THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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

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Erie, Jan. 25. R. T. STERRETT & SONS.

Poetry and Miscellany.

ONWARD.

BY H. MELINDA PHILLIPS.

Onward from its crystal fountain,
Speeds the little streamlet free;
Onward flows the noble river,
Till it mingleth with the sea;
Onward! speak unnumbered voices,
From the wide creation round!—
From the dim and distant ages,
With the chains of error bound.

From the mind of man immortal,
Soaring upward in its flight,
Bursting through each bond and barrier
That detained it long in night;
Voices from the past and present
Tell what willing hands have done,
And of what, with strong endeavor,
In the future may be won.

In the future stretching forward,
No horizon we can see;
Boundless as the fields of heaven,
Bright and glorious it may be.
Shall we in earth's vineyard slumber;
In our lives no tablet rear;
Be like bubbles on the ocean,
Rise to burst and disappear.

Onward! in the paths of progress.
Let us boldly take our stand;
Be for truth the ready champion,
Striving with our heart and hand.
Onward! let it be our watchword:
Ever higher seek to climb.
Onward! let our lives e'er echo,
From each passing step of time.

THE STRANGE SCHOONER.

A VERY DUTCH TALE.

Mein Herr von Bischoff was a Dutchman, as almost every one will perceive from his name, and one of the most comfortable, smoking, tea-drinking, punch-imbibing of his numerous fraternity. He had abandoned business at an early era, no one knew why, unless from love of ease, though certainly it was quite clear he had enough to live upon. He had been a merchant in New York, but no longer lived in that city. He had, before he was forty years of age, retired to a splendid estate on both sides of a small creek that opened into a lovely bay. A green and high bluff stood on the southern side of the bight, covered with low trees and bushes, and on the sides and all around by wood. At the foot of the cliff Bischoff built his house. It was a perfect model of neatness and cleanliness. It was of stone, and formed two storys. The upper story was all bedrooms, as were the garrets; while on the lower was a dining-room, a smoking-room, a large kitchen, and one apartment into which no man but the master of the house ever ventured. It was barred with iron, and the only window opened into a passage. But no one thence could see the inside, the glass being stained, and heavy curtains further obscuring the vision. The door was always carefully locked.

Bischoff had numerous servants, male and female, white and black. He grew his own vegetables, reared his own cattle, had a poultry yard, a splendid dairy, as clean as an old maid's parlor. He lived well, did Mein Herr. He rose at six, took a walk round his garden, looked at his tulips—if in season—scolded his gardener good humoredly, peeped into his poultry yard, examined the dairy with the air of a connoisseur, and then breakfasted.—He ate heartily of his pork and beef, drank plenty of tea, munched two or three cora cakes, and then smoked a pipe by way of digestion. At eleven, after a stroll through the house—a stroll always accompanied by numerous grunts and objurgations at the laziness and extravagance of servants—he took his *schnapps*, as he called his first glass of spirits, and then read the last Dutch paper with rare gusto, though he had almost worn it out, and it was at length nearly two years old. But until another came it was the retired merchant's latest intelligence; and as in those days no one, especially Dutchmen, were ever in a hurry for news, it served the purpose at least of our modern Sunday paper. At one he dined, with an appetite which to us degenerate mortals would seem dreadful in its vehemence. But Von Bischoff—Peter was his Christian name—looked upon dining as a duty, and never moved from table in less than an hour. He ate his beef and cabbage, his bacon, his beans, his venison, his fish, with clockwork regularity, and quaffed his beer with equal respect for the interior mechanism of his stomach. Then he made a glass of punch, and in fine weather went down to the port of New Rotterdam, as his estate was called. We said the port. This requires explanation.

