

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., Proprietors.

FORWARD.

\$1.50 A YEAR, in Advance.

VOLUME 21.

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 18, 1851.

NUMBER 86.

Eric Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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

TERMS OF THE PAPER. The subscribers for the carrier, at \$2.50 per year, in advance. If not paid in advance, the price for three months from the time of discontinuing, two dollars will be charged. All communications must be paid for.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. For the first insertion, 25 cents per square, of fifteen lines or less, for the first insertion; 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. For all other insertions, the price of changing a column, or for an entire page, is \$1.00 per square, and for two squares, and to be inserted in their immediate business. Advertisements not having other directions, will be inserted till discontinued, and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

R. T. STERRETT. Importer and dealer in all kinds of Groceries, Liquors, Ship Chandlery, Provisions, Produce, &c. &c., and sells Wholesale and Retail at Cheap and Moderate Rates. No. 119 1/2 North Erie St.

W. M. LANE. Attorney and Counselor at Law. Revolutionary Army and Navy Pensions, Bounty Lands and claims for extra pay, and all other business entrusted to me shall receive prompt and faithful attention. Office in Wright's Block, No. 119 1/2 North Erie St.

LAIRD & REED. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Hardware, Flour, Fish, Salt, &c., corner of State Street and the Public Square, near the Court House.

GALIN B. KEENE. Fashionable Tailor, between the Red House and Brown's Hotel, up stairs. CUTTING done on short notice.

OLIVER SPAFFORD. Bookbinder and Stationer, at the corner of Bank Books and Writing Ink, corner of the Diamond and State Streets.

J. W. DOUGLASS. Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office on State Street, three doors north of Brown's Hotel.

COMPTON & HAVERICK. Dealers in Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, and Foreign and Domestic Liquors, Distillers, and Manufacturers of Bottles, No. 8, Red House, and corner of Spruce and Penn Streets, Erie, Pa.

W. H. CUTLER. Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office No. 2, Erie Hall, corner of Main and Lloyd Streets, Erie, Pa. Collecting and conducting business will receive prompt attention. References: J. W. DOUGLASS, J. B. NICKLIN, Esq.

J. B. NICKLIN. Special and general Agency and Commission business, Frankfort, Pa.

REPS REID. Dealer in English, German, and American Hardware and Cutlery, No. 10, North Erie St., from and between No. 2 and 4 Red House, Erie, Pa.

W. F. LITTLE & Co. Blacksmiths, Carriage and wagon Builders, State Street, between Seventh and Eighth, Erie.

L. STRONG, M. D. Physician, one door west of C. B. Wright's store, up stairs.

DOCT. J. L. STEWART. Office with Dr. Strong, on State Street, between Spruce and Penn Streets, one door north of Seventh St.

C. SIEGEL. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Fruit, &c., &c., between Spruce and Penn Streets, opposite the Farmers' Hotel, Erie.

JOHN McCANN. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Family Groceries, Canned Goods, Pickles, &c., &c., between Spruce and Penn Streets, opposite the Farmers' Hotel, Erie.

J. GOULDING. Groceries, Provisions, and Family Groceries, between Spruce and Penn Streets, No. 3, Red House, Erie.

J. W. WETMORE. Attorney at Law. Office on Seventh Street, Erie, Pa.

HENRY CALDWELL. Groceries, Provisions, and Family Groceries, between Spruce and Penn Streets, No. 3, Red House, Erie.

W. H. KNOWLTON & SON. Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Looking Glasses, Piano Fortes, Lamps, Britannia Ware, Jewels, and a variety of other Fancy Articles, Keystone Building, four doors below Brown's Hotel, State Street, Erie, Pa.

GEORGE H. CUTLER. Banker and Exchange Broker, Dealer in Bills of Exchange, and all other business entrusted to me shall receive prompt attention. Office, 4 doors below Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.

BENJAMIN P. DENNISON. Attorney at Law, Cleveland, Ohio—Office on Superior street, in the corner of Block, Erie, Pa. Also, in the corner of Spruce and Penn Streets, No. 10, Red House, Erie, Pa. References: J. W. DOUGLASS, J. B. NICKLIN, Esq.

