Fremont Journal.

VOL. IV. FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, OHIO, JUNE 6, 1856. NO. 19.

FREMONT JOURNAL.

ISAAC M. KEELER, Proprietor.

The JOURNAL is published every Friday morning.—Office—In the third story, Buckland's Block—Fremont, Sandusky county, Ohio.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square—10 lines or less, one insertion,		$0,50
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do.	Three months	3,00
do.	Six months	5,00
do.	One year	8,00
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One-half do. do. do do		25,00
Whole do. do. do do		45,00
Business Cards, 6 lines or less, one year		5,00

Leaded Notices preceding marriages, and Double column Advertisements, to be charged double the above rate.

Advertisements should be marked with the number of insertions or they will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

JOB PRINTING,

Of all kinds neatly and expeditiously executed, and that too, to the full satisfaction of our patrons.

BLANKS,

Of all discriptions kept on hand, or will be printed on a few hours' notice. ISAAC M. KEELER,

Editor and Proprietor Fremont Journal.

I. O. O. F.

CROGHAN LODGE, No. 77, Independent order of Odd Fellows, meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, in Buckland's Block, every Saturday evening.

FREMONT ENCAMPMENT, No. 64, I.O.O.F., meets in the same Hall on the 2d and 4th Monday evenings of every month.

Masonic.

FORT STEPHENSON LODGE, No. 225, Free and Accepted Masons, meets at Masonic Hall, in Dongyson's Block, on the 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of every month.

FREMONT CHAPTER, No. 64, Royal Arch Masons, meets at the same place, on the 1st Friday evening of every month.

I. O. G. T.

FOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 136, Independent Order of Good Templars meets at their Hall, in "Buckeye Building," every Friday evening.

PICTURE GALLERY.

A. D. WILES,

Daguerreian and Ambrotypist.

WILL be found at his Gallery at all hours. Pictures taken in *Cloudy as well as Clear* weather. All are invited to call and examine specimens. Gallery in the 3d story of Nims' block, Fremont, Ohio.

Roberts & Sheldon.

Manufacturers of Copper, Tin, and Sheet-Iron Ware, and Dealers in Stoves, Agricultural Implements, Stoves, Rags, Wool, Hides, Sheep-pelts, Old Copper, Old Stoves, &c.—All sorts of genuine Yankee Notions. Pease's Brick Block, No. 1, Fremont, Ohio. May 29, 1854.

Canfield & Brother.

Hardware Merchants. All kinds of Iron and Steel ware, both American and Imported; sold at Wholesale or Retail. Every pattern of Cook, Parlor or Box Stoves. Agricultural and Farm Implements, Wooden-ware, Cordage, Oils, Paints, &c., Betts' Block, No. 2, Fremont, Ohio.

P. P. Fusselman & Co.,

Dealers in Stoves, Tin, Sheet-Iron, Copper-ware, Washboards, Plows, &c. We have opened an entire new stock in the Tyler Block, Corner of Front and Croghan Streets, and shall be constantly receiving additions. Particular attention will be given to Jobbing and Repairing of every kind. Call and see us. April 27, 1855.

Greene & Finefrock.

Attorneys at Law; will attend to all business entrusted to their care. Office—Nims' Block, Corner of Croghan and Main street, Fremont, Ohio.

J. L. GREENE. T. P. FINEFROCK.

Denistry.

E. J. CONGER, DENTAL SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Fremont and vicinity. Teeth inserted on pivot, gold or silver plate, and in the neatest manner. ☞ Office in Sharp and Shomo's Building, front room up-stairs.

Fremont, April 18, 1856.

S. Buckland & Co.,

Dealers in Drugs, Medicine, Dye-stuffs, Glass, Paints, Oils, Books, Stationery, &c., Fremont, Ohio.

Buckland & Everett,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, and Solicitors in Chancery, will attend to professional business and Land Agency in Sandusky and adjoining counties. Office, 2nd story Buckland's Block, Fremont.

R. P. BUCKLAND. HOMER EVERETT.

Chester Edgerton,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, will carefully attend to all Professional Business left in his charge. He will also attend to the collection of claims, &c., in this and adjoining counties. Office, Second story Nims' Block, Fremont, O.

Drs. Wilson & Stilwell.

Fremont, Ohio, residence on Croghan Street, near the Court House. Feb. 24, 1854.

JAS. W. WILSON. THOS. STILWELL.

CROGHAN HOUSE,

FRANK N. GURNEY, Proprietor.

(Successor to J. P. Vandercook.)

The CROGHAN HOUSE is situated in the central, business portion of the town, on the Pike, corner of Front Street.—No exertions on the part of the proprietor, to render the stay of guests both pleasant and agreeable, shall be spared. The Croghan House Omnibus runs to the Depot in connection with every train of Cars.