The Dutchman's garden went right down to the edge of the water. It had been chosen for the purpose where the bank was high and steep, and a very decent quay had been knocked up with a few cedar piles driven into the water, and a number of planks laid down from them to the land. A little bower had been erected close to the port, and here Peter would take his glass of grog, and his pipe, and spreading himself out in a leathern cushioned arm-chair, would gaze upon the water in the direction of the capital of the state of New York. Once a month a methodical schooner would, about two o'clock on the first day of the month, come in sight, wind and weather permitting, and about three would moor along side the wharf, with the most praiseworthy punctuality.—But Andrew Brock was even a more jog-trot Dutchman than Peter von Bischoff. He was never known to hurry himself, or even to be behind-hand, when he could help it. He could not be induced to undrstand why wind and tides should ever vary, or at all events should not be perfectly regular in their variations. And yet, if the wind was against him, Andrew took it quietly. He was not like an English madcap of a sailor, going to bother himself with beating up the channel against the wind, wearing out ship and tackle, but waited until he could sail in a reasonable methodical manner, in his usual course, with his usual sails set. He brought Von Bischoff his letters, his supplies of tea, sugar, and tobacco; and took away bacon, and cheese, and corn, and leaf-tobacco, and other things which the Dutchman grew; and now and then the schooner brought a Dutch paper, which delighted the heart of the owner of Rotterdam for months, yea, even for years. A whole week did it take Andrew Brock to load and unload, with the assistance of his crew and the well-fed negroes of the establishment. But Mein Herr never grumbled. He had some one to drink with him, to smoke with him, and to sit with him. Not that when Captain Brock sat down before him they ever roused themselves to any greater exchange of intellectuality than a few remarks relative to the Hollands or the tobacco. But then there is sociability in company which even a silent Dutchman can appreciate, and Von Bischoff was on such occasions, eminently happy.

For some years previous to the commencement of our narrative, Von Bischoff received every month, by the hand of Andrew Brock, a letter of some pages in length, written in a clear hand-writing, but with all the delicacy and elegance of woman's usual style. Peter looked at them gravely, and with some little alarm, and at length found courage to open them. He read them with a solemn countenance, but with tears glistening in his eyes, and always made up his mind to write an answer next time. But though Peter could indite with facility an invoice, or a business letter, an epistle which had to deal in sentiment and feeling was something out of his way, and required consideration. And so Peter went on considering for three years; and little Katharine, the author of the documents in question, received no other reply to her affectionate outbursts of filial duty, save promises to write next time, kind wishes, and handsome presents.

"Katharine is eighteen, she says," exclaimed Andrew Brock one day, taking his pipe from his mouth for a minute—"and thinks it time she should come home."

"Eighteen!" replied Peter, opening his little eyes to their extreme width, and looking in truth unutterable things—"eighteen! Her mother was married at that age."

"I'll marry her," said Andrew Brock gravely. "She is pretty, and as lively as a kitten."

"Ah!" responded Peter, without noticing the offer of the skipper; "lively! Just like her mother, I suppose. These English have quicksilver in their veins. But she is a woman now: she must come home."

"Give me the order to receive her," continued Captain Brock, who understood clearly that his overtures were rejected for the present, and, like his patron was not inclined to waste words in explanation.

Mein Herr did all that was necessary: sent the money for the schooling, a female servant to accompany her, and two lines to his daughter, requesting her to come home, and declaring himself very glad to see her. There was a little hypocrisy in this, for Peter felt considerable uneasiness about the matter. During the two years that his young English wife had lived his life had been miserable. She was a joyous, young, merry thing, who would have given untold happiness to any man who could have appreciated her. She was always singing, dancing, or running about. She could never stand still and the methodical Dutchman was miserable. Worst of all she made him laugh, and that made his stomach ache, he said, which was an alarming sign of future illness.—About a year after giving birth to a lovely child, Mary Bischoff was drowned while crossing over to New Rotterdam. She was standing on the taffrail, trying in her girlish way, to catch a glimpse of a large fish by the side, when her foot slipprd, overboard she went, and being swept away by the rapid current was seen no more.

The next evening the bereaved husband sat in his bower thinking of the sudden loss he had sustained of one he had loved with all the love of which he was capable.

"*Mein Gott!*" he cried aloud, "I am very sorry. But there is comfort in all things; I shall be quiet now.—What a pity she was so lively. But she would have killed me; so I suppose it is all for the best."

Was it the wind, or was it a sigh that made the Dutchman start? But though he rose and looked around he saw nothing. But his unfeeling speech had sufficient effect on his feelings to make him believe that the ghost of his drowned Mary had reproached him in this gentle way. This belief made him turn to little Kate with sorrowful love. But soon he could not bear the sight of her. Before a week the memory of the winsome ways, the pleasant smile, the jocund laugh of his charming wife had melted the heart of the young Dutchman, and Peter would willingly have once more lost all his peace and tranquility to have been teazed even into leanness by his pretty Mary. But it was too late. The water yielded not up its dead, and Kate was sent to nurse, and after that to school.

