THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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Poetry and Miscellany.

THE STORMS AND STARS OF MARCH.

BY REV. JAMES C. LYONS, LL.D.

Harsh is the voice, and loud the war,
Of storms in that ungenial time,
When leaving Southern lands afar,
The sun wakes up our Northern clime.
The long white surges of the deep
Then break on every wailing shore,
And, foaming down each rocky steep,
The mountain torrents rage and roar.

Like rapiers driven with vengeful thrust,
On breast and brow the cold Winds beat,
And rushing hail, or troubled dust,
Sweeps the rough road and echoing street.
The groaning woods are bleak and bare,
The violet slumbers yet unseen,
And those wild fields and pastures wear
No welcome tint of early green.

But God, with all a Father's love,
When Earth thus reft of beauty lies,
Reveals, in blazing pomp above,
The wonders of his radiant skies.
Look thou on Night's refulgent arch,
When that rude hour thy gladness mars,
And thou shalt find, in raging March,
The month at once of storms and stars.

For lo! the great Orion burns,
Decending in the cloudless West,
And red *Arcturus now returns*,
Beaming at eve, a sacred guest;
Far up, in circles broad and bright,
The Ram and Lion move and shine,
While Sirius lifts his orb of light,
And fills our hearts with thoughts divine.

Thus, even thus, when storms arise,
And all is dark and joyless here,
He sets before our longing eyes
The *glories of that lofty sphere*;
When sorely tried we grieve along,
Or sink beneath Oppression's rod,
He whispers, from His starry throne,
"Look up, O man; and trust in God."

THE MIDNIGHT MARRIAGE.

BY OLIVER B. BUNCE.

Author of "The Madman's Story," etc.

About the year 1800, there lived in a little village situated somewhere in the western part of the country, known by the title of Holdonville, an old man and a young woman. The old man was weak, decrepit, gray, peevish, childish, garrulous, miserly, rich and seventy; the young woman was beautiful, supple, blue-eyed, sylph-like, gentle, amiable, and seventeen. He was a devil incarnate; she was an angel immaculate. He was a grandfather; she whas his orphan grand-daughter.—He was known by the name of William Seer, and our heroine was always called Kate Seer, though her real name—as her mother was the old man's daughter—was Kate Sumpton.

The old man and his grand-daughter lived in a house situated in a place somewhat retired from the immediate vicinity of the village, and were only occasionally interrupted in their avocations by the intrusion of their neighbors. They lived poorly and meanly, although it was mysteriously intimated that he was by no means deficien in filthy lucre; that in one of the walls of their humble cottage were stored away large sums of gold; and then many were the profound head-shakings and mysterious innuendoes indulged in by the goodly villagers. And it was downright asserted by some of the spruce bloods of the village, that it was a shame—so it was—that such a pretty lass should have to perform all the drudgery labors of the household, when there was money enough in his purse to keep a retinue of servants.

Now Kate had many admirers among the swains of village. There was Dr. Bumbleton, who was "fat and scant o' breath," and who lived over the hill, and Peter Popler who did'nt, and there was the rich Squire's son, Charles Addlegate, and last, though Kate would have decidedly said not least, Will Warry. Now, many were the scandlous things said of Will by the envious, but bless you! he was as indifferent as you may imagine about them. There was one thing which he was accused of, however, which he never took the trouble to contradict, and always laughed outright when accused of it to his face.

It seemed one day that as Kate was tripping along to the spring for a pitcher of water, Will—the young rascal—sprang from behind a holly bush, and before she could scream more than once or twice, kissed her sweet pouting lips most warmly. Many were the exclamations of horror bestowed upon Will for that daring act, which all said was committed without provocation, and they pitied the poor thing—so they did—but bless you she never seemed to be wanting pity, not at all; while Will most vehemently declared that there was provocation, most irresistable provocation in her dewy lips for a dozen kisses; and to tell the truth, we believe him, and which assertion, strange to say, Kate was never known to deny.