GUESTS conveyed to and from free of charge.

FREMONT, OHIO.

December 29, 1855. 48tf

Theodore Clapp,

Manufacturer of Confectionery and dealer in Foreign and Domestic Nuts, Fruits, Groceries, and Yankee Notions—Principe and Havana Cigars. Main street, Fremont, O. June 19, 1855.

P. B. BEERY, Clyde, O.,

Wholesale and retail dealer in staple and fancy Dry Goods, Ladies' Dress Goods, shawls, clothing, boots and shoes; the largest assortment at the lowest prices.

Clyde, O, May 23, 1856. 11tf

Junction Hotel,

S. C. WHITCHER, PROPRIETOR, CLYDE, O.

Trusty Porters in attendance to convey baggage to and from the Cars free of Charge. A Livery Stable is attached to the house, where horses and carriages can at all times be had. December 29, 1854.

Homœopathy.

Dr. J. W. FAHNES, having established himself for the purpose of practicing Homœopathy in this place and vicinity, would respectfully announce to the public that his present arrangements will enable those desirous of availing themselves of Homœopathic treatment, to rely with certainty upon prompt attention to their calls, whether in or out of town. ☞ Rooms, in Sharp & Shomo's Block.

N. B. Dr. F. pays particular attention to all forms of chronic diseases. Fremont, April 10, 1855.

Daniel Lowery.

Fashionable Barber and Hair Dresser. Shaving or Shampooing done at all hours. Shop in the north end of the Croghan House.

C. G. Eaton.

Physician and Surgeon, CLYDE, OHIO

CONFECTIONERY!

I AM now daily manufacturing at my Confectionery, on the corner of Front and Market streets

Candies of Every description,

and in every describable shape and pattern. All Confectionaries sold by me are manufactured from steam refined White Sugar, and not from the common N. Orleans sugar as are the great portion of of the Candies sold in this part of the country.

Orders for any amount less than 5,000 pounds can be filled on application. THEODORE CLAPP.

Fremont, June 24, 1855.

For Sale or to Let!

A NEAT NEW COTTAGE HOUSE!

Full sized Lot. Terms easy.

J. MITCHELL.

Fremont, April 11, 1856. 11tf

LEATHER STORE in full operation—New arrivals of all kinds of Leather at April 11, 1856. 11tf. MITCHELL'S.

COPPER, TIN, and SHEET IRON WORK.—We call the especial attention of all wanting such work, as we pay particular attention to that branch of our business. August 10, 1855. P. P. FUSSELMAN & CO.

BRING on your PRODUCE, and get Goods cheap and good, of P. B. BEERY,

February 1, 1856. Clyde, Ohio.

Suburban Residences.

To Mechanics and others in want of a home in the Corporation.

I AM now offering my Lots on the East side of the River consisting of *THREE ACRES EACH*, at a

Low Price and Reasonable Terms.

Said Lots are only sixty rods east of the Rail Road Bridge *Adjoining the Toledo and Cleveland Railroad.* They are FORTY RODS DEEP, having a road on each end of them; they are in full view of the town, affordin *The best prospect of the place in the Corporation.*

To those who have business in town,

and desire the privilege of pasturage for Cows, a Garden Potato-patch, &c., this is *good opertunity to invest, as have a CHEAP and BEAUTIFUL HOME.*

JAMES MITCHELL.

Fremont, March 7, 1856. 7tf

HARRISONS Extracts and Perfumeryes for sale cheap at P. CLOSE'S.

OLD COPPER and BRASS bought by P. P. FUSSELMAN & CO.

F. R. COMSTOCK,

FANCY DYER

Sandusky City, Ohio,

No. 62 Market street. Ladies' and Gentlemen's garments of every variety, cleaned, and the colors restored or changed.

Sandusky, April 18, 1856. 12m3

ELMORE HOUSE.

JACKSON BEERY, Proprietor.

ELMORE, OHIO.

THIS is a new large and commodious House, and is in the immediate vicinity of the C. & T. Railroad. Travelers may rest assured that no expense will be spared to render their stay pleasant and agreeable.

Elmore, April 18, 1856. 12tf

RICE & BURNETT,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

CHINA, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,

No. 11, Superior Street, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

P. W. RICE. P. B. BURNETT.

Cleveland, March 21, 1856.

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber offers his FARM of 76 acres, with 65 acres under first rate cultivation, situated *Four miles south-east of Fremont,* and one mile north of R. Smith's Saw Mill,

In the Township of Green Creek.

Said FARM is strongly fenced and abundantly supplied with good water; an excellent Orchard of first rate Fruit, of all varieties. A good *House* and *Barn* with all the necessary buildings, sheds, &c.

☞ For further particulars enquire of the subscriber on the premises. SAM L. CLARK.

