

THE DAILY DISPATCH.

JAS. A. COWARDIN, Proprietor. HUGH R. PLEASANT, Editor.

CASH TERMS OF ADVERTISING. Single insertion \$0 25, 1 square, 1 month \$4 00.

Advertisements inserted once a week, twice a week, or three times a week, will be charged 50 cents for the first insertion, and 37 1/2 cents for each continuation.

THE WEEKLY DISPATCH. Published every Friday morning, and mailed for one month \$10, for three months \$26, for six months \$48, for a year \$84.

ANTHRACITE COAL. I have now on hand and will keep regularly supplied, with the very best quality of lump and broken, and screened red and white anthracite coal.

JOHN W. WRIGHT, Dock Wharf. JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM is prepared to execute orders for Black Book manufacturing. His papers and binding materials are of the best quality.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

NEW BOOKS. Meigs's Vespers of the Midwinter. A new edition, with additions and illustrations.

Review of Materia Medica, for the use of Students, by Jno. B. Riddle. Ranking of 1851-1 vol. 8vo.

No. 14 Rankings of Half Yearly Abstract for December 1851. Maurice Tierney, The Soldier of Fortune, by Charles F. Smith, a Novel by Mrs. Marsh.

The Life and Works of Ro. Burns, edited by Ro. Chambers, 4 vols. 12mo. vol. 1. Received and for sale by A. MORRIS.

REPERTORY OF MONTE CHRISTO, for sale by J. W. Randolph. The Pietorial Tower of London, a Historical Romance, by W. Harrison Ainsworth—\$1.

Life and Works of Robert Burns, edited by Robert Chambers, vol. 1—75c. Gleanings and Groupings, from a Pastor's Port Folio, by Rev. J. H. Danforth—\$1.

Archieval and Historical, containing a History and Description of North Carolina. Selections in Prose and Verse. Historical and Chronological Tables, and a variety of Miscellaneous Information, and Statistics, by C. Wiley—\$1.

Winfield Scott, the Hero of many Battles, illustrated by G. M. Reynolds—25c. Mary Price, or the Memoir of a Servant-Maid, by G. W. M. Reynolds—25c.

Count Monte Leone, or the Spy in Society, from the French of H. De St. George's, with plates—50c. This is said to be a counterpart of Monte Christo. Prepared and sold by JAMES C. AYER.

NEW BOOKS, NEW BOOKS. Theoretical and Practical Anatomy, by J. W. Moore—\$1. Sweet on the Diseases of the Chest, a treatise on the diseases of the Chest, being a course of lectures delivered at the New York Hospital, by John H. Moore, M.D. 1 vol. 8vo., cloth.

Concessions of a Convert from Baptism in Water to Baptism in Wine, from the second English edition—75c. Sorcery and Magic. Narratives of Sorcery and Magic, from the most authentic sources, by Thos. Wright, M.A. F.S.A.

History of the Jews in Great Britain, by the Rev. Moses Margolouth—3 vols., \$2.50. The Universal Songster, or Museum of Mirth; forming the most complete, extensive and valuable collection of ancient and modern songs in the English language, with a copious and classified index, by J. W. Moore—\$3.

Children of the Abbey, a Tale—75c. The Illustrated Hand Book, a new guide to travellers through the United States of America—50c. Democracy in America, by Alexis de Toqueville, avocata in a cour Royale de Paris, &c. &c. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. Third edition, in two vols., 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Disturbing the Railroad, Steamboat, and Telegraph Boat, being a guide through the United States and Canada—25c. Children of the Abbey, a Tale—75c.

Children of the Abbey, a Tale—75c. The Illustrated Hand Book, a new guide to travellers through the United States of America—50c. Democracy in America, by Alexis de Toqueville, avocata in a cour Royale de Paris, &c. &c. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. Third edition, in two vols., 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Disturbing the Railroad, Steamboat, and Telegraph Boat, being a guide through the United States and Canada—25c. Children of the Abbey, a Tale—75c.

