ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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

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ERIE OBSERVER.

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

[illegible] in advance, or within 3 months, $1 50, if [illegible] be charged.
[illegible] to pay within the year, the paper will [illegible] account left with a proper officer for col-

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[illegible] lines or less make a square.

[illegible]	$ 75	One square 3 months	$3 00
[illegible]	1 00	One " 6 "	4 00
[illegible]	1 25	One " 9 "	5 75

[illegible], changeable at pleasure, $10.
[illegible] $6; 3 months, $8; 9 months, $11 50; 1
[illegible] square—one year, $60; 6 months, $36; 3
[illegible] in the Business Directory at $6 per annum.
[illegible] card, over six, and under eight, $7.
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[illegible] of 10 per cent. will be made on all except
[illegible] advertisements, when paid in advance.

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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 the [illegible]

T. S. SINCLAIR,
[illegible] to Stewart & Sinclair,) [illegible] Druggist, Corner of State and 7th 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 [illegible]

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

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

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

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

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

J. C. SELDEN,
[illegible] and Retail Dealer in all kinds of English, German and [illegible] Hardware, Anvils, Vises, Iron, Nails, Steel, &c. [illegible] Carriage Trimmings, Machine Belting and Packing [illegible], opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa.

ROGERS & BENNETT,
[illegible] Retail Dealers in Hardware, Crockery, Glassware [illegible] 11 and 12 Empire Block, corner of Fifth and [illegible] Pa.
S. A. BENNETT

MCONKEY & SHANNON,
(Successors to Harvey & McConkey,)
[illegible] German and American Hardware and Cutlery. [illegible] Vises, Iron and Steel, No. 3 Reed House.

JAMES LYTLE,
[illegible] recently occupied by James Sill, Esq. as a [illegible] in the Store of N Murphy between the Reed [illegible] Hotel.

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

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

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

MINNIG & BANYARD,
[illegible], Provisions, Produce, Pork, Fish, Salt, [illegible] Fruits, Nuts, Glass, Nails, Brooms, Pails, Washboards, [illegible] Ware, &c. Terms Cash. Prices low. No. 4 [illegible], Peach Street, 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie.

LUCE & RATHBUN,
DENTISTS, Office in Beatty's Block, north side of Public Square, formerly occupied by Magill & Co. All work warranted.

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

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

B. K. FULLERTON,
[illegible] and Shoes. No. 2, Hughes Block, State Street.

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

EMPIRE STORES.
[illegible] Jobber, and Retail Dealer in every de-[illegible] and Domestic Dry Goods, Carpetings, Oil [illegible] State street, corner of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

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

WILLIAM THORNTON,
[illegible] Deeds, Agreement Bonds and Mortga-[illegible] accurately and carefully drawn. Office on [illegible] Jas S. Sterrett, Grocery Store Erie, Pa.

J. F. DOWNING,
[illegible] AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Will practice in [illegible] Erie County, and give prompt and faithful [illegible] entrusted to his hands, either as an At-[illegible] Office in Empire Block, corner of [illegible] Erie, Pa.

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

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

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

JOHN SWEENY.
[illegible] Peach, Office in Beatty's Building, up-stairs, Erie.

JOHN SHARN & CO.,
[illegible] Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal, Flour, [illegible] for a daily line of Upper Lake Steamers, Public [illegible]

CAUGHEY & CLARK,
[illegible] and Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines [illegible] Segars, Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents [illegible] Ale. No. 7 Bonnell Block, State street Erie.
N. J. CLARK.

JOHN W. AYRES,
[illegible] Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, [illegible] Sewing, Office and Dining Chairs, No 4 Key [illegible]

JAMES C. MARSHALL,
[illegible] Office up-stairs in Tammany Hall building, [illegible] Erie, Pa.

S. R. CHURCHILL,
[illegible] Dealer in Double Rectified Whiskey, in the [illegible] French st.

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

PARK HALL,
[illegible] Hall for Concerts, Lectures, and Public [illegible] East of the Park. Enquire at the Banking [illegible] & Co., No 3, Reed House, Erie, Pa.

OLDS & LOW.
[illegible] and Wholesale and Retail dealers in Well and Cis-[illegible] superior quality, the cheapest and best now in [illegible] street near Peach, Erie, Pa.
[illegible] carrying water for family, farm or mechani-[illegible] cheap.
M. L. Low.

