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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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Written for the Erie Observer.  
THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN BIRD.  
BY DYLAOK.

He sits upon the mountain's peak,  
Around him blows the shrill wind's blast,  
And listens to the Eagle's shriek,  
And sings of times to come and past.  
His hair is gray of silvery light,  
And white the foam upon his wings,  
Amid his old the rambles stray,  
And round his locks the form lightly play.

His eye, unclouded, beholds beneath,  
The hamlet and the towers old,  
The greenwood and the open heath,  
Surrounded by the gray rocks bold;  
And scans the wide extended plain,  
And looks upon the ocean's main,  
And views the forest dark and deep,  
Through which the loar wind wildly sweep.

"Oh days of yore! how changing time  
Shall chase away these present scenes,  
And take this land another clime,  
And form a new and better scene,  
A few more years, these hills will range—  
How great, how grand shall be the change—  
These nestling hums in the vale,  
Shall die away without a wail.

"Ye towers old shall totter down—  
Thy turret, walls and spire of steel—  
And to be hewn the earth all brown—  
A mark where Time hath set his seal.  
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Thy turret, walls and spire of steel—  
And to be hewn the earth all brown—  
A mark where Time hath set his seal.

"Far over you extended plain,  
Should I be power'd in a madding fray,  
And form storms and floods of rain,  
Will fall to wash the stains away.  
But onward will the waters glide,  
Till they reach the ocean's tide;  
I see bright scenes long left behind,  
The green swarth shall be old and serene,  
And to a perfect desert turned!

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"Oh time! how long! how long! how long!  
The thoughts of other days will come:  
I see bright scenes long left behind,  
And view once more my childhood's home,  
Where first I learned to love and hate,  
Where first I sought my mother's eye,  
And thought their deep blue like the sky!

"But that is past—those days are fled  
With all their charms and magic spells;  
My mother's number'd with the dead—  
The spot for her grave is left—  
And now I sit on this old seat,  
Where late the laughing rambles stray,  
And to my thoughts my mother's eye,  
And thought their deep blue like the sky!

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aring now left the room, but soon returned bearing in her hands a small lute of smoking opium, followed by a little black girl with the tea. The good man and Edward partook of this fine supper with glorious appetites; as for Catharine she seemed too happy to eat, but sat smiling and blushing looking from one to the other of the two beings she most loved on earth.

Suddenly some new thought seemed to strike her, she turned pale for a moment, looked anxiously towards the windows against which the storm was beating furiously, and then glanced with a sigh at the good things set before her. At length she arose, and drawing aside the window curtain, put her two little hands to her face and looked out upon the tempest. Again she seated herself at the table, but all her enjoyment had fled, her abstraction soon drew the attention of her lover.

"What ails you, Catharine?" he exclaimed, "you look pale."  
At this remark, David Brown, dropping his knife and fork, looked for a moment anxiously at his daughter; then shaking his head, he said—  
"Now I will warrant my life the silly child is thinking of her poor old grandfather and wishing he could taste our good cheer."

"Yes, dear father," added Catharine, "and if you are willing I will take some of it to him."  
"Not to-night, child, not to-night," replied the old gentleman, "the storm is too violent for you to be out."  
"Yes, to-night," said Catharine rising and kissing her father, I promised my dear mother I would never forget poor grandfather, even when I was most happy."

"God bless you, darling! go along, go along," said the old gentleman, much affected, "take what you will, but mind and wrap up warm. Edward will go with you."  
The young man was already on his feet, glancing approvingly at Catharine, as she hastened to fill a basket with some of the nice things before her, after first going to the closet and taking there several fine pine apples and oranges, which she placed at the bottom, with a look of thanks to Edward, whose gift they were.

"Good by, dear father," said she, when all was ready, "we will soon be back—by the time you have smoked your first pipe."  
"There, there, go along, darling," cried her father, drawing her towards him and kissing her, "don't say a word that will grieve your old father, and don't say a word that will grieve your old mother. Pull your hood closer Kate. The deuce, do you think Ned will stop to look at your pretty face by lamplight."

CHAPTER II.  
Crouched shivering over a few embers, gathered into one small heap in the centre of a large open fireplace, sat an old man. His hair is silver white and falls down his back and around his pale sunken cheeks, over which the faint, dry, thin body hands are open, their palms pressed close to the smouldering ashes, as courtiers their feeble warmth, and his tattered elbows rest on his trembling knees.

As the wind howls and roars around the chimney, or shakes the heavy wooden shutter closed over the only window, the old man starts and glances timidly around him as if striving to peer into the darkness which surrounds the opposite end of that lonely room. Here of furniture save two old saw bottomed chairs, a small pine table, and a few tumbled-up cushions, are the only articles of furniture. The old man's eyes are fixed on the fire, and watching with strained eager eye, the equisite of that little scale.