MURRAY WHALLEN. Attorney and Counselor at Law—Office over C. B. Wright's store, entrance one door west of State Street, on the Diamond, Erie.

L. ROSENZWEIG & Co. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 1, Front Street, Erie, Pa.

C. M. TIBBALS. Dealer in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No. 11, Chesnut St., Erie, Pa.

JOHN ZIMMERLY. Dealer in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, State street, three doors north of the Diamond, Erie.

EMITH JACKSON. Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, and Household Goods, between Spruce and Penn Streets, No. 1, Red House, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM RIBLET. Carriage and Coach Maker, and Undertaker, corner of State and Seventh streets.

KELSO & LOOMIS. General Forwarding, Produce and Commission Merchants; dealers in coarse and fine salt, Coal, Flour, Shiping, &c., Public dock, west side of the bridge, Erie.

W. W. LOOMIS. Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware, Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State Street, west of the bridge, Erie.

CARTER & BROTHMAN. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paina, Oils, Eye-water, Glass, &c., &c., No. 1, Red House, Erie, Pa.

JOEL JOHNSON. Dealer in Theological, Miscellaneous, Sunday and Classical School Books, Merchants' Block, Erie, Pa.

JAMES LEWIS. Fashionable Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors west of State Street, Erie.

D. S. CLARK. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Hardware, &c., &c., No. 1, Red House, Erie, Pa.

O. D. SPAFFORD. Dealer in Law, Medical, School Miscellaneous Books stationary Ink, &c., State St., four doors below the Public Square.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT. Resident Doctor of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire set. Careful teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentures so as to leave them of a perfect appearance. All work warranted.

S. DICKERSON. Physician and Surgeon, at his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.

JOHN H. BURTON. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c., No. 8, Red House, Erie.

ROBERT B. HUNTER. Dealer in Hats, Caps, and Furs of all descriptions. No. 10, Park Row, Erie, Pa.

Poetry and Miscellany.

I OWED NO MAN A DOLLAR.

BY CHARLES F. SHIRAS.

Oh, do not envy, my own dear wife,
The wealth of our next door neighbor,
But bid me still be proud of heart,
And cheerfully follow my labor;
You may know the last of those idle debts
That have been our lingering sorrow,
Is paid this night: So 'twill be for aye,
And shake hands with the world to-morrow.

Oh, the debtor is but a sham-faced dog,
With the creditor's name on his collar,
While I am king and you are a queen,
For we owe no man a dollar.
Our neighbor, you saw in his coach to-day,
With his wife and his flouting daughter,
While we sat down at our coverlet board,
To eat a dish of soup of water.
I saw the next day stood in your eye,
Though you tried your jibes to conceal it,
I knew that the contrast reached your heart,
And you could not help but feel it.

But know now that your scanty fare
Has freed my neck from the collar,
You'll find my laugh and belittle boast
That we owe no man a dollar.
This neighbor, whose show has dazzled your eyes,
Is but a wretched fellow,
I pity him, oh, from my very heart,
And I wish that his lot were better.
Why the man's the veriest slave alive;
For his dastard wife and daughter
Will live in style though ruin should come—
So he goes like a lamb to the slaughter.

But he feeds the higher every day,
This wretched debtor's collar!
Oh, what would he give, could he say with us,
That he owed no man a dollar.
You would be amazed, but I'll tell you more,
Without two words I need not say,
Seeking airy with a frightened air,
As if a debt had been his prey,
You had died from a very worthy man,
Whom I called with the greatest pleasure.

When I called by name, and forced to sleep,
Though he had no coat or jacket,
He held my last coat, so I held his last,
Till he freed my sock from the collar.
Then I took his hand as I proudly said,
"Now, I owe no man a dollar."
Ah! now you smile, for you feel the force
Of the truth; but I've seen repeat it,
I knew that a downright honest heart
In that gentle heart was beating!
To-morrow, I'll rise with a giant's strength,
To follow up daily my next door neighbor,
But ere we sleep, let us humbly pray
For our wretched next door neighbor.

