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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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A Name in the Hand.

BY MISS H. G. GALE.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,

A pebbly shell was in my hand,

I stooped and wrote upon the sand

My name, the year, the day.

As onward from the spot I passed,

One lingering look I fondly cast,

A wave came rolling high and fast,

And washed my love away.

And so thoughtful 'twill surely be

With every mark on earth from me!

The wave of dark oblivion's sea

Will sweep across the place

Where I have trod—the sunny shore

Of time—and be to me unknown;

Oh! may thy day—the one I love,

To leave no track nor trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sand,

And holds the waves in his hand,

Oh! let a loving record stand.

For, had I not my name,

On all the most of earth but thought—

Oh! I should have been but thought,

And I should have been but thought,

Oh! I should have been but thought,

Lizzie was the sweetest, purest, sunniest being in all the village, notwithstanding the domestic cloud that had obscured her sky from her earliest memory. Every body loved and admired her—old and young were happy when Lizzie was in sight; for she wore the most contagious smile, and was so overflowing with exuberant but repressed gladness—repressed into becoming sobriety and resignation; when she was in Miss Morgan's presence, I mean. She was the very pink of attention and conformity at home. She kept the silver bowl spectacles as bright as if they were never out of the red morocco case; she soiled in state upon that maidenly nose; and Aunt Penelope declared with great deliberation and solemnity that "in regard to that very womanly virtue, neatness, Elizabeth approached her self quite as nearly as any woman had ever done."

I said she was the pink of conformity, too. If Miss Penelope was annoyed by the liberty Lizzie's beautiful hair would permit in taking, to curl over her tinted cheeks and white neck, she would train the unwilling culprit, after some resistance on its part, into a plait no less beautiful, except that it was artificial. Aunt Penelope took it into her head to object to the brilliant lustre of Lizzie's large laughing mischievous eyes, so she dropped the pearl liss to hide the multiplied mirth that would have flashed out from them, at the ludicrous fancy, till the shadow of the long, curved, silver lashes fell on her cheek, and made her look more like a Venus than ever. Now, about this time it came to pass that old Tristram Tinker, Esq., the lawyer who had grown rich on the quackeries of his fellow citizens for the last thirty years, died; because he must, not because he chose. His son and heir had proved a very notoriously obstinate young man, and instead of yielding to parental authority and joining over the dusty old books in his father's law library—I assume you, reader, he had done other than a law library—preparatory to succession in practice, he had wittily insisted on becoming a flourishing young merchant in his native village; so his father's hair, which he had left after such acute thinking as his kidney had required, went down in sorrow to the grave on that and one other account—namely, that the spots he had gathered from the ascendancy of evil passions in society, would find their way into some other pocket.

Littleton Vattel Tinker, for he had the advantage of legal name, not a legal nature, was a great admirer of a certain pair of luminous eyes, the inalienable property of prim Miss Penelope Morgan's niece. But Mr. Littleton Vattel Tinker had heard that the same "relic of the ark family," as he profanely called her, *ant* I mean, said of him "that any woman would condescend imperiously to marry him!" He had a very high opinion of himself, at least he held himself in as good estimation as his young man in general. He had very black hair and whiskers, and he kept both decorously trimmed, and he brushed both every time he went into his counting room, which was not seldom, for he was rather a bustling merchant; he was neither awkwardly tall, nor vulgarly short, neither thin enough to represent famine, nor thick enough to suggest that he descended from the Falstaffs or Lamberts. He wore gold spectacles, because his eyes were gray—he said because he was near-sighted, and offended his friends by unintentional neglect of recognition—kept his broadsword as nice as it lay in the nature of a brush, industriously applied, to make it—carried a gold headed cane—possessed a large and liberal purse—rode in a fine city-built chaise, with a beautiful horse, (I confess the best item of the inventory would have had weight with me,) and what condescension could there be in marrying him?

"So, grapes in old Penelope, nothing else comfortably solicited. Littleton—"She wanted me to condescend to marry her portly, round neck, and she is an angel, that Lizzie Morgan! I'll marry her to-morrow, only it would please her aunt."

That was no reason why he did not marry her—he knew she was infinitely his superior, in mind, and soul, and talent and every thing high and noble and pure; and he had every reason to know that beautiful Lizzie Morgan was too much of her aunt's opinion respecting him, however she might dissent from the principle in general.

The people of—ville, had an unusual amount of business; for a lawyer—used as they had been to a suit and enforce the rights of citizen with citizen by the strong arm of law, they could no more do without a representative of the legal profession, than they could without the Rev. Zebulon Bidley, who had so long and so faithfully managed matters ecclesiastical, to their entire satisfaction. To meet this necessity, occasioned by the demise of Tristram Tinker, Esq., by uniting a son, Cornelius Haliburton, Esq., a young lawyer of respectable parentage, great energy and perseverance of character, with upright and laudable intentions in his manly soul, and a reverence for what was high, and a contempt for what was low in his profession, I say Cornelius Haliburton, Esq., was invited to make his home in—ville.