JOSEPH R. FERGUSON,
[illegible] CITY CONSTABLE.—Office in the rear of [illegible] No. 3, Fifth street, Erie, Pa. All business in [illegible] promptly and faithfully attended to

DENTISTRY.

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

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

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

JOSEPH EICHENLAUB Jr.,
[illegible] of Boots and Shoes, and Wholesale and Retail [illegible] and Hemlock Sole Leather, French and American [illegible] Morocco, Linings, Findings, Kips and Splits, Thread [illegible] Laces, Lastings, Gallooms, Rivands, Hammers, [illegible] Tacks, Pegs, Nails, &c. New Block, State [illegible] Pa.

FIDELL, HERSHEY, & Co.,
[illegible] of Steam Engines, Boilers, Mill Gearing, Agricul-[illegible] Railroad Cars, &c., Erie, Pa.

MISS F. E. RHODES,
[illegible] Dress Maker, and Agent for Wheeler & Wilson's [illegible] Machines, Room over Austin's Jewelry Store, West [illegible] Pa. [illegible] Stitching done to order.

2,000 Lbs. rich printed French Merinos and all wool Repons [illegible] Delaines at much less than ruling prices. Very cheap [illegible] empty and faithfully attended to at the
nov 13—27 BEE HIVE.

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

BENJ. F. SLOAN, Editor.

SLOAN & MOORE, Publishers.

SATURDAY.....DECEMBER 11, 1858.

THE HISTORY OF PROSTITUTION, is the title of an elaborate work just published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York. W. W. SANGER, M. D. is the author, and the care with which he has collected and prepared statistics and facts, and the style in which the work is written, indicate his extraordinary fitness for the responsible task. It was prepared at the suggestion of the Almshouse Governors, and laid before them in the shape of an official Report, after two or three years of careful research and investigation. It is a complete "*History of Prostitution—its extent, causes and effects*," and exhibits a lamentable state of morals in the American Commercial Metropolis. It is written and submitted to the Board of Governors, with special reference to inaugurating a Reform in the prevention or regulation of Prostitution in New York city. The writer has not only collected the facts and statistics of this degrading vice in New York, but has collated its history from the earliest ages of the world. He argues with great force, bringing history to sustain his position, that Prostitution cannot be repressed by Prohibitory laws, and that the safest policy to promote public health is to regulate it by law, establish a hospital for the treatment of those suffering from disease, and encourage associations having for their object the reclamation of fallen women.

It appears from the statistics that there are 6000 public prostitutes in New York; a majority are between the ages of 15 and 25 years; three-eighths were born in the U. S.; education is at a very low standard among them; the ratio of mortality among their offspring is four times greater than the ordinary ratio among the children of New York; the average duration of a prostitute's life is only four years; nearly one-half admit they have suffered from syphilis; seduction, ill treatment by parents husbands or relatives, destitution, intemperance and bad company are the main causes of prostitution; women in the city have not sufficient means of employment and are not adequately remunerated; a capital of nearly $4,000,000 is invested in prostitution; the annual expenditure on account of prostitution is more than $7,000,000. prohibitory measures have signally failed to suppress or check prostitution; a necessity exists for some action.

People living out of the whirl of a great city will be astonished at the facts and statistics of a vice which has already assumed a magnitude not only in New York but throughout America which threatens every circle and every household, and has given the population an unenviable notoriety for licentiousness. There can be no question, either, that the writer is correct in assuming that the immense proportion of confirmed cases are chargeable to the relentless judgment of society against the erring and unfortunate. Charitable sympathy and a helping hand would reform and rescue hundreds who are driven to the lowest depths of infamy by the cold frowns and harsh treatment of the world—often of those who, by the ties of relationship, should make every effort to save the seduced and fallen from degradation and crime. There are many wholesome truths and impressive lessons in these pages which might be read with profit by the heads of families. Let us hope that it may be productive of good, and impel legislators to enact healthy and rational laws for the regulation as well as suppression of prostitution in every State. The advertisement of the work may be found in another column.

