THE ERIE OBSERVER.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., Proprietors. FORWARD! $1 50 A YEAR, in Advance.

VOLUME 21. SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBR 21, 1850. NUMBER 32.

Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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LARGE lot of Bonnets, just received per Express by
Page 1. J. H FULLERTON.

Poetry and Miscellany.

WE MET BUT ONCE.

We met but once! In Erie's wave
The summer sun was slowly sinking,
And twilight shades a magic gave
To brightest hopes my heart was linking.
Beneath the deep'ning blue of heaven
Upon the deck we sat together;
And through the long and blissful even
My heart was mutely wond'ring whether
Its presence had a charm for thee,
The witchery of thine for me.

Why must it be that all the sweetest
And happiest moments of our years
Pass o'er our brows with wings the fleetest,
And leave behind them only tears?

The night in visions fair went by,
And sunshine on the lake was gleaming;
We parted, not a tear or sigh
To whisper what the heart was dreaming!
And thou perchance will rove as free
As if we ne'er had sailed together,
But I must still remember THEE
In wintry gloom and summer weather!—*Lou. Jour.*

THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

A PHYSICIAN'S SKETCH.

How truly pitiable it is when talent and genius are arrayed against the simplicity of innocence—when those rare qualities—given to their much favored possessors for noble purposes, are diverted from their proper channels, and made to pander to vice and iniquity.

I was sitting one morning in my study, culling from my notes some of the most interesting records of my diary, when my servant came to tell me that a young lady wished to see me.

"She seems, sir, very ill," he said, "and in great pain."

"Indeed," said I; "where is she?"

"In the patient's room, sir. She is as pale as death."

I immediately rose, and hastened to the room where she was, and there, half lying on a sofa, with her face hidden in her hands, I saw a young and apparently delicately-formed female. She was sobbing piteously, and scarcely heeded my entrance.

I went up to her and said—

"My name is ———. You wished to see me?"

"Oh, help me—help me!" she cried, vehemently, falling on her knees at my feet. "Save me, for the love of God—oh, save me from eternal perdition.—I—I have taken poison!"

"Poison?"

"Yes—yes. Even now 'tis burning through my veins like liquid fire. Oh! save me, doctor—save me! I thought to end all my miseries, and to rush, to the bosom of the grave; but now, now—oh God! my guilty soul shrinks in horror from death. Give me life—life—life."

"For Heaven's sake," said I, "waste no words in explanation now, but tell me what you have taken?"

"Arsenic—arsenic," she gasped.

I immediately rang the bell, and when my servant appeared, I said—

"Bring me eggs, and soap and water here immediately."

Accustomed to obey me promptly, the man instantly left the room, when there came such a thundering knock at my street door, that I thought it must have broken in.

"Never mind the door," cried I, "bring me what I have ordered you."

"Yes, sir," said my man, and away he ran; at the instant that another appeal, more loud than the former one, was made upon my knocker.

"Save me, save me!" the young lady kept crying, "I dare not die now. Oh, I cannot die!"

"Every thing shall be done for you," said I, "that the skill of man can suggest. Wait one moment."

In no very patient mood I ran to the street door to open it myself, and scold the person who knocked so furiously, and just succeeded in opening it as another knock was about being administered.

"How dare you?" cried I; and then I paused, for the deathlike paleness of the young man who staggered into my passage stopped me from saying more.

"Good God!" cried I, "what's the matter?"

"She—is here?" he gasped.

"Who?—who?"

"A young person; I saw her go in. She has taken poison."

"George!" shrieked the young lady, as she rushed from my parlor, and fell into the arms of the young man.

"Ellen—Ellen!" he cried, frantically, "is it true that you still live?"

"I—am dying—dying!" she gasped. "Tell—tell my father and mother——"

She would have fallen on the floor if I had not caught her in my arms. I carried her at once into the parlor, and there was my servant with the remedies I had directed him to procure, but they were of no avail in her present state, and with my utmost exertions it was full ten minutes before I could restore her to consciousness.

"As you value your life," said I, handing to her the antidote I had now thoroughly prepared, "take this draught—drink—drink—drink."

"I burn—I burn!" she cried; oh, heavens, I burn! George, forgive me!—say you forgive me."

"Ellen—Ellen, you will kill me," he cried.

"Drink—drink," said I.