But notwithstanding the decided preference of Kate for Will Warry, her devoted admirer Dr. Bombleton was most painfully persevering in his addresses. Dr. B. was one of those great men, who leave their impress on the age in which they live, with this addition, his age had also left its impress upon him, a truth which the worthy Doctor seemed wonderfully oblivious of. Now, Kate's youth had no affinity with his age or fat, and so she laughed and tossed her pretty head, and smiled scornfully whenever he presumed to address her of love, which he always did of a Tuesday morning, dressed in a violet-colored suit, a rickety bob-wig that always seemed in danger of toppling upon his knobbed nose, a straw-colored ribbon that fluttered from the third button-hole on the left side of his coat, and carrying in one hand a stupendous cane, and in the other a gorgeous bouquet of flowers.

Thus time passed on. Kate was most happy in the society of her dear Will, most merry when the Doctor spoke of love, and most miserable beneath the harsh words and harsh treatment, of her cross selfish grandfather.

One day when Kate's even unusually severe rejoinders had penetrated through the shield of flesh that encased the heart of the Doctor, he left her with a decided angry frown, and proceeded direct to the old man, and a long conference ensued. What the subject was, exactly, we can't pretend to say, but when the Doctor left, his face was a perfect constellation of smiles, and he thumped his big cane upon the ground, and rubbed his knuckles, and twirled his flowers, in a manner so decidedly overflowing with good humor that Kate couldn't help wondering as to the cause. But alas! she was to know but too soon.

That very afternoon her grandfather called her to him and abruptly commanded her to marry the odious Dr. Bombleton. Now Kate was a merry-hearted, laughing-eyed daughter of Eve, and although his harsh words would often make her sweet, blue eyes drop pearly tears, yet she always obeyed him with reverence, and treated him with respect; but when such an abrupt command was given to her on a course which she considered herself to be the sole mistress, her bosom heaved and swelled with indignation, and her blue eye actually grew large and fierce. Most resolutely and firmly did she refuse to enter into any engagement of the kind. Her refusal drove the obstinate and self-willed old man into a perfect frenzy of passion. He raved and stormed with all the maddening, feverish impotence of old age, heaping maledictions upon her head, and swearing with fearful imprecations, that she should marry the Doctor despite all the objections that might be raised. But Kate remained firm, and to the last resolutely defied his commands.

That evening just as darkness had fairly settled o'er the globe, the Doctor returned, and was ushered by the old man into the building, and entering one of the rooms, which had always been held as sacred to his privacy, Seer bade the Doctor assist himself to a seat. The room as revealed by the flickering glare of a sickly tallow candle, was an unfinished, dreary, cobwebbed place. The walls were cold and bare, the floor irregular and rough, while long pendant cobwebs drooped from the ceiling.—There were a few chests a broken chair, and an antique, spasmodic table in the room. Seating themselves on one of the chests, they prepared to arrange the details of their nefarious bargain. The wind swept threw the crevices of the walls, and flared the candle's flame to and fro, and as the light cast the undatural and hideous shadows of the two forms on the barren walls, they resembled fiends rather than men—the meanly clothed, and thin, bent form of the old man, in contrast with the swelling portliness of the half-trembling Doctor. The aged man was eager and impatient, and his hand opened and shut with a convulsive, grasping action.

"Two thousand dollars," muttered the old man, in a low exulting tone.

"Yes, two thousand dollars, and she is mine," replied the other, the words escaping between his chattering teeth.

"Yours, yours! ha! ha! Why, that sum were worth a score of love-sick girls! Two thousand dollars! Ay, though all earth should seek to thwart me, you should have her. Two thousand dollars! "Tis a goodly sum—a round sum—and all for a silly girl!"

As the old man spoke his eye lit up with a fiendish glare, and his thin, pinched fleshless face grew flushed with the thin blood of his attenuated form. And the Doctor proceeded to count out the sum for which poor Kate had been sold. And as the old man clutched each note that was laid before him he slowly and breathlessly muttered:

"Two thousand dollars! Two thousand dollars!"

"But how is she to be secured? How can she become mine?" said Dr. B., as the last note fell from his hands, and he wiped his brow, from which the sweat was rolling rapidly, although his frame trembled violently.

"How!" exclaimed Seer, with startling quickness, "I will tell you. It must be done *immediately*. To-morrow night, at twelve o'clock, have a carriage and horses at the foot of the lane by the blasted willow; there I promise you to be with Kate. There is an old abandoned mill, some four miles from this, to which you must drive. I have a priest in a neighboring town, whom I can command; I will have him there, and then despite her resistance she shall be yours. No assistance can reach her there, depend upon me!"

