THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

VOLUME XVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1847. NUMBER 23.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY A. P. DURLIN & B. F. SLOAN,
STATE STREET, ERIE, PA.

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One copy, one year, in advance, $1 50
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Prompt attention will be given to all business entrusted to his care. 51

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April 21, 1847. 19

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WANTED in exchange for Goods, Wool, Butter, Cheese, and all kinds of Country Produce. H. CADWELL.
June 6, 1846. 3

HARDWARE.—Shell Hardware and House Trimmings can always be had very cheap at the cheap store of S. JACKSON & co.
November 21, 1846. 27

CASH FOR TIMOTHY SEED.—The subscribers will pay cash for good clean Timothy seed. B. TOMLINSON & CO.

M'GUFFEY'S series of School Books, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, for sale at No. 111, French St. Erie, May 6, 1847. 51

NEW ESTABLISHMENT,
On State Street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel.
G. LOOMIS & CO. are now receiving from New York and opening at their new store an extensive assortment of Rich and Fashionable JEWELRY, (embracing the latest style of work in market,) *Watches, Clocks, Plated and Brittania Ware, Fine Cutlery, Steel Trimmings, Camphene and Solar Lamps, Looking Glasses, Gold Pens*, together with a general variety of Useful and Ornamental articles. *Call and see what you will see.*
June 26, 1847. 6

Cash For Flax Seed.
CASH will be paid for one thousand bushels of Flax Seed by CARTER & BROTHER.
Aug. 27, 1847. No. 6, Reed House.

SUGARS.—Loaf, Crushed, Pulverized, Clarified, Porto Rico, Havana, New Orleans Sugar, for sale at No. 1 Perry Block.
Aug. 28. T. W. MOORE.

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HAVING so far arranged and systemized his official duties, as to enable him to devote a great portion of his time to his profession, will attend to all legal business entrusted to his care.—He will attend the Courts in the Counties of Erie, Warren, Crawford, Mercer, Venango, Clarion and Jefferson, and the Supreme Court of this State; and has professional arrangements by which he will transact business in the adjoining Counties in New York and Ohio. All monies collected will be remitted by Drafts on New York or Philadelphia without any charge for Exchange. He will also take charge of and prosecute Claims against the United States, draw and superintend applications for Pensions, Patents, &c.

Of the ability and integrity with which all business confided to his care will be performed it would not be proper in this place to speak, but those having Legal Business to transact, or Collections to make in this section of country, are respectfully referred to the following gentlemen:

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Erie, May 8, 1847. 51

From the City of Mexico.

Arrival of Fresh and Cheap Groceries At No. 1, Perry Block.

SINCE the Tariff has been taken off the imports into this country, and placed on that of Mexico, it has enabled those who have purchased Groceries in the East to sell them cheap. We wish all who want anything in the Grocery line to call and examine our stock, for we do assert, without fear of contradiction, that we have the freshest lot of Groceries in this market, having all been purchased from the latest importations. In our stock may be found the following:

Imperial, Gunpowder, and Young Hyson Teas; Java, Rio, Laguira and St. Domingo Coffees; Loaf, Pulverized, Porto Rico, and N. O. Sugars; Pepper, Spice, Ginger, Cinnamon, Nutmegs, Mace, Starch, Pearled barley, Oatmeal, Cracked wheat, etc.; Fruits—Apples, Raisins, English Currants, and Figs; Sperm and Tallow candles; Summer and Winter strained Lamp Oil, a superior article, Salad oil, Fancy Shaving, Variegated and Bar soap. Dairy salt, White Fish, Mckerel, Mackinaw Trout, and Herring;

Kimball's extra Fine cut chewing, Spanish Smoking and Cavendish Tobacco, Pipes; Regalia, Principe, Trabuca, Lenora and common Cigars.

Colored and plain Grass and Manilla Mats.—Besides a host of other articles to supply the wants of all. A fresh supply of Groceries received semi-monthly. Call and examine goods and prices at No. 1, Perry Block.
T. W. MOORE.
Erie, June 12, 1847. 4

"Not for a Day but for all Time."
STANTON'S ENTERNAL REMEDY, CALLED
HUNT'S LINIMENT,
HAS now given abundant evidence of its healing powers, and proved itself the most extraordinary and wonderful medicine in the world.—In the short space of two years, it has acquired a reputation for curing disease and releasing pain far greater than any medicine ever discovered.—Its wonderful cures have astonished the Medical Faculty, who now universally concede its great value. They speak of it in the highest terms and commend its use.