She gave a convulsive shudder, and fell back upon the sofa. I saw that there was no hope—she was dying. My looks, I suppose, told the melancholy truth, for the young man she called George, burst into tears, crying,

"Save her—save her, sir—oh, surely something can be done?"

"While poison is in the stomach we can do much," said I; "but this case has gone too far."

With a deep groan she now drew up her limbs as if in great agony, then a damp cold dew came upon her brow; she gasped convulsively for breath, and then all was over.

There was an awful silence of a moment or two. The young man seemed stupified by the suddenness of the event. He glanced wildly around him like a maniac; then clutching his hands above his head, he shouted in a tone that made me shrink from him,

"Vengeance! vengeance! I will have his life!"

"My good sir," said I, trying to stop him, "allow me, if you please. I——"

"A thousand arms should not stay me," he cried; "I will have his life. I will have his life!"

"But, sir, before you go, permit me to ask who you are, and who this young person is?"

"Ellen, Ellen, I will revenge you," I will crush him to the earth, were he ten times what he is. Oh, Heavens! have we thus met? Is this the end of the bright dream that lit my youthful fancy? Save me from madness!"

I stood between him and the door, as I said—

"Compose yourself, sir, and tell me who you are. What am I to do with the body of this young lady?"

He rushed to the corpse, and seizing one of the cold lifeless hands, he called upon her frantically to speak to him. He conjured her by every tender epithet to say but one word—to tell him she lived, and would live for him. He kissed the pale lips, and then, with a cry of despair, he rushed past me, and was out of the house before I could interpose to prevent him from going.

* * * * *

My position was anything but an agreeable one. Here was a poisoned young lady lying upon my sofa, and without the least means of ascertaining who she was. I rang the bell hastily, and when my servant came, I said,

"Thomas, run down the street, and see if you can catch the young man who was here. If you do, detain him anyhow, till I get my hat and follow you."

Thomas ran out, and in a few moments I ran after him, but the young man was gone, and we were compelled to come back as wise as we went.

"Upon my word," said I, "this is an awkward predicament as any man could well be placed in."

There lay the body—a hideous spectacle—upon my sofa, and the hour was close at hand when my usual patients would arrive.

"Thomas," said I, "you must assist me to carry this body somewhere else."

"The—the body, sir?" said Thomas. "I—I—oh, yes."

While Thomas said "Oh, yes," he backed towards the door with an evident repugnance to the job.

"Come, come," said I, "you must not have any of these foolish scruples; I cannot carry it by myself. It must be removed somewhere till I can see the parish authorities, and have it taken from the house, so do you take the feet; between us we must carry it into the back parlor."

"I—I—never took hold o' the feet of a *corpses* in all my life," stammered Thomas.

"But you must now; so come, be quick."

Thomas with great reluctance assisted me to lift the corpse from my sofa, and we got comfortably enough into the passage with it, when a knock at the street door so startled Thomas, that he immediately dropped his end of the burthen, exclaiming,—

"Oh, lord, sir, what's that?"

"Why, a knock at the door, to be sure," said I; "what a foolish fellow you are."

By dragging the body along, I now got it myself into the back parlor, just as Thomas opened the door. I heard a voice ask for me, and the visitor was shown into the parlor so recently occupied by the ghastly object I had removed.

In a moment my servant brought me a card, on which was written Lord Mandelholme and informed me that it was given him by the gentlemen in the parlor.

I went at once, expecting his lordship had come to me for professional advice; but when I entered the room, I was struck by the peculiar paleness of his face, and the agitation that seemed to prevade every limb of him.

"Doctor," he said, "although unknown to you, I have heard your name very frequently."

"I trust I may be of sereice to your lordship," said I; "let me beg of you to be seated."

"My visit," he continued, speaking evidently with difficulty, "is not a professional one. Do you know a family named Sarsfield?"

"Sarsfield," said I. "Yes. Some years ago—at least seven, I should think—I knew intimately a family of that name. They went to settle at Boulogne permanently, since which, my professional engagements have prevented me seeing them. I knew them very well indeed."

"At that time," he continued, "there were two young children—the one a little over ten years of age, and the other younger."

"There were, and Ellen, the elder, was as beautiful a child as ever ——"

He sank into a chair with a deep groan.

"What is the matter, sir," said I; "are you ill?"