"Hark! what's that?"

Both men sprang to their feet as a slight rustling, and the gentle pattering of a light step fell upon their ears. The two men stood gazing at each other for some moments with dismay. Not a sound could be heard, not a motion—all was as still as the grave. "Pshaw!" at last said the old miser querulously, "it was nothing—the wind!"

But the less callous Doctor trembled and shook with the utmost consternation. Their plans were soon arranged, and they parted. The old man tottered toward his couch, ever and anon muttering, "Two thousand dollars! two thousand dollars!"

But as the son of Galen moved towards his home, every shadow startled him; every noise awakened the liveliest apprehension; and yet he would have been more startled could he have seen, in another direction the form of Kate, hastening rapidly along, closely muffled in a capacious cloak. The noise that had startled the old man in the fiendish work was caused by Kate. She had witnessed the entrance of the Doctor to the house, and she felt justified in the resolve to learn the particulars of her sale. Thus she had been a concealed auditor of the scene. But no sooner possessed of their plans than she felt determined to flee at once to Will Warry. But fearing that she would be unable to see him, she had penned a brief account of the plot, as her happiness would depend upon his hearing the full circumstances by the morrow. Actuated by these feelings, with her bosom in a glow of indignation, she set out on her journey towards the residence of Will Warry, which was some two miles off. Arriving there, she was dismayed to find the doors were firmly closed, and that she could not gain admittance.—She knew that there would be no way of seeing him on the morrow, and that unless she could see him then, or at least convey to him her letter, she was lost. Affixing a stone to the letter, she threw it violently against the upper window, which had no shutters, and to her delight her aim was sufficiently true to send the missive through the glass. She listened attentively for some time, but not a sound could be heard, and she thus concluded that Will was not at home. With a heavy heart she retraced her steps; conjuring up before her vivid imagination a thousand evils, and trembling lest the black purpose of her grandfather and Bombleton should be consummated.

Arriving at the cottage, she obtained admission unheard, and with noiseless steps stole to her couch.

All the next day was passed by our heroine in a state of great mental excitement. Nothing could be seen or heard of Warry. Twenty times during the day did she ramble towards the spring, that bubbled up in a sweet retired spot, and where they had had many stolen interviews, in the vain hope that she would meet him. But each time she was doomed to disappointment, and her heart grew still more weary, her eye still more languid. Night began to draw rapidly near, and the sun bathed both hill and dale in a rich glow, as it lingerd a moment above the horizon, and then it sank to its western home, and the curtain of night dropped slowly o'er the face of nature. Although Kate had received no message from her betrothed, she still hoped that he had received her letter, and that he would save her.

The old man's manner had much changed toward her during the day; he was kind, and even addressed her with words of affection. But to Kate such words were more loathing, more hateful than downright abuse. But scarcely had darkness fairly mantled the world in a deep shroud, ere he prepared to break to her his fiendish purpose. Our heroine received it calmly, without a word, a motion.

"To-night, then, my sweet Kate," continued he, "you shall become the wife of the rich Dr. Bombleton."

"I am aware, sir, of the terms of your bargain. I know that I have been bought and sold, and that odious man's possession of my person has already been paid for. Do not, therefore, mock me with words of false affection. I understand you, and I now tell you freely and irrevocably, I shall not become his wife!"

"Not his wife! not his wife!" exclaimed the old man, choking with passion. "Wench, I have sworn it. This night you shall become his bride—this night at the midnight hour, despite all your threats, all your resistance, you shall become his wife. The hour draws near, so prepare."

"I will not go!"

"You shall!" hissed the old man between his set teeth, and seizing her arm violently. Kate, agreeable to her womanly instinct, would have screamed most lustily, but a sudden thought flashed across her brain. Hastily wrenching his arm from her grasp, she answered in a full and dignified tone:

"I will not be dragged to the altar; I am no child to be coerced into such a measure. Send me to the presence of this man who would call me wife, and if his heart beat with an impulse of humanity, he shall release me."