It is condemned by none. On the contrary, its praise is universal. The cases of cures are so numerous that it would take volumes to recount them—and it is a fixed fact, and is not disputed, that as a pain extractor it has no equal. For the many astonishing cures, see the pamphlet to be had of each agent. If you suffer with either of the diseases for which it is recommended, resort at once to its use and be cured. For the following diseases it is an infallible remedy:

Spinal Affections, Rheumatism, Paralysis and all nervous affections, Salt Rheum, Croup or Lives, Ague in the Breast and Face, Weakness of the joints, colds, tooth ache, sore throat and Quinsy, ulcerated sores, indolent ulcers, burns frosted feet, corns, bunyons, fresh wounds swellings and bruises, scrofulous affections, musquito bites and Poisons.

☞ This Liniment is sold by all the respectable Merchants and Druggists throughout the country, and by the Proprietors at Sing Sing, N. Y. GEO. E. STANTON.
For sale by J. H. Burton & Co, Erie, B. C. Town North East, J Clements Fairview, S. L. Jones & Co. Girard.
Oct 9, 1847. 3m21

50 BBLS. and half bbls. White Fish and Mackinaw Trout, this day received and for sale at No. 1, Perry Block, by T. W. MOORE.
Erie, Sept., 25, 1847. 19

PRICES REDUCED.
CASTINGS, stoves, stove pipe, copper furniture, airtight sheet iron stoves, are now selling rapidly by the subscribers at less than ever, and our design is that no prices at Buffalo or elsewhere, for *cash*.
LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.
Erie, Sept. 25, 1847.

24 KITS No. 1 Mackerel, put up for family use, just received and for sale at No. 1, Perry Block.
Erie, Sept. 25, 1847. 19

RAGS wanted in exchange for tin ware by LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.
Sept. 25, 1847.

WESTERN HOTEL,
JOHN GRAHAM, Proprietor. The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the traveling public generally, that he has leased for a term of years this new and commodious House, situated at the Eighth Street Canal Basin. This location renders the "WESTERN" pre-eminently the most convenient and desirable stopping place for all either doing business or traveling on the Canal. There is, also, attached to this establishment a large and convenient Stable for the use of Boatmen and others having horses.

No pains or expense has been spared in fitting up this house for the convenience, comfort and pleasure of guests, and the Proprietor trusts by strict attention to business to merit and receive a share of public patronage.
Erie, April 24, 1847. 40

AN AUTUMN HYMN.

BY J. CLEMENT.

The muffled winds are sighing
O'er Autumn's opening grave,
And withered flowers are lying
Like hopes which Childhood gave,
Each leafy crown is stolen
That hung the fountains o'er,
Whose bosoms, sudden swollen,
Their grief in rivers pour.

No sylvan song of gladness
The birds are here to wake;
The wind's low tones of sadness
Alone the silence break:
And thus is Nature weeping
For beauties torn away,
Like Age, his vigils keeping
O'er Manhood in decay.

But soon the storms will vanish
And vernal bloom appear,
And Nature thou will banish
Each gloomy cloud of fear.
And soon both age and sorrow
Aside the soul will fling—
Its long, celestial morrow
Will be eternal spring.

Western Literary Messenger.

THE IDIOT BOY.

BY ALONZO FARRAR.

"See, see, sister, here is William Jones," said a little girl of ten years, with sparkling black eyes that were continually laughing, and a face as round and blooming as a peach, and dimples roguishly peeping out fancying they were hid, like their peerless little mistress herself, when playing hide and go seek, looking from the parlor window.

A sumptuous room was this parlor; rich its furniture, gorgeous its carpet and hangings, and superb the gems of art adorning its polished walls; and its little occupants, accustomed as they were to the splendor of this beautiful home scarcely dreamed that others there were, less favored than themselves, or within and without, homeless cheerful than their own.