WINTER EVENING AMUSEMENTS.—A book has lately been published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, entitled, "The Sociable," containing a great variety of games and amusements for the home circle, many of them entirely new, and all established favorites. The want of such a work has often been noticed. The games usually in vogue are, for the most part, rather silly, and though diverting for the time being, evoke nothing likely to demand anything like effort to carry them out. In this book which is for sale by ENSIGN & ARNOLD, Park Row Book Store, in this city, there may be found acting proverbs, dramatic charades, acting charades, or drawing room pantomimes, musical burlesques, tableaux vivants, games of action, parlor games, forfeits, science in sport and parlor magic, and a choice selection of curious mental and mechanical puzzles, &c. In every family of children such a book would prove a never ending source of entertainment, and would necessarily augment the attractions of home, and thus neutralize the juvenile desire for public amusements.

HOME PAPERS.—Stick to your home newspapers.—No matter if you are poor; remember that none are so poor as the ignorant, except it be the depraved, and they too often go together. Stick to your own local paper, though it may not be so large or imposing as some city weekly; but remember it is the advertiser of your neighborhood and daily business, and tells you what is going on around you, instead of a thousand miles away. If it is not printed on as nice paper as the city *Weeklies*, and as good as you wish to have it, pay up your subscriptions promptly, and get your neighbor to do the same, and rely upon it, *the natural pride of the publisher will prompt him to improve it as fast as possible.*

—— We hope no one will imagine we are not the advocate of genuine temperance, if we recommend our readers, when they drink, to always indulge in a pure article—as, for example, "*Pike's Catawba Brandy*,"—the advertisement of which appeared last week. As a medicine there are few physicians that do not recommend spirits of some kind, but the trouble has heretofore been to procure an article that had not been adulterated. This difficulty has been obviated by the introduction of the article named.—It is distilled from the Catawba grape, and is put up expressly for medical purposes. Call upon the agent, L. J. BALDWIN, Reed House, and examine for yourselves.

☞ Thus beautifully does a cotemporary speak of death: "There is a dignity about that going away alone, we call dying; that wrapping the mantle of immortality about us; that putting aside with a pale hand, the azure curtains that are drawn around this cradle of a world; that venturing away from home for the first time in our lives, for we are not dead; there is nothing dead to speak of, and seeing foreign countries not laid down on any maps we know about. There must be lovely lands somewhere starward, for none ever return that go thither, and we very much doubt if any would if they could."

—— The Editor of the Warren *Mail* is altogether too smart. He copies our joke about the man that wanted the agent of the Sunbury road to redeem his promise to pay for right of way in *stock*, to do it "with a yoke of steers and a little chunk of a hoss," and says he "wonders if this is a specimen of the intelligence of Erie County farmers generally?" If the *Mail* man will look sharp he will see we did not give the exact location of this "specimen of intelligence." We do now, however—he hailed from Warren County.

—— "THE CENTURY" is the title selected for a first class newspaper, to appear in New York on the 18th of December, of which Thomas McElrath, Esq., formerly of the *Tribune*, is to be the publisher. It will first appear as a weekly, and the daily and semi weekly editions will appear after the completion of arrangements now in progress.—It will be of the size and general appearance of the *London Times*, will be the organ of no political party, and will be, in all respects, a first class newspaper for the business world, as well as the family circle. The terms for the weekly will be two dollars a year. We learn that ample capital has been provided, and from Mr. McElrath's intelligence and experience as a publisher, we are confident that something very superior as a newspaper may be expected.

SOUTH CAROLINA U. S. SENATOR.—The tenth ballot for a United States Senator was taken in South Carolina Legislature on Thursday, and resulted in the election of Hon. James Chesnut, at present, President of the Senate. The vote stood, for Chesnut 92, for Gov. Adams 54. This election is considered a signal triumph of the conservatives, or Union men.

—— Judge Campbell, of Mobile, has charged the Grand Jury in regard to the movements of the filibusters. He reviewed the history of previous expeditions, and urged the necessity of exercising vigilance in order to prevent a repetition of illegal movements.

—— One of these pests to society, a bachelor, asserts that the bridegroom and bride give each other their hands at the altar, as prize fighters shake hands before they begin to fight. What a brute!

Softly into Heaven She Faded.

BY MISS M. C. SMILEY.

Softly into heaven she faded,
As the star when morn appears,
While we stood in silence round her,
Gazing at her through our tears.
Death she said, had not a shadow;
All the vale was full of light,
And she left us smiling sweetly,
Bidding us the last good night!
Saying, as she kissed us fondly,
"Do not drop for me one tear—
Jesus, Jesus, stands beside me,
I am safe while he is near!"