The arch fiend laughed scornfully, but bade her prepare to leave. In an hour's time, the two left the cottage and proceeded to the spot where the valiant Dr. B. was to await them. The old man tottered on with feeble steps, alternately cursing the distance and the darkness that obscured the path. But Kate heard not his blasphemies; she was busy with her own fate. She trembled with wild apprehension as they reached the spot; now confident of assistance and rescue by her loved William, and anon shuddering lest her epistle had not reached him, and consequently the doom that awaited her.—She blamed herself for not seeking safety in flight during the day; but that thought when it had presented itself, she had over postponed in the deferred hope of Warry's rescue.

At last they came in sight of the rendezvous. A coach was standing at the spot, and a muffled figure paced up and down by it. Kate trembled convulsively, while the old man, as he saw the nearing consummation of his bargain and the secure possession of the gold, laughed lowly and demoniacally and clutched his fingers together like a vice. They at last reached the spot. The muffled figure, without a word, approached Kate and led her towards the carriage. Her knees almost sank beneath her, and her breath came with difficulty. But where was Dr. Bombleton? She could see but one person. One foot was upon the step of the carriage; the old man lingered some distance behind, endeavoring to discern in the darkness the figure of the Doctor; when the muffled figure hastily drew her close to it, and the voice of Will Warry rung upon her ear:

"Courage, Kate!"

The blood sprang through her veins in a rapid torrent. She grasped his arm with almost violence, as she exclaimed in deep and fervent accents, "Saved, saved!"

"In, in, Kate! quick, quick!" exclaimed Will as he hurried her into the coach. He closed the door quickly and sprang upon the box.

"Where is the Doctor?" exclaimed the old man, tottering towards the coach. A crack of the whip was the only reply, and as the horses sprang forward with the rapidity of thought, the truth flashed upon the mind of the old mad.

"Hold! Stop! Stop, I tell ye!" yelled he with frantic violence, and rushing after the fast retreating vehicle.—And as the horses bounded on with almost frantic speed, Kate fancied she heard, above the rattling of the wheels, the loud shrill blasphemies of the cheated miser.

On, on they flew like the lightning; trees, fences, rocks flew by, and as they sped on in the blackness of the night, each object seemed to issue from the dark pall before them, and to loose itself again in the thick shroud behind them. Now they bounded up some hill side, now they dashed along the plain, and anon they ascended some steep hill, rushing wild speed into the dark chaos before them. On they went, ne'r pausing, ne'r hesitating, until at last the nigh exhausted steeds were held up, panting and crested with foam, before the deserted and ruined mill Seer had spoken of. In an instant, Warry was at the coach door, and as he assisted Kate to the ground, he folded her for a moment to his heart.

"Dear, dear Kate! fear not, you are safe!"

"Oh, William, blessings upon you for my safety!" murmured Kate, dropping her head upon his bosom.

"Quick, Kate, quick! The old Doctor and the post-boy were seized by me, bound, and thrown into a neighboring brake; they have probably been discovered ere this, and pursuit will be certain."

"But where shall we go?"

"There is but one way, Kate, to prevent their further designs upon you. Their priest is in this building;—consent to be mine and he shall unite us. Hark!" continued he, bending his ear to the ground. "*By all that's honest*, they are pursuing us! I hear the rumbling of the wheels. Come, decide, Kate!"

"I am yours, Will!" whispered Kate.

"Come, then,!" was the brief reply, as he hurried her towards the building. They entered through a broken door-way, and ascending a pair of creaking and tremblidg stairs, they reached the upper floor. A poor, miserable, flickering light burned at the remote end of the room, or rather loft, near which was seated on a small cask, a little puny man busily engaged in reading a small volume. So noiseless had been the approach of Will and Kate, that he did not hear them, and remained wrapped in the contents of his book. Warry closed the somewhat broken door that gave egress and ingress into the apartment, and slipped the old rusty bolt forward, so that it was tolerably well fastened. The noise of moving the bolt aroused the stranger who, unable through the uncertain light to discern the countenances of his new companions, hastened forward, bowing in the most abject manner, and expressing himself ready to obey their orders. But no sooner did his eye fall upon the movements of Warry, than he started back in the utmost alarm and apprehension.

"Look you," said Warry, firmly, "I know for what you are here—how hired, and by whom. Your master has been cheated—defeated at his own game. You, however, shall perform the duty for which you was hired; a change of bridegroom cannot affect you much."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," angrily retorted the little preacher. "I was engaged to marry Dr. Bombleton to Miss Kate Seer; they are the only parties I shall recognize."

