THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

VOLUME XVIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1847. NUMBER 31.

THE OBSERVER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT ERIE, Erie County, Pa.

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OFFICE CORNER OF STATE STREET AND PUBLIC SQUARE, OPPOSITE THE EAGLE HOTEL.

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Dealer in Groceries Provisions, Candies, Fruit &c. No 1. Perry Block, State street, Erie, Pa

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Attorneys at Law. Office up stairs in the Tammany Hall building, north of the Prothonotary's Office. 9

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
STORAGE, FORWARDING AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND Dealers in Lehigh and Erie Coal, Salt and Produce generally. Particular attention paid to the sale of Produce and purchase of Merchandize.
No. 3 & 4 Coburn Square, South Wharf.
E. N. HULBERT, C. DRIGGS.
Buffalo, N. Y. 39

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law; Office No. 2 State st., opposite the Eagle Hotel Erie, Pa.

GRAHAM & THOMPSON,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law, Office on French street, over S. Jackson & Co's. Store, Erie
April 24, 1847. 39

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G. LOOMIS & CO.
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware, Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, No. 7 Reed House, Erie Pa.

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Manufacturers of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron ware corner of French and Fifth streets, Erie.

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EAGLE HOTEL,
By Hiram L. Brown, corner of State street and the Public square, Erie, Pa. Eastern, Western and Southern Stage office.

LYTLE & HAMILTON.
Fashionable Merchant Tailors, on the Public Square, a few doors west of State street, Erie Pa.

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M'GUFFEES' 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.

DETROIT ALE on draught, and for sale at No. 1, Perry Block, by T. W. MOORE.
Nov. 5, 1847. 25

MEDICAL BOOKS.
UNITED States Dispensatory, by Wood & Bach.
Family Physician, by Doct Beach.
New Remedies, by R. Dunglison, M D.
Consumption Cured, by S. S. Fitch, M. D.
For sale by BURTON & PERKINS.
Nov. 27.

SUPERFINE Rice Flour in pound packages for family use, for sale by
Nov. 27 BURTON & PERKINS.

CANDLES.—Pure Sperm Candles, also Pure Sperm Oil for sale at
Nov 27. BURTON & PERKINS.

New Firm and New Goods.
JAMES HUGHES would inform his numerous friends and customers that he has associated WM. C. WARREN with him in the business, under the firm of James Hughes & Co. He would furthermore state that they have just received a large and well selected assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, &c., all of which will be disposed of as low as they can be procured elsewhere. Having been enabled to purchase at package prices, and to their words at the prices paid by jobbers in New York, they can be sold unusually low rates. Ladies and gentlemen, and the public generally, are invited to call and examine their assortment.
They have just received a large quantity of Salt which may be had at the lowest market price.
Nov. 27 J. HUGHES & Co.

TO THE FASHIONABLE.
EXTRACT Vanella, Vanella Bean, Bitter Almond, Ex. Lemmon, Rose Water, Musk, Neroli, White Ginger, Pure Olive Oil, Cayenne Pepper, Cinnamon, Cloves and Nutmegs.
Dec 4. CARTER & BROTHER.

NOTE PAPER.—Plain, Gilt edged, and Embossed Visiting Cards.
INKS.—Blue, Black, Red, Carmine, Indelible, Indian, &c. &c. by
Dec 4 CARTER & BROTHER

Pekin Tea Company's Agency.
NO. 5, REED HOUSE.
IT can be no longer doubted that the establishment on the above agency in Erie has enabled buyers to obtain a tea from twenty five to thirty three and a third per cent less than formerly, and has consequently reduced somewhat the profits of the old dealers. It is no wonder then that they wince under it, and by raising the cry of "humbug" endeavor to injure the credit of these Teas, but they can't do it. Spit out your venom and ill natured whim cisms, *gentlemen, they are perfectly* harmless, a discerning public know full well the motives prompting you. These teas do and will sell, notwithstanding, because they are *better* and *cheaper* than can be had elsewhere, and because they are *fresh* and put up so they will *keep* fresh any length of time. Every package is warranted *full weight* exclusive of the paper and foil, these are facts and no "*humbug*," as all who have tried the teas know! and those who have not may Buy & will please not compound names. The only place in Erie where the Pekin Company's teas can be had, is at No 5 Reed House, of
BURTON & PERKINS.
Erie, Dec 1, 1847. 25

