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STARK & FLYNN, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, Dealers in Coal, Fish, Water Lime and Plaster. Public Dock, east of State street. JAS. H. STARK. JAS. H. FLYNN.

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CAUGHEY & CLARK, Wholesale Merchants, and Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Imported Wines, Segars, also Segars, Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents for Salt, in No. 7 Bonnell Block, State street Erie. W. J. CLARK.

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

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JARECKI BROTHERS, Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Silver, Brittania and Plated Ware, Pocket and table Cutlery, Fancy Goods, Reed's Block, State street Erie, Pa. 24

GRAY & FARRAR, Importers and dealers in West India Goods, Powder, Shot, Lead, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, Oil, &c., &c., No. 1 Reed's Block, State street, Erie, Pa. F. F. FARRAR.

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TIBBLS, HERSHEY, & CO., Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, Mill Gearing, Agricultural Implements, Railroad Cars, &c., Erie, Pa.

The Old Folk's Room.

The old man sat by the chimney side
His face was wrinkled and wan,
And he leaned both hands on his stout oak cane,
As if all his work were done

His coat was of good old fashioned grey,
The pockets were deep and wide
Where his "specs" and his steel tobacco-box
Lay snugly side by side.

The old man liked to stir the fire,
So near him the tongs were kept:
Sometimes he mused as he gazed on the coals,
Sometimes he sat and slept.

What saw he in the embers there?
Ah! pictures of other years:
And now and then awakened smiles,
But other started tears

His good wife sat on the other side,
In a high backed, flag seat chair
I see beath the pile of her muslin cap
The sheen of her silvery hair.

There's a happy look on her aged face,
As she busily knits for him,
And Nellie takes up the stitches dropped,
For grandmother's eyes are dim

Their children come and read the news,
To pass the time each day,
How it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
To hear of the world away

'Tis a homely scene I told you so,
But pleasant it is to view,
At least I thought it so myself,
And sketched it down for you

Be kind unto the old, my friend,
They're worn with this world's strife,
Though bravely once perchance they fought
The stern, fierce battle of life

They taught your youthful feet to climb
Upward life's rugged steep;
Then let us gently lead them down
To where the weary sleep

THE YOUNG LADY OPPOSITE.

CHAPTER I

"And so you are actually married, George, as I think I have already said ten times."

"Actually married! And as you seem to take so much interest in it, I think I had better tell you how it all came about It was rather strange from beginning to end"

"Well, you will find me a good listener Begin from June, 1855, just before I left England."

"I was then living, as your remember, in the district called by my friends Belgravia, and by my enemies Pimlico. I had nothing to do, and used to sit for hours together at my window staring at the opposite house. You will say this was not very intellectual, but I must tell you that I used to smoke a long pipe all the time, and you know that when a man smokes a long pipe and looks solemn, he is supposed to be thinking. I dare say I looked exceedingly solemn, for I was rather melancholy, perhaps from the effect of the weather, perhaps from a general feeling of blankness I knew no one in London, had seen most of the sights that were to be seen, and did not care about the rest London is certainly dull beyond expression to a man without acquaintances As for public amusements, there is nothing but the theatres, and at most of these the actors are nearly as bad as the pieces, which is saying a great deal The Italian opera is good; at least so I have read, though I can't say I appreciate it Of course I might have read, and I did read for several hours out of the twenty four, and in fact got into the habit of devoting all my evenings to books In the morning, as I told you, I used to occupy myself principally with smoking and staring into the opposite house As the house opposite mine was uninhabited, there was no indiscretion in this, and I used to stare and wonder at the sameness and dullness of the architecture all down the street, when suddenly, in the window of one of the rooms facing mine, a little golden head appeared The little golden head had large blue eyes, and an intelligent, smiling mouth, which I can't describe, but which you will see today if you will come and dine with me"

I nodded assent, and he continued as follows:

"Of course, I didn't like to go away from the window, as I wished to see as much as possible of this beautiful figure, whose presence had suddenly lighted up the whole street, and dispelled every trace of dullness—and especially of sameness—for certainly there was nothing like her to be seen in the whole world

"At the same time, I thought the beautiful figure might not wish to see me, so by way of pleasing both her and myself, I established myself behind a curtain, and continued to gaze at her until I became quite bewildered with her loveliness She was very busy all that morning First, she had to arrange some flowers in the balcony; then, when they were arranged, she had to alter their position, in order to make room for some fresh ones which had just been sent to her. After that she stood still at the window, and looked at them Then the sun was going down, and it was nearly time to water them She went away, and in a few minutes returned with a little green watering-pot, and gave to the happy flowers the most refreshing shower they had ever received.