Green Creek, Feb. 15, 1856. 3tf

FARM FOR SALE.

A valuable and well-improved Farm, situated in Thompson township, Seneca county, Ohio, and adjoining the village of Flat Rock, containing

One Hundred Acres,

Large Brick House and out Buildings sufficient and convenient, and a good bearing Orchard. This Farm will be sold cheap, and on easy terms. Enquire of A. J. Knapp, Bellevue, Huron County, Ohio; D. W. Armstrong, Toledo, Ohio; or J. T. Andrews, Dundee, Yates County, N. Y.

November 30, 1855. 44tf

Fremont Picture Gallery.

I. B. SHARP, successor to H. A. Smith, respectfully informs the citizens of Fremont and vicinity, that he is still taking those fine, cheap Ambrotypes in the Rooms formerly occupied by Mr. Smith. Pictures taken in Rainy or Cloudy weather as well as Clear. Children's Pictures taken in clear weather in *two seconds!* Patrons may rest assured of getting perfect miniatures.

☞ Instructions given in Ambrotyping. Terms, reasonable. Rooms in Buckeye Hall Buildings, opposite the Post Office. April 18—12m3

Pictures on Glass.

THESE SPLENDID PICTURES, are taken at

WILES' GALLERY,

in a style not SURPASSED any where. They are free from the *glare of the Daguerreotype*, at the same time possessing all their perfectness.

They are put up with the positive or negative view or both, to suit customers. ☞ *They are the most durable Pictures ever made,*

BEING INDESTRUCTIBLE,

except by breaking. To sum up the whole matter, they are THE pictures of the age.

A. D. WILES.

Fremont, Jan. 21, 1856.

Fremont Shoeing Shop.

ONE DOLLAR ONLY!

For Shoeing a Horse all arou d new!

On the Ready Pay System.

THE subscriber having re-taken his *BLACK-SMITH SHOP,* Is now prepared to do

HORSE-SHOEING,

On the lowest terms, for CASH or READY PAY—Only.

Customers will be waited on immediately. ☞ Shop, second house North of the Fremont House.

J. F. HULTS.

Fremont, December 28, 1855. 46tf

FURNITURE!

THE subscriber has and will constantly keep the best assortment of FURNITURE, to be found in Sandusky County, which he will sell cheap and WARRANT to be of

Superior Workmanship.

He also has and will continue to keep on hand a number of Ready-made

COFFINS,

Of different sizes; varying in price and quality to suit the tastes of rich or poor. He also has a splendid HEARSE that will accompany his Coffins at Funerals.

His Shop and Ware Rooms are situated in Ballville nearly opposite the Ballville Factory.

Ballville, May 11, 1855.—1dy1 JOHN G. SIMON.

Furniture Ware Rooms.

New Stock and very Low Prices.

J. W. STEVENSON, would inform the public that he has on hand and is MANUFACTURING, the best and most extensive

Stock of Furniture Ever offered

In this place. Among which may be found

Sofas and Tables,

Bureaus and Bedsteads,

Of every variety of style, quality and price. If not on hand, will be manufactured as desired.

CHAIRS,

He has just received an extensive stock of Cane, Flag, and Wood Seat CHAIRS, of various styles, which he is selling at *Lower Prices* than ever before offered in this part of the Country.

Coffin Ware Room.

In connection, he also has a Coffin Ware Room, where will be kept on hand Coffins of all sizes and styles. Persons in the country, may be sure of obtaining such as they may want, without delay. He has a very nice HEARSE, which will accompany his coffins when desired.

☞ Manufactory and Ware Room on Croghan street, third building from Front street.

J. W. STEVENSON.

Fremont, Nov. 30, 1855.—vol1. no 1. tf

Fremont Meat Market.

On Front Street, opposite the Post Office.

WILSON & BOWLUS, take pleasure in informing the citizens of Fremont, that they have opened in the building formerly occupied by J. Kridler, directly opposite the Post Office, on Front street

A Meat Market,

Where they will always keep on hand the very best quality of fresh

Beef, Pork, Veal and Mutton.

They pledge themselves that nothing but a first rate article shall be offered by them.

☞ Meats will be cut to suit customers; and at all times persons will be waited upon without delay.

WILSON & BOWLUS.

Fremont, February 15, 1856.

N. B. CASH at all times paid for first quality fat stock. 3tf W. & B.

Paper.

500 BUNDLES AND REAMS OF Double Crown, Medium, and Common Wrapping

PAPER.

An assortment of

Tea Paper, Cap, Commercial Post, &c.,

Just Received and for sale CHEAPER than at any other establishment in town, by

P. P. FUSSELMAN & CO.

Jan. 24, 1856.

☞ The highest price paid for good Paper Rags.

Harshman's Flour.