She is gone and I am lingering
In this weary world of ours,
Bearing on my heart the ashes
Of affection's broken flowers;
Ever longing to be with her,
In that better home above,
Where the heart rejoices ever
In the deathless bonds of love.
For a moment death divides us,
But when I have crossed its gloom,
I shall then be resting with her,
Ever, ever more at home.

JOHN WOLFE'S RICH WIFE!

A CAPITAL STORY.

I was passing Wolfe's store the other day with a brother book keeper, when we noticed a very neat carriage stop at the store, and one of the prettiest women in New York get out of it.

'There,' said my companion, 'is John Wolfe's rich wife. What luck some fellows have in this world! Born rich themselves, they continually gather riches, while we poor fellows never can seem to get rid of the blamed wooden spoon that Dame Fortune stuck into our unfortunate mouths when we came into the blessed world. Rich or poor, hang me if I won't hunt up a rich wife, any how. It is rather mean business to be marrying a woman for her money.'

'Well, my good fellow,' said I, 'you happen to be wide of the mark this time. I know how John Wolfe got his rich wife, and can assure you that he did not marry her for her money; and moreover, did not dream of ever getting one cent with her.'

'Ay,' said he sneeringly, 'all those rich fellows pretend that they don't care anything about it; but don't think I am quite so green as to believe any such stuff as that. Facts speak louder than words, and we all know that John Wolfe has a rich wife.

'Yes,' I replied, 'and pretty as rich, and good as pretty, and loving as good.'

'O, hoi' he exclaimed, 'I guess you must have fallen in love with her; rather a pity you were married so long ago; you might have cut out John, and got a rich wife yourself.'

'Not a bit of it,' said I; but you shall hear the whole story if you will come to my house to night; and while we have our smoke on the piazza, I'll see if I cannot wipe some of the cynic out of your composition.'

'Agreed,' said he, 'I'll be with you after supper.'

About five years ago, John Wolfe's book keeper married a nice, pretty little girl, up in his native village, in Vermont, brought her down to New York, and started house-keeping in a very snug cottage in Brooklyn. I was invited to the house warming, a more delightful evening does not often checker the dull business of life than we passed. There were not over a dozen of us; male and female; but we were old cronies, and intimate enough to be as free and pleasant together as we would be at home.

The party broke up at twelve, and Mrs. Dick and myself trotted home, as satisfied with our evening's enjoyment as need be.

Just one week after that my wife told me with tears in her eyes, that John Wolfe's book-keeper had been quite unwell for two days past and not an hour before, had suddenly expired, while sitting by the fireside, with scarcely a spasm or a pang. A disease of the heart had carried him off thus unexpectedly, and his wife was in terrible affliction.

I did not lose a moment in running around to his house and offering what little sympathy and assistance it was in my power to bestow; and of course, took upon myself to do whatever was necessary, on so sad an occasion. The young widow was terribly cut down, and at such a distance from friends and relatives, seemed more than usually forlorn. We did all that we could to relieve her afflictions, and, after the funeral had taken place succeeded in calming her grief to some small extent.

I then took the liberty of inquiring a little into her affairs, and discovered that my poor friend had involved himself considerably in debt to furnish his house for his young wife's comfort; having purchased every particle of their household goods upon credit. This matter I undertook to arrange for her; and, by going around among the various creditors, persuaded the most of them to take their goods back by my paying them a small per centage for their trouble in packing and fixing. This, however, required the outlay of a couple of hundred dollars, and the funeral expenses were one hundred and fifty more, and she had not twenty dollars in the world towards it.

The next morning, therefore saw me at John Wolfe's store; he had just returned from a business tour South, and was quite shocked to hear of his book-keeper's death. I briefly related to him the situation in which the young wife had been left, and the arrangements I had made with creditors, and awaited his answer.

'Call as you go home this evening,' said he, 'and I will attend to it. I am very busy now.'

When I called in the evening, he handed me a letter for the window, and, begging me to let him know if he could be of any service in the future, he started for home, and I did likewise.

I left the letter with the widow as I went home and after supper, Mrs. Dick and myself walked over to see her, a little curious, I must say, to know the contents of John Wolfe's letter.

I confess I had never entertained a very favorable opinion of John Wolfe; he had always seemed to me overbearing and proud, and looked, I thought, as many young men do, who have never known anything of making a living for themselves, and are very apt to think that they are made out of rather superior stuff to the rest of us, and must be looked up to and smiled upon by all the world.

