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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 spirit wind's blast,
And listens to the Eagle's shriek,
And sings of times to come and past.
His hair is gray of silver light,
And white locks upon his temples rest,
Amid his locks the rambles stray,
And round his old 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 seen the earth all brown—
A mark where Time hath set his seal.
And ye towers of the sea, that stand,
The green sword shall be old and red,
And ye towers of the sea, that stand,
And to a perfect desert turned!"

"Far over you extended plain,
Should I be power'd in a wadding fray,
And form the storm of winds 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,
Shall answer back the fierce wind's moan!"

"O! 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 eyes 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 rock,
Where late the laughing rambles rest,
And ye towers of the sea, that stand,
And to a perfect desert turned!"

"God help the poor, for many were the houseless
half clad wretches that night hovering around
the cellars or under the eaves seeking a shelter from
the pitiless snow; many shivering fellow beings
crouching in straw and rags, sick and dying, many
poor siring little ones stretching their chilled
limbs upon naked boards, under a blanket
to protect them from the cold. God help the poor.
Yes, a more cheerful scene than the snug little
situation of David Brown presented on that in-
clement night, is rarely seen. Before the ample
carpet draped with glowing anthracite, a table was
drawn up covered with snowy napery, on which
the tea equipage was already placed. There were
four tempting biscuits, rich, fragrant butter, its
golden surface being the richest impress of flow-
ers, little glass dishes of ruby quince and quiv-
ering apple jelly, white in the centre of the table
small silver basket was filled with generous slices
of delicious plum cake.

Upon a sofa, drawn near the fire, were seated
two young persons—lovers. A fine handsome
fellow was that sailor lad, and the modest blushing
girl a school head rested upon his shoulder, and
whose little hand clasped in his, is Catharine,
the only child of David Brown.

Edward had just returned from sea after a six
months' voyage, and now in the presence of his
affiliated bride, all the dangers he had passed
were forgotten, and he remembered not that in a
few short weeks he must again leave his beloved
and affectionate Catharine. Happiness danced
in his bright, black eyes as he gazed fondly upon
the young and lovely girl, then with something
like a sigh, and pressing the dear little hand to
his lips, he said—

"Catharine, I had hoped this voyage to have
called you mine, but now a rather tedious six
months must pass, ere I can claim my sweet girl.
You see, Kate, while our ship was lying off Cuba
a poor mate of mine was seized with the fever.
Poor Jack will die, I know he had
an old blind fellow aged mother to support—
nice old people, too, and so proud to cast anchor
in the poor house, and to make Jack's mind care-
less for the long voyage he was bound for, I pro-
mised him I would give my wages this trip and may
do more, to make his old father and mother com-
fortable. Then Jack, poor fellow, squeezed my
hand, nodded his thanks and went off with a smile
upon his figure head. And now, Kate, just for
the silly of having a soft heart we must wait a
while longer, my girl!"

"God will bless you for that good deed, Edward,
said Catharine ardently, imprinting a kiss upon
the brow of her lover. "Oh, I love you now
better than ever for doing as you have done."
"I know you would say so, my dear girl," cried
Edward, brushing a tear from his eye. "Yes,
yes, a heart like yours is ever ready to sacrifice its
own happiness for the good of others. But where is
our father, Kate?"

"He will be here shortly," she replied, "it is
now past his usual hour. How surprised and deli-
ghted he will be to see you. Hark! he is com-
ing."

At this moment the street door was opened and
shut, and a heavy boot quick step was heard in the
hall, placing his finger on his lips, Edward,
laughingly, sprang behind the door.
"Hillo, Kate! good news, my girl! The old
Roman leech snugly moored at the wharf, no lying
on and off the Hook this terrible night for poor
Jack, and Edward—"

"Is here," cried the happy sailor, rushing for-
ward and seizing the old gentleman by the hand.
"Hillo, ship ahoy! My dear fellow, welcome,
welcome!" said honest David, "but zounds, you
grasp my hand like a marling spike, Ned—
Well, well, you are welcome on land, my boy, oh,
Kate! Come, daughter, let's have some supper,
and then we'll listen to some of our Jack Tar's
wonderful adventures."