THE best article of

SUPERFINE FLOUR,

the Fremont market. This Flour is manufactured from

Superior Southern White Wheat,

and will be *WARRANTED TO EVERY PURCHASER.* To be had at the Railroad Depot of

S. Z. CULVER.

Fremont, Ohio. 46tf

EVAPORATORS and Coolers, for Asheries, for sale cheap, by P. P. FUSSELMAN & CO.

Poetry.

THE SONG OF LIFE.

BY ELLA CAROL.

There are swelling 'mong the surges,
Of the ocean tide of life
Strains of wild, and thrilling music
Heard 'midst pauses of the strife;—
And those deep-toned ocean murmurs,
Like the words of lofty song—
Teach the weary heart that listens
How to "suffer and be strong."

When the first wild wave of sorrow,
Sweeps across the soul of youth—
Wrecking every cherished idol—
Leaving naught but God and truth;—
Then, the spirit half despairing,
Hears the magic of this song;
And within his heart awakens,
Strength to "suffer and be strong."

Or, in latter years, when weary,
Of life's changing good and ill:—
Weary of the sea's fierce raging—
Of the wares, so seldom still;—
He has thrown aside the compass—
Listless yielded to the storm—
Knowing not—nor even caring—
Where his bark by winds are borne;

Then these tones like olfin music,
Weave their numbers into words—
Pleading with the fainting spirit,
Till the soul's proud depths are stirred.
"See," they whisper, "all around thee
Other barks are going down
Never—while the life remaineth,
Cease to 'suffer and be strong.'"

THE TEARS OF JESUS.

BY GOODWIN BARNEY.

Jesus wept—for Jesus loved;
Tears are human, tears are ours;
By them sorrow's strings are moved—
Sharers of all earthly hours;
Never we forget our loves;
In our souls our tears are kept
For griefs, and joys, and hopes and fears;
Tears are human—Jesus wept.

Tears are holy spirits' dew!
Tears are rains that flow within!
Dews that take a rainbow's hue—
Showers that cleanse the soul from sin!
Tears are liquid springs of love!
Love in Jesus never slept;
How he loved us—and above
Jesus loves—for Jesus wept!

☞ The following stanzas are from the pen of Hood.—They are written in his most delicate vein. The antithesis is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful in the English language.

Farewell life; my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows crowd the light
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still;
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows—
I smell the mould above the rose.

Welcome life! the spirit strives,
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom—
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mould.

An Original Tale.

Written for the Fremont Journal.

THE TWO WILLIES; OR, THE MISTAKEN LOVERS.

BY LILLY LARKSPUR.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"WELL, cousin Effie, I am astonished," said Irene Nyms, as she entered her cousin's room one bright morning. "I am astonished that you should have fallen in love. I had given up in despair, and had about came to the conclusion that you were different from the rest of the human race, and that love would never find a place in your bosom; but"—

"Why, Irene, I declare, what is the matter with you?—What reason have you to believe that *I am* in love?"

"Oh! you need not try to keep any thing from me," replied Irene, "I will certainly find out all your secrets. I suppose you fancied that I never would know of your lovely 'moonlight walk,' you took last night from the concert with Willie."

Effie blushed deeply as she heard his name pronounced—as most girls are apt to do under such circumstances—but did not reply.

Perhaps, before we proceed farther, it would be well to give our readers a little description of the characters of our two heroines.

Effie May was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant, in the little village of B——. She was naturally of a gentle nature, and that, with her good looks and lavished wealth, won her many lovers. And indeed she was a lovely creature to look upon. One might read a world of love and tenderness in her mild, blue eyes; and, indeed, many hearts had melted beneath their tender gaze. And then her golden ringlets, floating over her pure, white brow, made her appear more like an angel than of human birth. Just the opposite in appearance was her cousin Irene. She was the eldest of two daughters of Judge Nyms, and was the most light-hearted creature that ever shook ringlets, and beautiful ones she had to shake.—They were of a glossy, jet black; and she had long, dark lashes, which shaded as sparkling, black eyes as ever were looked through. There was but one months' difference in their ages, and they were both "sweet seventeen." They had been playmates from early childhood, and were ever to be found together. It was pleasing to see them together; they made such a contrast. Effie with her quiet, gentle manners, and angelic-like appearance, and Irene gay and thoughtless, wild and fascinating. It was a general wonder how they could agree, with manners and dispositions so different; but they did and were the best friends. They were universally acknowledged to be the village beauties; but *which* was the *belle* would have been a hard task to ascertain. Neither of them wanted for admirers, for no one could boast of more than were constantly on hand for the two cousins. Irene was inclined to act the part of the coquette. She would encourage young men to pay her attention, and when confident of having won the love, they came forward to offer their heart and hand she would cast them aside with painful and mortifying indifference. But notwithstanding her coquettish nature, she had a preference to one. This lucky young man's name was Willie Lee. He was young, interesting and inherited vast wealth, and Irene truly loved him. But yet he had never proposed, fearing, perhaps, he would meet the same fate of her other wooers.