WINDOW GLASS.
43 30 FEET Window glass, from 7 by 9 to 20 by 30 inches from the eastern factories, warranted a superior article.
Glass cut to any size or sash without extra charge. Putty always on hand.
Dec 4 CARTER & BROTHER

367 GALLONS Linseed oil for sale or bleached white oil at No 6 Reed House
Dec. 3 CARTER & BROTHER.

ARTISTS' COLOURS AND OILS.—Arcenieux white, Flake do. China White, Silver do Cadmium, Lake Vermilion Chinese do French. Indian Red Light do Prussian Blue Chinese do Ultramarine do. Antwerp do Royal purple, Naples yellow. Bister, Ivory Black, Vine do Vandyke Brown, Mastick Varnish, Nut and Poppy oil. Glass Slabs and Mullers, Palette Boards, do knives, Easels, Canvass prepared
BRUSHES.—Sable, Pig Hair, Flat and Round in tin, Blende s do, Guilders Brushes, Crayons assorted colors. Drawing Pencils, do Paper. Wh ch ation ed Brist o Board;
And in short we have a pretty complete assortment of articles in this line, and intend always keeping and supplying every article that may be called for on the shortest notice.
Dec 1. CARTER & BROTHER

THE PICTURES.—Some beautiful pain ings of Birds and Flowers. Also some very fine Views done by the best French Masters.
Dec 1. CARTER & BROTHER.

EXECUTORS SALE OF REAL ESTATE.
BY virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of the county of Erie, will be exposed to sale, by public vendue, on the premises, on the 25th day of December next at 1 o'clock P. M., the following described property, to wit:—All that certain piece of land, situated in Elk Creek township, in said county, and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the northwest corner of whole tract No. 455; thence east along the public road 80 perches and 10 links, thence south to the Meadville road; thence northwesterly along said road to the west line of said tract (155;) thence north along said tract line to the place of beginning, containing 50 acres more or less,—sold as the property of John Wadsworth late of said town ship, deceased, being the farm on which said deceased resided at the time of his death.
TERMS OF SALE:—One third on confirmation of sale, one third in one year, and one third in two years; to be secured by bond and mortgage.
CALVIN BUZZY } Exrs.
DANIEL SQUIRES'S }
Elk Creek Nov 27, 1847 32

STRAY STEER. Came to the residence of the subscriber on the lake road, in Harborcreek township about the 20th of October, a two year old red steer, a little cushed in the head, some white on its belly, no artificial marks. The owner is requested to come, prove property, pay charges and take it away.
PETER CROSBY.
Harborcreek, Dec. 4, 1847. 3t 9

Dr. Philo.
THOMSONIAN, BOTANIC, AND HYDROPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
Office on Sixth Street, Erie, Pa.
DR. P. offers his services to all those who prefer the healing restoring agents of the vegetable kingdom, as he discards all poisons of what ever description and uses only such remedies as act in unison with the laws of life.
"We use such Balms as have no strife,
With nature or the laws of life,
With blood our hands we never stain,
Nor poison men, to ease their pain."
N. B. Botanic Medical Books kept on hand
Nov 27, 1847. 3m 8

Our Customers
ARE informed that in addition to our present stock of CLOTHS and VESTINGS we will be receiving by Express during the Fall and Winter such goods in our line as the demand may require. It is sincerely hoped this city will support one regular Merchant Tailor shop that is carried on by mechanics.
G. B. & I. HKEENE.
Erie, October 23, 1847. 17 21

HARDWARE.—Our stock of Hardware comprises a great variety of Mechanical Implements of *superior quality* such as Firmer Chisels, gouges, plane irons, auger bits, cast steel augers (long shank,) braces and bits, real Scotch plated Compasses, Dividers, tap borers, reamers, mill and cross cut saws, hand and back saws, saws and frames, together with a general assortment of building materials Locks, Handles Knobs Bolts Butts and screws, hooks and hinges, &c.
LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.
Nov 13, 1847. 26

THE GIPSY CHILD.

