THE ERIE OBSERVER FONWARD. -----

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 2, 1849.

POETRY AND MISCELLANY | about mo. and promised to renew may visit before it should ho exhausted

VOLUME 20.

It was my intention to have gone in a day or two; but Written for the Erie Observet. the following circumstance prevented my doing so for a NATURE'S MINSTRELSY. whole week.

etructions.

Henry Masters-

inctly.

man."

ous one.

On his arrival in England he succeeded in obtaining a

lucrative situation, and for a brief period all was woll;

Friendless, and alone she struggled against the stream

This was a slight outline of her sad history. At its

conclusion she burst into a violent paroxysm of tears .-

companied by several voices talking in a surpressed

one, made no start from my seat. I undid the latch,

"It is my husband! my poor husband!" exclaimed the

"Yos; and drunk as usual!" added the man in a bri

I cast but one look at the face of the lost being at my

"For God's sake!" said 1, pursuing and coming up

man. Here is money; and I will pay you better by and

Money made them Samaritans-they hurried off to

obey me. I returned. On the floor, and in a state of

insensibility, lay stretched the long-neglecting, degraded

husband; and hanging over him in all the agony of

"Henry! Henry !" she shricked, "oh! speak to me!

speak! but one word!" But he spoke not; his mouth was

"Look at me!" she continued, pressing his hand

"look at me;" and she spoke with a winning affection

of tone and manner, that consciousness could not have

withstood; but his cars were scaled, and his eyes full and

doubt and fear, the neglected, long-enduring wife.

was a picture that touched me to the quick.

rightfully distorted; his lips livid and frothy.

with the party who had just loft us, "fetch mo a medical

feet. It was enough; distortion was in every feature!

tal manner, as he slammed the door after him.

"Who is this? and what is the matter?"

wretched wife, springing forward.

indeed found her!

sonsoless state.

lixed.

claim upon you to such an extent. I-"

by geonor 'Tell me not in glootny' accents Earth's but a burial-ground, That oe'r its extended surface No springs of true joy abound: Tell me not, mid Nature's voices Murm'riug in their measur'd swieep. There's no low-breathing harmony, Or no music soft and deep Myriad voicesstrike the ear

Of intellectual life; Returning seasons in their found With clear melody are rife; When Spring steps forth in new robes dressed. With her ministrels in her train, She calls, from fields and groves and woods, The flowers from out the plain

And night winds,-looing as they seem-

And branches waving to and fro, like

Figh among the leaf-clad trees.

Angel whispring melodies;



Or like lovers at hour of eve, Sadly looking on the skies When parting, heave a long-drawn sigh. And whipe tear drops from their eyes

The rain drops falling on the earth Chant a sweet cold water song. And mocking brooks from hundred hills The echo far off prolong .--In summer days, what coim deight! Round a thousand miustrels ring, We're started from repose, at slawn The gay birds get up and sing;

If Nature's joyous, vocal thus, On then, why should we repine. Why gather up the thorns of earth And let the flowers decline? All these are vain, they have no charm Noteven a cheering word, To calm the spirit's restlers flow. If one voice is never heard:

That voice has Friendship, deep, sincere, Warm and gushing from the soul, Oh let the cadence float aldig. And our froward ways contro': Her singing lips, and love-lit ever Yield beliest symphony; Tikey move the heart's great fountain deep And stir the soul to sympathy Eric, May 15, 1840.

THE RECONCILIATION:

OR THE DREAM. A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

ET OLD NICHOLAS.

boy, as I passed the step of a door on which he was sitting.

manner of the supplicant, that I stopped. "Yes," said P. and I took one from my pocket.

I looked the child in the face; there was a degree of band, a reckless and inverse drunkard, judging from intelligence that commanded attention; an expression, the food he found at home, that from some quarter or too, that for a moment I fancied I had seen before. As I put the money into his hand I asked him where

he lived.

ing made some inquiries as to the length of time he had enter that blessed path which the happy trod; but sudbeen in the state he saw, at once prenounced his fears denly it was barred against me! An angel with frow for the very worst. He immediately blod him in the ning aspect waved measured, among a countless herd as arm, and as quickly as possible capped hint freely it the wretched as myself. A cloud passed over us; our souls neck. During the later operation his patient showed for sank within us; it shut us out for ever from even the an instant some signs of returning feeling, and this, by glimmorings of hope. I thought that we fell, and fell

On the next morning early I was sent for by an old gentleman with whom I was on terms of great intimacy, although our acquaintance was not of long standing .-He was extremely ill, and wished to make a disposition of his property. I took a pon, and waited, for his in-