He looked up at me with an expression of face I shall never forget, and, in a hollow tone, he said,—

"Doctor," you have read Shakspeare, no doubt, often attentively, and I may say in the words of one of his bright creations, "Who can minister to a mind disease?" I am ill, but it is a sickness of the soul. I have come to say, that should a young lady come here, and announce herself as Ellen Hargrave, that is Ellen Sarsfield."

"Indeed, sir, and under what circumstances do you expect her to come here?"

"She recollects your address as a friend of her father, and might come to you as a mediator. She was seduced by—by—one who——"

"What!" cried I, "Ellen Sarsfield, the beautiful creature who a few short years ago was the darling and pet of a large circle—she, torn from her fond father's heart by a villain? Why—why, sir, she must still be quite a girl. Good Heavens! you do, indeed, both surprise and afflict me."

"Let me have some water, sir," he said faintly.

I rang the bell, and he was soon accommodated with some, into which I dropped a little ammonia, which recovered him from the faintness which seemed to be coming over him.

"Doctor," he continued, "if you have five minutes' time to spare I will tell you all; but should she come here you will know her by her long hair; it is worn low, and wound up in it is a small thread of silver."

I started from my seat as at once the conviction came across me that poor Ellen Sarsfield's corpse lay even now in my back parlor. He saw my emotion, and likewise rose with a face of alarm.

"Whoever tore her from her home," cried I, "has a fearful account to settle."

"'Twas I—'twas I," cried Mandelholme; say what you will to me. Upbraid me as you will, my spirit is now broken, and I can bear all. I took her from her happy home—I tore her from the encircling arms of those who loved her."

"Good heavens! what inducement could you offer to her to lead so miserable a life?"

"Marriage; I offered her marriage; but spare me. She swore this morning she would take poison, but that first she would come to you to leave a message for her parents. Since she left me, my heart has been wrung by fiends. I am a man of sorrow.—Oh, should she come here tell her I will fulfil all promises; tell her she shall be mine, and that the mock marriage which deceived her shall be succeeded by a real one, and she shall smile again."

"*A mock marriage*, sir?" said I; "so it was by that most vile stratagem that poor Ellen was undone. No wonder, sir, your heart is full of bitterness; but you do not know the worst. Heaven extend its mercy to you. But were I Ellen's father, I should have to pray for patience. Ellen Sarsfield is now ——"

A tremendous knock at my door at this moment startled me, and made Lord Mandelhome fall back in his seat, looking like an aparition. In a moment I flew to the window, and saw what I did not know before, namely, that a carriage of Lord Mendelholme's was at my door.

As I was looking from the window, Thomas opened the door, and in an instant the young man who had run off so suddenly, and whom the dying girl had called George came into my room.

"Where is he?" he cried; "where is the seducer—suborner of justice—the foe of the innocent, the virtuous and the beautiful. Ha, the villain!"

He strode towards Lord Mandelholme, who rose with a cry of terror, while I threw myself in between them, crying—

"Hold—hold, gentlemen! I cannot have my house converted into an arena for your quarrels. Peace, sir, peace!"

"Nay, sir," cried the last arrival, "come not between me and this man. You know him not. By acts as base as villain ever imagined, he tore from the arms of those who loved her, so fair a piece of nature's workmanship as ever blessed the world.—You have seen her, sir—you know. Let me get at the villain. I will tear his black heart from his breast!"

"Keep him off—keep him off!" said Lord Mandelholme; "I would not have his blood upon my hands, but I will defend my own life."

"You may well do so" cried his opponent; "for no man should be more afraid to die."

"Gentlemen," said I, "I will not have violence here. Go both of you into the street, if you must fight, but it is most unseemly here."

Lord Mandelholme drew a pistol from his pocket, as he said,—

"I will defend my life—I will defend my life."

"Fiend," cried he, whom the unhappy girl had called George; "fiend,—monster in human form! you have made many hearts desolate, and I will not now be baulked in my revenge. Nay, it is justice—a more sacred name. I too, am armed. Here are weapons."

He struggled so much with me, I saw there was no chance of holding him much longer; therefore, as a last resource to stop bloodshed, I suddenly let him go, and in a moment throwing open the folding doors which divided my too parlors, I cried,

"Behold! let that sight disarm you both in this house. Profane not death by a contest in its awful presence."