BY ELIZA COOK.

He sprung to life in a crazy tent,
Where the cold wind whistled through many a rent;
Rude was the voice and tough were the hands,
That soothed his wailings and swathed his bands;
No tissue of gold, no lawn was there,
No snowy robe for the new born heir;
But the mother wept and the father smiled,
With heartfelt joy o'er the Gipsy Child.

He grows like the young oak, healthy and broad,
With no home but the forest, no bed but the sward;
Half naked, he wades in the limpid stream,
Or dances about in the scorching beam.
The dazling glare of the banquet sheen
Hath never fallen on him, I ween;
But fragments are spread, and the wood fire piled,
And sweet is the meal of the Gipsy Child.

He wanders at large while maidens admire
His raven hair and his eyes of fire;
They mark his cheek's rich tawny hue,
With the deep carnation flushing through;
He laughs at all and they covet his teeth,
All pure and white as their own pearl wreath,
And the country dame and damsel mild,
Will turn to gaze on the Gipsy Child.

Up with the sun he is roving along,
Whistling to mimic the blackbird's song,
He wanders at nightfall to startle the owl,
And is baying again to the watch dog's howl.
His limbs are unshackled, his spirit is bold,
He is free from the evils of fashion and gold;
His dwelling is wide and his life is wild,
And kings might envy the Gipsy Child.

WALTER LYSLE; OR THE PROMISE REDEEMED.

BY ROBERT F. GRERLEY

"The retreat
Of spreading boughs, where summer winds make sweet
The blackberries ripening near the emerald screen;
Those hollows, cools with cedar, where the green
Chirps not to hold beside the running brook."

A beautiful valley, bordered on every side by clustering masses of rich and many-colored foliage intersects, like a deep set scar, the central portion of Pennsylvania—not the least remarkable feature of which is its almost total seclusion from the turbulent world by which it is surrounded. Owing to its peculiar inappropriateness for business, or a combination of similar causes, its quiet nooks and shady glens have heretofore escaped pollution, and railway shares, with other like hallucinations are things unknown.

As if it had been intended that nothing should be wanting to complete the attractions of this favored spot, its indwellers seem to have become imbued with the infectious spirit of peace which broods over it, and the clacking of mill-wheels, the roaring of miniature waterfalls, the lowing of cattle, are the only sounds which occur to vary its delightful stillness.

When the crimson sunset of mid-summer is lingering upon the tops of the distant hills, enveloping them, as it were, in a purple veil, and creeping into the shade of that lies between the beautiful Susquehannah, catching the fading days,

"As softly they blend with the coming of eve,"

seems transformed by their subtle alchemy into a vein of molten gold, and glides gently upon its winding course amid the far off dells until lost to view in the distance. A change now comes over the slumbering landscape. The last beam of Old Sol has disappeared reluctantly from the loftiest hill-top, and yonder, high in the star-gemmed arch above, the early moon comes forth with her train of glittering satellites, and casts a softer glow upon the scenes. From among the trees which line the valley on either side, a multitude of little lights shine forth from the windows of the cottagers, serving as beacons to the way-worn traveler, and in the tangled underwood is heard the ceaseless chirping of innumerable crickets.