His morbid hopes were realized; not a piece of that shining heap was wanting in weight, and chuckling with delight, the miser once more greedily counted over his unexpected gains; then going to the bed, he lifted the bolster and placed it within. This done, he carefully drew apart the still blazing brands, quenched every ember, and blowing out the miserable candle, once more lay down with his idol. His thoughts were apparently still occupied with the profits of the evening, for he continued to mutter:

"Very good, six cents a piece, oranges aye, and pine apples too, good, still—twelve—five—ho, ho, ho—very good."  
CHAPTER III.  
Although now so perfectly the slave of avarice, Richard Clinch had once loved. The heart which beat so feebly in the breast of this drudge of mammon, was once susceptible of all the tender emotions. At the age of eighteen he entered a counting house in one of our Southern cities, where his careful and frugal management, his industry; and keen observation soon rendered him a very great favorite with his employer.

When Richard became of age, he was made a partner of the house, and now the desire he had ever felt of becoming rich, seemed in a fair way of being realized. Mr. Wharton had but one child, a daughter. Richard saw her and loved her, but his love was not returned—the affections of Theresa being already fixed upon a cousin, whose poverty, however, formed an insuperable bar in the eyes of her father, to their union. On the contrary he encouraged the address of Richard, and taking advantage of her lover's absence, compelled his child to marry his favorite. Soon after this marriage, Mr. Wharton died, leaving all of his property to his son-in-law.

no tire domestic duties, for Richard would allow no other servant under his roof. Perhaps he still loved her—but she was his—and he loved her better! Two years after their marriage the unhappy Theresa died in giving birth to a daughter.

For the sake of humanity, we must hope natural affection stirred the heart of the miser at this event, but if so the source of feeling was soon choked and stifled forever. He immediately placed his child at nurse in a remote country village, paying a mere trifle for her support, convincing the woman to whose charge he abandoned her, of his total inability to give more.

Poor little child. Though daughter of wealth, to what misery and toil were thy young days doomed! The woman was not really unkind—but she was very poor, with a large family of her own upon her hands. Little Catharine was patient and willing, and from morning until night she was forced to labor far beyond her strength. She had reached her twentieth year, when her cruel father came to the village and took her away with him. Her father! How the heart of the poor child swelled with delight at that sacred name! How often she envied the children of her nurse, as they clung around the knees of their father, and now her's had come for her. But, alas! there was no tenderness in that pitiless bosom for his offspring, and the affections of little Catharine were chilled in the bud.

Richard Clinch returned no more to his native city, but with his daughter proceeded to New York. He here placed his child at service, compelling her to bring him every penny of her narrow wages, scarcely allowing her sufficient to clothe herself with decency. Believing her father to be actually as poor as he professed, Catharine cheerfully acquiesced to his demands, and denied herself every indulgence that she might give her hard earnings for his comfort.

Notwithstanding his harshness she loved him. He was the only being on earth she knew, with whom she could claim kinship, and the holy tie between father and child was too sacred and lovely. Other affections became woven in the heart of Catharine. She married—but as her husband was only a ship carpenter, Richard Clinch, forgetting that by marrying suitable to her birth, forgetting her, with the harshest incentives, from ever coming near him again.

In vain his child wept and implored—he was firm and cast her away from him forever. This was a severe trial for Catharine, but finding all attempts at reconciliation were only met with renewed insults, she at length desisted and in the affection of her kind husband, and the endearments of her little girl, she strove to forget entirely the cruelty of her parent.

How he subsisted she knew not, and many were the sleepless nights on his account. She sometimes met him gliding through the streets of the very picture of want, and often she loitered round his miserable dwelling to ascertain if he was suffering from sickness or want.

Thus many years passed on. In the meantime, her husband, David Brown, an honest industrious man, had made money—indeed, was fast growing rich—had built himself a fine substantial house—and educated their only child, pretty Kate, at the best schools. Richard had not hardened the heart of this worthy man, his hand was never raised against the wants of the poor. The situation of his wife's father, and his continued hostility, he deplored, and would most cheerfully have given the old man an asylum in his house. Mrs. Brown at length determined to make one more attempt to see her father. She was accompanied by her daughter, now a young woman, and a much more powerful agent than she imagined, in a well-filled purse—the heart of the old man melted! He received her with all the kindness he was capable of manifesting, although he still refused to acknowledge David Brown as his son-in-law. Mrs. Brown lived only a month after this reconciliation, charging her daughter, with her dying breath, never to neglect her poor old grandfather.