Some years beyond this, Peter, whose ruling passion was money, was accosted by a strange sailor, who made him a proposition. What it was no man ever knew.—But Peter grew suddenly wealthy, lent money to all who needed it, retired from business, and took up his residence at New Rotterdam. For some years he seemed far from happy; he was always on the lookout as if for some one. But by degrees, as no one came, he grew easier in his mind, and at last seemed to forget every cause of unhappiness, and waxed fatter, being more contented and satisfied than ever. He still lent money to good houses; but Captain Andrew transacted his business for him, collected his accounts, had his bonds signed, and did every thing which was needful. Every month he brought home all that had been repaid in interest or principal during the month, and took back all that Peter consented to put out to interest. Richer and richer grew our Dutchman, for not only his money, but his vast estates brought him in profit.

The 1st of May was the day on which Katharine was expected home. It was a bright and sunny morning.—Peter ate his dinner with his usual method, after ordering a luxurious tea to be ready at three o'clock, the hour at which the schooner was expected to arrive. At two precisely he was in his bower with pipe and glass. He lit the one and took a sip at the other, and then looked around. His pipe dropped from his mouth and almost out of his hand as he saw two schooners headed for the port of New Rotterdam, at the usual distance. They were so exactly alike that Peter was puzzled to know which was which. What could this mean? There was some mystery about the matter. There was, he was sure, going to be trouble and vexation and his equanimity would surely be disturbed.

"That it should happen on this very first of May 17—," he cried; "the birth day"——

But why is he so pale and trembling, why does he lay down his pipe; why does he gulp down his drink, and, buttoning his pockets, assume an air of sullen defiance, as if prepared to defend them with terrible energy?

"My Heavens!" he exclaimed, "it is the 1st of May 17—; Katharine's birthday, and the anniversary——What will become of me?"

The usually rubicund and merry face of the Dutchman grew pale, all the commonly suffused red congregating on the top of his large nose, his eyes twinkled with angry vehemence, and an awful frown of alarming potent collected on his brow. His glance never left the two schooners, which came on exactly abreast, with their flags flying, and heading exactly for the port of New Rotterham. Peter now recognised that of Brock by the oft-mended sails, those of the other being spick-and-span new of white duck; while the vessel itself had a smart and natty appearance. Mein Her von Bischoff sank down upon his arm-chair in deep thought. His unlit pipe was between his teeth, his replenished glass was untouched. He could distinguish something on the deck of Andrew Brock's schooner which made his heart leap. It was a figure which carried him back 16 years. It was the same size, in the same dress; and the Dutchman could have sworn it was her who, after twenty-four months of wedded life, had found a watery grave. The schooner came nearer and nearer, and Peter Bischoff rose as usual to walk down to the very edge of the water.—The small craft was brought up in the wind, stood still, and then was with wonderful rapidity moored by the negroes to the shore.

"My father," said a soft, ringing, silvery voice in Peter's ear, that made him look round in amazement, for he could have sworn it was the voice of the dead—"my father, here is your Katharine, your Kate."

Merciful Heaven! It was the same hair, the same eyes, the same voice, the same form, and Peter turned away and wept bitterly, Dutchman and phlegmatic as he was.

"What is the matter?" asked Katharine, much amazed.

"You are so like what your poor mother was," replied the father.

"Dear papa, and do you mourn for her still?" said his rosy-cheeked, fair-haired, light, air-stepped daughter!

"I do. I never shall forget the wicked relief I felt at being quiet. But that very unnatural joy was my punishment. Years, my child, had healed the wound; but you have reopened it."

O what a smile of unutterable love came from that child's face as the Dutchman thus spoke of her mother! She caught him round the neck, she kissed him, she laughed, she chattered like a monkey, and then ran with noisome glee to see what the house was like.

"Well, Captain Andrew, what is the meaning of this schooner following you, and anchoring 200 yards off our port?"

"The Devil blister its black sides!" said Andrew Brock fiercely; "it has followed me from New York like a leech. It has never been fifty yards apart; sometimes it would come so close I thought we should touch. It is a rich Englishman, I know: the Captain is a little handsome fellow with smart curly whiskers; I fancy he has come in chase of Katharine."

"Little man, smart curly whiskers, in love with my daughter: *der teufel*, I will kill him!" and Peter Bischoff looked as angry as he had done some hours before.—"But I don't understand such impudence. What can he want?"