It was different with Effie. She had as many admirers as Irene, but she did not wish to play the trifler's part, and with an easy grace, by even a look, gave them to understand that she could not return their love. It need not seem strange then that Irene should think it so strange, when she heard that Effie had been seen walking with a "Willie." And indeed she had walked with a Willie, and taken a fancy to him, too, much to the surprise of every one. But it was not the Willie, that Irene thought it to be. No, but it was Willie Bayton, a cousin to Willie Lee, and of as respectable appearance and standing in society, if not better. But Irene only hearing that it was Willie that Effie May had been seen walking with, and thinking, of course, of no other but her own Willie; jealousy, that green-eyed monster, at once entered and took possession of her heart; and to find out the truth of the report, she had called on her cousin the morning that our story commences.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Irene had hoped that it would prove false, but Effie did not deny it, and the "tell-tale blushes" told too plainly the truth of the matter. She left her cousin with some feelings of envy in her heart. She had too much pride to let her cousin know her feelings, and Effie thought of course, that Willie Bayton was the subject of their conversation. Still Irene thought that perhaps, all would yet be right, and lived on the blessed trust of hope. The next day as Irene sat by her piano, running her fingers listlessly over its delicate keys, thinking of Willie and wondering why he should deceive her, she was suddenly interrupted from her musings by the entrance of her sister Helen, a bright-eyed maiden of twelve summers, who bounded lightly into the room saying, "Irene, here is a letter for cousin Effie, Willie sent it and wants you to carry it directly to her," and out she tripped again, before Irene could find words to reply. Her first thought was to break the seal and read it: but as she was really an honorable girl, she would not allow that to be her mode of action, but started for her cousin Effie's.

"Here is a note from Willie Lee," said Irene, as she hastily seated herself by her cousin's side. I suppose you will have no objection to my seeing it too? Effie took the note, wondering why he should have written to *her*, and tearing it open, read—

"MY DEAR EFFIE—You may think strange for me to address you thus, but I love not. Effie, I do not wish to be of long ceremonies; my only desire is that you shall become my *wife*. Say I may hope, *dear*, and I shall be the happiest of mortals, but if not, I never wish to see you again. You are the only one I can ever love, and I could not bear to meet even on friendly terms if my love is not returned; though I never can cease to love you. WILLIE."

Effie laid down the note, saying it was very strange that Willie Lee should think of such a thing. She proceeded at once to answer it, and was too much occupied to notice the pale countenance of Irene, who sat motionless as a statue. But at last she summoned all the pride she could command. No, Effie should not know the struggle going on within. She tried to smile, but what a wan and deathly smile it was. She took the note that Effie had written, but she did not read it. No, she cared not whether he was received or rejected. She hurriedly reached home and giving the note to Helen to dispose of, sought her own room, there to drown her grief in tears. She sobbed aloud. She felt that earth had no more charms for her. It was her first sorrow, or perhaps, she would have borne it more bravely. And what a pity that the bright girl, whose path had been all sunshine, should have so dark a cloud pass over her light brow. But at last she dried her tears, as a bright thought darted through her mind. She would not let him be the one to break the news to her, (that she was cast aside;) she would get the start of him in that. Summoning all her courage, she wrote a note to Willie Lee, telling him that henceforth they would meet as strangers, and for reasons of her own which she would not tell.

CHAPTER THIRD.

On the afternoon of the same day, Willie Bayton was passing Judge Nyms' house, when a gay voice pronounced his name. On looking up he beheld the sunny face of Helen Nyms at an open window of the second story.—"Here is a note from Effie, sent in reply to the one you wrote I suppose," and she threw it down on the pavement below. It was instantly in his hand and he hurried away to a proper place to peruse its contents. Five minutes more found him at home in his father's library.—Having carefully locked the door, he seated himself by the table, longing, yet fearing to open the fatal note. On the back was simply written "Willie." He gazed on it a moment, imprinted a kiss, but could wait no longer. He was impatient to know his fate. Hastily tearing it open he read the following decisive words.

"WILLIE:—I can but say that your note surprised me very much. I had never cherished the least thought that you loved me. Indeed we are scarcely acquainted, having met only a few times. And I must say plainly that I can never love you, for my affections are placed on another. I would willingly regard you still as a friend; but as your wish is that we shall remain strangers, so let it be.

EFFIE."

Oh! had she but known to whom she was addressing these words, how different would have been their sentiment. But she was ignorant of the fact that it was Willie Bayton, whom she was addressing.

