

Select Poetry.

THE AMERICAN HARP.

There is a harp whose glorious strings
Princely spring from God's own hands
Filled with creative murmurs.

A Beautiful Romance.

GRACE ATHERTON, OR THE ATTORNEY HOUSE.

From the Boston City Branch.

It was an old fashioned house! There it stood, at the
farther end of Court, hemmed in from the adjoining
street by rows of neat, and by comparison, jaunty looking
dwellings.

The casements rattled in the wind. The doors had
shrunk so that the rats could run under them, and the
fire upon the wide hearth, burn fiercely as it would, was
defined and put down by the sky draughts that every
where crept in.

Mr. Scrivener, his father, seemed to have forgotten
the circumstance of the child's birth, except as the yearly
demand on the part of his relative for a remittance, served
to remind him of it; and then the evident reluctance
with which he complied with that demand, seemed to
indicate that that event could very well have been dis-
pensable with altogether.

The old house had in its possessor, its best and only
friend, for he was quaint and mysterious, and queer,
like the dwelling he inhabited. Its gloom and silence
were congenial to his spirit.

to his private life, slovenly in person, repelling in man-
ners, and proudly independent of all sympathy from his
kind—offered a moral enigma, to the world, to the solu-
tion of which none had ever found a clue.

I said true, then, that Mr. Scrivener had made no
friends, and that the companion most congenial to his
mind, and who best understood its moods, was the quaint
structure he inhabited. To say, however, that he had no
feeling, would be to libel upon the attachment he
evinced towards his home.

Yes! the old house understood him. It smiled a grim
welcome when he entered it at the dead of night. It re-
peated his footsteps in hollow echoes when he climbed
the crazy stair case. The doors shut with louder rever-
beration as he passed stealthily from room to room, and
that was music to him.

A long and wide flight of steps led up to the hall door,
on either side of which were disposed numerous rooms,
corridors, sudden ascents, entries of a tedious journey,
though without appearing to lead you anywhere in particu-
lar, and winding stair cases terminating in dark closets,
or in a blank wall, which suggested a search for secret
springs, or the alternative that the original terminus had
been closed up.

There might have been seen for a great part of each
day, sitting on the steps of the Attorney House, an up-
sized little figure with diminutive body, long attenuated
arms and a humped back. His person taken altogether,
presented an odd blending of the man and boy; while
the features, considered severally, preserved a jealous
independence of each other, and betrayed at once their
old—the forehead high and pale, indicating great intel-
lectual capacity, yet pure and smooth as a young girl's.

His head was remarkably disproportionate to his body, so
that the little figure appeared to stagger when he walked,
as if under a burden that was too much for him, and
would often pause for short rests, holding his head firmly
between his hands. When he sat, it inclined gaily to
his breast and plowed itself there as if in very weariness.

With a powerful effort, the attorney shook off the feel-
ings of awe which had been creeping over him, and in a
moment had chained down every harrowing thought in
under his iron will. But that laugh still haunted him, and
taking up the light, he searched the apartment. Satis-
fied that he had been alone, he then unlocked the door
and stepped into the corridor. This was a long and wide
passage, flanked by rooms on either side, and terminat-

ing in several flights of steps, one leading to the apart-
ments above, another to the vaults, another to a range of
buildings situated back of the old house, and connected
with it by a narrow stone entry. The fourth flight led
upward spirally to the top of the building. These rooms
communicated with each other by innumerable doors, so
that it would have been a difficult matter to have traced
the flight of any one through them, had the miser been
certain that he was not alone.

Oh! it was a strange group, the attorney and his dwell-
ing, and the little humpback. Men saw the trio together
and shuddered, and the boys slunk away in terror when
their sports unconsciously drew them up that court.

It was a cold and stormy night in the month of March,
18—. As the chime struck eleven, the figure of a man
enveloped in the chin in an ample cloak—his hat drawn
over his eyes—emerged from the shadow of the lofty
warehouses directly opposite the entrance of Court.

"Ha! ha! old Scrivener, your star is in the ascendant
to-night, and blazes in defiance of the tempest. Yes,"
said he bitterly, "the little ugly miser from his den huris
contempt and hate upon that worn, whose empty ap-
plause rings freely upon his ears. Egive them words,
burning, eloquent, but false, as they believe them!
and answer the prayer of my life with gold!"

"Cool and impudent," said the attorney, flinging the
note into the fire. "Some new deviltry, the young
scamp has been at, I suppose. But he has unwittingly
played the only card that will serve my turn. Yes, yes,
I will see him."

"That lady had in former years, placed herself under
great obligation to Mr. Scrivener. In the process of a
suit involving her with the loss of immense estates, his
professional skill had been brought into requisition. Step
by step he vanquished the difficulties of the case, and
succeeded in effecting a satisfactory adjustment of his
client's affairs, so that Mrs. Atherton and her daughter
Grace were left the undisturbed possessors of estates
valued at two millions. Grace was at that period but ten
years of age, and consequently too young to estimate in
a worldly point of view the service performed by the at-
torney. She united in herself at once rare personal
loveliness with a refinement of manner and purity of
heart, that led her to shrink indignantly from the ap-
proaches of evil. While regarding Mr. Scrivener as
his friend and benefactor, she could not repress a sen-
sible aversion towards him, for which she was scarcely
able to account. As she grew up to womanhood, this
feeling deepened into positive dislike. His presence
alarmed her, she knew not why. His friendly and some-
times affectionate advances, made in virtue of his age,
awakened her disgust, and were met with a cold repul-

love.—Love is the weapon which omnipotence re-
served to conquer rebel men, when all the rest had failed.
Reason he parries; for he answers blow for blow; future
interest he meets with present pleasure; but love, that
can against whose melting beams winter cannot stand,
that soft, subduing slumber, which wrestles, down the
glare there is no one human being in a million whose
clay heart is hardened against love.

him. His eyes fell under her mild and searching gaze,
so he was more elastic and cheerful when out of her
sight. With the mother, the attorney possessed all the
influence which had originated in gratitude for his ser-
vices, and was magnified by the flattering position he
held at the bar, and the circumstance of his unlimited
wealth. Ambition had rendered this bond of union be-
tween them indissoluble, in a contemplated alliance be-
tween Grace Atherton and Richard Scrivener.