There lay the strange schooner in the stream, riding at anchor about 200 yards distant. It was an elegant and graceful craft, with low hull, tall, raking masts, white duck sails, a clean, well holy-stoned deck and all that air of natty seamanship which is peculiarly English.—Peter shook his head, and looked as if he expected to see some sign of life on board. But not a soul was on deck—not a sign of life was visible. The schooner lay still and silently at anchor, as if wholly abandoned by man.

"Very odd," said the Dutch skipper.

"Very," replied Peter: "come and take tea."

Away walked our two portly friends up the garden towards the house, musing with very different feelings relative to the advent of the strange schooner. The Dutch skipper saw only a rival in love and trade in the English sailor, but Peter saw something far more serious; but what it was, unfortunately, he could not communicate to any one. They found Katharine roaring with laughter at the astonishment of the negro female servants when she began upsetting a whole system of her father's arrangements, of which she did not approve. First a chair did not please her; then a table; then a heap of old china was not in a position to satisfy her; and with her own hands and those of her alarmed assistants all was in process of alteration.

As Peter entered the negresses stopped, looking at him with an air of uneasy doubt.

"Make haste, Darkness," said Katharine, with her rich merry laugh, that still made her father's heart leap, and still moistened his eyes.

"Obey your new mistress," exclaimed Peter quietly: "I give no further orders here. Katharine, my daughter, rules the house."

The negresses laughingly and cheerfully prepared to obey; but Kate had changed her mind for the minute, and checking them, bade them prepare tea. Down sat the two Dutchmen, one on each side of Kate—the one to admire and gaze at her in fixed silence, the other to make desperate love. Peter was a handsome man of forty, and would have looked well, making himself into a beau—but the skipper was as ugly a man as you would find in the land, too fond by far of his glass, which Peter did not altogether abuse, though he, too, might more wisely have been a little more abstinate. So Kate laughed heartily at his compliments; asked him if he was not ashamed to dream of marriage at his age, when he should be thinking of a future life—a man of fifty is quite [illegible] in the eyes of a young [illegible] of sixteen—and only became uproarious in her mirth when he got a little angry. Peter would have laughed if he could, but he had a dim perception now of all he had really lost sixteen years before: he knew how what joy might have been his if his wife had been spared to him, and again, as it did ever, his heart reproached him with that unfeeling speech of his the evening after her death.

The tea seemed never likely to finish: Peter kept asking for fresh cups, and fresh slices of hot cake, and eating them slowly, as if he never tired of being helped by his beloved child, whose little hands, stirring his tea and cutting his cake, seemed to take it twice as pleasant.—Andrew Brock tried to imitate him, but he was too fond of brandy and water to be able to do so. It was in vain that gallantry made him try a third cup: he could not manage it. About seven, Kate, who was weary, retired to rest; and Andrew Brock, for the same reason, followed her example. Peter Bischoff remained alone with his pipe and his glasses.

There sat the Dutchman in his cloud of smoke, puffing away out of a bowl of huge dimensions, and quaffing his grog with more gusto than usual. He was not happy. The return of his daughter had brought to his mind the days of his courtship—all that was pleasant in his married life, all its charms, all the excellences and pleasant qualities of Mary Bischoff, while none of her faults were remembered: then he thought of the anniversary of the 1st of May—to him one always of painful import; and as he smoked and drank the good man dozed away, half asleep, half awake, with all manner of queer beings around him. Presently some one seemed to call him, but so faintly he could scarcely hear, and he fell quite into a heavy slumber.

"Peter Bischoff, Peter Bischoff!" said a voice again in a shrill tone which made him start.

Peter sat upright and looked wildly around; he then clearly distinguished some one tapping at the window in a mysterious way. As usual, all the servants were gone to bed and Peter Bischoff was alone.

"Who is there?" said he in a low tone.

"I," replied a half-shrill, half-gruff voice—"the sailor of the island."

"Peter Bischoff groaned; but seeming to resign himself to his fate, went to the door, unbarred it, and gave admission to the stranger. A well-made little man, of about six-and-thirty, with light curly whiskers, a cap, a round jacket, and loose trousers, and a sash supporting pistols and dirk, walked quietly in, entered the smoking-room, sat himself down in the portly Dutchman's arm-chair, and looked at him with his clear, piercing blue eyes with an air of considerable curiosity and surprise.

"How odd you look!" said the English sailor laughing; "as if you expected me, yet did not like the visit."

"Quite prepared to see you," replied the Dutchman.

"How you're changed in sixteen years!" said the other: "fat, grey-haired, red-nose—can't say you're improved."