"I give and bequeath," said the invalid, "all moneys, houses, lands, and whatsoever elso I may die possessed who was his ministering angel had been a vietim to ern- perdition was before mo! One plunge more, still a lake of, to-" He paused, as if considering. Suddenly his countenance indicated a strong internal struggle, as if if he felt that he was looking his last. It was a linger- engulf me for evert Myriads beheld it too, and now bitter recollections game upon him, which he was deter nined to discard. I put down my pen. "Go on, sir! go on !" said he, hurriedly. "To-t

I started with astonishment. It was my own name. "You cannot mean this, sir!" said I. "I have in denied him such a blessing. I need not, will not go in. and soothod him. "To Henry Masters," he repeated slowly and dis o fulle detail. He died the same afternoon, some lew ours after he had been brought home.

I approached his pillow. "My dear friend, I have heard that you have a child. Ought-not-" He put his hand upon my arm. "Child! Oh yes! give orders for its interment. The widow and children thank thee, God! it was a dream!" know it, but I had lorgotten it until this bour. For years I resolved to place with a relative of my own until the I have forgetten it! Why think of it now? I will not futteral should have taken place. I did so. Before tathink of it!" he exclaimed violently; then falling back king leave, I begged the heart-broken woman to tell to him ones more, to ask him but one question-to sat-

and exerting extraordinary self-control, he again repeated more decisively than before, "To Henry Masters." America on her behalf. "Friends," said she, "I have none. My hother was I could not bear to write down words that would chut my only friend, and she is gone !" out a child forever without another effort: 1 commenced in a persuasive manner; but he instantly interrupt-"But you have a futher," said I.

"I know not," she continued; I have not known ed mo; and his look and tone I shall not readily forget. "Sir, " said he, "I maile up my mind on the most imears. Most likely he is gone too! portant part of this matter years ago, when I had health, "At any rate I will write-" "Not to America," she replied; "for when my po and strength, and intellect about me. It is not honest

to try and make me alter new that I am an imbecile eld mother died, he left it, I know never to return." "And his name?" said I, leading her to the point upon I could say no more. He again repeated his instrucwhich I wished information. "His name was-"

"Jackson." said the monner. tions, and I reluctantly obeyed them. Why did I start at this single word? .Why did my For some days I was his constant attendant; indeed I words hurry rapidly on one after another as I questioned had at first intended. scarcely ever left his bedside. Occasionally his mind randered, and then his mutterings—for they were little her as to the Christian name? and why, when I learnt it was Adam-Adam Jackson-did my frame tremble, my widow and her shild, I found the former sitting on the etter-had evidently connection with his last rational ountenance thatigo its hue, my heart beat audibly? onversation-the disposition of his property. Bitter "Oh, God!" said[1, inwardly, "if it should be so!exclamations about his child-his doughter, plainly howed that, though disowed, she was not, and could I sent for a coach; and, handing in my still weeping I not be forgotton. Once or twice he became calm and ompanion, and the little fellow whom I had first seen, lesired the man to drive to Mortimer-street. It was the 17 Whose house is this?" then solding a book from the perfactly collected, and on each opportunity I endeavorresidence of my dying friend. Showing the mother and table, she continued, "this book-this old book was my d to bring him to a consideration of the step he had taher child into a room below. I hurried up stairs to his fathor's; it was his own bible! Here is his name, written ken: but in vain It was the only subject upon which he would not hear mo. I learned from the physician in bed-chamber. I had already been absent several hours onger than I had intended. When I drew aside the curattendance that his recovery was perfectly hopeless: but "WILL you give me a penny, sir?" said a little ragged that he might linger some little time. I longed to see tain, the old man turned his eyes towards me: they were my poor dependents again, and, one morning when my deep, sunken, and glassy; his features, angular and oman. ciated as they had long been, were now perfectly ghastly. patient had fallen into a deep slumber, I took my hat,

There was somethind so unbeggarly in the tone and and, quietly stealing from the chamber directed my foot- I was pninfully struck with the advances which death had steps to their abode. The family were in a state little made towards his victim. better than when I first saw thom. The woman's hus-My friend looked steadfastly of me for some minutes,

without any token or sign of recognition. I spoke, and my voice, aiding perhaps his fast-falling memory, called other assistance had been given, forced the fact from his to his recollection. He grasped my hand with a con- not be evasive, for her whole being seemed to hang on trembling partner, and then nearly the whole of the little valsive force, so great that his bony fingers actually gave

noney I had left behind; since which violence he had me pain.