"My pipe had been out about three hours, though the end was still in my mouth. I also found that the curtain no longer concealed me, and, in fact, that I had been staring in the most marked manner, probably from about two to five, at a young lady of whom I knew nothing, and who certainly could have no wish to know anything at all about me. Fortunately she had not noticed me; her attention had been entirely taken up by the flowers. I was just congratulating myself upon this, when suddenly she gave a start, as, for the first time, she saw me, with my nose flattened against the window-pane, and in an attitude which was unmistakeably one of observation.

"I was annoyed at two things: annoyed that she should have detected me, not merely admiring her, but watching her, as it were; and especially annoyed at her having seen me with my nose flattened against the window pane. First impressions are everything; and at that moment I must have looked like a Mongol."

CHAPTER II.

George, as he proceeded to say, had been looking at a very pretty girl for five hours, and, as the sixth hour began, felt that he was hopelessly in love with her. This will astonish some people, but there is nothing at all wonderful in it. You must have a certain admiration for a girl to look at her even for five minutes; and this admiration, once existing, what difficulty is there in gazing at her for five hours? The only difficulty is in not doing so if you happen to have the chance In England men sometimes sit for nearly five hours at a dinner, and in France they frequently sit more than five hours at a good breakfast. People drink five bumpers of wine, smoke five cigars, play five games of cards—sometimes even do all three at once—and yet they are astonished that a young man of twenty-two should have gazed for five hours at the prettiest girl he had ever seen

Early in the sixth hour George took a sheet of note paper and began to write Then he tore up what he had written, and resolved to call—Unfortunately he did not even know the young lady's name, and until he had ascertained that, it was impossible to take even the first step towards an acquaintance. Not, however, that a mere acquaintance was the object of George's wishes. What he desired was simply to marry his opposite neighbor forthwith, and if he had only known how to get introduced to her, he would at once have made her a burning declaration, accompanied by an offer of his hand.

But to write such things in a letter is always ridiculous; accordingly he had determined to beg for an interview upon some pretext or another, and then trust to the inspiration of the moment for the rest The reader will think that George was very rash, but it must be remembered that if he had seen the young lady ten times, and each time for only half an hour, it would have been thought quite natural for him to fall in love with her. Probably he thought he knew much more of her from seeing her for five hours all at once. It was true he had had no conversation with her, but what conversation do men generally have with the girls they are about to marry? None; or very little that the mother or some other venerable friend does not take care to overhear. Then in the general way of courtship, the young lady is only visible at set times, when she is prepared to receive you, whereas George had already seen the object of his affections in morning attire He knew how she looked before twelve in the day when she expected no visitors; he also knew that she was thoroughly beautiful and graceful; that she was fond of flowers, and that she could devote four or five hours together to the same object, or, in other words, that she was not capricious and inconstant Did half the men whose marriages were announced to day in the *Times* know a quarter so much about their wives when they led them to the "hymeneal altar?"

However, George was unable to find out the name of his divinity, though he tried several of the most ordinary devices; such as telling his servant to make the acquaintance of her servants; inquiring of all the tradespeople in the neighborhood; sending a boy to the house with a parcel, addressed "Miss Smith"—the boy being instructed to inquire, if Miss Smith didn't live there, who *did*.

But *his* servant was unable to make the acquaintance of either of *her* servants; the tradespeople of the place knew nothing about her, inasmuch as she dealt with none of them; and the little boy, after being informed that Miss Smith *didn't* live there, had his ears boxed for his impertinence in asking any further questions

For three days George was in a state of the greatest excitement. He still looked perpetually at his fair *vis a vis*, but he found it impossible to remain hidden all the time behind a curtain

It is said that soldiers when they first get into the trenches before a besieged town, have the greatest difficulty in refraining from exposing their heads above the parapet. They know they will get hit if they take a peep, but they get nervous and can't help looking, and thus it happens that the number of recruits killed is much larger in proportion than that of the veterans.—George felt like a recruit in the trenches; and, although he knew that it would be fatal to be seen watching the young lady opposite—who from that moment might cease to come to the window—he found it impossible not to show himself Perhaps, too, he thought it was a pity he should admire her so much, and she remain ignorant of his admiration At all events, he allowed himself to be seen.