Children of the Abbey, a Tale—75c. The Illustrated Hand Book, a new guide to travellers through the United States of America—50c. Democracy in America, by Alexis de Toqueville, avocata in a cour Royale de Paris, &c. &c. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. Third edition, in two vols., 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Disturbing the Railroad, Steamboat, and Telegraph Boat, being a guide through the United States and Canada—25c. Children of the Abbey, a Tale—75c.

Children of the Abbey, a Tale—75c. The Illustrated Hand Book, a new guide to travellers through the United States of America—50c. Democracy in America, by Alexis de Toqueville, avocata in a cour Royale de Paris, &c. &c. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. Third edition, in two vols., 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Disturbing the Railroad, Steamboat, and Telegraph Boat, being a guide through the United States and Canada—25c. Children of the Abbey, a Tale—75c.

Children of the Abbey, a Tale—75c. The Illustrated Hand Book, a new guide to travellers through the United States of America—50c. Democracy in America, by Alexis de Toqueville, avocata in a cour Royale de Paris, &c. &c. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. Third edition, in two vols., 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Disturbing the Railroad, Steamboat, and Telegraph Boat, being a guide through the United States and Canada—25c. Children of the Abbey, a Tale—75c.

Children of the Abbey, a Tale—75c. The Illustrated Hand Book, a new guide to travellers through the United States of America—50c. Democracy in America, by Alexis de Toqueville, avocata in a cour Royale de Paris, &c. &c. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. Third edition, in two vols., 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Disturbing the Railroad, Steamboat, and Telegraph Boat, being a guide through the United States and Canada—25c. Children of the Abbey, a Tale—75c.

Children of the Abbey, a Tale—75c. The Illustrated Hand Book, a new guide to travellers through the United States of America—50c. Democracy in America, by Alexis de Toqueville, avocata in a cour Royale de Paris, &c. &c. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. Third edition, in two vols., 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Disturbing the Railroad, Steamboat, and Telegraph Boat, being a guide through the United States and Canada—25c. Children of the Abbey, a Tale—75c.

Children of the Abbey, a Tale—75c. The Illustrated Hand Book, a new guide to travellers through the United States of America—50c. Democracy in America, by Alexis de Toqueville, avocata in a cour Royale de Paris, &c. &c. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. Third edition, in two vols., 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Disturbing the Railroad, Steamboat, and Telegraph Boat, being a guide through the United States and Canada—25c. Children of the Abbey, a Tale—75c.

Children of the Abbey, a Tale—75c. The Illustrated Hand Book, a new guide to travellers through the United States of America—50c. Democracy in America, by Alexis de Toqueville, avocata in a cour Royale de Paris, &c. &c. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. Third edition, in two vols., 8vo., 10s. 6d.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

For the cure of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, and CONSUMPTION.

Many years of trial, instead of impairing the public confidence in this medicine, has won for it an appreciation and notoriety far exceeding the most sanguine expectations of its friends.

It is a fact, that the Cherry Pectoral does not only as a general thing, but almost invariably, cure the malady for which it is employed.

As time makes these facts older and better known, the medicine has gradually become the best reliance of the afflicted, from the log-cabin of the American peasant, to the palaces of the European Kings.

It is a fact, that the Cherry Pectoral does not only as a general thing, but almost invariably, cure the malady for which it is employed.

As time makes these facts older and better known, the medicine has gradually become the best reliance of the afflicted, from the log-cabin of the American peasant, to the palaces of the European Kings.

It is a fact, that the Cherry Pectoral does not only as a general thing, but almost invariably, cure the malady for which it is employed.

As time makes these facts older and better known, the medicine has gradually become the best reliance of the afflicted, from the log-cabin of the American peasant, to the palaces of the European Kings.

It is a fact, that the Cherry Pectoral does not only as a general thing, but almost invariably, cure the malady for which it is employed.

As time makes these facts older and better known, the medicine has gradually become the best reliance of the afflicted, from the log-cabin of the American peasant, to the palaces of the European Kings.

It is a fact, that the Cherry Pectoral does not only as a general thing, but almost invariably, cure the malady for which it is employed.