And we'll pray for the time when all shall be free
From the weight of the debtor's collar;
When the poorest will lift his voice audibly,
"Now I owe no man a dollar."

Born to Love Pigs and Chickens.

BY S. P. WILLIS.

The guests at the Astor House were looking mournfully at the clock, which was striking one, on a rainy day of the October month, when history, no shopping was wanted. The morning must be passed in gloom. And it was some consolation to those who were in town for a few days to see the world, that their time was not quite lost, for the assemblage in the large drawing-room was numerous and gay. A very dressy affair is the drawing-room of the Astor, and as full of all as a peacock's tail—which by the way, is also a very dressy affair. Strangers who wish to see and be seen (and especially the social) on rainy days as well as on sunny days, in their visits to New York, should as the phrase goes, "patronize" the Astor. As if there were any patronage in getting the "worth of your money."

Well—the people in the drawing-room looked a little out of the window, and a great deal at each other. Unfortunately it is only among angels and underbred persons that introductions can be dispensed with, and as the guests of that day at the Astor House were mostly strangers to each other, conversation was very fitful and guarded, and any movement whatever extremely conspicuous. There were four very silent ladies on the sofa, two very silent ladies in each of the windows, silent as the otomane, silent ladies in the chairs at the corners, and one silent lady, very highly dressed, sitting on the music-stool, with her back to the piano. There was here and there a gentleman in the room, weather-bound and silent; but we have only to do with one of those, and with the last mentioned much embellished young lady.

"Well, I can't sit on this soft chair all day Cousin Meg," said the gentleman.
"Oh, call me Margaret, if you must speak so loud," said the lady. "And what would you do out of doors this rainy day? I'm sure it's very pleasant here."
"Not for me, I'd rather be thrashing in the barn. But there must be some 'rainy weather work' in the city as well as in the country. There's some fun I know, that's kept for a wet day, as we keep coffee-shelling and grinding the look."
"Dear me!"
"Well, what look?"
"Oh, nothing—but I do wish you would bring the stable with you to the Astor House."

The gentleman slightly elevated his eye-brows, and took a leaf of music from the piano, and commenced diligently reading the mystic dots and lines. We have ten minutes to spare before the entrance of another person upon the scene, and we will make use of the silence to conjure up for us, in our magic mirror, the semblance of the two whose familiar dialogue we have just dotted down.

Mrs. Margaret Pittit was a young lady who had a large share of what the French call *la beauté de diable*—youth and freshness. (Though why the devil should have a creditor will never belong to him; it takes a Frenchman perhaps, to explain.) To look at, she was certainly a human being in a very high state of perfection. Her cheeks were like two sound apples; her waist was as round as a stove pipe; her shoulders had two dimples just at the back that looked as if they defied pinching to make them any deeper; her eyes looked as if they were just like made, they were so bright and soft; her teeth were like a "C sharp" in a new piano; any her teeth were like a fresh break in a peep-hole. She was incurably, unabatedly, desperately healthy. This fact, and the difficulty of uniting all the features of all the magazines in one dress were two principal afflictions in this world of care. She had an idea, model, to which she aspired with constant longing—a model resembling in figure the high born creature whose never varied face is seen in all the plates of the fashions, yet, if possible paler and more diabolical. If Miss Pittit could but have been her short wrist with the curve invariably given to the well-gloved extremities of that mysterious and nameless beauty; if she could but have sat with her back to her friends and thrown her head languidly over her shoulder without disclosing her neck; if she could but have protruded from the bosom of her dress a foot more like a mincing little mouse-shank, and less like a jolly fat clam; in brief, if she could have drawn out her figure like the enviable points of a pyramid, whittled off more taperly her four extremities, and sold all her superfluous and indistinguishable tissue for a pot of ointment, and compelled the publishers of all magazines to refrain from the distracting multiplicity of

their monthly fashions—with these little changes in her allotment, Miss Pittit would have realized all her maiden aspirations up to the present hour.