"By heaven, man, I say you shall! So prepare yourself. I say you *shall* unite Miss Kate Sumpton—not Seer—and Will Warry!"

"I shall not," grumbled the little man, dashing his book to the floor.

At this juncture the rumbling of wheels was distinctly heard. The sound broke joyfully upon the ear of the minister, and his face grew radiated with joy. Warry heard the sound too, and his lips grew compressed with determination.

"Do man, as I tell you! Begin immediately!"

"Not though all the fiends of hell should attempt to force—"

His words were suddenly interrupted by Warry placing a pistol to his head.

"Do it, do it, I say, or I will blow your head into a thousand pieces. If you have any respect for your brains begin."

The rumbling of the wheels grew louder, the clattering of horses' hoofs could be heard, and the crack of the postman's whip fell distinctly upon their ears. With a face of an ashy hue, Warry hissed between his teeth his commands to the priest.

The carriage had reached the mill and a low murmur of voices was heard below.

"Proceed!" exclaimed Warry in a determined husky voice.

With a frame quivering with terror, the man of the gospel proceeded to unite them in the bonds of matrimony.

"Quick, quick, quick!" exclaimed the impatient Warry.

At this moment the voice of the old man was heard at the door, demanding admittance, while another's arm launched at the door a terrible blow that caused the old building to shake and quiver to its foundation.

"Will you be quick!" shouted the almost maddened Warry, while his forced the muzzle of his pistol so forcibly against the brain of the priest, that a deep red mark was impressed on his temple. The priest trembled and halted in his words, which his chattering teeth would scarcely allow him to utter.

"Stop, stop the ceremony!" yelled the old man without.

Another blow came crashing against the door.

"Go on!" yelled Warry, in a tone of frenzy. "Go on I say, or you are a dead man!" continued he, as he cocked his pistol, and thrust it into the *face of the priest*.

"Stop! stop!" frantically shrieked the miser.

"Go on!" hissed Warry.

Another blow crashed through one of the panels of the door.

"Stop, stop!" shrieked the old man. Another blow from the stout arm of the postillion, and the door flew open.

"Conclude!" hissed Warry, actually pulling on the trigger. But at this moment, old Seer, followed by Dr. Bombleton and the postillion, *rushed* into the room.

"Pluck them asunder! pluck them asunder!" exclaimed the old man, rushing towards Kate; but Warry caught him by the arm, and flung him violently across the room.

"Stand off, or you are dead men! Finish the ceremony instantly, or you cease to breathe!"

With a hesitating utterance the priest spoke the last words of the ceremony.

"Look you, one and all!" said Warry, as soon as Kate become his, "this lady is my wife. As you value your lives, do not touch her. You have all witnessed the ceremony. Come Kate!"

He strode toward the door, but the old man, foaming with rage, rushed before him, pouring upon his head and Kate's the most fearful imprecations and horrid curses.

"But the gold, the gold" continued he, "I have the gold! it's mine—rightfully mine! I call you all to witness that I have done my part—that I performed my agreement. He should not have let another get her—it was his fault, not mine. The gold is mine, mine, mine!"

"Hard-hearted, contemptible miser," broke in Will Warry. "You would have sold your kin and kind for base gold, aye, would have bartered away your own grand-daughter, an orphan, for money. I have rescued her from your pelting touch; hereafter, she is beyond your reach. As for you, Doctor, who would buy a wife, force a girl who loathed you to your arms, and yet by your cowardice could see another snatch her from your hands, I can only pity and loathe. I would punish, did I not know that the money, you thought to buy her with, has been lost to you; and to such a soul, that's the greatest punishment you could receive. This lady is my wife, so stand from before her. Adieu, gentlemen, all!"

He strode towards the door, but the old man tottered towards him, and seized Kate by the arm. In an instant the whole party rushed forward, to free her from her husband's side. But Warry instantly presenting his pistol, checked them in their progress. Grasping Kate by the waist, he raised her in his arms, and with his pistol presented to the breast of his assailants, he backed towards the door. Step by step he retreated until he reached the door, and passing through, he decended the stairs with his face to his enemies. Unmolested he reached his carriage and placed Kate within it.

"Thank heaven, dear William, that you are *safe*!" said she in a whisper.

"And that you are mine!" he added.