* * * * *

It was on such a night as this we have just described—the time, mid-summer—that Walter Lysle, the youngest and most industrious farmer in the valley, sat down, in company with his blooming wife, to whom he had been but a few months married, to partake of their evening meal. The kettle sang merrily upon the hearth, and the little fire which was always kept burning, let the weather be warm or cold, for household purposes, cast a ruddy glow upon the snow-white table-cloth, and upon the simple objects of furniture which filled the room. A small wicker cradle stood upon the floor, mid-way between the young couple, containing a treasure which neither would have bartered for the wealth of a thousand Golconda's; and upon the ample hearthstone, with his nose placed as closely against the crackling embers as the heat would allow, a huge and shaggy dog, the farmer's only assistant in his daily toil, and the faithful companion of all his master's rambles, had settled himself cozily down for an hour's uninterrupted cogitation. From the sultriness of the night, the windows, were both thrown open, and the chirping of the crickets without, and the singing of the kettle within, mingled together in a kind of fantastic chorus, by no means unpleasing to listen to.

The cottage was, in itself, a mere band-box of a place, with hardly room enough to move about in, and surveying it as a stranger from without, you could not help wondering how two human beings of any dimensions could, by any possibility, continue to live in so diminutive a dwelling. Yet Walter Lysle and his pretty wife had never bestowed a thought upon the matter, but lived in their own humble way throughout the year, without a single care to disturb the even current of their existence.

Walter Lysle was the son of an upright and thrifty farmer, and had received his education, although a plain one, in common with many whose families occupied, as the world goes, a position far superior to his own.—Among those with whom he became thus associated, was one for whom the young farmer conceived a lasting friendship; and so strong became the attachment between the two, that, at last, Walter Lysle and William Kennedy grew to be looked upon as brothers, and shared all things in common with each other. As time flew by, the two lads, having received what their parents deemed a sufficient degree of instruction, were withdrawn from their studies, and separated, with a mutual promise never to lose sight of early friendship, but to stand by and assist one another to the best of their abilities, whenever future occasion should demand it.

William Kennedy was transplanted to the city, where he flourished about, for a time, among dealers in various commodities, until, catching the thirst for gain which has been the ruin of many a noble soul, he became, in a short time, the possessor of a snug fortune and a flourishing business. Like others in his situation, Kennedy now imaged that, unless one lives extravagantly, and follows the fashions, wealth was only an incumbrance, and so forgetful of the good he *might* have effected, had he been so disposed, he threw himself, at once, among that society for which he had long unavailingly yearned, and, having taken unto himself a wealthy bride, endeavored to persuade himself that he had nothing farther remaining to desire. But, alas! he soon found that happiness does not always follow riches, and what he had formerly anticipated as a source of never-failing gratification, became, instead, his bane!

Meantime, far different was the course pursued by his whilom companion and playmate, Walter Lysle. Immediately on quitting school, the latter was withdrawn again to his father's farm, and, being of an industrious and contented disposition, he became a universal favorite in the valley, as well as with his father, who, in dying, bequeathed to him all his worldly possessions, viz: an unsullied reputation, and a five year's lease of the farm which he had assisted in cultivating. Thus situated, Walter was not long in uniting himself to a maiden whose reputation was as spotless as his own, with whom, up to the period at which our tale commences, he had lived as happy as husband could desire.

On the evening in question, Walter Lysle's usually open brow wore an expression of that somewhat uncommon to it, and the few words of conversation which, from time to time, fell from his lips were brief and disjointed; a sure evidence that his mind was bent upon some subject of no trifling interest. At length his gravity became so apparent, that even his wife could not help observing it, and as she traced each feature with an anxious eye, she exclaimed:

"Why, Walter, what has come over you, of a sudden? A few minutes ago, you were all mirth and cheerfulness, and now you are as grave and pensive as an owl. What can the man be thinking of?"

"I have been thinking, Mary," he answered, "of the many happy hours we have passed together beneath this humble roof, and how many poor creatures there are in this world who know not even the name of happiness. Truly, Mary, we have cause to thank Providence for its favors.'

"Aye, indeed, Walter—for I am sure it has left us nothing else to wish for."

"Yes, one thing, Mary—only *one thing*."

"And what is that, Walter?"

"Our farm, Mary, and this pretty cottage, which we have occupied in common together, until it has become a part and portion, almost, of our being—I would we might call it ours."

"That *would* be more agreeable, it is true, Walter; but, after all, a lease is just as good, if we can only bring ourselves to think so."