But I tell you I got a new insight into the human heart when I read that letter. It was without exception, the kindest, most feeling, most consoling letter I ever read—so full of deep sympathy for her sudden loss, so overflowing with expressions of esteem and regard for her husband, and winding up with sentiments divine and heavenly, of trust in an overruling Providence, and the sweet consolation of religion, that I declare I could scarcely think the letter could have emanated from a man so wholly engrossed in himself, as he seemed to be. The letter, moreover, contained his individual check for one thousand dollars, to meet the expenses incidental to so sudden and unexpected a bereavement.

'Well, John Wolfe,' said I, 'after this I will never again judge men from appearances.'

'I should like to know,' said my cynical friend interrupting me; 'what this has got to do with John Wolfe's rich wife?'

'Certainly,' said I, 'we shall probably come to all that in the course of time. Here take another cigar and don't be impatient.'

The young widow returned to her friends in Vermont, and what followed, although I did not get acquainted with the facts until a very short time ago, I shall proceed to tell you in the order they occurred.

Within a week or so after arriving at her old home, John Wolfe received a letter from her father, returning him the thousand dollars so kindly advanced to his daughter, with a profusion of thanks for his kindness to his bereaved child, and expressing a strong desire to be able to repay it by any service it might be in his power to perform in return.

But there was another enclosure, which John, it seems, thought a great deal more about than the old [illegible] and the thousand dollars, and this was a letter from the young widow herself, so brimming with gratitude that he began to be almost ashamed to think that he had done so little for so rich a return, and was rather sorry that he had not found time to have gone personally to comfort her in her sore affliction.

I do not know exactly how it came about, but one letter brought on another, until a pretty regular correspondence sprang up between them. It happened, also, that that the widow's father, who was a retired lawyer, living on the frugal savings of a frugal life, was able to confer a very considerable favor on John Wolfe's house, by saving them from a severe loss by a dishonest customer who had suddenly taken it into his head, after a lifetime of honesty, to turn rogue, sell his goods to a cash customer who presented himself just at the right time, and slip off to California with the proceeds.

A friend of the old lawyer was employed to draw up the bill of sale, who mentioned to him casually, that so and so was selling out and going to the land of promise; and knowing that this individual was largely indepted to Wolfe's house, he quietly slipped himself off to New York, by the first stage without mentioning to any one but his wife and daughter, where he was going. Arrived in New York, he introduced himself, personally, to John Wolfe, and then proceeded to inform him of the important buisness which brought him to the city. As the runaway creditor was expected to take the next California steamer, no time was lost in getting matters fixed, and just as the gentleman was depositing himself, carpet-bag and plunder, on board the steamer for Aspinwall, he found himself rather unexpectedly obliged to relinquish his journey and pay a visit to John Wolfe's store, where after paying over his full indebtedness, he was released, only to be carefully attended to by the rest of his rather anxious creditors.

The whole affair proved a most successful one, and highly creditable to all parties concerned, but especially to the young widow's father.

'You see, Mr. Cynic,' said I addressing my friend, 'how one courtesy begets another?'

For all this important service, the old lawyer would only accept his expenses from home and back—said the jaunt had been worth something to him in the excitement and life it had given to his stagnant blood, and would not take a cent in cash on any account. John Wolfe managed however, to be upsides with him for all that. The old gentleman had hardly been home a week when a package by express arrived from New York, duly addressed to his wife, which upon being opened, disclosed a very handsome silver tea service, with an accompanying letter, begging her acceptance of the same, as a mark of respect and distinguished consideration for important and disinterested services rendered to sundry firms whose names were all attached, headed of course by the respected and respectable house of Wolfe, Waterford & Co.

Things went so for about two years, perhaps a letter passing between the parties once a month, and John Wolfe and the young widow almost began courting by letter, without either one having yet seen the other.

At last, one warm July, business being somewhat slack, John Wolfe took a trip to the White Mountains for a week or two, and, while there, became acquainted, as travelling bachelors will, with a party of five young folks—three ladies and two gentlemen.