A glimpse will give you an idea of the gentleman in question. He was not much more than he looked to be—a compact, athletic young man of twenty-one, with clear, honest blue eyes, brown face where it was not shaded by the rim of his hat, curling brown hair, and an expression of fearless qualities, dashed just now by a tinge of rustic bashfulness. His dress was a little more expensive and gayer than was necessary, and he wore his clothes in a way which betrayed that he would be more at home in his shirt sleeves. His hands were rough, and his attitude that of a man who was accustomed to throw himself down on the nearest bench, or swing his legs from the lip rail of a fence, or the box of a wagon. We speak with caution of his rusticity, however, for he had a printed card, "Mr. Ephraim Bracey," and he was a subscriber to the "Spirit of the Times." We shall find time to say a thing or two about him as we go on.

"Eph" Bracey and "Meg" Pittit were "engaged." With the young lady it was, as the French say, *fait de mieu*, for her *brave*, or in plain English, her ideal beau, was a tall, pale young gentleman, with white gloves, in a rapid consumption. She and Eph were second cousins, however, and as she was an orphan, and had lived since childhood with his father, and moreover, had inherited the Pittit farm, which adjoined that of the Bracys, and moreover, had been told to "kiss her little husband, and love him always" (and moreover third) had "let go" his exchequer by the unanimous consent of the neighborhood, why, it seemed one of those marriages made in heaven, and not intended to be travestied on earth. It was understood that they were to be married as soon as the young man's savings should enable him to pull down the old Pittit house, and build a cottage and, with a fair season, that might be done in another year. Meantime Eph was a loyal keeper of his troth, though never having had the trouble to win the young lady, he was not fully aware of the necessity of courtship whether or not; and was, besides, somewhat susceptible to the charms of moonlight, after a hard day's work at haying or harvesting. The neighbors thought it proof enough of his love that he never "went sparking" elsewhere, and as he would rather talk of his gun or fishing rod, his horse or his crop, pigs, politics, or anything but love and matrimony, his companions took his engagement with the young lady to be a subject upon which he felt too deeply to babble, and they neither invaded his domain by attention to his sweethearts, nor suggested thought by allusions to her. It was in the progress of this even tenor of engagement, that some law business had called old farmer Bracey to New York, and the young couple had managed to accompany him. And of course, nothing would do for Miss Pittit but the "Astor." And now, perhaps, the reader is ready to be told whose carriage is at the Vestry-st. door, and who sends up a dripping servant to inquire for Miss Pittit.

It is allotted to the destiny of every country girl to have one fashionable female friend in the city—somebody to correspond with, somebody to visit her the particulars of the latest elopement, somebody to send her patterns of calico, and the rise and fall of trowsers, and such other things as are not entered into by the monthly magazines. Now these apparently unlikeli acquaintances are formed as much a matter of course as the eternal truth of mathematics, and the eternal duration of doleful. Yet it is from us to pry irreverently into these potherish corners of the machinery of the world. I go no farther than the fact, that Miss Julia Hampton was an acquaintance of Miss Pittit's.

Every body knows "Hampton & Co." Miss Hampton was a good deal what the Fates had tried to make her, if she had not been admirably well dressed, it would have been by violent opposition to the united taste and talent of dressmakers and milliners. These important viceregentes of the hand that reserves to itself the dressing of the butterfly and fly, make distinctions in the exercise of their vocation. We be to an unlovely woman, if she be not endowed with taste and style. She may buy all the stuffs of France, and all the colors of the rainbow, but she will never get from those base judges of fitness the loving hint, the admiring and selective persuasion, with which they delight to induce the embellishment of waist and lowliness. They who talk of "my sister's looking well on a pretty woman," have not reflected on the lesser providence of dressmakers and milliners. Woman is never mercenary but in monstrous exceptions, and tradeswoman of the fashions will eat (taste of) counsel; and, in the superior style of all charming women, you see, not the influence of manners upon dress, but the affectionate tribute of those dispensers of elegance to the qualities they admire. Let him who doubts, go shopping with his dressy old aunt to-day, and to-morrow with his dear little cousin.