The young girl was at her flowers, as usual—She was in the balcony, but did not appear to take the least notice of George, although she must certainly have seen him George continued, in the most unjustifiable manner, to stare at the poor girl; and, whether it was the effect of nervousness produced by George's observation, or whether it was merely carelessness, one of the flower-pots which she was moving fell, and, striking against the iron of the balcony, broke to pieces

If it had fallen to the ground, George thought he should have hastened across the street, picked up the shrub (it was a rose tree,) and knocked at the door, with the view of presenting it to its fair owner As it was, however, he behaved with far less audacity Having proceeded to the nearest florists, he purchased a rose tree as similar as possible to the one which had just been deprived so abruptly of its habitation, and told the people where to send it, without remaining to be asked the name of the person to whose house it was to be taken

The cultivator of roses was aware that George had noticed the accident which had befallen her favorite shrub, and had seen him put his hat on and leave the house immediately afterwards.—Therefore, when, almost before the pieces of the broken flower-pot had been removed from the balcony, a man appeared at the door with a rose-tree exactly like the one which had so narrowly escaped destruction, and which, as it was, had been considerably injured as to its buds and its roses,—and when the servant, who could only ascertain that it had just been ordered by a gentleman, went upstairs to inquire whether it "was all right?" the young lady at once told her to bring the rose-tree upstairs. She then lost no time in depositing it in the balcony, where it occupied the place of honor, standing high above the other plants in the most conspicuous part of the little conservatory, and immediately opposite George's windows.

George had returned home, and seen all this from behind his curtains. Then he came forward, and directly he fancied his beautiful neighbor raw him, bowed, as if in acknowledgment of her attention. He had, however, gone too far. The young girl looked on one side so as not to see him, went back into the drawing-room, and pulled the blind down.

CHAPTER III.

George found that there was no chance of meeting the young lady with the golden hair in the street, for she never went out except in a carriage. On these expeditions she was accompanied by an old woman, who never made her appearance on any other occasion, and who, as George imagined, was in the habit of lying in bed until it was time to take her afternoon drive. It was impossible to lie in wait until the fair unknown came out of her house, and then hand her a letter as she stepped into her carriage—like a Frenchman offering a petition to the Empress, or presenting a pistol at the Emperor.

All he could do was to watch for an opportunity, and, in the meanwhile, to enjoy the pleasure of looking at her and loving her, taking care, at the same time, not to offend her by paying her his homage in too direct or too public a manner. She now came to the window regularly every day, and must have been well aware that he never missed an opportunity of seeing her, for he was constantly at his post, though he now affected a sort of inattention in his manner of watching her.

Once or twice the old woman, who appeared to be the mother, came to the balcony when the afternoon was advancing, and said a few words to her daughter, which had the effect of making her come away, but she was sure to return at sunset to water the flowers, and then George imagined that *his* rose-tree met with more attention than any of the others

George and his unknown beauty had now arrived at such a pitch of intimacy, that they almost exchanged glances, which, considering that they knew exactly nothing of one another, was a great deal George, however, profiting by a former lesson, refrained from indulging in any open mark of recognition. Things were in this state, when, one afternoon, after watering the rose-tree with particular care, its benevolent mistress leant forward, and, with a melancholy smile, bowed very slightly to George. This was doubtless intended as a recognition of his attention, but it was rather a late one, and was accompanied with a look of interrogation, by way of asking her whether he might pay her a visit. The fair florist ("*La belle Jardiniere*," as George used to call her) shook her head mournfully, put out her hand in a deprecating manner, bowed again, and retired into the room

"I shall never see her again," thought George; and at about ten the next morning, he was quite confirmed in that opinion, for at the hour we have mentioned a carriage drove up to the door of the house opposite, and out came *La belle Jardiniere* in a white *poult de soie* dress, with a wreath of orange blossoms on her head. Her mother, a ghastly looking object with scarcely an atom of flesh on her old jaws, and with great dabs of rouge on her parchment colored skin, followed her, like a bad fairy pursuing a good one Then the carriage drove away, and the same night George himself started, *via* Dover, to any part of Europe he might think of visiting after finding himself safely at Calais

CHAPTER IV.

