, without any feeling of thirst, under the impression of the health giving nature of its washing-out qualities.

To sit down to a table and "force" yourself to eat when there is no appetite, but a positive aversion to food.

To take a glass of soda, or toddy, or sangaree, or mint drops, on a summer day, under the belief that it is safer and better than a glass of cold water.

To economize time, by robbing yourself of necessary sleep, on the ground that an hour saved from sleep is an hour gained for life, when in reality it is two hours actually lost, and half a dozen other hours actually spoiled.—*Journal of Health.*

Judge Jones of ——, Indiana, who never allows a chance for a joke to pass him, occupied the bench when it became necessary to obtain a juryman in a case in which L—— and B—— were employed as counsel. The former was an illiterate Hibernian, the latter decidedly German in his modes of expression. The Sheriff proceeded to look round the room in search of a person to fill the vacant seat, when he espied a Dutch Jew and claimed him as his own. The Dutchman objected:

"I can't unstand good English."

"What did he say?" said the Judge.

"I can't unstand your English," he repeated.

"Take your seat," said the Judge, "take your seat that's no excuse, you're not likely to hear any of it!"

Under that decision he took his seat. Who will say that he was not competent as any of the "intelligent jury?"

A Bit of Romance.—About nine years ago, a man living near Bangor, Me., left his wife and three children, for California. He wrote letters home for two or three years, after which no intelligence was received from him, although rumors of his decease came back. His wife, after the lapse of some five or six years from the time of her last word from him, married a respectable returned Californian. What was her surprise a few days ago, on receiving a letter from her missing husband, accounting for his long silence in this wise:—Soon after writing to her last, he sold out his claim in California, and went to Australia. While excavating a tunnel in company with five others, the earth fell in upon them and killed three of their number. He was rescued, but was so injured in the head, as to cause derangement of mind, in which condition he remained three years and a half. When he recovered, he sailed again for California, where he had but just arrived when he wrote to her. He had heard of her marriage, but did not [illegible] to claim her.

The Cable Tow.—The Boston *Post* is responsible for the following:

The westward course of empire yet
Demands a higher speed;
Columbia would go ahead,
While Europe lags indeed.

But Field has found a remedy,
As Europe is so slow,
Our continent, impatient, takes
The eastern world in tow.

"Truth Stranger than Fiction."—A White Woman Eloping with a Negro!

From the Cuba Southern Tier

We paid a flying visit the other day to the county seat. On our return, upon reaching Belvidere, where we were to take the Dunkirk Express for home, we observed seated upon the platform of the Depot, a well dressed genteel appearing man, with two interesting little girls, one upon each side. There was something in the appearance of the group that attracted attention, and excited curiosity. There was an expression of sadness upon each countenance which nothing but some great sorrow could produce. We approached them and commenced a conversation with the man, who was frank and intelligent, and from him learned the following story:

The little girls were his children, aged five and seven. He was married to their mother about eight years ago, and lived with her in a perfect state of domestic happiness until last fall. His home was in Barton, twenty-eight miles east of Elmira, on the Erie road. In December last, a near and intimate neighbor employed a negro to do a job of work, and for a few days got this man to lodge the negro in a back chamber in his house. The negro completed his job, but still hung about the premises. The husband ordered him away, and remonstrated with his wife, (as the affair had created some scandal in the neighborhood) although the husband had not a suspicion of anything wrong on the part of his wife at this time. The wife was indignant—wrote to her brother in Binghamton that her husband had insulted her. The brother came and took the wife and daughters home for a few weeks until the difficulty wore away. She had no sooner arrived there, than the negro presented himself, and was lurking about. In a few days, the wife, eluding the vigilance of the brother and family, eloped with the negro, taking with her the two daughters, the only children. The first clue the husband or brother had been able to get of the fugitives, was on the day before we saw the group at Belvidere, when he learned they were about four miles south of Friendship, in this county, among some negro inhabitants living there. He took the cars and reached Belvidere that morning and got a livery and went directly in the direction of the settlement. He was armed with a six shooter, as he said, to kill the negro if he saw him. He soon found the negro shanty where his guilty wife was living with the negro. The first persons he saw were his little girls, in rags, playing about the hut. The wife and negro were away in the fields berrying. He entered the shanty, and said it presented a scene of squallid wretchedness—no chairs—a little straw and old quilts constituting the bed, and a few plates and a kettle, made up the furniture. He took the little girls and the mother's trunk, and returned to the Belvidere station. With the aid of the landlady, he washed and dressed up the children with the only remaining clothes found in the trunk, and was waiting for the cars to take them home. He was a mechanic by trade—candid and honest hearted to appearance, and in comfortable circumstances. There was no taint of African blood in either. He showed a Daguerreotype of his wife. She was good looking above the average of her sex—rather prepossessing. He said she was educated and intelligent, and had always moved in good society. The shades of night were drawing around, but as we scanned the picture we thought we could detect in her otherwise beautiful face a vein of low and sensual passion. The little girls were really pretty, and precocious.

About this time we heard the whistle of the train. They were soon on board. We saw the three in a seat. The little girls nestled beside the injured father, and soon they sped away, leaving the mother to wretchedness and her vagabond paramour.

Brazil.—The public is getting its eyes open to the importance of establishing better commercial relations between the United States and Brazil. While we purchase quite largely of that empire, our exports to it are small. At present, its trade is with Europe and England: France, Belgium, and Portugal have lines of steamships running to Brazilian ports, while not a Yankee steamer finds its way to the waters of our South American neighbor. Even passengers must go to Europe on their way to Brazil, unless they choose the uncertain and tardy conveyance of a sailing vessel. The valley of the Amazon, rich in the productions of that climate, has just begun to be explored and its immense resources developed, and in a few years the commerce of that part of the world will be greatly increased. The soil is one of the richest in the world, and the attempts made to render it available as an agricultural producing region promises magnificent results. Whether it is ever extensively or densely populated or not, there will be enough of its products to sustain a flourishing trade. Dye woods, India rubber, precious gums, cotton, rice, sugar, and tobacco are or can be obtained thence in immense yield, and the transportation, with proper facilities to this country, is much cheaper and easier than to European markets. Our new Minister, Mr. Mead, on his presentation to the Emperor, expressed the hope that two nations who were bound together by a common interest in the perpetuity of slavery, would become better acquainted with each other commercially, but the Emperor, in reply, rather snubbed the ambassador, and pointedly refrained from noticing his allusion to slavery, which is not regarded as very much of a blessing in Brazil. He, however, manifested a disposition to promote a more intimate commercial acquaintance, and as the subject is receiving considerable attention at our commercial centers, there is reason to believe that the vast region nurtured by the Amazon, and which is the most fruitful and prosperous of all South America, may, before long, be as well known to our commerce as the West India Islands now are.—*Exchange.*

The Secret of Happiness.—"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house erected a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a very merry humor, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. 'No secret Doctor,' he replied, 'I have got one of the best wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and she is sure to be ready; and she has done so many things during the day to please me, that I cannot find in my heart to speak unkindly to anybody.' What influence then, hath a woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently then, after the toils of the day are over. Smiles cost nothing, and go far towards making a home happy and peaceful."