"Not *quite* as good, Mary. For instance, suppose the present owner—who, there is no gainsaying, has been very kind to us—should suddenly die, and the property fall into other hands. And suppose the new owner to be a man who loves his own interest better than he loves to promote the welfare and the happiness of others. Suppose, when our lease had expired, this person should come to me, and say, 'Walter Lysle, you may be an honest man, a faithful husband, and an industrious farmer, but—you don't pay me enough for my land!' What would become of us in such a case, Mary?"

"Work, Walter!—could we not? We are both willing, and there are plenty in the valley who would employ us, if need were."

"Yes, Mary—that is true; but if we were to be driven, like worthless cattle, from the old homestead, endeared to us by so many recollections, I should never hold up my head again. But, hark!—there is a footstep coming up the walk, and a strange one, too, or Brum, here, is, for once in his life, mistaken."

Even as he spoke, the sagacious animal rose to his feet, and, pricking up his ears, placed himself at the side of his master—prepared to welcome or repulse the intruder, as the case might be. A slight pause followed during which the steps drew gradually nearer. At length they ceased altogether, and a knock was heard upon the door.

"Why don't you go, Walter?" asked his wife, not knowing what to make of his reluctance. "I declare, I believe you are half-afraid."

"Afraid?—not I!" said Walter, rallying. "Come in, whoever it is that knocks!" he added, in a voice loud enough to be heard without.

The door opened, and in obedience to the summons there entered, at the same moment, a man of tall figure and sinister aspect, the state of whose attire, disordered and covered with dust as it was, proclaimed that he had been long upon the road. He did not remove the broad brimmed hat which he had worn on entering, but, advancing into the centre of the apartment, and extending a letter, he said, in the gruffest tone imaginable:

"A letter for Walter Lysle. Are you the man?"

Walter, disgusted at the messenger's insolence, made no reply, but, taking from him the letter, bade him, with a motion of his finger, to be seated.

"Thank you, said the messenger—"I prefer standing. I don't mind a glass of wine, though—if you have it."

"We have no wine, but I will bring you some cider," said Mary, vanishing.

Meanwhile, Walter observing that the seal was black, broke open the letter with a trembling hand, and found within it a confirmation of his most dire forebodings. He felt the necessity of concealing his emotion from his wife, however, and had barely time to remark to the stranger that he would confer with him shortly alone, when Mary reappeared with a tankard of cider. This the messenger swallowed at a draught, and Walter, making an excuse in a tone as easy as it was possible for him to assume, left the room with him, promising in a few minutes to return.

The time wore on, and the usual hour for retiring had long passed, but still Walter Lysle came not. The heart of Mary Lysle grew sad and lone, and her eyes were dim and swollen with over-watching. Her mind imagined all the horrible things it was possible to think, and as his absence was prolonged her fears were increased. Sometimes she imagined that the stranger was some enemy of her husband, and had decoyed him into some lone spot under the guise of business for the purpose of murdering him. Then again, she was impelled to laugh at her own thoughts, and her terror would pass away—only to return, however, in a tenfold proportion. She had even resolved within herself that she would go forth in search of him, when, just as she was on the point of departing, a hasty step was heard without, and Walter Lysle made his appearance.

But what a change had taken place since he went forth. His countenance, before ruddy with the glow of health and wholesome excitement, was now the hue of ashes. His dress was disordered, and there was a wildness in his dark eyes as they glared around him, which made Mary shrink from the embrace which she had solicited.

"Good God, husband! what has happened? Speak—I must know all. I am your wife, and have a right to it."

"We are ruined, Mary—ruined and undone!"—groaned her husband, as he threw himself exhausted, into a chair.

"Ruined! how, and by whom?"

"You remember my forebodings this evening"—

"Yes—what then?"

"I spoke with the tongue of a prophet, Mary—of a prophet who foretells his own destruction. You observed the letter given me by the stranger who broke in upon us so abruptly?"

"I did. What then?"