Traveling is a most expensive medicine, and will not cure anything—not even love. Were I member an Irish gentleman, who used to maintain that traveling for love was like swimming with bladders. "The bladders keep you up, it is true," he would say; "but directly you have them no longer, down you go into the deep water; and so is it with the traveling for love. While you are engaged quarrelling with postilions and hotel keepers, you haven't time to think of affection; but directly you get back home, it's the old story, and you're in the same helpless condition you were in before you started"

When George returned to London, he could think of nothing but the golden headed and blue-eyed girl, who, although he had never spoken to her, had been his faithful and constant companion for many weeks

He applied for advice to an experienced friend, who pretended to know a great deal about affairs of the heart, and who boasted of having cured himself on several occasions of violent, hopeless love, though the fact was he had never suffered from any disease more formidable than wounded vanity. This wiseacre recommended George to try a course of respectable dissipation, commencing with the Italian Opera This certainly was a very mild kind of alterative, but George determined to make the experiment. He did not, as we have already seen, care much about music, but he would at all events see a number of beautiful women in the boxes, and two or three on the stage, and it was just possible he might fall in love with one of them. This would be a very small evil compared to what he was suffering now, and he was disposed to regard it somewhat in the light of a blister, which inflicts a great deal of acute pain, but at the same time cures very dangerous inflammations. Then the wiseacre who pretended to understand the human heart, assured him that all kinds of wonderful adventures happened to persons who attended the opera pretty regularly Did not a gentleman inherit a large fortune from a lady whom he handed from the crush room to her carriage, when *every one was smiling* at her provincial and antiquated toilette? Another gentleman who at present enjoys a certain moderate eminence, dates his prosperity from the auspicious day when, happening to walk down the Haymarket during a thunderstorm, with an excellent umbrella, over his hat, he bethought himself of lending it (the umbrella, we mean) to an eccentric looking man, with a guitar in one hand and a cloak, who was just coming away from a morning performance of the "Stabat Mater," and who was unable to get to his brougham

Without paying much attention to these anecdotes, George nevertheless resolved to become an *habitue* of the opera The music rather annoyed him, but he could scarcely make an intrusive noise in an audience The number of beautiful girls in the house quite perplexed him He was determined to fall in love with one of them, and was only hesitating as to which he should begin with

However, although nothing is easier than to fall in love if you are determined to fall in love, and not to give way to any such weakness, it is very difficult to manage it when you are seeking anxiously for a good opportunity Like to see men who in a fit of annoyance or despair try to get intoxicated, and find that the more they drink the more sober they become, so George, in spite of all his endeavors to work himself into an amorous passion, found himself quite indifferent to all the women around him

Some actors at one of the Parisian theatres complained a few months since that the Duke of Brunswick was in the habit of turning his back to the stage and playing at chess with any one who happened to be in his box instead of listening to the performance We believe no mention of Mr Lumley's *trompe* ever made such a complaint respecting George's conduct, though it is quite certain that he used frequently to turn round in his stall and look towards every part of the theatre except the stage What a number of faces, and beautiful ones too, he saw!—but yet they were so alike in expression that he scarcely remembered one of them after he had left the theatre One night, during Piccolomini's best scene, in *the finale* to the second act of the "Traviata," he was starting about the house, when he suddenly saw a very pretty girl, accompanied by a foolish looking old man, and a hideous old woman, enter a box on the grand tier He was thinking how little the golden hair of the young woman harmonised with the amber curtains of the box, or rather how little the amber curtains of the box harmonized with the golden hair of the young woman, when suddenly he noticed that she had large blue eyes, and the next moment saw that it was his late *vis a vis* who had been carried away from him and married (as was now tolerably evident) by an avaricious mother to a rich old dotard—George hastened round to the corridor of the grand tier, and read, on the back of the box, the inscription, "Lady Tinkerville." It was certain that such a name as Tinkerville could not belong to his fair golden haired, blue eyed divinity, but still such strange things do happen, that, on returning to his place in the stalls, he asked the person next to him "whether *that* was Lady Tinkerville?" pointing to the box in which the object of his affections was seated.