In a few moments they were dashing rapidly off. Dr. Bombleton stole abashed to his home, too cowardly to demand a return of his money from the old miser.

Will and Kate Warry lived happily—as every body knows they must have done. They never saw the old man again; but a few months after they were called upon to attend his funeral, and afterwards, when the old mansion was torn down, quite a fair sum of shining gold was found, which of course reverted to Kate. And thus happily ended "The Midnight Marriage!"

Burchard and the College Professor.

Some years ago, while Burchard, the notorious revival preacher, was laboring in various parts of New England, he sojourned for several weeks in Burlington, Vt., where he managed as usual to get up a good deal of excitement, by the extraordinary arts of which he was master. Here, however, as elsewhere, the church to which he brought his services was divided in opinion as to the propriety of his manner of preaching, and the probable usefulness of his zealous and energetic, but very eccentric, and often irreverent conduct. Some of the church members seemed to regard him as a prodigy of piety, ability and usefulness. Others, but not so many as the later party, considered him a proud, vain-glorious, imprudent pretender, in short a humbug, and were much inclined to treat him in accordance with that opinion. Of the latter division was Mr. B., a worthy man, a wit, and a professor in the Vermont University. During the exercises one day, Burchard went to his seat, and taking him for some "ungodly" villager, began to inquire about his soul's condition, in his usual set phrase:—"Are you a *professor sir*?" said Burchard, almost ferociously. "Yes, sir," replied B., with great promptness and decision—"yes, sir, professor of *mathematics and civil engineering!*" The parson dropped him "like a hot potatoe," and passed on to the next pew.

An Illinois Marriage Certificate.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Spirit of the Times*, writing from "Copperas Precinct," Illinois, gives the following certificate of marriage, which he accidentally came across in looking over some old papers:

Examining a land title the other day which involved a question of legitimacy, I stumbled upon the following marriage certificate, which is decidedly too good to be lost, and is literally *bona fide*. The marriage, of which this is the only legal evidence, took place in Copperas Precinct, in this county, in the infancy of the country: or rather in primative times, and the magistrate ought to be immortalized, whether he ever gets his commission or not. The certificate is in these words:

State of Illinois Peoria County ss.

To all the world greeting. Know ye that John Smith and Peggy Myers is hereby certified to go together and do as old folks does, anywhere inside of copperas precinct, and when my commission comes I am to marry em good, and to date em back to *kiver accidents*.

[SEAL] O——M——R, Justice Peace.

I put the initials, only of the magistrate, for the reason that this legal luminary is still living, and probably too modest to covet the fame to which he is so justly entitled. Don't he deserve a pension, and the unanimous thanks of those interested in the rapid peopling of the State, as those who can't wait for commission?

Anecdote.

The "Yankee Blade tells" of a queer incident which came off at a church in Boston; a clergyman was pronounced a grandiloquent eulogium upon Howard. The philanthropist, comparing him with all the world's benefactors since Noah's day, and declaring that he could find no place honorable enough for him on the roll of those who had been blessings to their race, while over and anon his paragraphs were wound off with the exclamation, "Where shall we place this great philanthropist?" Just as he had reiterated the interrogatory for the dozenth time, a chap with a "brick in his hat," who had staggered in rose up, and steadying himself by clutching the pew-railing with a vice like grasp, cried out. "S-s-since you are so b-b-blamably puzzled, Mister, he-he-he can have *s-s-se-seat here in th-th-this pew. There's plenty of room!*" It would require a Cruikshank's pencil to depict the scene that ensued. Suffice to say our bibulous friend was incontinently shown that there was room neither in the pew nor in the entire house for him.

Selections, Grave and Gay.

For the Erie Observer.

LITTLE AND GREAT.

BY DYLAN.

I saw a little foot print
Pressed in a little sand,
And saw a little marking
Made by a little hand;
I thought some little Angel
Had played a little while,
And written little letters
All with a little smile.

I stared a little moment
Across the little place,
And dream of little zephyrs
That kiss'd her little face;
I wondered in the feelings
Of Cupid's little sort
Began a little exciting
To have a little sport.

I left; a great while after,
I saw great big lars,
Coming down a great hill
Among the great trees;
I thought I liked her greatly,
And dreamt of greater things,
So, like most any great fool
I said some greatful things.