"It was sealed with black, you may remember—with *black*, Mary—a sure sign of evil. Before I broke the wax, I knew what was coming. Mary, that letter announced to me the very calamity I had only a few moments previously apprehended. The proprietor is dead."

"And is that all, Walter?"

"That is not the lightest evil, Mary. The farm has passed into the hands of another, and will be sold within a fortnight!"

"Well, Walter, we can work. We have youth and health, and strength—at least those blessing are still secure to us. As long as we can enjoy these, who shall say that we are poor!"

"It is a noble thought—a though worthy of yourself, my own Mary," replied her husband. "But I fear that the loss of home will render *my poor shoulders unequal to the burden.*—When I think that we must part—"

"Good gracious!—part, Walter?" exclaimed Mary, starting up, with a look of affright.

"With our farm, Mary, I was about observing, if you had suffered me to finish the sentence," he added smilingly.

Their eyes met—there was no mistaking the expression of Walter Lysle's earnest, though reproachful look. His wife returned his gaze for several minutes, and then threw herself into his sinewy arms, with something between a laugh and a cry. The young farmer, forgetful for the moment of all his troubles, so strong is woman's influence, surveyed her comely features, with a look of pride, and, as she glanced laughingly up into his honest face, with eyes yet moist from the effects of the anticipated freshet, he said in a tone half-serious, half jesting:

"Mary Lysle—Mary Lysle; the wife who doubts her husband's faith will lead a sorry life, depend upon it!"

"I deserve the reproach," she answered, blushing slightly. "But the strangeness of your conduct, Walter,—I was not without a reason at all events."

At this allusion to his demeanor, the farmer's mind was suddenly recalled to the incidents which had disturbed it;—the caresses of his wife—the delights of home were forgotten—his brow became once more dark as his recollection reverted to the occurrences of the evening, and his former moody fit returned again.

"I had forgotten our misfortune, Mary," he said with a deep sigh.

"And is there no hope—no chance?"

"None—not the slightest, Mary. The land is to be sold at a price utterly beyond my means, and unless I can obtain the requisite amount, we must leave the place, forever."

This discouraging speech was followed by a dead silence on the part of both husband and wife—during which both sat gazing into the fire, buried in ruminations of anything but an agreable nature. The wife was the first to break the silence.

"I have a thought, Walter. The proprietor, you say, will be here in a few days, in person."

"So his agent gave me to understand."

The next day was Sabbath, and that was an occasion which few of the residents of the valley were known to disregard. It was a pleasing sight to observe—the disjointed procession of rustics, as they took their customary route toward the single little church which served for a place of worship to all the honest farmers for miles around. Their attire, plain, but neat to a degree; the cheerful air worn by their respective faces; the meaning glances of the younger couples—the knowing looks of the older ones, who, notwithstanding, cared not to interfere with their love-making; the unrestrained prattling of the children; the clear but musical tones of the church bell, which might be heard, small though it was, from one end of the valley to the other, and even beyond; the brilliant colors of the flowers and the redundancy of the foliage; the twittering of hundreds of birds, whose tiny voices mingled with the bubbling music of the many springs and rivulets which intersected the pathways; and over all the clear unclouded sky and brilliant sun—all lent to the scene an aspect of enchantment worth all the spectacles the world ever produced.

All these things Walter Lysle had noticed over and over again. He was familiar with every bird, and bush and tree. There was not a single landmark with which he was unacquainted. But on this occasion he heeded not the objects which had formerly given him so much pleasure, and many of his neighbors whom he passed upon the road in his little wagon, without his customary nod and smile, whispered among themselves, and wondered what it was that had thus suddenly come over *him*.

The distraught farmer gave but little attention to the sermon that day, for almost the first person whom he encountered upon entering the church was the dreaded agent, lolling idly against one of the pilasters, endeavoring to catch the eyes of the rustic damsels as they passed. The man bowed quite politely to the young couple, but Walter only shuddered as he passed on.