"No, Lady Tinkerville is eighty, if she is a day;" was the reply. "The old woman who is sitting next to the beautiful young girl you are looking at might be Lady Tinkerville, but she is not. I don't know who she is. That young man who has just entered the box," continued George's informant, "is Captain Mechi, of the Bengal Cavalry, a celebrated billiard player, and other things besides, and I shouldn't wonder if the old fellow—the husband of the family—were his uncle. I know he has a rich uncle, and he is said to be very attentive to him, although he seems just at present, to be a precious deal more attentive to his wife."

George looked savagely at Mechi, who was bowing and shaking hands with his fair unknown

George at length determined to see whether his former neighbor would recognize him, and with his view stationed himself on the grand staircase just as she appeared to be on the point of leaving her box

She was walking with her mother, Mechi bringing up the rear with the old husband, who was the most comic looking padded skeleton that George had seen for some time, and who had to be supported at every step It was a bleak night, for it was now the month of May, styled "merry" by those who think it amusing to catch violent colds in that month of the year

When the mother and daughter reached the bottom of the staircase (the latter passed George without recognising him, or rather with a settled look of non recognition) the old man and his nephew were still at the top The carriage had not come up, but a footman was waiting in the vestibule, and began to tell the two ladies that owing to the concert at St. James' Theatre, and the benefit night at the Haymarket, it was impossible for the coachman to get any nearer than the corner of the colonnade

"It's quite nigh, mum, and if there was only a humbrella," concluded the man, "you might get to it But it's raining fast, mum"

George went to the man at the pit entrance, who takes charge of the cloaks, canes, &c, and asked him for an umbrella, knowing that he had always two or three to lend. Then returning to where the two ladies were standing at the foot of the stairs, he offered it to them The old one instantly accepted his proffered arm, and with the young one on the other side of her, made for the carriage. George held the umbrella over the head of the young lady at the risk of dislocating his arm; for as both mother and daughter wore crinoline, it may be imagined that he had to stretch it out to rather a considerable extent This attention was noticed by the young lady, but unfortunately it was also noticed by the lynx-eyed Mechi George allowed the servant to give his arm to the mother as she entered the carriage, and then gave his own hand to the daughter After a moment's hesitation, his aid was accepted, and George was made supremely happy for about a moment. Their eyes had met, and he knew that he was recognized

He had entirely forgotten the existence of Mechi and the husband. When he was retracing his steps, the former slapped him on the shoulder Before knocking him down, George paused; with his fist doubled, to inquire the meaning of this strange salutation; and receiving no satisfactory reply, carried out his original intention, and floored the billiard playing officer in the most satisfactory manner

CHAPTER V.

The duel took place at Boulogne, and George was hit in the shoulder. His antagonist was a mortal shot, and it was considered very polite of him not to have killed the young civilian. Not a word was said about the lady. The quarrel was supposed to have originated in an accidental push followed by an intentional blow, and this explanation suited George just as well as any other How it was that no account of the duel appeared in any of the papers we are really at a loss to explain, for such meetings have now become so uncommon that they usually attract an amount of attention they by no means deserve.

In about a month George, quite recovered, came back to London, and endeavored to think no more of the golden haired but heartless young lady who had married an old man for the sake of his money, who appeared to have accepted the friendship of a Bengalese *mustachios niger*, and who had been the means of endangering the life of a young woman who had never behaved otherwise than with the greatest politeness towards him, and whom she knew to be thoroughly devoted to her The poor young woman had known nothing whatever of the duel until she was told by the newspaper the news that George was seriously wounded, but George could not think of her now without a feeling of spite, and accused her of all sorts of things of which she was entirely innocent As for Mechi, there was no man in the world whom she held in such thorough contempt, and the fact was Mechi cared no more for her than she did for him An heiress desired was to inherit his uncle's wealth, and in order to keep on good terms with him, he knew nothing better than judicious flattery, accompanied by offers of his arm in lieu of a crutch, wherever the old man went in our out of his carriage, and the most determined devotion to his juvenile aunt Mechi was very fond of billiards and brandy, but he did not appreciate the beauty of his uncle's young wife; and even if he had done so, his admiration would have been quite thrown away George, however, knew nothing of all this until some time afterwards, and certainly at the time of the duel felt the greatest animosity towards his antagonist

As for the old husband, he was a retired Indian general, who had never much faith, and who had lost the little he originally possessed by an extensive one-eyed experience of the world He had employed Mechi to act as a sort of watch dog over his young and beautiful wife, on whose affections he knew of course he could have no hold. He had been reproaching Mechi with laxness in the fulfillment of his appointed functions the very evening on which George saw them enter the opera His wife had waltzed three times running with the same person the night before, and Mechi had not even frowned at the assiduous cavalier Accordingly, when an opportunity presented itself of resenting, not an insult but an attention, to his fascinating aunt, the brave Mechi hastened to resent it, and the more rapidly from a conviction, that a quiet looking man like George would stand quite as much provocation as he, Mechi, wished to offer.