Clara was two years older than her sister Susan, and possessed her vivacity wholly without her boisterousness. Her blue eye was ever radiant, her pretty mouth wreathed in smiles, and her quiet laugh quite as joyous and happy. It might be difficult to say which enjoys the sunshine most, the leaping cascade or the quiet stream.

"Does'nt he look stupid?" said the youngest of the sisters. "I should like to give him a real pinch, should'nt you, just to hear him cry out?"

"Old Specle is saving you the trouble," returned Clara.

Old Specle was no other than madam goose herself. Madam had been reminded times without number, that she had no sort of claim to the short grass growing on the green, nevertheless, she cropped it every chance she could get, and persisted in treating all who passed that way as trespassers, hence now the attack upon the boy, and the little girls' merriment who witnessed it from the window.

Susan's loud laugh must have reached the unfortunate object of their unthinking remarks, for he quickly looked up to where they stood. His eyes instantly fell to the ground again, the blood rushed deep into his pale face and he hurried off as fast as his feet could carry him, and was soon lost to their sight.

The bright face of Clara became instantly sad and she said thoughtfully,

"Perhaps he isn't so foolish, after all, they think him to be. If he is, why would turn red when he heard us laugh? If he fool," she continued, still having the lad's agitated looks in her mind's eye, "he must the same feelings that other boys have would not have looked so, and hurried fast. I am very sorry we laughed so him, Susan."

The happy father of the two little sters entered the room, but they were loo from the window and his presence was ticed. The regrets of his oldest daughte d the very sorrowful tone of her voice ed him to listen.

"Every body calls him a fool plied Susan, "and I am sure what eve body says must be true."

"Yes, I know everybody b her says so—he does'nt say he is an id and I'm sure he doesn't think so, for he s d talks with him by the whole hour tog , and I am equally convinced that fat he is so good, and knows so much, wou waste his time upon one who could not stand him."

The father could hard rain from catching his little daughter t heart for her kind and charitable words— ound a deep echo in his own bosom. moment he contrived to draw the chil attention. Clara blushed at seeing he r, for she felt certain he had heard all d said.

"Do not feel ashame your words, Clara," he said kindly. "f elings do your heart much credit, whic is in the right place though your hea little giddy," and he parted the bright on her forehead.—"When Susan re older, she will better understand you re no doubt will endorse all you have ll you not my child?" and he placed ccupied hand affectionately upon t of his youngest daughter, who lo up in the face not knowing well h swer.

"My ch resumed the father, "you have now at an age to think and reflect som r yourselves. The world is a blind like a flock of sheep, is too apt to f leader, whoever he may be—and that one to-morrow—who this on ough to put himself in advance may b the world's opinions until you Do no weighed them, and your reason have e tell you they are right. It is and thinking admission that calls that have just remarked, an idiot, and the a fool—it has made him what he by plated being shunning every one, is orld does not shun him, it has no with him, but pityingly points him out as but one degree removed from the bestial level. That you may the better understand me, I will relate to you a story which has the advantage of having come under my own observation."

It wanted but this to draw Clara and Susan around their father; for notwithstanding the levity of their natures they held him in supreme love and reverence, and listened attentively, and even delighted to all he thought proper to say to them.

THE FATHER'S STORY.

There lived many miles from here, a wealthy family whom I shall call Stedman. Of four children they were all remarkably intelligent save the youngest, (a boy,) who, alas! was of that unfortunate class, an "eyesore" to his family pride—a thorn "in the side of his family's ambition."

It has been told of him, that in infancy he gave as many tokens of intelligence as any child of his months—was susceptible to that language known only to the mothers, and would prattle in return, would play with his feet, and would gaze for hours at the strange phenomenon, his tiny hands; would cry out with pain if a pin pricked him; still, as he grew older, his mind refused to advance, strengthen and expand with years. This may be accounted for perhaps, as he grew weak and imbecile in body. Disease seemed to have laid its relentless hand upon his physical and mental faculties at the same time: and though his life was despaired of, he lived, but it was a life almost without the energy and consciousness of life with him, so fully does the mind sympathise with the body. It was soon gossipped abroad that this child, John, was an idiot. Some pitied while others rejoiced; for they gladly welcomed anything, that might humble the haughty pride of the Stedmans.

"It is just good enough for them," croaked an old crone of the village. "It will teach them for the future not to feel themselves better than their neighbors. I am glad if we must be plagued with a fool in the village, it belongs to that family."