These intentions, at once determined the course adopt-
ed by the attorney. That his son should marry Grace
Atherton, his own resolute purpose beyond a doubt he
was he was positive to abide the issue of events then
in progress, to that end, ere making him a participant
in his plans.

On the part of Mrs. Atherton, any obstacle in the way of
her scheme, never suggested itself to her mind. Grace
had always been an affectionate and dutiful child, taught
to consider her mother's authority as supreme, and her
decisions unalterable, from which there could be no ap-
peal. The timidity of her character united, then, to render
her on this occasion the passive instrument of perfecting
Mrs. Atherton's ambitious schemes. She affected the form
of submission to her Mother's will, while her heart shrunk
from a union with one who had only awakened those
sentiments of distrust and aversion. Confident of her
absolute power, and dazzled by the worldly advantages
which hinged upon such a disposition of her daughter's
hand, Mrs. Atherton was easily deceived by the assumed
cheerfulness of Grace. The young girl cherished a
vague hope that some alternative would present itself,
and though she deferred the occasional visits of the at-
torney's son, never departed from the same chilling politeness
in his presence, which the evinced toward the old man.

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Poetry and Miscellany.

For the Erie Observer.
YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW
BY FRANK.
But yesterday and brightly shone
The sun amid the sky,
Night came, and with it came the moon
With all her daughters by.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE HUNGARIAN ARMY.

It is but a brief biography which we are able to give
of this young military genius, whose glory as a General
is to be compared with that of Napoleon. All we know
of him is since the beginning of the gigantic Hungarian
war, in which he takes a most prominent part; and we
possess but a few particulars respecting his earlier life.

Young Gorgey only found opportunity to become ac-
quainted with Kosuth, whose tendencies he admired
and approved. But he was unsatisfied with the licen-
tious life of a Jurist (student of Law,) and left Presburg.
By the influence of his uncle he was admitted into the
military institution of Tulin near Vienna, where he soon
became highly distinguished for his progress in mathemat-
ics and chemistry. Warmly recommended by his
professors, and cherished by his fellow students, he left
the institution and went to Vienna, where he was ap-
pointed Lieutenant of the Hungarian Hussar Regiment
"Vacuunt," which regiment belongs now to the Hun-
garian army; but his active and energetic mind, and his
capabilities, could not bear to be restrained within the cap-
sules, in a sphere so limited. He accordingly laid down
the sword, and returned to his scientific pursuits, par-
ticularly Natural Philosophy. Alternately he traveled
through the different countries of Europe, and was active
for another period in some scientific investigations. At
Prague he was known by his friends as "the genius of
Hungary." He there devoted all his time to chemistry,
and made in this science some valuable discoveries. He
was often seen in his shirt-sleeves at the Laboratory,
working like a mechanic at the fire, with the balance,
retort, or other tools, in his hand. He became afterwards
manager of a chemical factory; but he soon relinquished
it, and continued his travels, which he extended into
Asia. Returning from there, he married in the year
1844, a fine young lady, who was teacher in the Imperi-
al Female Academy, and took possession of the mansion
of his uncle, who has since died.

In the March revolution, he was among the chief lead-
ers at Pesth, and therefore connected with Kosuth; but
his extraordinary activity commenced, and his military
genius was developed, in the war which followed. Prince
Stephen, the representative of the Emperor in Hungary,
with whom he became acquainted at Prague, made him
captain, in which capacity he soon distinguished himself
by his personal courage and strategy, in skirmishes with
the rapacious Serbs and Raitzen. He advanced there-
fore, under Massara, to the rank of a colonel; and as the
Hungarian army retired beyond the Theiss, he was named
General by Massara, the Minister of War, who, with the
consent of Kosuth, entrusted him with the glorious
mission to the Slovakey, where his wonderful, unparal-
leled strategy secured to the Hungarian army the success
of the whole campaign. His maneuvers, battles and
victories are known. He at length besieged and took
Walten, and threatened to cut off the Austrian army,
which caused the evacuation of the Hungarian capital,
Pesth, by the Austrians. He afterwards besieged the
strong fortress of Buda, and took it.

The surrender of Buda is considered by all tacticians
as of great importance to a victory in a pitched battle.
He informed Kosuth by telegraph of the surrender of this
strong fortress, in a very laconic style, viz: "Hurray! Buda!
Gorgey!" The degree of field-marshal was bestowed upon
him by Kosuth and the Congress, for this highly
important action; and Kosuth answered him in the
same style, viz: "The thanks of the republic to the Field-
Marshal Gorgey!"

Some days afterwards the great patriot, the very old
and highly respected General Meszaros, being no longer
able to conduct the arduous efforts of a minister of War,
withdrew to retire, and upon Gorgey was conferred this
high office.