the look with which he gazed upon his agonized wife .-- deeper, and yet deeper, gathering in numbers as we fell! To attempt to describe that look would be attempting Groans and blasphemies were in my ear; impenetrable that to which do language is equal. I think no pencil darknoss above, and hell below! I shricked madly! I could have ever done it, much less a pen. It was one was answered by my shricks! A thousand times I which told that the vision of his past life, concentred, grasped at objects to stay my fall: I clutched them, but flashed suddenly before him; a life during which she they yielded and helped me not! Hopeless and eternal

elty and noglect: there was an intensity of gaze, too, as whose flames were of fire—fire inextinguishipble, would ing spark of affliction struggling into light through the one universal scream of horror, ono 1g's to real twenty dark horrors of remorse. Again and again she breathed worlds, burst upon me!" comfort and reconciliation into his car. I know not liere the old man was so excited with the recital of

whether her words reached his heart. I fear that with these imaginary horrors, that I could with difficulty the exception of that one momentary gleam of reality. hold him in my arms. His frame quivered, his ever there was a prostration of power and intellect which glared with an unnatural glower and brightness. Espoke "The sound is now in my cars!" he exclaimed wildly

Almost instantly after, he added, as calmly. "I awoke" I hired a period s to perform the necessary duties to the I am awake!" and clasping his withered hands together. leparted, and to remain with the corpse until I could and raising his ever to heaven, he said fervently. "I

Almost immediately afterwards the fell back on hi pillow, perfectly exhausted .- Anxious as I was to speak me her family name, that I might write to her friends in | isly my more than surmises, I could not-dured not dot it as he then was, I watched, ah! how eagerly, to see his eyes open, his lips move, that I might address myself to him, but he lay in a state of complete stupor; 1 trembled as I gazed, least he might never move again .-After some little time passed in this state of painful susponse, and still no sign of returning consciousness. grew more alarmed, lest when he did recover, it might be but for a moment, as I knew it to be a not unfrequent case, and that I might have no time to inquire into the upon my mind, I determined at once upon hurrying down stairs, and satisfying myself in a more direct way than I

When I entered the room, in which I had left, the perceiving me she exclaimed, and her voice upmbled with grief and agitation. "For God's sake, sir! where am years past by my own hand." And turning to the first page, on which was inscribed, "Adam Jackson, New York," she held it to my eyes, standing motionless as a

Confirmed thus suddenly in the suspicion that had rossed my mind on first hearing hor history and name, was so bewildered that I knew not what reply to make. feared to tell her at ouce that she was under her father's roof, that he same walls, eaclosed thent, lest in

her debilitated state, it might prove too much; I could the explanation she waited for. Tortured by my silence, she seized my rist violently

cod myself between him and his child.

ler.

the brink of the grave !!!

rushed into his arms-the curtain was between them,

and he was slightly turned from her, so, that the movo-

She sank down, but a half-suppressed and cheaking

"Do you understand me?" he continued, speliking

Had I wished to have delayed longer the meeting be-

Ho moved! He turned as if again to address

She, whom with his dying breath he had blessed, and

of his thoughts, stood in life, if such indeed it might be

physician: I took him aside and hurriedly explained

THE EMIGRANTS TOMB.

Deen in the western forest's shade, In the green recess of a sunless glade, Where the wild cik stalks, and where strange flowers bloo Is a rough-hown mound-the emigrant's torub,

In the curraid isle, far o'er the wave, The friends he loved had found a grave; But one fair bosom-his hope, his pride-Was left to him when the rest had died.

One fair little child his love to prove-The only thing he had now to love-Still cheer'd the heart of the lonely An Hift up the check that was sunk and wan.

At length the star of the poor man's digit, The one that made his home seem bright, Like a blighted flower she pined and died, And he sought a home o'er the ocean wide

To the plains of the western world he sailed; But his eve had dimuted, and his check had paled; He died where the proud ship had touched the strand. And they made him a tomb in this foreign land.

THE ITALIAN PLOWER GIRL

BY HENRY O. LEP. From Godey's Lady's Book .

On returning, after an absence of some years from ny native city. I met, among other well remembered and kind to take this early occasion in the instance of this companion. Horbert Belrose. Most cordially did he the bread. A dressmaker in the house saw the process grasp my hend, showing that the fire of early friendship go on through the whole day; and became so dreadfully still burned brightly in his bosont;

"You must come home and take toa with me." said he, as he stood holding my hand tightly in his.