Catharine was now her kind father's only comfort, and as he never denied her a request, she often visited the abode of supposed poverty. As the little delicacies with which she seldom went unprovided, served the miser for many a gratuitous meal, her presence was not unwelcome. With the approbation of her father, she was engaged to a fine young man, Edward Rider, already known to the reader. He was now, second mate of a merchant vessel, but gave promise, by his industry and skill to attain the highest rank in his profession.

CHAPTER IV.  
The dwelling in which Richard Clinch had so long resided, was a low miserable tenement black from age, standing at the corner of a narrow street, not far from the heart of our great metropolis. There were only two great rooms, but only sufficed the wants of the miser; the other had never been opened for many years. There was a passage way, the street door opened directly into the room which Richard had appropriated for his use, and from that another led into the deserted chamber, but this was firmly fastened, and the window of that room carefully boarded over. The strong shutter which secured the one lighting the miser's apartment, was seldom opened, and then only for the top.

It was about ten o'clock, the morning following the miser's introduction to the reader, that, after partaking very sparingly of the oysters still remaining, and moistening his parched throat with a drink of water, Richard Clinch removed the luscious fruit from the closet that he hoarded away seemed to place another barrier between his gold craving heart and the ties of humanity.

There was a delicate constitution—had been brought up with the utmost tenderness, totally unused to labor, but was now compelling by the unfeeling man to whom her mistaken father had given her, to perform the en-

door partially opened, and two men springing quickly into the room, immediately reclosed and bolted it.

"Hey Bill," said one tossing his cap up to the ceiling and catching it again, "there we are safe and snug in the den of the old miser. Now for the gold, for gold there is I'll be sworn, and enough of it. As old Hays says 'we'll search the premises,' eh, Bill."

"But remember, Jake hands off this time," interrupted the other, "we are only to find out if there is any, and then we'll take our own way—you understand—to secure the whole shining booty."

The two men then proceeded to search for their anticipated plunder.

"As miserably a hole," cried the first speaker, "as one would wish to see. Comr. Bill, haul down those old cracked dishes; your bills are very fond of such traps. Eh, all empty—not enough inside to feed a flea. What's this? Oysters! ha, ha, ha. The old rascal don't tack for cheer, after all!" tasting them as he spoke.

His companion had by this time approached the bed, and began flinging aside the tattered coverlet and worm eaten blanket. At length with a loud shout he exclaimed—  
"Hillo, Jake, here it is. All right, look at the beauties!" and running his hand within the straw he drew it forth filled with glittering gold and silver. "By Jove, did any one ever sleep on a richer couch than this same old hunk! This is too good to lose, comrade."

"Say you so," replied the other, "then suppose we take it now, Bill."  
"No, no, Jake; only enough for a chaw and a glass of grog!" Then dividing a few pieces with his companion, he carefully replaced the clothes, and the two, concealing themselves upon the edge of the bed, commenced arranging their horrible plans, carelessly flipping the gold between their fingers as they did so.

"Well, to-night then," said Jake, "must finish the business, for hang me if I shall sleep until this," slipping the bed, "is out own. But look here, Bill, how shall it be? I have blood, Blood! ha! it tells tales!" "What say you, comrade, to a tight grip round the throat? His old carcass has not much breath in it—'twill be an easy job!"

"No, no," interrupted the other, "I'll leave an unhandsome necklace, too apt to hang around one's own throat. Let me see! Ah, I have it! The old fellow shall have a good dinner for his last." Then rising and taking down the bowl of oysters, he shook a white powder over them, and after carefully stirring them round, said—  
"There, old Clinch, many a better man than you has supped from the same broth! Now look here, Jake, and mind what I tell you—always do such business as gently as possible: this will be a natural death! a poor old man dying from age, peacefully in his bed! I know just how long to wait for this medicine—we'll be on the spot in the time, and then, comrade for life! We'll retire gentlemen of fortune! ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha," echoed his companion, and casting another eager look at the bed the ruffians departed.

Little suspecting the foul deed that had been done during his absence, the old miser returned to his dreary abode. There was a hidden smile upon his wasted features, for he had sold the gift of his grandchild at a good price, and now, after carefully weighing each bit of silver and even copper coin, he added the trifling amount to his treasure with all a miser's delight. The weather was still piercing cold, the old man's teeth chattered, his fingers were benumbed and his frame shook as with an ague. Once he took up a charred brand, and striking a light, was about to kindle a fire, but extinguishing his intention carefully replaced it, saying—

"No, no, wood is scarce, two pennies saved I'll go to bed, sleep is cheaper! Ha, ha, ha. Two pennies saved." He was about to lie down, when his eye fell upon the bowl of oysters. "Good girl, very good girl, I'll eat, they cost nothing, nothing. All the wood!—yes the wood, a wasteful youth."