Miss Hampton, to whom the supplies of elegance came as naturally as bread and butter, and occasional a little speculation as to the where or how, was an unusually elegant, of course, as a well dressed lady. She was as abstractly, a very beautiful girl, though in a very delicate and unassuming style; and by dint of absolute genius in dressing, the merit of her beauty, by common observers at least, would be half given to her fashionable air and unexceptionable toilet. The damsel and her choice array, indeed, seemed the harmonious work of the same maker. How much was nature's gift and how much was brought in Broadway, was never duly understood by even her most discriminating admirer.

But we have kept Miss Hampton too long upon the carpet. The two young ladies met with a kiss, in which, to the surprise of those who had previously observed Miss Pittit, there was no smack of the latest fashion.

"My dear Julia!" (This was a romantic variation of Meg's, which she had forced upon her intimate friends at the point of the bayonet.)
Eph, twined, remindingly, the *jeune* of his cousin, and she introduced him with the formula which she had found in one of Miss Asselin's novels.
"Oh, but there was a meek respectfulness in that deep Marjorie," thought Eph; (and so there was—far Miss Hampton took an irresistible cue from the inflated certor of incredulous wonder.)
Eph made a bow as cold and stiff as a frozen horse-blanket. And if he could have commanded the blood in his face, it would have been as dignified and respectful as the epilogue of Red Jacket—but the rustic bluff, up to his hair, was like a meek dropped over his features.

"A bashful country-boy," thought Miss Hampton, as she looked compassionately upon his red-hot forehead, and forthwith dimmed him entirely from her thoughts. With a consciousness that he had betwixt leave the room and walk off his mortification under an umbrella, Eph took his seat, and all but listened to the conversation of the young ladies. Miss Hampton had come to pass the evening with her friend, and she took off her bonnet, and showed down upon her damask neck a profusion of the most adorable brown ringlets. Spite of his angry humilation, the young farmer felt a thrill run through his veins as the heavy curls fell idly about her shoulders; he had never before looked on a woman with attention. He hated her—oh, yes! for she had given him a look that could never be forgiven—but, for somebody, he must be the angel of the world. Eph would have given all his sheep and horse, crops and hay-stacks, to have seen the man who would gaze so long at her. He saw the man who would gaze so long at her. He saw the man who would gaze so long at her. He saw the man who would gaze so long at her.

It was a "specimen" morning, as the magazines say; for the air was temperate, and the whole country was laden with the smell of the new hay, which somehow or other, as every body knows, never hinder or overpowers the perfume of the flowers. Oh, that wondrous green lawn between the bushes was like an aspen to Paradise. The old cart jolted along through the ruts, and Miss

Hampton, standing up holding on to old farmer Bracey, watched the great crowd crowding their sides together, and looked off over the fields, and exclaimed as she saw glimpses of the river between the trees, and seemed verily and successfully engaged. The old farmer, at least, had no doubt of her sincerity, and watched her, and listened to her, with a broad, honest smile of admiration on his weather-brown countenance.

The crowd were turned up to the fence, while the dew dried off the hay, and Eph and his father turned to mowing leaving Miss Hampton to ramble about over the meadow and gather flowers by the river side. In the course of an hour they began to take up, and she came to offer her promised assistance, and staidly followed Eph, up and down several of the long swaths, till her face glowed under her sun-bonnet as it never had glowed with walking. Heated and tired at last, she found herself with her back to the tree, and watched the labor of her companions.

Eph was a well-built and manly figure, and all he did in the way of his vocation, he did with a fine display of muscular, and (as a spectator would have thought) no little grace. Julia watched him as he stepped, and after her take on the elastic sword, and she thought, for the first time, "what a very handsome man was young Bracey, and how much more finely a man looked when raking hay, than when standing waiting. And for an hour she sat watching his motions, admiring the strength with which he pitched up the hay, and the grace and ease of all his movements and postures; and, after a while, she began to feel drowsy with fatigue, and putting up the hay into a fragrant pillow, she lay down and fell fast asleep.