"Then you are married?" I returned. f Citizeus. So you must accept my invitation. I will by its being shut up in a closet. It was brought out by call for you as I leave my counting-room this afternoon. candlelight, stretched helpless across the nurse's arms, It will be delightful to have a good chat about old fimes."] its voice lost, eyes sunk and staring, its muscles shrunk, the time agreed upon, Belrose called for me. On being midnight. The bit of bread was thrust into the powers striking coincidence, to say the least of it, that had so presented to his wife. mas surprised to meet a young less hand: no resistance was offered by the unconscious extraordinarily presented itself to me. With this fear and exquisitely beautiful woman, with foreign accent and features. There was something very striking in her and the devil, was declared to be guined. The dress whole aspect. Once seen, you could never forget her: you seemed to be gazing on some pictured form, a paint-

stant admiration, how much more charmed was I. after sofe, her face buried in her hand s-the boys was at her the reserve of our first meeting wore away, to note the up a bit of bread before his babe. The affair made so feet. As I approached she looked up; immediat ly on simple but true grace of every motion, and to listen to the much noise, that he was, after some time, compelled to music of hor voice, as she joined, with more than ordinary intelligence, in the conversation that followed.

forth the embodiment of some beautiful ideal, long dwelling in the regions of fancy." "The story is a romantic one," replied my friend,

smiling. "Will you relate it?"

"Oh, certainly, if you think you will feel interes nough to liston."

"Let no hear it by all moants;" said I. My friend then related the following story:

Yars ----"Three years ago, I went to Europe and passed brough linky. On the day of my arrival at Naples, as 1 was passing along one of the streets, a lovely young girl, with a basket of flowers on her arm, approaching with a smile, presented a handsome bouquet, and in her musical Italian asked me to accept it. Such a favor from

NUMBER 3.

BREAKING A CHILD'S WILL. The commonest mistake is to indulge the child's self-

vill, as the easiest course at the moment. Immediate peace and quiet are sought by giving the child whatever it clamours for, and letting it do whatever it likes its own way. We need not wasie words on this tremendous mistake. Everybody knows what a spoiled child is; and tiobody protonds to stand up for the method of its educaion. I think guild as ill of the opposite mistake, of the method which goes by the name of breaking the child's will; a method adopted by some really consciontious parents because they think religion requires it. When I was in America, I know a gentleman who thought it his first duty to break the wills of his children; and he set about it zealously and early. He was a clergyman, and the president of the university; the study of his life had been the nature and training of the human mind; and the following is the way he chose-misled by a false and cruel religion of Fear-to subdue and destroy the great aculty of will. An infant of (I think) about eleven mohths old was to be weaned. A piece of bread was of: fored the babe; and the babe turned away from it. Its father said that it was necessary to break down the rebellious will of every child for once; that, if done early enouigh, once would suffice; and that it would be right and cherished friends, my old school mate and college child. The child was therefore to be compelled to ent interested that she could not go away at night till the matter was finished. Of course, the bit of bread became more and more the subject of disgust and then of terror to the infant, the more it was forced upon its attention .--"Oh, yes! I belong to the sober stay-at-home class | Bours of crying, shricking and mouning, were followed I assented, well pleased at the arrangement, and, at his appearance that of a dying child. It was now near sufferer; and the victory over the evil powers of the flesh maker wont home, bursting with grief and indignation and told the story; and when the president went abroad er's dream of loveliness. But, if her face was my in- the next morning, he found the red brick walls of the university covered with chalk portraits of himselfholding publish a justification of himself. The justificationamounted to what was well understood throughout; that "Where did you meet with this lovely woman? said I he conscientiously believed it his duty to take an early Belrose, at our next meeting. "To me, she stood opportunity to break the child's will, for its own sake .--There remained for his readers the old wonder whiere he could find in the book of Glad Tidings so cruel a con-

tradiction of that law of love which stands written en every parent's heart,-Household Education, by Harrief Martineau." WHO SALTED THE SEA. - The following scene is reported to have occured on board a steamer carrying de-