However good, nephews are not always rewarded for their goodness, and it so happened that Mechi's quarrel with George, instead of securing for him the wished for inheritance, deprived him of it altogether. The ladies, after waiting for some time, told the coachman to drive them home, while the old man completely lost sight of his nephew in the crowd collected by the latter's escapade, and after wandering so helplessly about the Haymarket in the rain, without being able to find a cab, went home soaked to the skin, took to his bed, and had just time to strike Captain Mechi's name from the will, when he died

CHAPTER VI.

It was not until General Capsicum's name appeared in the obituary list of the *Times* that George ascertained that he was the old man who had carried off his beautiful opposite neighbor It appeared to George that she was now far more beyond his reach than formerly, when she was Miss Something or other, living at a house in a district which his friends spoke of as Belgravia, but which his enemies were quite right in calling Pimlico. In this George made a mistake; for it is very often much easier to get married to a rich girl than to a poor one. For instance, if you have nothing at all and no prospects, and if the young lady has nothing at all and no expectations, how are you both to live? and how can she, as a sensible girl, consent to marry you? and how can her friends, as honest people, allow her to do so? On the other hand, you may not have a sou, not a stiver, not a copeck, not even a rapp (whatever that may be,) and yet if the young lady is rich, and you are not foolish enough and mean enough to suspect that she may afterwards accuse you of having married her for her money, there is no reason why you should not be united at once; and in the case of two right minded persons loving one another this result is inevitable.

George would not try to get presented to his divinity, now that he might easily have approached her, for although he still loved her, he could not forgive her for having been forced to accept a padded skeleton as her husband, nor could he pardon her the stupid, unjustifiable mistake he had himself committed in thinking she fared for that odious, billiard marking Mechi.

But we have said that George still loved her, and many were the walks he took in Pimlico (it was Pimlico) through that very street in which he lived when he first saw her. There was the window, there were the flowers in the balcony, just as when she used to tend them so carefully and water them every afternoon, immediately after sunset. He looked at his old apartments. They were to let. He resolved to take them, if only for the pleasure of looking at the conservatory where she had so often appeared, and where he almost fancied he could see her now.

He slept there that night. Early the next morning, he was up and dressed. He had been haunted with all sorts of strange fancies, thanks to the associations called forth by the rooms—With his pipe in his mouth (the same pipe; that, at all events, had been faithful to him!) he took up his position by the window. There were the flowers arranged just as in former times. He could even see, or thought he saw, the very rose bush which he had given to his fair neighbor, and yet it was not probable the same plants and shrubs were there which he had seen two years and a half before.

He wondered whether the rooms were occupied, but it was evident they were, from the appearance of the windows. Then, looking earnestly at the conservatory, he tried to summon up the figure of his golden haired, blue-eyed ideal, for she had been to him but little more than a vision. At last he almost persuaded himself he saw her, so strong was his imagination or his madness—for he was really not quite certain whether he was in his senses or not. There was the same quiet, sympathetic looking young girl, with the same golden hair, and the same blue eyes, and the same melancholy smile which he had seen on her lips that afternoon—the afternoon before her marriage—when, for the first and last time, she recognized his existence if only by a sign He rang the bell.

"How long has that lady been living over the way?" he said, to the servant.

"Six weeks, sir"

"Does she ever wear mourning?"

"Sometimes, sir; she did when she first came."

"Didn't she live there once before?"

"Yes sir; about two or three years ago. She was married from there, sir."

In a moment George was on the other side of the way, and in another moment he had clasped his golden haired neighbor in his arms; and after that there was probably some kind of explanation, for it is certain that a very few weeks afterwards he was married to her

AFRICA.

ITS ANTIQUITY AND CIVILIZATION—A COLONY OF WHITE MEN—ANCIENT LIBRARIES IN THE INTERIOR—COMMERCIAL STATIONS ON THE NIGER.