It was now the middle of the forenoon, and the old farmer, who, like the years, had fallen into the habit of taking a short nap before dinner, came on the big chair to pick up his waistcoat and go home. As he approached the tree, he stopped, and became to his son.
Eph, standing up and at a little distance, looking at the lovely picture before him. With one delicate hand under her cheek, and a smile of angelic content and enjoyment on her finely cut lips, Julia Hampton slept soundly in her shade. One small spot escaped from her dress, and one shoulder of faultless point and whiteness showed between her heretic and her sleeve. Her right wrist bent up to the swell of the hay, throwing her delicate and well-mounded breast into high relief; and, all over her neck, and in large clusters on the tumbled hay, lay those glossy brown ringlets, admirably beautiful and lustrous.

And as Eph, looked on this dangerous picture of love, the passion, already lying *perdu* in his bosom, sprung to the throne of heart and reason.
(We have not room to do more than hint at the consequences of this visit of Miss Hampton to the country. It would require the third volume of a novel to describe all the emotions of that month at Bracey farm, and bring the reader, point by point, gingerly and softly, to the close. We must touch here and there a point only, giving the reader's imagination some gleaming to do after we have been off the ground.)
Eph Bracey's awakened pride served him the good turn of making him appear simply in his natural character to plain Meg, in her attendance on her friend in her rustic occupations, and Miss Hampton saw as little as possible of the inside of the *bonheur*. The barn, and the troops of chickens, and all the out-door belongings of the farm, interested her daily, and with no diminution of her zeal. She seemed, indeed to have found her natural sphere in the simple and affectionate life which her friend Margaret held in such supreme contempt; and Eph, who was the natural mate to such a spirit, and himself, in his own home, most unconsciously worthy of love and admiration; gave himself up irresistibly to his new passion.

And this new passion became, at least, to the credulous eyes of his cousin. And that it was timely but fondly returned by her elegant and high-bred friend, was very apparent to Miss Pittit. And after a few jealous struggles, and a night or two of weeping, she gave up to it tranquilly—for, a city life and a city husband, truth to say, had long been her secret longing and hope, and she never had fully looked in the face a burlesque in the country with the pigs and chickens.

She is not married yet, Meg Pittit—but the rich merchant, Mr. Hampton, writhed emphatically with the disastrous time, has found a kindly and pleasant asylum for his old age with his daughter, Mrs. Bracey. And a better or lovelier farmer's wife than Julia, or a happier farmer than Eph, can scarcely be found in the valley of the Susquehanna.

Well, it was ten o'clock on the morning after Miss Hampton's arrival at Bracey farm, and as we said before, Miss Pittit was in despair. Presuming that her friend would be fatigued with her journey, she had determined not to awake her, but to offer breakfast in the bonnet at eleven. Farmer Bracey and Eph must have their breakfast at seven; however, and what was the dismay of Meg, who was pouring out their coffee as usual, to see the elegant Julia rush into the first kitchen, carry very sweetly to the old man, pull up a chair to the table, apologize for being late, and end this extraordinary scene by producing two newly hatched chickens from her bosom. She had been up since sunrise, and out at the barn, and down by the river, and up in the hay-mow, and was perfectly enchanted with everything, especially the dear little pigs and chickens!

"A very sweet young lady!" thought old farmer Bracey.
"Very sweet—but here your concentration!" thought Eph, distrustfully.
"Mercy on me!—no like pigs and chickens!" mentally ejaculated the disturbed and bewildered Miss Pittit.
But with her two chicks pressed to her breast with one hand, Miss Hampton managed her coffee and bread and butter with the other, and chatted away like a child let loose with the air was so delicious, and the hay out of school. The air was so delicious, and the hay so sweet, and the trees in the meadow were so beautiful, and there were no side-side walks and no brick houses, and no iron railings, and no many dark speckled cows, and fussy little chickens, and kind-looking old men, and cows, and calves, and ducks, and turkeys— it was delicious—it was enchanting—it was what you could prefer the city to the country, was to Miss Hampton master of incredulous wonder.