As time makes these facts older and better known, the medicine has gradually become the best reliance of the afflicted, from the log-cabin of the American peasant, to the palaces of the European Kings.

It is a fact, that the Cherry Pectoral does not only as a general thing, but almost invariably, cure the malady for which it is employed.

As time makes these facts older and better known, the medicine has gradually become the best reliance of the afflicted, from the log-cabin of the American peasant, to the palaces of the European Kings.

It is a fact, that the Cherry Pectoral does not only as a general thing, but almost invariably, cure the malady for which it is employed.

As time makes these facts older and better known, the medicine has gradually become the best reliance of the afflicted, from the log-cabin of the American peasant, to the palaces of the European Kings.

It is a fact, that the Cherry Pectoral does not only as a general thing, but almost invariably, cure the malady for which it is employed.

As time makes these facts older and better known, the medicine has gradually become the best reliance of the afflicted, from the log-cabin of the American peasant, to the palaces of the European Kings.

It is a fact, that the Cherry Pectoral does not only as a general thing, but almost invariably, cure the malady for which it is employed.

As time makes these facts older and better known, the medicine has gradually become the best reliance of the afflicted, from the log-cabin of the American peasant, to the palaces of the European Kings.

It is a fact, that the Cherry Pectoral does not only as a general thing, but almost invariably, cure the malady for which it is employed.

As time makes these facts older and better known, the medicine has gradually become the best reliance of the afflicted, from the log-cabin of the American peasant, to the palaces of the European Kings.

It is a fact, that the Cherry Pectoral does not only as a general thing, but almost invariably, cure the malady for which it is employed.

As time makes these facts older and better known, the medicine has gradually become the best reliance of the afflicted, from the log-cabin of the American peasant, to the palaces of the European Kings.

It is a fact, that the Cherry Pectoral does not only as a general thing, but almost invariably, cure the malady for which it is employed.

As time makes these facts older and better known, the medicine has gradually become the best reliance of the afflicted, from the log-cabin of the American peasant, to the palaces of the European Kings.

It is a fact, that the Cherry Pectoral does not only as a general thing, but almost invariably, cure the malady for which it is employed.

As time makes these facts older and better known, the medicine has gradually become the best reliance of the afflicted, from the log-cabin of the American peasant, to the palaces of the European Kings.

It is a fact, that the Cherry Pectoral does not only as a general thing, but almost invariably, cure the malady for which it is employed.

THE DAILY DISPATCH.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal. BLIGHTED FLOWERS.

The facts of the following brief narrative, which are very few and of but melancholy interest, became known to me in the precise order in which they are laid before the reader.

They were forced upon my observation rather than sought out by me; and they present, to my mind at least, a touching picture of the bitter conflict industrious poverty is sometimes called upon to wage with 'the thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to.'

It must be now eight or nine years since, in traversing a certain street, which runs for nearly half a mile in a direct line southward, I first encountered Ellen—she was then a fair young girl of seventeen, rather above the middle size, and with a queen-like air and gait.

Which made her appear taller than she really was. Her countenance, pale but healthy, and of a perfectly regular and classic mould, was charming to look upon from its undefinable expression of loveliness and sweet temper.

Her tiny feet tripped noiselessly along the pavement, and a glance from her black eye sometimes met mine like a ray of light, and punctually at twenty minutes to nine, we passed each other near—House, each on our way to the theatre of our daily operations.

She was an embroiderer, as I soon discovered from a small stretching-iron, containing a few fish-work, which she occasionally carried in her hand; and one morning I found her seated on the step of a door, unable to proceed.

After that she disappeared from my view; and though I never saw her again at the old spot, I have seldom passed that spot since, though many years following the same route, without recognising again in my mind's eye the graceful form and angel aspect of Ellen.

'And is this the end of your mournful history?' some querulous remarker demands. Not quite. There is a soul of good in things evil. Compassion dwells with the depths of misery; and in the valley of the shadow of death devoted Charity walks with shining wings.