achiments of Alabama and Louisana volunteers to the late

One tall volunteer from the pine land of Alabama, wes unhappy for the want of employment. He saunted along "for something to do," when it occured to him that he might, as he expressed it, "take a good wash." He was a tall, land fellow, with a shocky head of dry, grassy hair langing down to his shoulders. With a deliberation confair young stranger was not; of course, to be declined. sistent with an idle sea voyage, he commenced rubbing In taking it I looked earnestly into her sweet face, and the turpentine soap of the ship into his hair and skin with her eyes lingered for a moment or two in mine; then she commendable vehemence. He had cause to take a turned, and was lost in the crowd of people that filled the great deal of pains, for, he observed to himself, "that he had an acre of barrack mud on him." It must be observed that all this while the vessel was blowthe hotel, he did not seem much surprised. His remark ing further out into the sea; and by this time the Mississippilwater in the wash room had become exhausted, and he threw a hucket over the vessel's side to replenish his basin The first dash he made was at fis fload. The turpentine of the soap and the salide and the water soon formed a combination, and the oily qualities of the soap disappeared, and left somthing in its stead resembling tar .--faint voice he called me by my name. I carefully pla- too. All this a pair of bright Italian oyes can see at a Two or three rakes of the furgers through the hair eles. vated it upright on the Alabamian's head, stiff as the guilf of a percupine. "That's another trick played upon me," said the unwashed, in a rage, his hair still growing fiercer. At this moment the water driped his face, and he commenced spitting, as if natiseated to the last degree .--Cooly and determinately he went to his belt, tood a "bowie" some fifteen inches long, and delivered nimself hus:-"Some of them, thar Louisanians have played tricks enuff on me. Now, if any one dare, let him fetch me the one that put salt in this cre water!" PROOF READING .-- Proof-readers are sometimes very negligent. In speaking of Goy. McDowell's spearts, the manuscript said "Many members scept, and among them Mr. Speaker Winthrop more than once gave way to his feelings in a flood of tears." The printed copy read, "Many members slept, and Mr. Spoaker Winthrop more than once gave way to his feelings in a mus of beer." A CALCULATING BJARUER .- The landlord of a hotel at the South remarked with considerably dismay that one of his boarders had a most inordinate appetite. He very "One day, a week after my arrival in Naples, I rode patiently boro it for several days in silonce, indulging in out to onjoy the charming views everywhere presenting the hope that 'his boarder's appetite must certainly have themsolves. A few nulles from the city, I stopped to an end, but his hope proved delusive; at every meal his appetite seemed, if possible, to sharpen up; till at length the landlord, unable to stand it any longer, vontured to remonstrate with his boarder, and temarked to him "my friend, you cat so much that I shall certainly have to charge you an extra half dollar." "An extra half dollar!" replied his boarder, with a countenance the very picture delicate garden flowers, half hiding their beauty and de- of despair. "For goodness' sake, don't do that: I'm most stroying their perfume. While wandering amid these dead now, eating three dollars' worth, and if you put an fading evidences of former wealth and grandeur, I came | extra half dollars' worth, on I shall certainly sue you for manslau hter."-[N. Y. Mirror. "The FREE MISONS," said an inquisitive genius, "are always good natured, and I should really like to know the reason?" "Why" replied a "Royal Arch" "when we are initiated, they heat the gridiron so hot, that it takes all temper out of us." One of the most sublime slights in the world is a man carrying a hod up a ladder without dropping a single brick out of it. It is exceeded only by an editor writing a dozen articles at once and making no mistake in either of them. IT The science of surgeory is making rapstrides towards perfection. A skillful surgeon can manufacture a respectable looking nose out of a slice of skin and flesh from the forshead, but Dr. Wildman, of Georgia, has carried the science one step forward, and had made an entire lower lip for a young lady out of a slice of the days; but i right check. The young lady had, through an injudicious administration of calomel, lost a portion of her lower jaw and the entire lip. She stands therefore as a living monument of the ignorance and the skill to be found in same profession. DT A jolly husband not a thousand miles from Ban gof. Who had been out on a bit of a spree, was saluted & his better half on his return with-"Oh, you hard hears wretch!" The husband mockly replied that he dan't think his heart could be verry hard. for he'd been woak. ing it" for the last forty eight hours! would have been less than human. All in my power to do, to make less crushing the sorrow that was pressing upon her heart, was done. Learning, after the burial of father, that she was the last of her line, and that she stood friendless in the world, I procured her a temporary home in a highly respectable English family to whom t had been introduced. Here I saw hor daily; and you will not be surprised at the result. You have mot the Stalian flower girl. Ethe is my wife." - 15 - 15

"In a court over the brid "With your mother?" "Yes, sir; and athor and sisters?"

I beckoned him from the main street to learn more .-In a few minutes I heard enough to determine me on accompanying him home. We crossed Blackfriar's Bridge, and after wending through several courts and ringe, hving with her parents in comfort and affluence alleys, on the Surrey side, and close by the river, we in New York. . They, wished her to connect herself with

stopped at a small hovel, which appeared fit only for the a man with whom she felt she never could be happy, and abode of wretchedness and misory. The child pushed the door open, and we entered. In secretly for he was forbideen even her father's house .the centre of the floor, upon what appeared to be the re- Her father commanded, her mother persuaded; but it was mains of a piece of matting, sat a young woman of appa-

routly five or six and twenty. In her arms was an infant of very tender age; two or three little ones were huddled together in a corner, whose crying my appear- heart; and, though the daughted wept, the wife triumphance partially hushed.