He had been there some time before he had a sight of Lizzie Morgan, for Aunt Penelope had an instinctive horror of lawyers and sheriffs, and all other such knaves, and she conscientiously kept herself and Lizzie out of the way of them. She solemnly enjoined it upon Lizzie—and Lizzie was a little curious to take some observations on that young lawyer—to keep her face modestly turned the other way in going out of church—to wear her veil down when she stood up to hear the singing, and a long catalogue of decorous and enterprising, like a pebble's waves, too numerous to mention. She reiterated her anti-matrimonial doctrines, and waxed so fervid on the subject, that Lizzie began to grow superstitious, and fancied that her aunt knew by the stars or some other way that something was about to befall her.

Aunt Penelope said of ministers, that they were as poor as the mice that stole a scanty life on the crumbs charitable old women scattered in their churches—so it was condescension to marry a clergyman. Of doctors, and that was an awful crime; besides they put short many valuable life by their vile nostrums, and were a hardened and heartless set of men—sheer fools, no woman of true quality should condescend to marry a physician. Of mercantiles, she declared the very nature of the profession narrowed the soul to the capacity of a hazzard—and anxieties for more; a man that would serve for the half cent in making change with a poor customer for a pint of quinine, would it not be condescending to marry him. Of lawyers,—very certainly Aunt Penelope found her self impotent to express the extent of her abhorrence of legal men. "They are an impudent, prying, rascally, printing set," she said, "and the woman who would look complacently at a lawyer is no woman at all!"

But, strange to tell, the more nervously Aunt Penelope declaimed against lawyers, the more vividly a great deal there rose before Lizzie Morgan's vision, a fine, tall figure, an open intellectual brow, a pair of beautiful blue eyes, a jar of lustrous black whiskers, and whatever else might sum up the personal appearance of Cornelius Haliburton, Esq. She ventured no opinion to Aunt Penelope's sentiments, but she inwardly hoped she should somehow get an introduction to that gentleman in question; and he most earnestly and devoutly hoped, on his part, that he should get a chance to look once in that sweet face, impudently as she might be. Such mutual wishes are always managed to an accomplishment. But it was the most accident in the world, an ill-considered accident, so thought the parties, concerned. Now, who would believe that Aunt Penelope Morgan herself, was the innocent instrument of that consummation? If she had been a Roman Catholic she would have made confession of it among her great sins to the day of her death.

It rained like a young deluge one morning, Aunt Penelope was sick with a terrible cold, and she was in her bed in her own room; Lizzie was sitting at her feet ministering to all her wants, and humming all her prayers. The door bell rang—"Elizabeth," said Aunt Penelope with great deliberation, "Polly is making my cough-syrup, and she must not leave it one moment. Just step down to the door and take the milk, I presume it is the milkman." Lizzie knew the milkman, had paid his visit long before.

It happened that Mr. Haliburton was doing legal business for a man whose territories bordered on Aunt Penelope's, and it became necessary to know exactly all about the "stakes and stones," the acre, rods and rods of the respective possessions. Nobody but Miss Morgan had the original documents defining the boundaries, and he must just through an interview with the mortal enemy of his entire profession—Miss Penelope Morgan. He had been told it was every farthing as much as a man's neck was worth to persuade that lady into any such accommodation, but as he was a man of indomitable courage, he ventured, though to own the truth, he did tremble some when he laid his hand on the knob to ring for admission within vestal precincts. His umbrella was dripping wet, and he knew that ladies of Miss Morgan's temperment had a horror of stains left on carpets by the drippings of a black cotton umbrella.

He expected the servant to open the door, for he knew that Miss Morgan was an aristocrat of the very highest sort, so he was not prepared with his most graceful bow when he heard the hot dry back, and saw before him the very face of all others he most desired to see. Cornelius Haliburton, self-possessed as he generally was, and specially prepared for extremities as he was on this occasion, was quite unamused—he bowed awkwardly, and then followed an embarrassing silence, for his recent thoughts had deserted him, and he could neither think what was his errand, nor the name of the lady he wanted to see. He wished the torrent that was pouring off his umbrella would wash him away.

Lizzie was a white morning-dress. She had not time to braid her hair that morning, and it was curling; nearly over her beautiful neck. She blushed and then turned pale, at the changes of expression that swept over her face, and the half-glances, half terror, he read in her eyes only added to Mr. Haliburton's confusion.

"Miss—Miss—the lady of the house at home," he finally stammered.

"She is sick this morning, and not able to see company, sir," Haliburton lingered. His senses began to recover from their sudden stupefaction.

"What she ask me to come in? Not by any manner of interpretation is it hospitable to leave a man standing out under such a shower as this," thought he. Lizzie did invite him in, and he went in; low long he stood, I must not reveal. Lizzie left Aunt Penelope to fancy he was a milkman, and enjoyed to the last degree the reminiscence of the morning call.

The boundary business was long and perplexing, and how many calls it made indispensable. I will not hazard an estimate, but it might be regarded extravagant. But when that was done, Cornelius Haliburton, Esq., to and him-off very inextricably in love with sweet Lizzie Morgan, and he thought she loved him, too. He offered