Cast an affectionate look at her lover, Cath-

arine now left the room, but soon returned bearing
in her hands a small luteen of smoking oys-
ters, 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
dressed, 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 abstrac-
tion 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 kiss-
ing 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 warm. Edward
will go with you."
The young man was already on his feet, glanc-
ing 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
several fine silver 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 fa-
ther, drawing her towards him and kissing her,
"don't say so, but take good care of her, Ed-
ward, and do not let that sick keeper keep watch
over her. 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 sil-
ver white and falls far down his back and around
his pale sunken cheeks, over which the faint, dy-
ing rays of the hearth fire cast a uneasy ray. His
thin bony hands are open, their palms pressed
close to the smouldering ashes, as if to warm 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, the old man's world
is a few trampled and broken pieces of
crockery, and in the corner sits a small stew-pan
and an iron kettle, both rusted and discolored.

Poor, wretched old man! How wretched! when
all around him on every side knows the presence
of his God. See, he stretches his feeble and de-
cayed limbs upon a hard straw pallet, his thin,
white hair falls over a bolster of rags, but what of
that? Is there not gold there? Ay, gold—the mis-
er's God. Yes, those old limbs are pressing upon
gold, those silver hairs, those haggard cheeks,
are pillowed upon gold. Then what cares the miser,
Richard Clinch, for the hardness of his couch!

There is a low tap at the door. The miser
starts, turns even more pale, and grasps convul-
sively at the treasures beneath him. He listens
—there is another knock—he remains still, scarce
daring to breathe. At length the door is gently
shaken, and amid the paces of the storm, a voice
exclaims:

"'Tis no, grandfather, 'tis Catharine."
"Good! good!" said the old man, peevishly, "what
brings her here?"
Then rising from the bed, he groped his way to the
door.
"Daughter, Catharine, is it you, child? Are
you alone?"
"No, not alone, grandfather; a friend is with me."
"Ay, a friend," muttered the miser, "a friend to
peer around!" then he added in a louder tone,
"wait a bit, child, and I will let you in."

Feeling his way to the fire-place, he managed
to light a small tallow candle, and then slowly
and reluctantly, as it would seem, unlocked the
door. Edward and Catharine entered, their gar-
ments white with snow, their cheeks glowing
from the keen air, and almost breathless under
the exertion necessary to force their way through
the driving storm. Throwing down his sailor cap,
and shaking the wet from the dark locks which
clustered around his brow, the former exclaimed—
"A bitter night, my good sir, and by my
faith!" (glancing, as he spoke, at the cheerless
fireplace), "you seem but poorly provided to meet
it."

"Ah, poor folks must learn to bear all weathers,"
replied the old man, in a whining tone, "wood is
scarce—very scarce."
"Why, grandfather, no fire?" said Catharine,
"no fire, and such a cold night as this! Let me
kindle some for you at once. Dear me, you must
be perishing!" and she clasped the cold, clammy
hand of the miser between her own.

"No, no, child—no fire to-night," hastily an-
swered the old man, "it is late; no fire, it would
be wasteful. Wood is scarce—very scarce."
"But see, grandfather, what I have brought you,
and Catharine lifted the cover of the basket,
"now do let Edward make a fire, and I will warm
these oysters for you, they will be so nice."
Edward, however, without waiting for permis-
sion, had already seized upon the scanty supply of
fuel, so carefully hoarded in one corner, and raked
open the embers. Urged by the breath of the sail-
or's bright blaze was already wreathing up the
blackened chimney.

"Waste, waste," groaned the old man, wring-
ing his hands, and eyeing keenly the proceedings
of the young people, "not a stick left for the poor
old man! Ruin, ruin. All blazing, and wood so
scarce."
"Come, come, mesmate," said Edward, throw-
ing a handful of silver upon the table, "don't be
down hearted, there is something to buy warmth

and food for to-morrow. So cheer up, and enjoy
what is before you to-night."
"Good young man!" exclaimed the miser, his
eye glowing over the treasure, "excellent young
man," and sweeping it up, he eagerly grasped it
in his thin, trembling hands.

In the meantime Catharine had carefully
washed the little steppan, and placed the oys-
ters to simmer over the fire, then going to the
table she proceeded to unpack her basket of
delicacies.

"Look, grandfather, here are some biscuits
which I made myself, such as dear mother
loved so well." The old man groaned, "Then
here is butter, yes, and—why, where's the
jelly? Oh, here it is, this will help your
cough, but here—dear grandfather, is some-
thing from over the sea." And looking at
Edward as she spoke, she drew forth the frag-
rant store one by one, and placed them upon
the table.