"Mere matter of taste," said the Dutchman.

"Exactly. But to business. Do you recollect the 1st of May fifteen years since?".

"Yes; there must have been such a day," observed the Dutchman.

"Glad you are willing to own that. But allow me to refresh your memory;—In the year 17—, 16 years ago, living in a small hut on Long Island, I discovered a treasure in my garden, buried there by pirates I suppose"—

"So you said at the time," mused the Dutchman.

"And so I say now!" exclaimed the English sailor shrilly. "I should have declared the discovery to the state, but I didn't. I thought a provision for my old age of more importance than the enriching of a corporation; so I looked round for an honest, upright, but hard man, who could make the best of my money until I wanted it, and rumor brought me to you."

"Exactly," groaned the Dutchman.

"I came over to you in my schooner, in which I traded down the coast, and told you that I had made the discovery. You never advised me to make it public, but offered me 5 per cent for my money as long as I liked. I preferred wandering just then to settling down, and I accepted: I brought you over to the island, handed you the money, you gave me a receipt: here it is—I want my money. The 1st of May 18—is not yet come; the sixteen years when it was to be yours, if unclaimed are not past.

"Exactly," said the Dutchman.

"You are ready, I suppose?" exclaimed the English sailor: "£10,000 net 5 per cent, for fourteen years is £17,000."

"*Mein Gott!*" said the Dutchman with a deep sigh.

"I understand; it is not pleasant to give up so round a sum. Suppose we strike a bargain?"

"*Hein!*" cried Peter rousing himself.

"What do you say to a swap, Mien Herr von Bischoff? Your daughter against the £17,000!"

"See you blistered first!" cried the Dutchman in a loud and thundering voice.

"What!" said the sailor, much surprised, "you prefer your daughter to your money?"

"Of course I do, young man!" exclaimed Peter Von Bischoff; "and you shall strip me of my fortune, ere you shall rob me of her."

"Suppose I denounce you as having secreted treasure?" said the sailor gruffly.

"Do so, and the tenifel take you!" thundered the Dutchman.

"Pay me my money then," said the sailor; "here is your receipt. Here is the sack in which I intend to carry away my gold."

The Dutchman looked fiercely at him, but did not move. To part with £17,000 was dreadful, but to promise his daughter to a man he did not know was worse.

"Well," asked the sailor, "what do you decide?"

"Nothing!" said the Dutchman in angry embarrassment.

"My dear papa," exclaimed Kate, bursting into the room, "what is the matter? I hear you quarrelling with Captain Andrew; what has he been doing?"

"Go to bed," said Peter Bischoff much annoyed, "my dear Kate! I am engaged in business with a stranger."

"A stranger!" cried Katharine in wild and passionate accents; "do you say a stranger? Oh, my mother! why have you come in this disguise?"

"Your mother! what did you say?" said Peter pale and trembling.

"Yes my dear father!" replied Katharine; "and after what you said to-day, you must indeed be proud and happy."

"Proud and happy!" said Mary Bischoff sternly. Then why have I been dead to him for sixteen years? Why, when I fell overboard and was picked up, and was coming home, did I hear him say, "It is all for the best?"

"Because I was a fool! because I knew not the happiness I lost that day; because I loved my ease and quiet, I seemed glad for a moment. But explain all this. I shall go mad! How are you here? Are you Mary, or are you the sailor? What is the object of your lending me money? But no; I am an idiot to ask you. This is some trick. It would be too much happiness—too much;"

"Do I hear aright?" cried Mary, looking at her husband and her child. "Is it possible that you really love me?"

"Mother," said Kate solemnly, "if you had heard and seen him this morning you would not have doubted him;" and drawing the sham sailor on one side she spoke earnestly in a whisper.

In a minute more the sailor's whiskers fell off, his cap was removed, and but that the face was browned, a little plumper, and the form a little rounder, Peter Von Bischoff saw before him the same loved being who, sixteen years before, had disappeared beneath the waters of the Hudson. But Peter had no time to speak, for Kate drew her away. Overcome by his emotions, the merchant sunk into his arm chair.

"It is my wife or her ghost, as sure as I'm a Dutchman!" he cried.

In a few minutes Kate and Mary returned, the latter having hurriedly changed her garb, and Peter knew her once more. He took both their hands, unable to speak, and gazed at them with surprise and affection. His little eyes stood out prominently in his head; he looked fist at one and then at the other, and then drawing his wife to his bosom, kissed her earnestly.