"It will teach them not to set their children up as better than other people's children," said another, whose son had been presumptuous enough to raise his eyes to the accomplished Miss Sophia Stedman, and mad enough to send her a knot of forget-me-nots. This daring on the part of the rustic swain, produced not the sensation it was intended. The young lady was only incensed beyond measure, and the beautiful beseeching flowers were thrown into the kennel.

"as" chimed in a Miss A[illegible] sly "and they must send that upstart, Frank, to the city to get him a wife—there was not one rich enough for him here, I suppose. Much happiness may she bring him!"

As may be supposed, the knowledge of their shame going abroad, was not without its effect on the family pride of the Stedmans and though they professed utter indifference for the opinions of their neighbors, who were all a long way below them in the scale of worldly wealth, yet every word, every look of disrespect, now stung them to the core and was laid up against this sickly unoffending child. I will not say they wished him dead, if such an event had chanced it undoubtedly would have caused them but little sorrow.—But he lived, and after many years was convalescent.

"But was he still foolish, father?" asked Clara, who had taken more than ordinary interest in the little idiot boy, and could not refrain from the inquiry. The father smiled approvingly and resumed—

The developement of his intellect was little attended to. Family pride would not allow of his being sent to school in the village; he could be taught nothing, and their disgrace would only be made the more public thereby. As to a private tutor, that was not to be thought of for a moment, though his brothers and sisters were so provided for; and thus the good that might have been done, and the little seeds that might have taken root and grown to bear fruit, with proper culture, were never sown; and his mind was left a barren waste, with nothing to feed upon but the fancies of its feeble, untutored self. He was never allowed to leave the house for the same reason that he was not sent to school; but when the older Stedmans were from home, and the younger ones out on a party of pleasure, old Jeannette would open his prison door and let him into the street. The sight of the idiot boy was quite a treat to the gaping urchins of the village, who never allowed an opportunity to pass, when they could indulge their curiosity, and gaze and wonder at what they could not comprehend—the idiot boy. He was made to feel, however, that he was unlike every other human being; a thing, marked, shunned, neglected, if not despised, he knew enough for that, poor child, and he became still more singular in his appearance—shunning every one.

I will pass over ten years of the history of the Stedmans. The oldest son was married, as I have said before; Sophia was still on the sunny side of thirty and unmarried, for as yet she had met with no eligible offer, and it might reasonably be supposed she never would. The second son had passed the winter at the metropolis, and now it was spring, had returned home, having in his company Maj. Lindal, an early friend of his father, and Caroline, his charming daughter. Besides these, he was followed by two or three high blooded young men of fashion, all of whom were to spend the season at the Stedmans.

Now Maj. Lindal was a millionaire, and his only child Caroline, of course an heiress, whom each of the gay young men of blood felt a decided yearning for. Louis Stedman was one of her most devoted admirers; and it was said of all who paid their court, he stood most in favor with the young lady. Be this as it may, the Stedmans thought so, and not only approved of it but did everything in their power to forward the matter. Mrs. Stedman's praise of the dear boy, when she could get Caroline to listen, was untiring, and her attentions to the young lady herself, approached sycophancy.

Mr. Stedman gave himself up exclusively to the amusement of his friend, the Major; and to allow Louis a better opportunity to make advances to Caroline, the married son contrived as much as possible to draw off the city beaux, and even Sophia, displayed to a greater extent the suavity of her nature, and to oblige Louis, put on some of her most bewitching airs. Some said she would gladly accept an offer of marriage from the least promising of them all, but I will not say she affected them, any farther than her brother's good required.

Thus the Stedmans were enjoying themselves, if we except John, and I know not why I should except him, for he was not of them. Ever since he was old enough he had been sent to the field to labor with the men on the farm; and now more than ever, he was kept closely at his work. If he entered the house it must be by the back door, and as for his meals, he must take them with the men in the kitchen. The Stedmans trod the soft carpet of ease, and fed on choice bits in the parlor—he, like the muzzled ox, trod out the corn to feed on the husks in the kitchen.—Again, I say, he was not one of them.