On the table lay the corpse as I had placed it; and, for a moment, they both stood as if they were paralyzed. Then Lord Mandelholme with a loud cry, strove to leave the parlor by the door leading from the passage; but his opponent darted after him, and ere he could accomplish his purpose, dragged him back again. Before I could interfere, Mandelholme fired his pistol; in an instant there was another report—a loud terrific shriek, and the noble seducer lay weltering in his blood.

"Good heavens! young man," I cried, "what have you done?"

"Taken wild justice," he cried—"revenge! the betrayer of gentle innocence and virtue will betray no more: let him die. Touch him not—I am the avenger; let him die—let him die."

I hurried to the side of the wounded man, raised his head; I saw that the shot had entered somewhere near his ear, and most probably lodged about the back of the neck. His eye, though, told me he was dying; There was no hope.

"Is he dead?" asked the other.

"No," said I, "but he soon will be; he is dying."

The young man then dropped the pistol which he held in his hand, and walked into the next room, and with a deep sob, approached the corpse of the unhappy girl. He kissed convulsively the pale face.

"Helen, Helen," he said, "you are avenged! Rest, rest, pure spirit. He who turned your eyes from Heaven is no more."

I was so bewildered that I could take no steps to prevent him from leaving the house, although, as I was told afterwards, it was my duty to do so. He however, made good his escape; my servants, who had been startled at the shots, were collected round the parlor door, fancying that he had gone for assistance. When I heard the street door shut, I somewhat recovered from my mental stupor.

"Call the police! stop that man," I cried.

Before any one could stir, Mandelholme uttered a faint groan, and then, in weak, painful accents, said,

"No, no, let him go; I am dying."

"Tell me, for God's sake, where your friends may be communicated with," said I.

He shook his head, and then, after a pause, said,

"Listen. I think Heaven will give me strength for one thing, if for no other—to confess my wickedness, and pray even now for pardon—for mercy.

He paused, and a quantity of blood in his mouth evidently stopped his utterance. I beckoned to the servants to assist me, and we raised his head, placing under it a soft cushion, when, after a few moments, he again spoke.

"That still form, which even in death is so very beautiful, was my victim. Look on her now that she is robbed of the intelligence, of vitality, and you may guess what she was by what she is now.—When I first saw her, she was young, virtuous, lovely, and I coveted to make her miserable. I sought her destruction, but her virtues rose ever before me like a battlement, which there was no surmounting, and—and—as I could not woo her to sin, I turned her best feeling into weapons against her, and told her I would marry her secretly, and then, as her father's circumstances were indifferent, that she should have the pleasure of relieving him by the agreeable surprise of telling him she was the wife of a nobleman, and possessed of unbounded means. She refused for a long time, but I had won enough of her affections to blind her judgment, and she at length consented."

He paused now again, and was evidently suffering the most acute pain. It was several minutes before he proceeded, and then his voice was much weaker, as he said,

"She consented. A note was left with her father and she eloped with me. We were married in London——"

"Married?" said I.

"Yes, yes, a mock marriage. My valet was the mock priest; she believed herself my wife, and then she claimed my promise of returning the following day to her parents. By one excuse and another I put her off, and then wrote a note to her parents as if from her, bidding them adieu forever.

The reply came. It did not suit me, it was full of love and expostulations. I wrote an answer myself, imitating the handwriting as well as I could, and that plunged her in despair, for it harshly discarded forever. Well, she insisted upon going to throw herself at her father's feet. I entreated, I commanded, and finally I told her all. She rushed from my house, and—and there—she is, dead—dead! Oh, Heavens, have mercy upon me!"

He tossed his arms wildly in the air for some moments, and then lay perfectly still the only indication of life being an occasional low moan.

"Go to the next street," whispered I to my man, "and call M.———, the surgeon.

Thomas ran off, and in less than ten minutes came back with the eminent practitioner I had named to him.

"A bad accident you have here, Doctor?" he said.

"Yes; look at him, I fear——"

Mr.——— shook his head, after carefully examining the eyes of the dying man.

"No hope?" said I.

"None?" was the reply.

Suddenly Mandelholme sat upright, and stretching his arms up towards the ceiling, he cried,—

"Help, help? Helen, save me—save me!"

He gasped for utterance: a dull, rattling sound in his throat succeeded, and the seducer expired.

* * * * * * * *

Lord Mandelholme's friends took away his body, and Helen was interred in the nearest churchyard. The young avenger was never to my knowledge, heard of again.

WHEN THE SUMMER COMES.