Africa, according to Hamilton Smith, is, in civilization, the oldest of the continents, her soil having been "worn out" and exhausted by civilization, ages long lost out of memory. It is a high table land, almost destitute of mountains, with an equable climate, and few of the inconveniences incident to other divisions of the globe. Hence this supposition is possibly correct. It is certainly favored by ancient historical and mythological writers Herodotus assures us that Ethiopia was the most distant region of the earth, and that its inhabitants were "the tallest, most beautiful and longest lived of the human race." Homer terms them a blameless nation, and tells us that the gods were once their guests Diodorus goes so far as to state that the "sacred language" employed by the priests of Egypt was the common tongue of Ethiopia.—"The traveler, as he ascends the Nile, finds the monuments of antiquity increase in number and magnitude, as he proceeds, until hundreds of miles beyond the utmost limit of the kingdom of the Pharaohs he arrives at the Meroe, acknowledged to be the venerable mother of Thebes and Memphis Yet even the priests of Meroe considered themselves a colony from a people beyond the Mountains of the Moon"

Rev Mr Bowen, in his course of lectures recently delivered at Clinton Hall, countenanced this theory of the antiquity of African civilization After declaring that in that continent were no mountain ranges, but only isolated peaks, he stated that in the middle of the prairies, many miles remote from human habitations, the granite rocks were full of grooves scooped or worn out by the grinding of corn; the multitude of which could be accounted for only by assuming that the country was once densely peopled. He also observed large mounds, which were constructed entirely from the accumulated sweepings of the houses, yards and streets of the ancient cities, the African women being the most cleanly of the sex The cities have since perished, but those mounds remain

Mr Bowen found that the traditions of that part of Africa in the country of the Niger assigned to the people an eastern origin He does not seem to be clear, however, in assigning such origin to all the inhabitants of that portion of the continent, but only to certain races We understand him to intimate that the negro of the coast is different in character, origin and blood, from the Fellatah and other nations of the interior; an idea which certainly is plausible. It is certain that the ancient Egyptian was notable, woolly headed personage, and there may be other peoples on that continent, that in all probability were also Asiatic colonies

There is a history of the Fellatah people extant, written by a king of Sackator This may seem almost incredible, but Mr. Bowen goes on to declare that there are several libraries among them, and that they actually have books containing information of our own customs. The names of Abraham and David, Mary and Susannah, are common among them—they have traditions of Nimrod, and trace their origin from Yahroubah, the son of Kahtan (Joktan,) in Yehmen (Arabia.) He supposes that the army of Cambyses, said by Herodotus to have perished in the sands of the desert, met no such fate, the sand never being moved or undulated by the wind, as has been stated, but had emigrated westward and had become the progenitors of some of these nations. A tradition exists among several tribes that their ancestors came from Persia.

The stories of armies and caravans overwhelmed by billows of sand in the desert are very old, older than Herodotus, and very false. Every part of the Sahara is inhabited. Two republics exist there, confederations of tribes; and there exists among them a literature, as old, perhaps, as any other. The soil of the desert is constituted of lime, sand and clay; water filters through its substrata, and Artesian wells can be constructed everywhere. It is not improbable, therefore, that it may yet be rendered sufficiently fertile and become the abode of a large population.

Mr. Bowen suggests that the inhabitants of Central Africa came from India, and intermixed with a white race in the Sahara and with Malays on the eastern coast, while others had proceeded to the Senegal country. He found, wherever he went, all shades of color. Some of the Fellatah people were almost white, having Roman noses and other Caucasian characteristics. They were a fine-looking race, and their language was not African. They had conquered the greater part of the continent. The traditions of the natives called them "white men" and gave them foreign origin. Their language contains a far greater number of abstract nouns than the English, showing that they are a reflective people. They preserved the literature which they had obtained from the Saracens, and the arts and sciences which they had possessed themselves from remote antiquity, in as advanced a stage of perfection as when first received Indeed they have already advanced to such a state of civilization that they must continue—they cannot retrograde. They work iron, smelting it with charcoal; and long before Pliny was born manufactured glass upon the banks of the Niger

Other writers confirm these statements. De Gama found the city of Melinda, in Mozambique, with walls of hewn stone The people were dressed in silk, and equal to the Spaniards in their civilization. Alme