It was nearly two months after I had lost sight of poor Ellen, that during one of my dinner-table perambulations about town, I looked in almost accidentally upon my old friend and old acquaintance, Jack Jones, proprietor of a shop not a hundred miles from Gray's Inn, encoined upon his eyes in delicate odours, he passes his leisure hours—the hours when commerce flags, and people have more pressing affairs to attend to than the detection of their nostrils—in the enthusiastic study of art and antiquity.

His shop is hardly more crammed with bottles and jars than the rest of his house with prints, pictures, carvings, and curiosities of every sort. Jack and I went to school together, and sowed our slender crop of wild oats together; and, indeed, in some sort have been together ever since.

We both have our own collections of rarities, such as they are, and each criticises the other's new purchases. On the present occasion there was a new Van Somers's old painting awaiting my judgment; and no sooner did my shadow darken his door, than starting from his chair, and bidding the boy bring the bell, he was wanted, he bustled me up stairs, calling by the way to his housekeeper, Mrs. Jones—Jack is a bachelor—to bring up coffee for two.

I was prepared to pronounce my dictum on his newly acquired treasure, and was going to bounce unceremoniously into the old lumber-room over the lobby to regale my sight with the delightful confusion of his unarranged accumulations, when he pulled me forcibly back by the coat-tail. 'Not there,' said Jack; 'you can't go there. Go into my snugery.'

'And why not there?' said I; 'jealous of some new purchase which I was not to see.' 'Because there's somebody ill there, and I'm a bedroom now; a poor girl; she wanted a place to die in, poor thing, and I put her in there.'

'Who is she?—a relative?' 'No; I never saw her till Monday last. Sit down, I'll tell you how it was. Set down the coffee, Mrs. Jones, and just look in upon the patient, will you? Sugar and cream! You know my weakness for a good deal of sugar, and I like to take her herself sometimes. Well Mrs. Jones, how goes she on?' 'She's asleep,' said the housekeeper. 'Would you like to look at her, gentlemen?'

We entered the room together. It was as if some unaccountable presentiment had forewarned me: there, upon a snow-white sheet, and pillowed by his friend's favourite eider-down quilt, lay the wasted form of Ellen. She slept soundly and breathed loudly; and Dr. H—, who entered while we stood at the bedside, informed us that in all probability she would awake only to die, or to sleep again, then to wake no more. The latter was the true prophecy. She awoke an hour or two after my departure, and passed away that same night in a quiet slumber without a pang.

I never learned by what chain of circumstances she was driven to seek alms in the public streets. I might have done so perhaps by inquiry; but to what purpose? She died in peace, with friendly hands and friendly hearts near her, and Jack buried her in his own grave in Highgate Cemetery, at his own expense; and declares he is none the worse for it. I am of his opinion.

APPLICITY CALAMITY.—The most heart-rending scene which I have ever been to wit to record, occurred on Saturday afternoon, about one mile north of this village, nearly on the direct road to Ware's Corners. The dwelling of William Gibson caught fire—himself and wife both being absent—and three children—the eldest five, and the youngest one—were smothered to death before the unhappy father was enabled to rescue them.

Mrs. Gibson, it appears, was at the barn, when the unfortunate affair occurred, rendering some aid to her children, but a short time before left her infant asleep in the cradle, and as she was informed, locked the door, but doubtless with the best of motives.

The terrified parents were the first to arrive at the house. Mr. Gibson, at great hazard, had entered the building while in flames, and handed the bodies of the three children, one at a time, from the window. The distracted mother, frantic from the loss of her loved ones, on whom was placed her fondest hopes, seemed determined not to survive them, and was prevented, with great difficulty, from rushing into the flames to share their fate.—Lockport Daily Journal.

THE SOUTHERN PASSAGE says that there are twelve thousand marriageable girls in Lowell.—This last year there were only six hundred married. The Free makes the melancholy reflection that at this rate it would take twenty years for them to get married—and a large majority would become old maids.

THE DAILY DISPATCH.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal. BLIGHTED FLOWERS.

The facts of the following brief narrative, which are very few and of but melancholy interest, became known to me in the precise order in which they are laid before the reader.