I once knew a little boy, a little child of three years old; one of those bright creatures, whose fair loveliness seems more of heaven than of earth—even as a passing glimpse stiring our hearts, and filling them with purer and holier thought. But this, the little Francie, was more of a cherub than an angel—as we picture them—with his gladsome hazel eyes, his dazzling fairness, his clustering golden hair, and his almost winged step. Such he was, at least, until sickness laid its heavy hand on him; then, indeed after days of burning, wasting fever—hours of weary restlessness—the little hand at last lay motionless outside the scarcely whiter coverlet of his tiny bed, the fair, still head, pressed down upon the pillow, and the pale face gazing with the silent wonder of returning consciousness on the anxious ones around it; then, indeed, a bright yet pitying look would flit across it, or dwell in the earnest eyes—look such as we assign to angels in our dreams—when some fond fancy seems to bring them near us, weeping for mortal griefs beyond their remedy.

It was a strange sickness for one so young—the struggling of typhus fever with a baby frame; but life and youth obtained the victory; and quicker even than hope could venture to expect, the pulse rallied, the checks grew round and rosy, and the little wasted limbs filled up again. Health was restored—health, but not strength: we thought this for a while. We did not wonder that the weakened limbs refused their office, and still we waited on hope, until days, and even weeks, passed by, then it was found that the complaint had left its bitter sting, and little Francie could not walk a step, or even stand.

Many and tedious, and painful, were the remedies resorted to; yet the brave little heart bore stoutly up, with that wonderful fortitude almost heroism, which all who have watched by suffering childhood, when the tractable spirit bends to its early discipline, must at some time or other have remarked. Francie's fortitude might have afforded an example to many, but a dearer lesson was given in the hopeful spirit with which the little fellow himself noted the effect of each distressing remedy, marking each progress, and showing off with eager gladness every step attained, from the first creeping on the hands and knees to the tiptoe journey round the room, holding on by chairs and tables: then to the clinging to some loving hand; and then, at last, the graceful balancing of his light body, until he stood quite erect along and so moved slowly on.

It was in autumn this illness seized on the little one, just when the leaves were turning, and the orchard fruits becoming ripe. His nurse attributed it all to its sitting on a grassy bank at play on one of those uncertain autumn days; but he in his childish way, always maintained, "It was Francie himself—eating red berries in the holly bower."—However this may have been, the season and the time seemed indelibly impressed upon his mind. In all his confinement to the house, his thoughts continually turned to outward objects, to the external face of nature and the seasons change, and evermore his little word of hope was this, "When the summer comes?"

He kept it up throughout the long winter, and the bleak, cold spring. A fairy little carriage had been provided for him, in which, well wrapped up from the cold, and resting on soft cushions, he was lightly drawn along by a servant, to his own great delight, and the admiration of many a young beholder. But when any one—attempting to reconcile him the better to his position—expatiated on the beauty or comfort of his new acquisition, his eager look and word would show how far he went beyond it, as, quickly interrupting him, he would exclaim, "Wait till the summer comes—then Francie will walk again."

During the winter there was a fearful storm; it shook the window, moaned in the old trees, and howled down the chimneys with a most menacing voice. Older hearts than Francie's quailed that night, and he lay listening to it all—quiet, but asking many a question, as his excited fancy formed similitudes to the sounds. One time it was poor little children cruelly turned out, and waiting; then something thrilling, with its last hoarse cry; then wolves and bears, from far-off other lands. But all the while Francie knew he was snug and safe himself; no fears disturbed him, whatever the noise may have done. Throughout the whole of it, he carried his one steadfast hope, and, in the morning telling of it all, with all his marvellous thoughts, he finished his relation with the never failing word of comfort, "Ah! there shall be no loud winds, no waking nights, when once the summer comes?"

The summer came with its glad birds and flowers, its balmy air; and who can paint the exquisite delight of the suffering child who had waited for it so long? Living almost continually in the open air, he seemed to expect fresh strength and health from each reviving breath he drew, and every day would deem himself capable of some greater effort, as if to prove that his expectation had not been in vain.