From this time forward, a change seemed to come over the fortunes of the Lysles. The luxuriant garden which surrounded their snug little domicile was no longer trained and cultured as it had been in times gone by, and weeds were allowed to intrude their poisonous stalks amid the fragrant beds of roses and daffodils, without an effort being made towards their eradication. The fertile fields no longer exhibited any signs of that care and attention which had formerly been bestowed upon them, but everything was neglected and suffered to fall to decay, while Walter Lysle himself, almost bereft of his reason by the sudden and unexpected blow which had fallen upon him, instead of attending to his farm as was once his wont, spent the greater portion of his time in solitary rambles, or sullenly brooding in his chair all day. Had it not been for Mary Lysle, who, like a true woman, became only the more resigned as new misfortunes appeared, and who was constantly engaged in endeavoring to soothe and sustain her unhappy partner, there is no telling what might not have happened. But Walter Lysle, overwhelmed and cast down as he was by his reverses, was never deaf to that one beloved voice, which has been his unceasing comforter many a time before in sickness and distress, and though his wife could not altogether remove the frown which had gathered upon his brow, her cheerful words and gentle attentions lightened in some degree the load which had weighed so heavily upon his broken heart.

Such was the aspect of affairs, when, some days subsequent to the agent's appearance in the valley, a magnificent barouche, having about it all the evidences of wealth, drew up at the foot of the little lawn before Walter Lysle's door, and a good-looking gentleman, of the middle age, sprang out, and advanced up the graveled walk toward the porch.—Here he looked about, for some minutes, for a bell-pull, but not discovering one, drew off one of his white kid-gloves, and was about making a demonstration upon one of the door-posts, when Mary Lysle, who had observed the arrival of the equipage from a window, came forward to meet him.

"Ah! some one here at last," said the visitor, with a curl of the under lip, as he glanced with the familiar *nonchalance* of a man of a man of fashion, at Mary through his eye-glass. "I thought the place was deserted.—What a shocking state your garden is in, madam," was his abrupt salutation, as she approached him.

"Sir!" was all that the bewildered wife could answer.

"I merely alluded to the condition of your roses and peonies," said the stranger, who perceived that he had gone too far, and now wished to retrieve his error.

"If you desire to see my husband, sir," began Mary, who had little doubt as to the object of the stranger's visit, and now recoiled from taking that step which she had previously determined on.

"Oh, no!" replied the stranger, carelessly; "you need not trouble your husband. My agent, I suppose, has arranged our little affair, and I detest all afterclasps."

"Our little affair!" Mary thought. "What a great difference there was in some peoples' opinions. To her visitor, with his enormous wealth, the disposal of the farm might seem a little affair—an every-day occurrence, as, in truth; but to her it was the most important even of her life.

"My visit, however," pursued the proprietor, "was not altogether an idle one, and, with your acquiescence, I will take a stroll through the premises, in order to note what improvements may be made in the general appearance of the place. Appearances go a great way, you know!—before disposing of it to another."

"If that is the case, said Mary, eagerly—resolved to seize the first favorable moment for putting her plans into operation, although the flippant manner of her visitor gave her but little prospects of success,—if that is the case, I will be your guide, sir. My husband would wait upon you himself, but at this moment I do not know exactly where to look for him."

"I dare say, he might be found at the tavern, if we wanted him!" adjudged the visitor, with no apparent interest in the question.

The cheeks and brow of Mary Lysle became suffused from indignation at this imputation upon her husband's habits, for Lysle was noted from one end of the valley to the other, as the most industrious and sober man within its precincts.

"You know but little of my husband, if you can for a moment suppose such to be his character," she said. "But it may be that his wife's word is insufficient; if so, there is the village clergyman, who will endorse it, and fifty more beside, if need should be."

"I prefer taking your word, Mrs. Lysle.—By-the-by, I think you said your husband's name is Walter?"

"You will find it in the agreement, sir," replied Mary."

"A thing I never looked at, Mrs. Lysle.—My agent has the control of all those matters. But we'll look at the premises, if you please. Walter Lysle, eh? Walter Lysle"—and the visitor kept repeating the name absently to himself, until they were fairly inside the house, when his attention was riveted by a portrait of Lysle, himself which hung suspended from a nail above the hearth.