"Will you come into the bonnet?" asked Miss Pittit, with a laughing air, as her friend Julia rose from breakfast.
"No!" exclaimed the city damsel, to the infinite delight of old Bracey, "no, dear! I'd rather go out to the barn. Are you going any where with the oxen to-day, sir?" she added, going up to the gray-headed old farmer, carelessly, "I should so like to ride in that great cart."
Eph was still suspicious of all this unexpected agreeableness, but he was naturally too courteous not to give way to a lady's whim. He put on his old straw hat, and tied his handkerchief to his forehead, (not to imitate the broad ribbon of a royal order, but to wipe the sweat off his forehead) and offering Miss Hampton a hand which stood outside the door, he begged her to be ready when he came by the team. He and his father were bound to the far meadow, where they were cutting hay, and would like her assistance in raking.

It was a "specimen" morning, as the magazines say; for the air was temperate, and the whole country was laden with the smell of the new hay, which somehow or other, as every body knows, never hinder or overpowers the perfume of the flowers. Oh, that wondrous green lawn between the bushes was like an aspen to Paradise. The old cart jolted along through the ruts, and Miss

Hampton, standing up holding on to old farmer Bracey, watched the great crowd crowding their sides together, and looked off over the fields, and exclaimed as she saw glimpses of the river between the trees, and seemed verily and successfully engaged. The old farmer, at least, had no doubt of her sincerity, and watched her, and listened to her, with a broad, honest smile of admiration on his weather-brown countenance.

The crowd were turned up to the fence, while the dew dried off the hay, and Eph and his father turned to mowing leaving Miss Hampton to ramble about over the meadow and gather flowers by the river side. In the course of an hour they began to take up, and she came to offer her promised assistance, and staidly followed Eph, up and down several of the long swaths, till her face glowed under her sun-bonnet as it never had glowed with walking. Heated and tired at last, she found herself with her back to the tree, and watched the labor of her companions.

Eph was a well-built and manly figure, and all he did in the way of his vocation, he did with a fine display of muscular, and (as a spectator would have thought) no little grace. Julia watched him as he stepped, and after her take on the elastic sword, and she thought, for the first time, "what a very handsome man was young Bracey, and how much more finely a man looked when raking hay, than when standing waiting. And for an hour she sat watching his motions, admiring the strength with which he pitched up the hay, and the grace and ease of all his movements and postures; and, after a while, she began to feel drowsy with fatigue, and putting up the hay into a fragrant pillow, she lay down and fell fast asleep.

It was now the middle of the forenoon, and the old farmer, who, like the years, had fallen into the habit of taking a short nap before dinner, came on the big chair to pick up his waistcoat and go home. As he approached the tree, he stopped, and became to his son.
Eph, standing up and at a little distance, looking at the lovely picture before him. With one delicate hand under her cheek, and a smile of angelic content and enjoyment on her finely cut lips, Julia Hampton slept soundly in her shade. One small spot escaped from her dress, and one shoulder of faultless point and whiteness showed between her heretic and her sleeve. Her right wrist bent up to the swell of the hay, throwing her delicate and well-mounded breast into high relief; and, all over her neck, and in large clusters on the tumbled hay, lay those glossy brown ringlets, admirably beautiful and lustrous.

And as Eph, looked on this dangerous picture of love, the passion, already lying *perdu* in his bosom, sprung to the throne of heart and reason.
(We have not room to do more than hint at the consequences of this visit of Miss Hampton to the country. It would require the third volume of a novel to describe all the emotions of that month at Bracey farm, and bring the reader, point by point, gingerly and softly, to the close. We must touch here and there a point only, giving the reader's imagination some gleaming to do after we have been off the ground.)
Eph Bracey's awakened pride served him the good turn of making him appear simply in his natural character to plain Meg, in her attendance on her friend in her rustic occupations, and Miss Hampton saw as little as possible of the inside of the *bonheur*. The barn, and the troops of chickens, and all the out-door belongings of the farm, interested her daily, and with no diminution of her zeal. She seemed, indeed to have found her natural sphere in the simple and affectionate life which her friend Margaret held in such supreme contempt; and Eph, who was the natural mate to such a spirit, and himself, in his own home, most unconsciously worthy of love and admiration; gave himself up irresistibly to his new passion.