As Willie read these words, his heart sank within him. He had never dreamed that the fair girl was deceitful.—He had thought it impossible for deceit to lie in such a lovely form. And more than that, he had believed he was confident of her love. But delusive hopes! she said she loved another. Who could it be? And she, whom he had so fondly cherished, must be cast aside forever.—His head sank on the table before him, and a slight groan escaped his lips. He folded the note, which he still held as precious, although it had been the cause of so much grief, placed it next to his heart, and that very night, engaged for a trip on a ship bound for France. Strange hap! his cousin, Willie Lee, had engaged for a trip on the same ship. Having received Irene's note, he determined to, if possible, thus to forget his grief. Before Willie Bayton departed he chanced to pass the home of Effie May. She was seated on the marble steps in front of her father's splendid mansion, when on looking up from her book in which she was deeply engaged, whom should she see approaching but her own dear Willie Bayton. She arose to speak to him, but before she was aware of it, he was gone; had passed her without seeming even to notice her, and with a scornful expression on his face. *Effie's face* crimsoned, and then she felt the hot blood rush back to her heart. She knew that she was deadly pale, but *he* could not see her, therefore she did not care. She entered the house and threw herself on the sofa. She felt that Willie loved her no more, but she could not weep; her heart was broken, yet its fountain was dry. Bitterly she thought of all her bright anticipations—her many bright hopes were crushed—

"Her earth star fled."

Her bosom heaved; one solitary tear stole down from beneath her long silken lashes, and dropped at her feet; the only, sole reward of so much love.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

One year has rolled away since we last met with the two cousins, Irene and Effie. But the passing year has touched them lightly; no trace of it is to be seen, unless it is in their heightened beauty. Yes, they are the same beautiful, fascinating creatures. The bright month of June has come again with its blooming roses, and sweet songsters. Effie with her cousins, Irene and Helen, are spending the Summer at their uncle's delightful country-seat.

At the close of a bright summer day, Irene and Effie were seated in the large and pleasant arbor. They had long been silent, for their thoughts were far away. Yes, they still loved their Willies, in spite of all their repeated efforts to banish them from their minds. Numerous admirers thronged their way wherever they went; but they were unheeded, as the cousins had determined never to marry, unless it could be the dear objects of their hearts. Suddenly their meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Helen, who nearly out of breath by her great haste to find them, exclaimed, "Oh! girls, I have some good news to tell you I have just been up to the village with uncle, and who do you think I saw there? I know you never could guess. It was Willie Bayton and Willie Lee. The steamer "Constantine" has just returned and brought them both safely back. You need not blush so Effie, nor look so wild Irene. I presume, though you have known all the time when they were coming back; so, perhaps, it is not so very great news to you after all."

"No indeed, we have known nothing about it," said they in one breath, "surely, how should we have known, when we had no idea of their departure, until they were gone. We saw neither of them."

"Sure enough, how *should* you have known. That *is* a query," continued the provoking Helen. "What if you *did not* see them. I presume they thought a personal parting would be too affecting. But I am sure that little note that Willie Bayton sent to Effie disclosed the whole. How is it Effie, dear?"

"The note that *Willie Bayton* sent me! I *never* received a note from him."

"Oh, yes you did. You are only mistaken a little I guess, for you certainly did, and answered it. I ought to know as I was the message bearer."

The truth flashed at once through their minds. They had *all been mistaken.* Effie covered her face with her hands, not daring to move for fear she would awake and find it all a dream; and Irene, in her great delight, scarcely knowing what she did, fell on her knees and related the whole to Helen.

Helen tripped joyfully to the house, while Effie and Irene sat long, side by side, talking over the bright morning that seemed dawning over their heads. Meanwhile Helen had a scheme in her head, which she determined to carry into operation. Having related the whole to her uncle Ransome, she obtained his permission to send an invitation for our two fortunate heroes to spend the evening at his house.

In the early part of the evening, Effie and Irene were standing out on the broad, green piazza, their deep beauty rendered still more brilliant, as the yellow flood of moonlight was lavishly shed around them.

"Oh," said Effie, "I wonder if Willie has forgotton me? How I should like to see him once more."

"And you have your wish," said the merry voice of Helen, as she led the way, followed by two gallant youths.—"There has been quite a mistake," she continued, "and I suppose you think that I am rather a *dark* genius. But now I hope you will consider me a bright genius, as I have repaired all mischief. But" she added, as she tripped lightly away, "you must remember that 'the course of true love never yet ran smooth.'"

One month from that eve, which proved a happy era in four young hearts, the spacious parlors of the country-seat were grandly illuminated, and the fond lovers, who had been so long separated, were united forever.

PERRYSBURG, O.