"It's very extraordinary," soliloquised the proprietor, having apparently lost sight of the fact that Mary accompanied him. "Walter Lysle, eh?"

"My husband, sir," exclaimed Mary, wondering what it could all mean, and half inclined to imagine her visitor crazy.

"Not a bad-looking fellow, either," said her visitor. "To look at his portrait, one would hardly suppose that he was given to indolence.

"There is not a more industrious man in the valley," said Mary, warmly.

"Then how comes it that he has suffered everything about his premises to go to ruin?" asked the proprietor, looking full at Mary.

"Oh! sir," she answered,—"if you only knew—if you could but imagine, the state of mind he is in at this moment, you would not ask the cause. Before it came to be known that we were to leave this place, my husband was as diligent as need be, and everything looked bright and snug around us. But I do believe, that even since your agent came into the valley, the thought of leaving it has turned his brain."

"And is he really so much attached to the place?"

"Attached to it? I believe he loves it almost as well as he loves me!"—Mary answered, with a blush.

"He is a good husband then?"

"It does not become me to speak as I would," replied Mary—whose bosom was almost bursting to reveal the thoughts which it harbored—"but I had rather strive on a crust a day, with him than be the wife of the wealthiest gentleman living?"

"I applaud your devotion," said the proprietor, turning depart. "I wish I could say as I always should her to think of."

"Stay, sir—one word, you go: may we not—oh! may we not keep the farm?"

"I'll *think* of it," was all he answered, as he left the cottage; and as he sauntered down the lawn toward his carriage, Mary could hear him repeating to himself;—"Walter Lysle—Lysle—Lysle—Lysle. How very extraordinary."

The noontide hour,—at which time Mary had always been accustomed to seeing her husband at home, whatever the business which called him forth—had long gone by, and her heart, unaccustomed to such trials was again beginning to sink within her, when a hasty step was heard approaching the cottage. Mary started up, and in another moment was clasped the arms of one, whom from his altered appearance, one would have pronounced to be any but the same Walter Lysle who had left that spot in the morning so wretched and downcast.

"Joy! joy! my dearest Mary," was his first breathless exclamation—"*the farm is ours!*"

"Ours, Walter?"

"Aye, *ours*, Mary; our own, to have and to hold forever!"

"Forever! Walter—you must be distraught?"

"No, Mary—I am not distraught, though I soon may be. But it will be with joy. We need not fear to look at our shadows now, wife. Thanks to the generosity of our new landlord, I am once more a happy man."

"And I am a happy little woman," cried Mary, clapping her little hands in an ecstacy of delight.

"But while we indulge in our newly acquired happiness," said Walter, "we must not forget to whom that happiness is due. I have thanked the agent for the part he had in the matter, but it must not rest here. I must go find our benefactor, and thank him, too."

"You need not go far to do that, either," said a good-natured voice at his elbow.

Walter turned and looked steadily at the intruder for some moments, when all at once his face lighted up, like a lake when a sunbeam has suddenly burst upon it, and, with the single exclamation, "*William Kennedy!*" he rushed into the arms of his quandom playmate.

It was, indeed, no other than his schoolboy friend, who, in the person of his benefactor, had come to renew that acquaintance which circumstances had so long dissolved, and to redeem the promise of support and assistance which both had exchanged at parting.

That night was a happy one at the cottage of the Lisles, and many a like occasion was celebrated upon the self-same spot, when, in after years, William Kennedy paid a visit to the friend of his youth.

A HIGH COMPLIMENT.—To the credit, says an exchange, of that useful and patriotic class, the *printers*, be it said, that, among all the men who have been published as deserters from the army, not one was a printer—of all the soldiers punished for disobedience of orders, not one is a printer. The printers who have entered the service, compared with their numbers in this country as to other classes, will average three to one in their favor.—Those facts are most complimentary to this valuable and numerous class of the American people. *Who* would not be a printer?