They were forced upon my observation rather than sought out by me; and they present, to my mind at least, a touching picture of the bitter conflict industrious poverty is sometimes called upon to wage with 'the thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to.'

It must be now eight or nine years since, in traversing a certain street, which runs for nearly half a mile in a direct line southward, I first encountered Ellen—she was then a fair young girl of seventeen, rather above the middle size, and with a queen-like air and gait.

Which made her appear taller than she really was. Her countenance, pale but healthy, and of a perfectly regular and classic mould, was charming to look upon from its undefinable expression of loveliness and sweet temper.

Her tiny feet tripped noiselessly along the pavement, and a glance from her black eye sometimes met mine like a ray of light, and punctually at twenty minutes to nine, we passed each other near—House, each on our way to the theatre of our daily operations.

She was an embroiderer, as I soon discovered from a small stretching-iron, containing a few fish-work, which she occasionally carried in her hand; and one morning I found her seated on the step of a door, unable to proceed.

After that she disappeared from my view; and though I never saw her again at the old spot, I have seldom passed that spot since, though many years following the same route, without recognising again in my mind's eye the graceful form and angel aspect of Ellen.

'And is this the end of your mournful history?' some querulous remarker demands. Not quite. There is a soul of good in things evil. Compassion dwells with the depths of misery; and in the valley of the shadow of death devoted Charity walks with shining wings.

It was nearly two months after I had lost sight of poor Ellen, that during one of my dinner-table perambulations about town, I looked in almost accidentally upon my old friend and old acquaintance, Jack Jones, proprietor of a shop not a hundred miles from Gray's Inn, encoined upon his eyes in delicate odours, he passes his leisure hours—the hours when commerce flags, and people have more pressing affairs to attend to than the detection of their nostrils—in the enthusiastic study of art and antiquity.

His shop is hardly more crammed with bottles and jars than the rest of his house with prints, pictures, carvings, and curiosities of every sort. Jack and I went to school together, and sowed our slender crop of wild oats together; and, indeed, in some sort have been together ever since.

We both have our own collections of rarities, such as they are, and each criticises the other's new purchases. On the present occasion there was a new Van Somers's old painting awaiting my judgment; and no sooner did my shadow darken his door, than starting from his chair, and bidding the boy bring the bell, he was wanted, he bustled me up stairs, calling by the way to his housekeeper, Mrs. Jones—Jack is a bachelor—to bring up coffee for two.

I was prepared to pronounce my dictum on his newly acquired treasure, and was going to bounce unceremoniously into the old lumber-room over the lobby to regale my sight with the delightful confusion of his unarranged accumulations, when he pulled me forcibly back by the coat-tail. 'Not there,' said Jack; 'you can't go there. Go into my snugery.'

'And why not there?' said I; 'jealous of some new purchase which I was not to see.' 'Because there's somebody ill there, and I'm a bedroom now; a poor girl; she wanted a place to die in, poor thing, and I put her in there.'

'Who is she?—a relative?' 'No; I never saw her till Monday last. Sit down, I'll tell you how it was. Set down the coffee, Mrs. Jones, and just look in upon the patient, will you? Sugar and cream! You know my weakness for a good deal of sugar, and I like to take her herself sometimes. Well Mrs. Jones, how goes she on?' 'She's asleep,' said the housekeeper. 'Would you like to look at her, gentlemen?'

We entered the room together. It was as if some unaccountable presentiment had forewarned me: there, upon a snow-white sheet, and pillowed by his friend's favourite eider-down quilt, lay the wasted form of Ellen. She slept soundly and breathed loudly; and Dr. H—, who entered while we stood at the bedside, informed us that in all probability she would awake only to die, or to sleep again, then to wake no more. The latter was the true prophecy. She awoke an hour or two after my departure, and passed away that same night in a quiet slumber without a pang.

I never learned by what chain of circumstances she was driven to seek alms in the public streets. I might have done so perhaps by inquiry; but to what purpose? She died in peace, with friendly hands and friendly hearts near her, and Jack buried her in his own grave in Highgate Cemetery, at his own expense; and declares he is none the worse for it. I am of his opinion.