At an exhibition of flowers which took place at Mannheim, Germany, a prize was awarded for a very extraordinary floral curiosity—the most notable item in the exhibition—a green rose. The petals of the flower were green, and had somewhat the form of leaves.

Miscellaneous.

Rum and the Sabbath.

Whether all men are agreed with us or not as to the extent and magnitude of the evils produced in our world by rum, there can be no question in the mind of every intelligent, observant Christian man that by its sale and use Sabbath desecration is very largely promoted, especially in our larger cities.

Whilst men of every other pursuit shut up their stores and manufactories, their office or counting-houses, and abstain from all secular employment on the Lord's day, the bar-room, and the saloon, and the low groggery are all open unblushingly for the sale of strong drink, and around those corners where these establishments are to be found—and, alas! they are legion—members of the precocious manhood of our city will ever be found, with loud talk, profane jests, and obscene remark to the annoyance of the quiet passer to the house of God, and to the scandal of our community.

It may be safely estimated that in New York alone, ten thousand of such haunts of various grade, may be found in full blast on every Sabbath, pouring out a continuous stream of pollution and death, alluring our youth, the hope of our land, to habits of dissipation and debauchery—winning our manhood with syrene tongue, and every blandishment from the house of prayer, and from the sacred and neglected duties and happiness of home.

God requires that we sanctify this day and hallow it to him. Our satute laws based on the requirements of the Decalogue, provide for its observance. From every pulpit in our lands, in every school-house in our wide domain, around every hearth stone, the same great truth is taught again, and have none so ignorant but know that the first day of the week is the Sabbath—that all worldly employments or recreation thereon are sinful and unlawful; and yet through the seduction of the bowl, or the more despicable love of gain, thousands systematically disregard the injunction and prosecute their calling, and tens of thousands permit themselves to be drawn within the vortex of the fatal whirl, which if continued in will surely draw them down to a speedy death.

Shall these things be? Is there not virtue and religion and patriotism enough amongst us to stay this tide of desolution? We may be told the law is impotent, aye! so it is, when there is no desire on the part of the officials to enforce it; and when our citizens look on from day to day, and from year to year with callous indifference.

Let every pulpit in our city cry out against this terrible evil—let all the presses raise their note of warning—let the good and true of every denomination, and of every class, unite together and resolve that the Sabbath shall be honored—let every man that loves that day make it his business to see that it is respected, and we shall raise a righteous clamor on the subject that will blanch the cheeks and pale the heart of every servant of the evil one that seeks in this manner to dishonor God and desecrate His day.

"The Sabbath was made for man." An all-wise and beneficent Jehovah has provided for him this day of rest—rest not only from wordly labor, but from worldly cares—rest, that every faculty may be recruited and refreshed, and that in closer communion with his God, he may be strengthened for the duties and trials of the comming week. By such employment of this day, it will become to us as a people, a national good, and to every family, a weekly recurring blessing; but the demon of the rum shop, in appropriating it to his own use, and thus descreting and dishonoring it, has converted the blessing to a curse.—*American Temperance Union.*

The Steamer Pacific.

Mr. R. K. Haight, of this city, has received a letter from a London friend, under date of April 22, expressing the belief that the steamer Pacific has been blown on the Greenland coast. We extract a portion of the communication:—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"Your letter of 5th April conveys to us the painful apprehension under which you labor of the loss of the Pacific and your son. It is remarkable that my son in China, now a partner in a large mercantile house, should have sent home a ship load of tea in the Swallow, Capt. Tucker, who saw the Pacific drifting before a terrific gale—he thought, disabled in her machinery.—Now, Capt. Tucker is a most intimate friend of the captain of the Pacific, who said to him often: "I am a Northern bird; I find the degrees less." On Capt. Tucker arriving, he said to some of his consignees that he had every reason to beleive the Pacific was disabled, and drifting before the gale and would be found on the northern point of Greenland. Lord Palmerston sent for him, and he stated his opinion, when two men-of-war steamers were instantly dispatched to search every part of the coast—one was the Tartar, in which was my nephew, Mr Harford. They have returned.—Capt. Tucker does not now give up the ship as lost. He says, in such a gale what would a disabled steamer do? He brought us home 19,000 packages of tea; but for ten days he believed his ship would never ride it out, and such a storm prevented his once taking off his clothes. Capt. Tucker says the gale would have blown a disabled steamer three hundred miles in twenty-four hours out of her course, for they could set so little canvas. Now look at the chart—a gale of wind of nine days duration, a ship like a log on the water, why where would she be blown to? I cannot help believing, and really hoping, the crew are yet safe with the ship on some of the inhospital shores of Greenland, and they may any day be heard of, or as soon as they can construct a vessel from the wreck to bring them away."

Crafty men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion called the sheep to ask her if his breath was unpleasant; she said, "Ay;" he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf and asked him; he said, "No;" he tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox and asked him.—"Truly," said the latter, "I have caught a cold and cannot smell."