The two eldest couples were men and wives, not very long past the honeymoon; the third lady was called cousin Jane, and like other cousins we all remember, was about one of the liveliest, most piquant little creatures you ever saw. Dark sparkling eyes seemed to dance and laugh all the time above the most blooming cheeks, darlingest little nose, and sweetest mouth, and roundest chin that ever belonged to bewitching women. John was quite smitten, he danced with her at the evening ball, he rode with her up the steep mountain paths, he went fishing for brook trout, and nothing delighted him more than when they came to a deeper pool or more rugged path than common, to lift the little thing in his great brawney arms, and carry her like a child.

For three days and nights, John Wolfe was in a paradise, on the fourth morning he woke up and found his happiness gone, a letter had been left on the dressing table, stating that the Pinkertons—the name of his new friends—had been obligded to depart by the stage, at an early hour in the morning, having received news of sudden illness in their family, and should be most happy to renew acquaintance with him at a future day, &c.

Our friend had a great mind to start off at once for New York, perfectly disgusted with the whole world, but as one of his purposes in coming East was to pay a long promised and often desired visit to the young widow's family in Vermont, he felt rather ashamed to back off his determination, although all of a sudden the long cherished wish to make her personal acquaintance had vanished, for a certain Jane Pinkerton, as he called her, had played the very dickens with the platonic affection he had been secretly nourishing for the last two years.

'I declare Dick,' said my friend Cynic, 'your story is getting to be rather a long winded affair, for I have got to the end of my third cigar, and you have hardly commenced the story.'

'Well,' said I, 'if you will only have patience a little longer, you will find that I have nearly got to the end of it.'

John Wolfe was received with high gratification by the old lawyer and his wife, when he presented himself at their house. If he had been the President himself, they could have scarcely been prouder to receive him as a guest than they were to welcome John Wolfe. The daughter, however, was absent when he arrived, but a message was sent off to her by the old lady, and it was not long before she made her appearance.

You may guess the surprise of our friend John, when the young widow arrived, for there stood, welcoming him, with her dancing eyes and beaming smile, no other than his fairy friend of the White Mountain, Jane Pinkerton, as he called her, because she was with her friends, the Pinkertons, and she, the laughing puss, although she knew by his name well enough who he was, had never revealed herself to him as his loving correspondent, Jane Willoughby. The women naturally love a little mystery, and so she had kept her own secret, in order to surprise him when he should visit her father's house, according to promise.

John Wolfe was a happy man that evening, as he sat at tea, where the handsome silver service was duly displayed in his honor; and the young widow was as happy as he was, I guess, and the father and mother were running over with gratified pride, as they did the honors of their humble home to the young New York merchant, who had shown himself such a true gentleman, in all their intercourse with him.

A delightful evening was passed by all parties, and when John Wolfe was ushered by the old lady to the state bedroom, and had laid himself between the whitest pair of sheets that ever were bleached on Vermont snow, he was so full of pleasant fancies and joyous hopes that he could not go to sleep for hours. However, toward morning he dozed off, and, as will happen at such times, his day dreams turned themselves into night dreams, and he found himself again traveling up the rugged paths of the White Mountains, with laughing Jane Pinkerton at his side, joking and joying together, lifting her sometimes over some rough obstacle in the path, and then again fairly carrying her across some big drift of snow which the summer sun had not been able to penetrate near enough to wake up—and so on, and on, until wearied out they stood to gaze upon the magnificent prospect below and around them.—Suddenly John thought he was on his knees before her, pouring out a torrent of passionate words, declaring that life, and hope, and happiness dwelt only there, &c., when, before he could get an answer or know whether the dear girl smiled or frowned, behold he woke up. He was dreadfully mortified at first, but presently recollecting where he was, and seeing it was broad day light, he jumps out of bed, makes his morning ablutions, and dresses himself in great haste, determined to wait no longer an answer than it would take to find the object of his dream.—Down stairs he goes and into the parlor. She is not there—looks into the garden but does not see her, when, suddenly bethinking such a notable little dame might be a good house-wife, he starts for the kitchen—where, forsooth, he finds her singing like a bird, elbow deep in the bread trough, kneading away for dear life. John's heavy tread betrayed the intruder—she looked up.

'Do you want to know how to make jonny-cake, Mr. Wolfe?' she exclaimed merrily.

'No,' said he rather seriously, for, like a man of deep and earnest feeling as he was, he felt that he approached a crisis in his life. 'No, I do not—my jonny cake is mixed already—I only want to know whether I can get it.'

The widow did not know what to makeof it.

'Well,' said she, 'I do not know any reason why you should not.'