I was then I got a great slap—
It was a gentling thing—
Something like a great clap
Of great clouds thundering!
I set my teeth a-gaping—
(They grated like a grater)
Not like a little grater,
But like a great big grater.*

*If the last few lines of this effusion are not exactly poetry, they are probably true, and as such we are willing to give the author the benefit of it.—*Editor.*

THE GREENLANDERS:
Their Appearance, Government and Character.

In a country where there is no government, and where they know nothing of laws, religions, or refinements, the weed mankind, of course, takes its natural bent and developments. Greenland is such a place, and a work lately published gives an account of it which is exceedingly curious. From an able digest of it in the Tribune we extract a passage or two. First, the physique:

"The *Greenlanders are of a stout build*, below the medium height, have broad, flat faces, inexpressive eyes, small noses, thick under-lips, and coarse black hair, which hangs over their brown faces. Their skin is, nevertheless, rather fair than dark, but appears brown in consequence of its filthiness, and gives out a repulsive, fatty smell, which is almost insupportable to Europeans. In the southern part, we see more slender figures, more agreeable faces, and more expressive eyes. The Greenlander is lazy and indifferent to what takes place around him, but in general cheerful and well disposed. He seldom involves himself in a quarrel, or even comes to hot words. He is changeable, troubles himself only about his nearest interests or his absolute necessities, and when he has a chance, delights in sleeping night and day.—The vanity of these people is very striking. According to their opinion, all other people are inferior to them, and when they wish to praise a stranger, they say, 'He is as well instructed as we,' or, 'He begins to be an Inuit.' Crimes or acts of violence seldom occur; whoever injurs another, is publicly scoffed at and scorned, for the Greenlanders have a strong inclination to satire and a biting tongue. The Norwegian Missionary Egede, who settled among them in the year 1721, had to bear a great deal in the commencement of his labors. They compared his large nose with the Stag-Horn peak, and when he related to them the life and sufferings of Christ, they remarked: 'If He had come among us, we would have loved Him and been obedient to Him. What madmen to slay Him who could give them life!' They love their near relatives, but are unfeeling in relation to their misfortunes, and exhibit no regret at the total ruin of others."

The author thus describes their habitations:

"They neither form a state, nor possess any government or kind of authority whatever. This is explained by the simple circumstance that they need nothing of the kind. In summer they live in tents; in winter, in houses—or rather huts—which are from five to six feet high, twelve broad, and a hundred feet long, often containing several families under the same roof. The walls are covered on the inside with skins, to keep out the dampness and cold air. A broad bench runs along the side; a kettle of stone or iron, hangs over a train oil lamp, which supplies the place of a stove or hearth. The windows are formed of the entrails of the whale and seal instead of glass. The entrance is through a long, narrow passage, through which the hot air escapes, and although there is no door, such a heat is kept up inside that even in winter the Greenlanders go almost without clothes.—A European cannot exist in such filth and stench."

The *boats* of these people are their only excellence of manufacture:—

"Since the natives subsist principally upon the supplies which the sea affords them, they bestow great pains on the construction of their boats, which they guide and propel with great dexterity. The *kayak*, or man's boat, is from twelve to fourteen feet long, only sighteen inches broad, and twelve inches deep, having a skeleton of wood and fish-bone, covered on all sides with skins made perfectly water tight, and weighing at most only 30 pounds. In the middle is a well secured opening, into which the Esquimaux creeps. He then fastens his coat of seal-skin tight around the entrance, and sits perfectly dry in the middle of the sea. In his light skiff he flies as securely as a sea-gull over the waves, and in time of severest gale is kept warm by his own fat. Even when the *kayak* is overturned, the stroke of an oar is sufficient to restore its equilibrium, but whoever loses his oar, is hopelessly lost."

But what will be said of the state of the women among the Greenlanders?—

"The *umiaks* are women's boats, twice as long and three or four times as broad as the *kayaks*, very elastic, but with flat bottoms, and therefore adapted to the sea. They are propelled by four or five women, for among the Esquimaux the severest labors are imposed upon the female sex. They make clothes and boots, *umiaks* and *kayaks*, tan leather, build houses, pitch tents, cook, and take care of children, while the man considers it unworthy of him to work; his proper employment is in catching seals and shooting birds. Since there are no rich Greenlanders, the bride brings her husband no other dowry than strong arms. It is, however, customary and proper