By-and-By.

BY P. WELLS.

"By-and-by," a sweet voice whispered;
Then the days of hope began;
"By-and-by," my own lips murmured,
"I, the boy, shall be a man."
"By-and-by," time hoarsely muttered,
"You'll have your allotted span."

All the light is gleaming yonder;
Past time darkens on the eye,
While we sit, and think, and ponder
On the dawning by-and-by;
Hopes wane into vaguest wonder,
And the breast upheaves a sigh,
But the soul persists to utter,
"Wait you! wait you!—by-and-by!"

By-and-by, across life's desert
Blow the sweetest, blandest airs;
By-and-by, our hopes, the fondest,
Comes, fulfilled, like doves in pairs;
By-and-by, for blessed quiet
Is exchanged a world of cares.

Of the promise of that morrow
Lying under future skies!
Of the joy, without the sorrow,
That within that Eden lies;
Therefrom we do hourly borrow
Hope to meet hope's poor supplies.

There lies Lazrus at the gate side—
By-and-by his day shall come;
There goes Dives, through his palace—
By-and-by his race is run.
We shall draw no lines between them;
Right by God at last is done.

By-and-by, the Truth, grown older,
Shall be honored more by man;
By-and-by, the Right, grown stronger;
Shall chase Error's stubborn clan,
And the Eden-serpent, wounded,
All his slimy course have run.

Glimpses caught through Time's dark vailings
Stir th' immortal in the breast,
Just as dreams of night awaken
Often vague and deep unrest;
By-and-by, broad light shall quicken,
And the Day be all possessed.

Wait we then, in shadows patient;
Only let not hope go down;
'Tis the star forever radiant;
Set in Time's broad horizon.
Wait we, then, in shadows, patient;
Only let not hope go down.

Roses.

The Chicago *Journal* says, "the Rose can never go out of fashion. Things more gorgeous have had their day, but still the Rose, tinted through all the spectrum, from York to Lancaster, is the sweetest of all.

"It is the first flower we remember to have seen and loved most in childhood, blooming beside the old homestead; decorating the brow of youth, lying beside the pillow of the languishing; motionless on the bosom of the dead.

"We have plucked it in tangled luxuriance in the heart of the wilderness; we have seen it trained up and caressed by dear hands that have forgot their running; it bloomed in Sharon; it has a month in a year through all time for its own.

"It breathes sweet lessons in living and dying, and if there be a heaven for flowers on the banks beyond Jordon, the Roses will surely be there."

Shutting Doors.

"Don't look so cross, Edward, when I call you back to shut the door; grandmother feels the cold winter wind; and besides you have got to spend all your life in shutting doors, and might as well begin now."

"Do forgive me, grandmother. I ought to be ashamed to cross you. But what do you mean? I am going to college, and then I am going to be a lawyer."

"Well, admitting all that; I imagine Squire Edward C—— will have a good many doors to shut, if he makes much of a man."

"What kind of doors? Do tell me grandmother."

"Sit down a minute, and I will give you a list,

"In the first place, the doors of your *ears* must be closed against bad language, and evil council of the boys and young men you will meet with at school and college, or you will be undone. Let them once get possession of that door and I would not give much for Edward C——'s future prospects.

"The doors of your *eyes*, too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and low wicked newspapers, or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up a useless, ignorant man; you will have to close them against the fine things exposed for sale in the shop windows, or you will never learn to save your money, or have any of it to give away.

"The door of your *lips* will need especial care, for they guard an unruly member, which makes great use of the bad company let in at the doors of the *eyes* and *ears*.—The door is very apt to blow open; and if not constantly watched, will let out angry, trifling, or vulgar words. It will backbite sometimes worse than the winter's wind, if it is left open too long. I would advise you to keep it shut most of the time, till you have laid up a store of knowledge, or at least till you have something valuable to say.

"The inner door of your *heart* must be well shut against temptation, for conscience, the door keeper, grows very indifferent if you disregard his call, and sometimes drops asleep at his post, and when you may think you are doing very well, you are fast going down to ruin.

"If you can carefully guard the outside doors of the ears, eyes and lips, you will keep out many cold blasts of sin, which get in before you think.

"This 'shutting doors,' you see, Eddy, will be a serious business; one on which your well being, in this life and the next depends.'

Death of an Aged Negro.

The *Shreveport Democrat* of Thursday last says:

"We have to record this week the death of probably the oldest man in Loisiana—the old black man Jim, usually known as Dr. Jim. He died on Saturday morning, the 19th inst., aged one hundred and twenty-four years, three months and twenty-five days. He was born December 24, 1731, in Fredricksburg, Va., as the slave of Capt. John Carter,