APPLICITY CALAMITY.—The most heart-rending scene which I have ever been to wit to record, occurred on Saturday afternoon, about one mile north of this village, nearly on the direct road to Ware's Corners. The dwelling of William Gibson caught fire—himself and wife both being absent—and three children—the eldest five, and the youngest one—were smothered to death before the unhappy father was enabled to rescue them.

Mrs. Gibson, it appears, was at the barn, when the unfortunate affair occurred, rendering some aid to her children, but a short time before left her infant asleep in the cradle, and as she was informed, locked the door, but doubtless with the best of motives.

The terrified parents were the first to arrive at the house. Mr. Gibson, at great hazard, had entered the building while in flames, and handed the bodies of the three children, one at a time, from the window. The distracted mother, frantic from the loss of her loved ones, on whom was placed her fondest hopes, seemed determined not to survive them, and was prevented, with great difficulty, from rushing into the flames to share their fate.—Lockport Daily Journal.

THE SOUTHERN PASSAGE says that there are twelve thousand marriageable girls in Lowell.—This last year there were only six hundred married. The Free makes the melancholy reflection that at this rate it would take twenty years for them to get married—and a large majority would become old maids.

THE DAILY DISPATCH.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal. BLIGHTED FLOWERS.

The facts of the following brief narrative, which are very few and of but melancholy interest, became known to me in the precise order in which they are laid before the reader.

They were forced upon my observation rather than sought out by me; and they present, to my mind at least, a touching picture of the bitter conflict industrious poverty is sometimes called upon to wage with 'the thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to.'

It must be now eight or nine years since, in traversing a certain street, which runs for nearly half a mile in a direct line southward, I first encountered Ellen—she was then a fair young girl of seventeen, rather above the middle size, and with a queen-like air and gait.

Which made her appear taller than she really was. Her countenance, pale but healthy, and of a perfectly regular and classic mould, was charming to look upon from its undefinable expression of loveliness and sweet temper.

Her tiny feet tripped noiselessly along the pavement, and a glance from her black eye sometimes met mine like a ray of light, and punctually at twenty minutes to nine, we passed each other near—House, each on our way to the theatre of our daily operations.

She was an embroiderer, as I soon discovered from a small stretching-iron, containing a few fish-work, which she occasionally carried in her hand; and one morning I found her seated on the step of a door, unable to proceed.

After that she disappeared from my view; and though I never saw her again at the old spot, I have seldom passed that spot since, though many years following the same route, without recognising again in my mind's eye the graceful form and angel aspect of Ellen.

'And is this the end of your mournful history?' some querulous remarker demands. Not quite. There is a soul of good in things evil. Compassion dwells with the depths of misery; and in the valley of the shadow of death devoted Charity walks with shining wings.

It was nearly two months after I had lost sight of poor Ellen, that during one of my dinner-table perambulations about town, I looked in almost accidentally upon my old friend and old acquaintance, Jack Jones, proprietor of a shop not a hundred miles from Gray's Inn, encoined upon his eyes in delicate odours, he passes his leisure hours—the hours when commerce flags, and people have more pressing affairs to attend to than the detection of their nostrils—in the enthusiastic study of art and antiquity.

His shop is hardly more crammed with bottles and jars than the rest of his house with prints, pictures, carvings, and curiosities of every sort. Jack and I went to school together, and sowed our slender crop of wild oats together; and, indeed, in some sort have been together ever since.

We both have our own collections of rarities, such as they are, and each criticises the other's new purchases. On the present occasion there was a new Van Somers's old painting awaiting my judgment; and no sooner did my shadow darken his door, than starting from his chair, and bidding the boy bring the bell, he was wanted, he bustled me up stairs, calling by the way to his housekeeper, Mrs. Jones—Jack is a bachelor—to bring up coffee for two.

I was prepared to pronounce my dictum on his newly acquired treasure, and was going to bounce unceremoniously into the old lumber-room over the lobby to regale my sight with the delightful confusion of his unarranged accumulations, when he pulled me forcibly back by the coat-tail. 'Not there,' said Jack; '