Their mother raised her head from the baby as 1 ap. | lover had glossed over faults-nay, vices-which calmer n introding upon her sorrows. She answered not, but where all was frail. Her husband cruely neglected her: burst into tears. I offered her my arm to raiso her from she was a married widow! Children came about her:

the floor, and looked round, but in vain, for a chair or they were fatherless! Her mother tenderly loved her. stool, - the walls were bare. She was too weak to stand. and this wretchedness broke her heart! Herifather was of breathings of sorrow. For an instant I remained wrapt I stepped into the adjoining tenement-cottage I cannot sterner stuff. In the loss of his own partner, he said a

call it-and putting down half-a-crown on the table, murder had been committed, and hadoubly steeled himbegged the loan of an old chair, that was the only furni- self against its unnatural author. Then it was that in iurs of one side of the anariment.

When the poor creature was soated, I asked in what by her husband, who said he could get employment way I could best serve her. "Oh, sir!" she replied. "food -food for my poor little land he would lead a different life; and that, once re-

onea!"

I gave the little fellow who had been my conductor money, and bade him get some meat and bread. In an instant he was out of sight. I comforted as well as I cling only unto her." was able the apparently dying woman; told her the accident that had brought me to hor, and promised the litthe assistance that might be in my power. She would but soon the demon, Drunkonness, again laid hold on have spoken her thanks, but her strength was exhausted him, and he was lost forever. with the few words she had already uttered. The child. ren. encouraged by the kind tone of voice in which I of adversity; her health and strength soon failed her; and spoke, now one by one stole from their corner, and came she fell into utter destitution-in utter destitution I had round me. They would have been fine healthy creatures, if misery had not "marked them for hor own:" but the check was hollow, the eye sunken, the lip thin and livid. Hunger was fast consuming thom. As I In such moments words of consolution are but caustics, looked upon them my heart sank within me, and I could keeping open wounds they cannot cure; I attempted

not drive back the toars that forced themselves into my them not. The violence of this fit had in some degree eyes. They fell upon the forehead of the tallest of the exhausted itself, and I was about to speak of doing some group; she looked up, and seeing me weep, asked most thing for her children, when a knocking at the door ac-

pitcously, "Aro you hungry, sir too?"

Poor child! with her hunger had ever been associated and three mon entered boaring in their arms a fourth in

with tears; the sight of them put the question into her mouth.

They laid their burden on the floor with little ceremo-"No," said I; "I am not hungry; but you are, and ny, and would have departed without a word. shall soon be fed." "Star!" said I, seizing the arm of one of the party

"And mo?"_" and mo?"_" and mo?" exclaimed the others, their eyes glistoning as they spoke.

"Yes, all of you!" I answered.

Some time had now elapsed, and my little messenger did not make his appearance. I grow impatient: for they needed more substantil comfort than words. I moved to the door to look for him. Taking a few steps up the court, I found him leaning against the wall crying bitterly: on seeing me he hid his face in his hands.

"What is the matter?" said I; "and where is the money I gave you?"

"Father saw me, and took it away," sobbed he, "just as I was going into the baker's shop."

"Where is your father?" I asked.

"Over in the public-house," he continued, "tipsy; and because I cried, he boat me;" and here the poor litthe fellow, putting down his hands, showed me his eyo most frightfully cut.

My first impulse was to go over to the public-house; but, reflecting for an instant on the state of those I had just loft, I immediately wont and purchased such readydressed food as I thought would suffice for a good meal; and then, having had the child's wound properly attended to, I returned to enjoy the luxury of seeing this starving family comparatively happy and comfortable .---

When I took my departure I left what money I had A surgeon now came in; he looked at him, and hav-

not returned. Again I supplied the poor creatures with "I thought." said he, striving, but ineffectually, to raise refreshment, and attempted to soothe the only one whom himself in hed, "that you had neglected-left me in my food could not alone satisfy-the heart-broken mother. last trial. Sit down and como close to me. I have had She briefly told mo her story. It was indeed a pitea sleep-a long sleep, and a dream so horrible, so real.