'That,' replied John, 'is what I want to find out, and as you know, my dear friend, that two heads are better than one, I have come to consult you about it.'

So, to make the matter plain to her, he related his dream to its termination.

'And now, Jane,' said he, 'I am here for an answer. Will you be my jonny-cake—Yes or no.'

Jane held her head down while he spoke, blushing celestial rosy red—as is quite proper, I believe, on such occasions. But Jane's was an earnest nature, likewise, and all trifling and fun had vanished, when looking up to him, her bright eyes brimming full of joyous tears, she gave him just one of the sweetest kisses he ever had in his life.

'For ever and ever,' she cried, 'for ever and ever John, if you will have me.'

Just at this instant the old lady mother stepped into the kitchen, and brought them to their senses by exclaiming—

"Why, Jane!"

'O, mother, mother,' said Jane, 'I am so happy!' and she left John to embrace her mother. 'He asked me to be his wife, mother, give me joy—I am to be John Wolfe's wife.'

There were jolly times, to be sure, in the old lawyer's house that week, and when John Wolfe carried off his little wife to New York, there was the merriest wedding party in that village that ever drove dull care out of doors.

'Well, said my friend Cynic, when I paused, 'now, with all your yarn, you have not said one word about being rich, I should rather think the old lawyer, her father, must have been rather poor; how could his daughter be rich? and folks do say that John Wolfe married a rich wife.'

'Folks say a good many things, sometimes, that they do not know anything about,' said I. 'John Wolfe's wife was not worth ten dollars when he married her, but it happened that very soon after her marriage, an aunt of her's in Boston died suddenly, and as Jane had always been a favorite of her's, she left her her entire fortune. I have heard it said it was an hundred thousand dollars, but I do know, and John Wolfe knows, too, that she, herself, is an ample fortune for any man—and that, Cynic, is the way John Wolfe got his wife.'

ONLY TIGHT!—"How flushed, how weak he is! What is the matter with him?"

"Only tight."

"Tight?"

"Yes, intoxicated."

"Only tight." Man's best and greatest gift, his intellect degraded; the only power that raises him above the brute creation, trodden down under the foot of a debasing appetite.

"Only tight!" the mother stands with pale face and tear-dimmed eye to see her only son's disgrace, and in her fancy pictures the bitter woe of which this is the foreshadowing.

"Only tight!" the gentle sister whose strongest love through life has been given to her handsome talented brother, shrinks with contempt and disgust from his embrace, and brushes away the hot impure kiss he prints upon her cheek.

"Only tight!" and his young bride stops in the glad dance she is making to meet him, and checks the welcome on her lips to gaze in terror on the reeling form and flushed face of him who was the "god of her idolatry."

"Only tight!" and the father's face grows dark and sad as with a bitter sigh he stoops over the sleeping form of his first born.

He has brought sorrow to all these affectionate hearts; he has opened the door to a fatal indulgence; he has brought himself down to a level with brutes; he has tasted, exciting the appetite to crave the poisonous draught again; he has fallen from high and noble manhood to babbling idiocy and heavy stupor; brought grief to his mother, distrust to his sister, almost despair to his bride, and bowed his father's head with sorrow, but blame him not, for he is "only tight!"

THE EMPEROR OF BELLS.—At the foot of the bell-tower of the Kremlin stands on the granite pedestal the Tzar Kolokol, or Emperor of Bells, whose renown is world-wide. It was cast by order of the Empress Anne, in 1730, but was broken seven years afterwards through the burning of the wooden tower in which it hung. It is a little over 21 feet in height, 22 feet in diameter at the bottom, weights 121 tons, and the estimated value of the gold, silver and copper contained in it is $1,500,000. In one of the lower stories of the tower hangs another bell, cast more than a century before the Tzar Kolokol, and weighing 64 tons. Its iron tongue is swung from side to side by the united exertions of three men. It is only rung thrice a year, and when it speaks, all other bell are silent. To those who stand near the tower, the vibration of the air is said to be like that which follows the simultaneous discharge of a hundred cannon.—In the other stories hang at least forty or fifty bells, varing in weight from 35 tones to 1,000 lbs; some of them are one third silver. When they all sound at once, as on Easter morn, the very tower must rock on its foundation. In those parts of Russia where the Eastern Church is predominant, no other sect is allowed to possess bells. In Austria the same prohibition is extended to the Protestant churches. The sound of the bell is a part of the act of worship, and therefore no heterodox tongue, though of iron, must be permitted to preach false doctrine to half the city.—*Bayard Taylor in Moscow.*

LITTLE MAUD.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

O where is our dainty, our darling,
The daintiest darling of all?
O where is the voice on the stairway,
O where is the voice in the hall?
The little short steps in the entry,
The silvery laugh in the hall?
O where is our dainty, our darling,
The daintiest darling of all?
Little Maud!