One fine afternoon, some days subsequent to the arrival of their guests, the Stedmans proposed an excursion on horseback. The party made a spirited appearance when they were all mounted. Sophia looked her very best, and sat on her horse admirably. Caroline looked the fair rival of Aurora, and managed her horse with exquisite skill. Her cheeks glowed with the warm, rosy blood of health, her eyes sparkled with excitement, and her sweet, merry laugh rang out with its accustomed glee. When she chid the restive movements of her horse, the mellow tone drew all ears and all eyes towards her, though Miss Sophia's eyes had something of displeasure in them. Whether what to others is so full of harmony, was turned to discord by the physical derangement of the organ of sound, or envy—that bane of human happiness, turning every sweet to acid—or not, I will not pretend to say.

John was in the field when the cavalcade swept by upon the road. He dropped the heavy spade with which he was turning up the damp earth, and gazed after them.

"They're having a great time on't," observed one of the laborers.

another with an oath.

"Yes," said a third, "but just you put them are gals in the kitchen, and them fellers here a ditchen' and then see what they'll be good for. They couldn't hold a candle to John, here."

"I should like to see 'em brought to it," pursued he who first spoke. "I should like to see Master Louis obliged to soil his white hands in this 'ere mire, right well; shouldn't you, John?"

John heard every word that had been said, but he made no reply. "No," he thought, "it would give me no pleasure to see him labor as I have to do; not that it would harm him; no I care not for the toil, but it is—it is that I am thought so much beneath them; that I am neglected by brothers, unloved by my sister, a stranger in my father's house!—Wherein do I differ so much from them?—Does not the same blood run in my veins?—Is not my skin as white—only it is bronzed by exposure to the sun? Is not my back as straight? But then—but then it is my mind that's warped' Yes, in my repinings I had forgotten, I am a fool! True, true, strange I should forget it when every one is sure to tell me so; I am a fool! and worst of all, I am so much the fool that I cannot see my folly.—Woe is me! for I must be an idiot, though I see it not! Has not every body told me so ever since I was a child? Well, it is most kindly ordered: the fool toils on, foolishly dreaming he is wise, and in that finds much to enjoy; while the wise man knows himself to be a fool, and the knowledge proves the source of many sorrows. Come, come, there isn't so much difference after all. What though I am a fool—content me" and with thoughts like these, he resumed his work trying to believe, though but half convinced of his folly.

Meanwhile the cavalcade had passed by, and a short way on, they alighted at a deep stream, (turning a mill near at hand) which they were to cross in a small boat.

"Is it possible you intend crowding us all into that nut-shell, Miss Stedman?" inquired one of the city gentlemen, in evident horror of the diminutive size of the boat that was to convey them to the opposite shore. "I wouldn't trust my dog in it, unless his life was well insured, I wouldn't pon honor."

"Then thou thinkest more of thy dog's life than of thy own," said Caroline, gaily, "for thou shalt assuredly risk thyself, though not thy dog, or no longer wear ribbons of mine; and I will call thee coward."

"I trust I may have an opportunity to convince Miss Lindal I am far from being a coward," replied the disconcerted beau.

"You have it now;" cried the gay girl, banteringly. "Come, Sir Leander, follow me."

With the last word she bounded into the boat which no sooner felt the weight entrusted to it than it became dislodged from the shore and shot into the stream. Exclamations of surprise and horror ran from mouth to mouth, but Caroline had often plied the oar alone on the little lake near her father's country house, and felt no alarm, and when she saw the anxiety of her companions, she only laughed and called on him she had named Leander, to swim to her rescue. But he either lacked the courage to do so, or could not swim, and so did they all, and looked at each other as if urging the necessity of doing something; still neither moved or seemed inclined to take the risk himself.

Seeing she could expect nothing from those who had sworn a score of times, to lay down their lives to serve her, a scornful smile wreathed her lip, and most cutting was it to those gallant gentlemen on shore, for they felt it was deserved, and she began to look about her to see how she could best save herself.—The smile quickly fled from her face and a shadow gathered over it, for then for the first time, she became aware that the boat contained no oars, nor anything by which it could be guided to the land. At a glance she saw the full extent of her danger. The current was slowly, but none the less surely carrying her towards the falls, and unless assistance could reach her, she must inevitably be dashed upon the rocks below. Her cheek might well blanch with fear. Her eminent danger was well understood by all on shore, and Louis Stedman fully determined to do something worthy a gentleman and the great love he entertained for the unfortunate girl, feeling her loss to be irreparable, started to call the men who were at work upon his father's farm at no great distance from them to her assistance little thinking before he could return, she would be beyond mortal aid.