And this new passion became, at least, to the credulous eyes of his cousin. And that it was timely but fondly returned by her elegant and high-bred friend, was very apparent to Miss Pittit. And after a few jealous struggles, and a night or two of weeping, she gave up to it tranquilly—for, a city life and a city husband, truth to say, had long been her secret longing and hope, and she never had fully looked in the face a burlesque in the country with the pigs and chickens.

She is not married yet, Meg Pittit—but the rich merchant, Mr. Hampton, writhed emphatically with the disastrous time, has found a kindly and pleasant asylum for his old age with his daughter, Mrs. Bracey. And a better or lovelier farmer's wife than Julia, or a happier farmer than Eph, can scarcely be found in the valley of the Susquehanna.

Well, it was ten o'clock on the morning after Miss Hampton's arrival at Bracey farm, and as we said before, Miss Pittit was in despair. Presuming that her friend would be fatigued with her journey, she had determined not to awake her, but to offer breakfast in the bonnet at eleven. Farmer Bracey and Eph must have their breakfast at seven; however, and what was the dismay of Meg, who was pouring out their coffee as usual, to see the elegant Julia rush into the first kitchen, carry very sweetly to the old man, pull up a chair to the table, apologize for being late, and end this extraordinary scene by producing two newly hatched chickens from her bosom. She had been up since sunrise, and out at the barn, and down by the river, and up in the hay-mow, and was perfectly enchanted with everything, especially the dear little pigs and chickens!

"A very sweet young lady!" thought old farmer Bracey.
"Very sweet—but here your concentration!" thought Eph, distrustfully.
"Mercy on me!—no like pigs and chickens!" mentally ejaculated the disturbed and bewildered Miss Pittit.
But with her two chicks pressed to her breast with one hand, Miss Hampton managed her coffee and bread and butter with the other, and chatted away like a child let loose with the air was so delicious, and the hay out of school. The air was so delicious, and the hay so sweet, and the trees in the meadow were so beautiful, and there were no side-side walks and no brick houses, and no iron railings, and no many dark speckled cows, and fussy little chickens, and kind-looking old men, and cows, and calves, and ducks, and turkeys— it was delicious—it was enchanting—it was what you could prefer the city to the country, was to Miss Hampton master of incredulous wonder.

"Will you come into the bonnet?" asked Miss Pittit, with a laughing air, as her friend Julia rose from breakfast.
"No!" exclaimed the city damsel, to the infinite delight of old Bracey, "no, dear! I'd rather go out to the barn. Are you going any where with the oxen to-day, sir?" she added, going up to the gray-headed old farmer, carelessly, "I should so like to ride in that great cart."
Eph was still suspicious of all this unexpected agreeableness, but he was naturally too courteous not to give way to a lady's whim. He put on his old straw hat, and tied his handkerchief to his forehead, (not to imitate the broad ribbon of a royal order, but to wipe the sweat off his forehead) and offering Miss Hampton a hand which stood outside the door, he begged her to be ready when he came by the team. He and his father were bound to the far meadow, where they were cutting hay, and would like her assistance in raking.

It was a "specimen" morning, as the magazines say; for the air was temperate, and the whole country was laden with the smell of the new hay, which somehow or other, as every body knows, never hinder or overpowers the perfume of the flowers. Oh, that wondrous green lawn between the bushes was like an aspen to Paradise. The old cart jolted along through the ruts, and Miss

Father Mathew.

Writing from Pensacola, Florida, gives a very animated account of his labors for the last six months. His mission has been most abundantly successful. After leaving New Orleans early in May, where during the six weeks previous he had received fourteen thousand a dime, he proceeded up the Mississippi, and having visited Donaldsonville reached Natchez. Next he visited Vicksburg, where Major Rock told him that he had recently initiated a most rigid scrutiny, the result of which was, that out of