The peaches are ripe in the garden,
The apricots ready to fall;
The blue grapes are dripping their honey
In sunshine upon the white wall;
O where are the lips, full and melting,
That looked up so pouting and red,
When we dangled the sun-purpled branches
Of isabella over her head?
O Maud! little Maud! my where are you?
(She never replies to our call!)
O where is our dainty, our darling,
The daintiest darling of all?
Little Maud!

EVERY MAN HIS OWN ANGEL.

Last night, the Window looking dimly forth
On russet fields that reached the withered North,
Where Summer's dead bad rent the snowy shroud,
And lay entombed 'neath the cold, pyramidal
This morn, the fingers of the midnight Frost
Had wrought to beauty that we fancied lost
When Eden's leaves began to fall; had given
The humble pane, a landscape out of Heaven.
Lo! silver mountains plumed with silver pines,
And diamond clusters loading silver vines;
By silver fountains silver willows bent,
On silver plain was pitched a silver tent;
A silver fallow thickly sowed with gems,
A silver vale, with royal diadems;
From crystal turret shone a silver light,
And stars of silver made a silver night.

A man is never colder-hearted than when 'the sweet south' comes in at the window with gushes of fragrance, and the roses and breezes are blowing softly together. Somehow it seems that when the pores are opened, the fire goes out in the heart, and we put nothing warmer there than green clusters of feathery Asparagus.

But when the frost begins to creep up the window-panes, and silver pines deck the 'seven by nine' as if it were an oriel window, then most men begin to grow warm round the heart; the blood recedes from fingers'-ends to the fountain, and so we hear of deeds that make 'December as pleasant as May.'

As the dew condenses on leaf and flower, just where it is needed most, so charity sparkles into sight, when winter rules the year. Generally, we are better people in January than we are in June; more thoughtful and social, and less passionate and grasping. In summer everybody enjoys the sunshine, even to Diogenes; the fragrance of fields is a universal possession; the boy whose words and wardrobe are much too soiled for Heaven, puts his smutty nose through the fence that bounds the rich parterre, as free of its perfume, as 'the fair daughter of that house and heart,' who from the window above those painted preachers, takes toll of their sweet prayers as they go heavenward.

All the world have an equal ownership in the blessings of summer, and perhaps the thought of this renders us careless and indifferent, for then Nature's broad hand is open and filled. In winter, we must be a Providence to each other; and our minds are so made, that the curtained room, the glowing grate and the soft bright air do not render us forgetful, for the thought vibrates like a pendulum to the other extremity of the arc, and we remember the broken and aguish window, the drifted ashes white and cold as snow upon the dark hearth, and the nails in the bare floor silver headed with frost. We could not withdraw a cloud no bigger than a handkerchief from the sun's face in June, but we can *make* a little summer for somebody in January, with a bushel of coal and a pair of blankets. It is a cheap luxury we can enjoy; it is purchasing happiness at the lowest of rates.

The world is full of a mutilated charity where the recipient alone is blest; it is a sort of dining by deputy, a going to heaven by proxy, a being happy, as men sometimes are soldiers, by substitute. There is just the difference between the charity that blesses him that gives as well as him that takes, and the alms dispensed by an agent, that there is between beneficence and benevolence: the one is good wishing, and the other good doing.

If there be nothing more in charity than just to keep another from starving or freezing, or from what is so much worse, that Agur thought it worth praying against, 'lest they be poor and steal,' then charity is not a virtue but only the 'toll' we pay, as we hasten on life's way. What can compensate us for the loss of the grateful glance, for the look of the brightening eye, that greet and bless the angel with the winter gifts? The truest charity is *its own angel*, the world over, a truth beautifully illustrated in the story of the 'Irish Schoolmaster.' He had taken several lads, for charity's sake, had given them a seat by his fire and a share of his food; he had taught them, even as the birds are taught to sing, 'without price;