Sophia Stedman gave herself up wholly to her fears, and wringing her hands, urged the gentlemen to try some means to rescue her; but they seemed dumb and rivetted to the spot. Every moment, the poor girl's situation became more critical. A short distance on and the waters began to break in their downward course over the falls. It was a fearful moment. The boat swept steadily on, and silently she commended her soul to God. Hark! A deep plunge breaks the awful silence, but nothing could be seen but the ruffle of the disturbed and parted waters. A moment after the head of a man appeared above its surface. A murmur of approbation greeted him from the shore, and the despairing girl held out her arms to him as her only hope of life. He heard the applause, he saw the confident movement of the girl, and hope beaming anew in her sweet face, and manfully he threw himself through the water.

"Ah," shrieked Sophia Stedman; "He cannot reach her in time! See! the boat is scarcely twice its length from the falls! God protect her."

It was even so. That boat began to move with greater velocity through the water, as if preparing itself for a final leap, and the man had not gained it by many yards; and even should he succeed in reaching it, it was more than probable he could not stay its course against such a current. He seemed to be aware of it, and shouted,

"Leap, leap! or you are lost."

True to his request, she sprang from the boat which shot forward, and almost instantly disappeared. When the senseless girl appeared to view, the man's arm encircled her waist, and at the same time he secured a rich embroidered scarf that had become loosened from her neck, and was floating upon the water, and then conveyed her safely to the shore. Amid the congratulations of her companions she opened her eyes, but her deliverer had gone.

Maj. Lindal received his daughter with much feeling, but no one could tell him who it was that had so generously risked his own life to save his child. Sophia knew very well it was her idiot brother, but she chose to keep the secret to herself.

His precious burthen safe on shore, John Stedman made a precipitate retreat, and gaining the cover of a clump of trees that stood near the water, he sat himself down to dry his clothes in the sun What were the thoughts of that poor boy when seated there—for he was a boy in the weakness of an untutored mind, unschooled in all things save the meek lessons of the heart, nourished in twenty years of isolated life. He had saved the life of a human being, he had been brought high unto a being possessed of that divinity, the perfect mind—he had folded a human form to his heart, and that a lovely woman. Necessity compelled her to accept the offices of a fool he thought, or she would have spurned them; but when pressing her to his bosom, the thrill of pleasure that wrapt his madened senses.—Was it an emanation of mind? To touch a being endowed with reason, was it always followed by such a pleasing sensation? Oh! to be allowed always to drink at the fountain of such knowledge.

But the spell was now broken—he was again alone. He was no longer needed—nothing human now required his assistance—he was but a blank, a waste of life! Never till this moment did he feel what it was to be a fool. That night he returned not to his father's house.

The windows of Major Lindal's house were brilliantly lighted and in his halls were gathered "fair women and brave men"—fair in all that adorns their sex, the women—brave in all words at least, the men—for they were most of them law givers, and their voices had been loud in the halls of the nation.

Caroline Lindal, the star of the evening, hung upon the arm of a gentleman, on whose face her eyes were often upturned with a goodly share of affection beaming in them—and his too, shone with a fire that sat at defiance the conventional water of unsocial restraint, and were brimful happiness. Mr. Waldron was a member of the Senate from one of our Western States, and it was whispered that he was a self made man; that he rose from the greatest obscurity to his present high and enviable position wholly by his own exertions—and was another among the many brilliant examples set before the youths of our fostering country, worthy of their highest emulation.

Where now is the idiot boy? Where the reward of his toils, his struggles, his devotion? Where now the object that first fanned into quick flame the latent fires in his bosom, and awoke him to a sense of what he was, and what he might be? Did she hazard a thought on him? That she remembered the generous act that saved her from so terrible a fate, was true; and then did she invoke blessings on the head of her unknown deliverer; but she felt nothing like love for one she had never seen. That sentiment started into being, only when called for by the noble and handsome Waldron, and now as she leaned upon his arm, and glided through the crowded apartments, a murmur of admiration followed the distinguished Senator that had so fair a partner.