that woking, though it be to die, is happiness! Come She was well connected; and at the time of her marcloser, he continued, "and I will tell you all. I thought that I saw my long eparted wife; she came to me in orrow, for our lost daughter was on her arm. She trove to speak, but could not: again and again she she refused. She was secretly plighted to another .strove, but bitter grief chocked her utterance. Sho took our child by the hand, and led her towards me; but I in vain. Her's was a passion that neither threat nor argument could weaken. She married, and was renonneed, close my cars to her supplications. They were the outthey told her, for ever! She turned to the chosen of her nomings of a contrite heart; but they touceed no not. She spoke in anguish of her little ones-her helpless lited! But alas! she leaned upon a broken reed. Her tie ones! and I laughed-langhed at her misery. Still she praved on, she bathed my feet with tears, she lifted proached her. I apologized for the liberty I had taken judges had detected, and she had fancied perfection her hands, and would have touched me, but I shrunk from her advances, and heartlossly commanded hor to bo gone! Her voice was suddenly stilled: I heard no sub, no sigh! I listened; but could not even detect the heavy

ment was unseen, with ano hand 1 forcibly restrained in gloomy and unrelenting anger. I turned, to gratify onco more the devil that was in mo; but she was gone! I sought for and called aloud,upon my wife; but she. tooutter despris the ter nor country, long urged to the step had duportant to -+ Here the old man paused; then placing my hand upon

here; and who solomnly promised that in a new his shoulder, so as to bring my half-averted face towards him, "You tremble," said he, "you tremble, and moved from his haunts of ruin and dissipation, he would | turn pale!" forswear them forever, and strive to keep holy that sa-

It was so: in spite of ever effort to appear composed. ered vow which bound him to "forsake all others, and I could not compose my foolings. I was about to speak. with difficulty, "My child! my daughter! God-God He put his finger on his hps as onjoying silonce. he bless! as I forgive her!" continued:

"You are hiready affected; you will shudder when tween the father and child, I could not have done it. you have heard me out. I thought that immediately on reing left alone, I was seized with an icy chilness, which By groat difficulty I had, up to this moment, restrained the racking impatience of the lutter, until I could I knew was the touch of death. I looked around for discover whether or not the old inan's dream had affechelp, but could find none. I proyed for some hands to ted what I had failed in. Now that it was obvious that assist, some voice to comfort me in my dving hour; but it had dono so, I drew uside the curtain. On beholding I prayed in vain- I heard but the echo of my own la-

the emaciated form of him from whom she had been so mentations; and was left to go down to the grave unlong parted, and who, but a few hours before, she had hended and alone." never thought to behold again, she stood horror-stricken, Again he paused; and so great were his excitement

and agitation, that I little expected he had strength to paralysed by the conflicting feelings that rushoil upon her. Her eyes were tearless, all sounds of sorrow hushresume; but, after some minutes he did so, and in theso ed: with hands clapsed, her head bent forward, her words: footures fixed, her form rig d and apparently breathless,

"I awoke: but in another world, or rather, when this sho scemed a statue of despair rather than a thing of world had passed away. As I rose from the tomb, but one thought, one feeling possessed me: I was going to be judged! Every thought, word, and action of my life had shared my resurrection, and stood palpably embedded shall I forget the agony of that moment! before me-a living picture. My last interview with my child was the farkest spot there. I shuddered as I beheld it. I strove, but oh! how vainly, to blot it out! An all-consuming fire was already lighted up within me, in the horrible conviction that this, even in its naked self, would endauger my salvation for ever! Suddenly a sound such as mortal ear had never heard before, burst on the trembling myriads around. It was a sound that filled all creation, calling all those who had ever been to be again, and to wait the word that should bless or sweep them into endless perdition. Millions upon millions had passed on in judgment; and I thought that tremblingly I approached the throno of grace! Mercy smiled upon me! and I looked with straining eyes after those forgiven spirits, who had gone before. I was about to follow, whon a witness came against me, at whose presence, consience-stricken, I fell prostrate in despair! My daughtor! my spurned and persecuted daughter! No voice of accusation was heard! No look of reproach from her!

Yet eilent and motionless, dejected and wan, as when I last beheld her, she told of the early orphanage into which she was stricken by my unnatural desertion! the from her mouth-a vossel had been ruptured! In less destitution which my avage vengeance had entailed! 1 trembled under the weight of these awful charges. I tried to lift my eyes to my child to win her intercession; but I had no power to move them from myself. I tried to speak; my tongue clove to my mouth, How-how you take these cherries?"

could I plead for mercy who had yielded none? Pressed on by thronging crowds yet behind, I advanced as if to sure."

and repeated in a loud and menacing tone, wild and haggard look betokened incipient maddess-"Whose house is this?" "It is the house," said I, mildly, "of Adam Jackson," "My father!" she shricked, hystorically, and fell streets. ensaless at my fect.