"Ah, good, very good," and the miser smiled,
and counted over the tempting oranges and
pines, muttering as he did so, "six cents,
twelve, twenty-five cents—ah, good very
good."
Thrusting the money which his dagger hand
still grasped, into his pocket, the very hastily
snatched up the fruit, and tottering to the
cupboard, he placed it within, and quickly
locked the door, as if fearing it might other-
wise be eaten. He partook but sparingly of
the supper which the kindness of his grand-
child had provided, seeming to begrudge him-
self even of the luxury which cost him nothing.
It was now growing late and at length
Edward and Catharine arose to depart:

"Good night, grandfather," cried the latter
pressing her rosy lips to his pale hollow cheek.
"Good night; now, do keep yourself comfort-
able to-night."
"Good night, sir," said Edward extending
his hand.

The miser pressed it tightly between his
own, and whispered—
"Good young man, wood is very scarce;
have you a trifle more to give a poor, old
man?"

Although surprised and somewhat disgust-
ed, Edward placed in his hand a gold coin, and
without again speaking, the lovers left the
house.

No sooner was the door closed than the old
man firmly locked and bolted it. Then hold-
ing up the gold between his skinny fingers,
he eagerly sought to ascertain its amount.

Laying it down, he next drew forth the sil-
ver from his pocket, and counted it piece by
piece with trembling care.

"Ay, all good Spanish coin, a wasteful
youth—wasteful youth. But I doubt whether
they can be good weight—youth is careless."
And fumbling in it in his bosom, he produced
a small pair of silver scales, and weighed each
piece with keen accuracy.

What a picture did that miserable old man
present! The shades of death already falling
around him—the hue of the grave already tinge-
d upon his wasted features—beholding with
such trembling earnestness to ascertain if he
was suffering from sickness or want.

Thus many years passed on. In the mean-
time, 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. Rich-
ard 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 parcel—the heart of the old man
melted! He received her with all the kind-
ness 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 ne-
glect 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 pov-
erty. 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 ves-
sel, 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
great street, not far from the heart of our
great metropolis. There were only two
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 from the top.

It was about ten o'clock, the morning fol-
lowing the miser's introduction to the reader,
that, after partaking very sparingly of the oys-
ters still remaining, and moistening his parched
throat with a drink of water, Richard Clinch
removed the luscious fruit from the closet
which 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 com-
pelled by the unfeeling man to whom her mis-
er father had given her, to perform the en-

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
gold 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 reach-
ed 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
son for his offspring, and the affections of
little Catharine were chilled in the bud.

Richard Clinch returned no more to his na-
tive city, but with his daughter proceeded to
New York. He here placed his child at ser-
vice, compelling her to bring him every pen-
ny of her narrow wages, scarcely allowing
her sufficient to clothe herself with decency.
Believing her father to be actually as poor as
she professed, Catharine cheerfully acquiesced
to his demands, and denied herself every in-
dulgence 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 kind-
ness, 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, forbidding her,
with the harshest invectives, from ever con-
tacting 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 find-
ing all attempts at reconciliation were only
met with renewed insults, she at length de-
fied and in the affection of her kind husband,
and the endearments of her little girl, 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
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 mean-
time, her husband, David Brown, an honest
industrious man, had made money—indeed,
was fast growing rich—had built himself a fine
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daughter, with her dying breath, never to ne-
glect 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 pov-
erty. 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 ves-
sel, but gave promise, by his industry and skill
to attain the highest rank in his profession.

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 tortures
and consulting 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 good worse and worse, and oh, what
horrible agonies now thronged around the
miser's couch of gold. His pale, unhap-
py wife, now in all her beauty and adoredness,
as when first he had called her his own, with
feeble, tottering steps, her eyes resting re-
proachfully on her murderer, and then in the
garb of death she was at his side, her ash
face pressed close to his.

Next his daughter, his only child—the heir-
ess of wealth, whom he had brought up in bit-
ter 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 reproachful-
ly whom living never murmured. Then crowded
around his pillow many hideous faces; hun-
dreds 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. Per-
haps he was about to die.

"Die! die! Oh, no. What, leave all
My gold. Die, no." And the miser
wretch groaned and shrieked in agony.
"The sun was near its setting, (although no
cheerful beam ever penetrated there) when
Catharine it knocked at the door. The old man
recognized the sound, and putting forth all his
strength, for despair lent him energy, he crawl-
ed from the bed and tottered to the door—
With difficulty he turned the key and with-
drew the bolts, then sank back exhausted up-
on 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 doc-
tor, child; they will want money, and where
should I get money?"
So saying, his head sank back upon the pil-<