"Let us seek the garden love," Waldron whispered, and they went out upon the piazza which communicated with a conservatory, and then to the gravelled walks below.

It was a lovely night. The moon rested upon tree and plant with pale and mellow light—the gentle breeze came laden with the sweet scent of flowers; and music discoursed from harp and flute ravished the ear, and enriched the hour. Altogether it was a time when passion grows like things of life—heart yields to heart—and drawing Caroline away from the crowd to a more retired part of the garden, he earnestly besought her to lend a willing ear to his petition, and name the day that would make his happiness complete.

"I have your father's consent," he said.

"My father has spoken of you in the highest terms," she replied, "and indeed sir, let me be candid with you."

"Pray be so."

"His daughter is happy to acknowledge he has done you but justice in all he has said in your praise, and her heart, too, so eloquently pleads for you, I am more than half convinced she ought to yield."

"Delightful!"

"But I have fears for you, Charles."

"Love casteth out fear, it is said—I have no fears."

"None?"

"None."

"You can know but little of what makes up the sum of waywardness, my father has told you I am blessed withal. It is scarce a month since you saw me first."

"It seems scarce a month, indeed, so swiftly has glided the pleasant hours in your society. We had met before,"

"Before, did you say?"

"And at a time when love grows with magic power. It is not—you look again, and lo! it stands before you, radient with hope, full grown—a perfect statue—at a time when the noble instincts of thy nature showed themselves to admiring eyes, and called thee one in many thousands" and he here drew a rich embroidered scarf from his bosom.

"The scarf I lost—"

"In a perilous adventure on the river," he said, interrupting her.

"How came you by it, Charles? Was it you who—"

"It was I, and 'twas not I," said Waldron, smiling at the elegant language of the girl's countenance.

"Will you explain this riddle, Mr. Waldron?"

"You, with your father, were spending the summer at the Stedman's—but I need not enter into detail. A poor fool was toiling by the way side—at least they called him an idiot—and saw you pass. He was a member of that family you came to visit, but still an idiot adjudged by all; but he had eyes, and unbidden they followed and pondered upon thy sweet face; ears, and unchid they drank the rich tones of thy voice, as you swept by unconscious of the theft. It was the waking of a dream feebly conceived and born in the bosom of a fool. Such a vision bursts upon us but once in our life time; and to him, to his untutored fancy, it was a revelation of beauty surpassing thought. Scarcely knowing what he did, he dropped his spade and followd, urged by impulses undefined and less understood.—He arrived in time to be of trifling service to you; but let that pass. The events of that day became father of desires illimitable; the soil from which sprang a tree of ambition, whose branches filled the universe, fancy built for thee; the rock on which he built a fair temple, time has not shattered—love's Year rolled, and Stedman, that name which only reproached him with his former ignorance, the name that called him 'idiot,' was changed by the power of the legislature, and Waldron is all that now remains of his presumptious love. Dost fear to trust thy happiness to me now?"

"No, take me Charles," was her frank reply.

"And that act, my children," said Mrs. Waldron, entering the room, "has proved the happiest of my life;" and from the tone it was uttered and the look she gave her husband, it was impossible that Clara and Susan could be mistaken; their father had been telling his own story.

"Therefore, my children," resumed Mr. Waldron, "learn not to be deceived by appearances, and when you see a being like that poor unfortunate who but now passed the window, remember that the mind is there—the diamond is but hid in the heaps of sand that surrouded it. Seek to bring it forth when occasion requires; and forget not that he owes much of his present condition to the circumstances of life which influence all more or less; believing that mind feebly burning, like a light flittering in its socket, may be rekindled in a wholesome atmosphere—since thy father was an Idiot Boy."—*Boston Olive Branch.*

"Got a paper to *spare*?"

"Yes, sir; here's one of our last. Would you like to subscribe, sir, and take it regularly?"

"I would—but I am too poor."

That man had just returned from the Circus: cost 50 cents; lost time from his farm, 25 cents; whiskey judging from the smell, at least 25 cents—making a dollar and a half actually thrown away, and then begging for a newspaper, alleging that he was too poor to pay for it!

That's what we call "saving at the spile and wasting at the bung-hole."—*Boonsliek Times.*