One lovely day he and his little playfellows were in a group amusing themselves in a part of the garden, when some friends passed through. Francis, longing to show how much he could do, entreated hard to be taken with them, "along the walk, just to the holly bower." His request was granted, and on he walked, quick at first, then slowly slower; but still upheld by his strong faith in the summer's genial influence, he would not rest in any of the offered arms, though the fitful color went and came, and the pauses grew more and more frequent.—"No," with a heavy sigh he admitted, "'tis a very long walk *now*; but Francie must not be tired—sure the summer is come." And so, determined not to admit fatigue in the face of the season's bright proofs around him, he succeeded in accomplishing his little task at last.

Thus the summer passed away, and again came the changing autumn, acting on poor little Francie to a degree never reckoned on, and with its chill, damp air, nearly throwing him back again. With a greater effort even than before, he had again tried the walk to the holly bower, the scene of his self-accusing misdemeanor as to the cause of his sufferings. He sat down to rest; above his head the autumnal breeze swept through the tree, "the polished leaves and berries red did rustling play," and as little Francie looked upward toward them, a memory of the former year, and of all the time that had passed since then, seemed for the first time mournfully to steal over his heart. He nestled in closer to his mother's side; and still looking up, but with more thoughtful eyes, he said, "Mamma, is the summer now *quite gone*?"

"Yes, my darling. Don't you see the scarlet berries, the food of winter for the little birds?

"Quite gone, mamma, and Francie not quite well?"

His mother looked away: she could not bear her child to see the tell tale tears his little words called up, or how the sad echo returned by her own desponding thoughts. There was a moment's silence, broken only by the black bird's song, and then she felt a soft, a little kiss upon her hand, and looking down, she saw her darling's face—yes, surely now it was an angel's—gazing upward to her brightly beaming, brighter than ever; and his rosy lips, just parted with their own sweet smile again, as he exclaimed in joyous tones,

"Mamma, the summer will come again!"

Precious was that heaven-born word of childish faith to the careworn mother, to cheer her then, and, with its memory of hope, still to sustain her through many an after-experience and anxious watch, until, at last, she reaped her rich reward in the complete realization of her bright one's hope.

Precious to more than her such words may be, if, bravely stemming our present trouble, whatsoe'er it be—bravely enduring, persevering, encouraging *others and ourselves, even as that little child*—we hold the thought, that as the revolving year brings round its different seasons, as day succeeds to night—and even as surely as we look for this, and know it—so to the trusting heart there comes a time—it may be soon or late, it may be now, or it may be *then*—when his grief or grievance will have passed away, and so 'twill all seem nothing—when the summer comes!—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

A Sly Dash at the "Critter."

One of our subscribers, says the Rhode Island *Republican*, who happened to be in Newport last summer, got down into the bar room at a very early hour, when there was no body but a boy in attendance, when lo! who should come in first but a tall, well-dressed Quaker gentleman; who had been attracted thither by the "yearly conference." The Friend looked about for a moment, and then turning to the boy, inquired—

"Boy, does thee make any lemonade?"

"Certainly, sir—a great deal."

"Well, make me a glass. Take that largest tumbler."

Boy mixes ingredients, and pours in water about half full.

"Stop—leave a vacancy. Has thee any old French brandy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, pour thee till I tell thee to stop."

The boy done so.

"Stop!" exclaimed the Quaker, in due time.—"Has thee any good Jamaica rum?"

"No, sir."

"Any Santa Cruz?"

"Yes."

"Well, pour till I tell thee stop."

It was done, and the boy mixed the contents of the tumbler, which was brimful, in the usual mode, but Quaker friend raised it to his lips, and poured down in one continuous stream the whole "arrangement," without the interruption of a breath.—Then, with a look of satisfaction to the inner man, which on such occasions, is seen but not described, he sat down his glass, and inquired what was to pay. He paid, and turned to go away, but stopped as if he had forgotten something, just as he reached the door, and casting an eye to the fountain of refreshment from which he had imbibed the exhilerating beverage, he exclaimed—

"Lad, thee's a very small boy, but thee does make a *gr-gr-great lemonade!*"

Carrying out a Metaphor.

"Dang me, if I don't believe the world's a wheelbarrow," said a jolly inebriate, as he rolled along the pave, "and I am the wheel, revolving on my haxis. Now I'm in the mud," continued he, as he fell headlong into the gutter, "and now I'm on dry land," as he feebled up on the curb stone. His concluding remark as his heels followed his head down into an open cellar way, was—"now the wheel is broke, and the vehicle is out o' repair." But the poor world jogged on without its "wheel," and a certain individual woke up with a scarred countenance and a slight headache.