"In relating this incident to a young Englishman at Aftor considerable difficulty I restored her to compartive calmuess; I was then compelled to explain to her wast "One of the cunning flower girls. How much the situation of her parent without disguise, for, at first, did your benauet cost you?' she imperatively jusisted on seeing him. After this, she

" 'Nothing," I replied. "Why should it?" assured me she would be governed by my wishes. I led

"Ah! I perceive you don't understand these Italian hor to the sick chamber. As we entered I pullited to a spurned her away. I steeled my heart, but could not chair by the bed-side, and she tottered towards it The girls. You are a fine-looking young fellow, and astranslight noise we made disturbed the old man, and in a ger with plonty of money to spend. You are gallant glance. The girl was simply a flowor girl; and by her little ruse expected to receive about ten prices for her "My dear, dear friend!" he began, "I have been

bouquet." some time dying, but I feel the struggle is nearly over," " 'Aha!" said I, in return. ' That's the meaning of At the sound of her tather's voice, the trombling creait? I wish I had known it before." ture by my side sprang from hor seat-she would have

" 'You will see her again." "Think so?"

"Without doubt. She will never lose sight of you! Walk out to-morrow, and ers you are in the street twenty

sob; that might have broken to warr, escaped lief. "" "And he was right. I received, soon after appearing abroad on the next morning, another bunch of flowers hand, "rather join me in thankful prayer to the Almighfrom the same fair hand, and the girl was rewarded with ty that I have lived thus long-long enough to renonnco. a gold coin. She took the money, and as her eye fell as I now do, the deadly sin of unrelenting anger against upon it and she saw its yalue, a deep flush passed over a follow-creature-a sin which I madly hugged even to her face, and dropping fine a low courtesy, while her eyes

expressed thankfulness, she turned and was, in a few moments, lost to my view. On the day following, the next and the next, I looked for my beautiful flower girl,

but saw her nowhere upon the streets. look through the grounds attached to an old and princely residence, the property of a decayed Italian nobleman. Ruin was upon every hand. The fine portico of elaborately wrought marble had suffered much from time and violence. Statues were overthrown and broken, fountains choked up, and rank weeds were towering over suddenly upon my beautiful flower girl, sleeping on a green bank. The noise of my feet awakened her, and sho started up with a look of fear. In a moment she re-

life. I trembled for the consequences when she should cognized me, and recovered, in a measure, her self-pospeak, or he direct his looks towards her. Nover, never session. She was much changed. Her face looked anxious, and there was a humidity about her eyes, as if the tears were just ready to gush forth. I spoke to her in her own language, and the real kindness and sympa who was probably at that awful moment the sole object hy I felt, were understood in an instant. I soon learned that she was nearly the last member of an old and not called, beside him! His half-closed eye rested upon ble family reduced to poverty. In one of the apartments

hor! - the pupil dilated - he gazed fixedly but wildly; he of this ancient ruin, she was living with her aged father struggled to raise himself; I supported him in the atand she remained his sole support and comforter. As a tempt. Once or twice I heard a rattling in his throat flower girl, she obtained the means of sustenance for her as if he strove to speak, but could not; then in a pier parent. But he was now very ill For three days and ing voice, which seemed to have struggled with and fo nights she had watched over him, unwenried in spitits, though her body had suffered from fatigue. The mony an instant escaped the power that was about to silence though her body had suffered from fatigue. The mony I had given her had enebled her to remit her efforts to it for over, he exclaimed, " This is no dream! it is my own Ruth !- my daughter !" and flinging open his arms. procure the means of sustenance for a few was now all gone, and while gathering flowers for attoch-er visit to the city, she had reclined upon the soft grass, she thus startled from her trance, sprang forward and Within a few minutes after this touching scene, I w

"Affected by her story, so srilessly told. I asked to see called to the door of the chamber; I found it was the her father, and she took me to the apariment where lay a votterable old man, but a few paces from the end of his journey. While I yet lingered in the room, his spirit sighad last away, and passed to another and better

"Thrown thus strangely and providentially in the way tended across his child, whose iace was buried in the of this lovely and innocent girl, in a far off iand, I could not turn from her in her deep affliction. Oh, no! that from her mouth-a vossel had been ruptured! In less would have been less than human. All in my power to

him the events of the last few hours. We then approach ed the bed: the old man was dead! his arms were extended across his child, whose face was buried in the

than half an hour her spirit, too, had departed. "Hallo there," said a farmer to an Irishman busily engaged at one of his cherry trees, "by what right d

"In faith, my friend," said he, "by my right han

fell upon his bosom.