Then taking down the bowl, he greedily partook of its contents, draining the bowl to the bottom. Now throwing himself upon the bed, and drawing the clothes closely around his chilled frame, he lay for some time talking and muttering to himself, as if counting over some vast amount. At length he slept.

CHAPTER V.  
In about an hour the old man awoke in the most violent pain; he attempted to rise, but found himself unable to do so. His frame racked with the most excruciating tortments and consoling with thirst, there lay Richard Clinch, the miser. Poor old man, how rich he would have given but for one swallow of water, even his gold he would have bartered for one draught from the cooling springs; where even poverty may kneel down free, and the beasts of the field refresh themselves from its pure depths.

How he groined and wined, and oh, what horrible pangs now thronged around the miser's couch of gold. Thirst, his pale, unhappy wife, now in all her beauty and adoredness, as when first he had called her his own, with feeble, tottering steps, her eyes resting reproachfully on her murderer; and then in the garb of death she was at his side, her ashy face pressed close to his.

Next his daughter, his only child—the heiress of wealth, whom he had brought up in bitter servitude, that by the toil of those slender fingers, he the father, might gain that which now could not purchase him one moment's ease: She was there in death reproachfully whom he had never murmured. Then crowded around his pillow many hideous faces; hundreds of poor starving wretches, whose woes he had burned; the widow and the fatherless whom he had robbed, on they came a ghastly troop, whispering to the conscience of the wretched man: At length a horrible—oh,

how horrible—thought seized the miser. Perhaps he was about to die.

"Die! die! Oh, no. What, leave all my gold. Die, no." And the miser wretched groaned and shrieked in agony.

"The sun was near its setting, (although no cheerful beam ever penetrated there) when Catharine knocked at the door. The old man recognized the sound, and putting forth all his strength, for despair lent him energy, he crawled from the bed and tottered to the door. With difficulty he turned the key and withdrew the bolts, then sank back exhausted upon the floor. Catharine screamed with terror when she saw the situation of her poor old grandfather.

"Hu-sh, hu-sh," grasped the old man, "they will hear; shut the door, child—shut the door!"

Trembling in every limb, she did so, and then exerting all her strength, she assisted him once more to bed.

"Dear grandfather, you are very ill; let me go for a physician."

"No, no!" replied the old man faintly, "no, no, give me water: I am burning—water; water, child! Let me sleep, don't leave me; don't leave a poor man. No doctor—no doctor, child; they will want money, and where should I get money?"

So saying, his head sank back upon the pillow and his eyes closed in sleep.

And poor Catharine was left alone in that gloomy desolate room, by the bedside of the old man. Every object was soon shrouded in darkness; there was no fire, no candle, and so tightly did the sleeper clasp her hand, that she dared not move to light one, lest she might awake him. At first all fears were overcome by anxiety, but at length strange and undetermined terrors seized upon her. Her eyes wandered fearfully around, she felt her blood chill, her limbs trembled, and with difficulty she kept herself from fainting.

Suddenly this death-like stillness was disturbed. Catharine imagined she heard a sound at the door; nor was she mistaken; the lock it as gently turned, the door opened, and was as gently closed. She tried to scream, but all utterance failed her. She heard footsteps retreating softly towards the bed; they stopped by her side, and the breath of a man fell upon her cheeks, as some one stooped over the body of the old man.

"By heavens! Bill, the old fellow breathes yet!" said a voice, in a low whisper.

"So much the worse for him; but come give us a light. Quiet, quiet; let's see what's to be done."

He had hardly done speaking when a bright light flashed from the lantern which the other carried, and its rays fell full upon the countenance of the poor girl.

The ruffians started back in amazement and terror, then glancing hurriedly around to see if there was any other one in the room, and finding this young girl the only one they should have to contend with in their horrible design, they soon recovered their boldness.

"Come, pretty one," said Jake, "just be quiet now, while we overhaul this old gentleman, and then we'll attend to you; for we're in something of a hurry, you see; no screaming, my beauty; I hate screaming; be quiet and amuse yourself with our sport."

"Stop, stop, Jake," interrupted the other, "you are too civil by half, better take care of the girl first, don't even tell her tales," feeling for his knife, as he spoke.

"An excellent maxim, comrade," replied Jake, "but as I am a gentleman, I hate blood, as I love a pretty girl! It goes against my conscience to be unkind to the ladies, so excuse me miss if I just put this bit of covering over that pretty mouth, and this delicate countenance round your little wrists. I would not hurt you for the world—there, very good. Now, miss, allow me to place you in another seat," and lifting the shuddering form of Catharine in his arms he bore her to the opposite side of the room, and quickly returned to the bedside of the unconscious old man.