"Tell me all about it," said he, rising with a tremendous effort, and offering her a chair. "My dear love, welcome home!"

"To say Peter that I am surprised is to say little. I am very happy, very proud, even after so many years, to be united to my husband. When I fell overboard sixteen years ago I was swept away by the current instead of sinking, and was picked up by a fisherman whose canoe you could not see in the dark. I lay all night in his hut, nursed by his wife and daughter. Towards the afternoon I was better, and was brought home in the canoe. The man set me on shore on the low beach, and I walked up here with the wicked intention of frightening you with my ghost. Just as I reached the bower I heard you speak. Never shall I forget that moment. It seemed that my girlish spirits made you unhappy, and that you looked upon my death as rather fortunate than otherwise. I resolved never to let you know I was alive, my pride revolted at the idea of being a burden to a man who rejoiced at my supposed death. I would have taken my child; but I loved you still, and wanted to see my child well brought up. You knew that my father had been a sailor, and even that it was rumored he had been hard upon the Spaniards in the Indies. I had been often long voyages with him. I assumed the dress of a man at once, as the best disguise and the surest way of getting on. I shipped on board a trading boat which went to Long Island, where my father had died. I sought his house, now mine, and made it my head quarters Arranging the house one day I found a letter to myself hidden in an old box. It was put there in the provision that his daughter might marry and not be happy. It told me of the hidden treasure. I saw in this unexpected windfall a future fortune for my child. I knew you to be a man capable of doubling it. You know the rest. But I could not bear not to see Katharine. I went to school—the mistress knew me well—I told my story, and she agreed to let me see my child as often as I liked. My child loved me dearly. Every voyage—and they were only along the coast—I put off my male garb, and spent some hours with Kate. When she was old enough to understand, I explained the reason of my parting with you, but, as you well know, without seeking to diminish the child's affection for its father."

"God bless you!" said the Dutchman.

"And so you mean to take back your runaway wife?" replied Mary, sidling up to him.

"*Mein Gott!*" you don't want to go?" exclaimed Peter anxiously.

"But I am as merry and wild as ever. Kate and I romp together like two kittens."

"So much the better," said the Dutchman, whose eyes looked very moist. "The house is yours; do as you like; only forgive my words—I did not mean them—and you may dance on your head if you like."

"I do forgive you Peter. I would do so simply to quiet those imploring little eyes of Kate's" replied Mary; "but I do so from my heart—on one condition."

"Anything you like," said Peter with enthusiasm.

"The fact is, when I came here it was not with any intention of making myself known. I had heard it rumored that you intended to marry Kate to old Andrew Brock, at all events, he said so"——

"Old porpoise," growled Peter indignantly.

"I am glad to hear you had no such intention."

"See him drowned first!" said Mein Herr von Bischoff.

"For I, my dear husband, have one ready for Kate. He is a young Englishman—a clever, handsome, lively, pleasant fellow. You like ease; he likes work. Make him manager of your estates: you have plenty of money; you can enlarge and improve them"——

"But it is your money"——

"No, Peter; it is yours in trust for Kate. She will be happy to share our home. By and by we can build her a house on the port, and then years hence when we really do die"——

"Hush, mother!" cried Kate eagerly. "Talk of anything else."

"We'll talk of your marriage then"——

"Yes!" exclaimed Peter, who was in a rapturous state of mind. "And won't we dance; and have a fine time of it!" and the Dutchman actually rose, seized his wife and daughter by the hand, and, amid shouts of laughter, began dancing round the room. They tried to stop him, but in vain; he was too much for them. At length however, he was out of breath, and sank into an arm-chair.

"Let's have some supper," said he suddenly, "and drink to the health of the mistress of the house. Holla! op! Up there, Gratz, Joseph, William, Ebony, Alice. Be stiring; look alive!" and seizing his walking-stick, the Dutchman began banging the table with a settled energy which made his wife smile. It was a strong proof of his love; for he hereby declared that he abandoned willingly all his ideas of phlegmatic comfort, and authorised those he loved to be henceforth as uproariously mirthful as they pleased.

"Your father is going mad!" said Mary laughing.

"With happiness, mamma," replied Kate, joining their hands, and gazing at them with such exquisite smile of joy as made both embrace her fondly.

A happy man from that day was Mein Herr von Bischoff. He never looked grave again, for fear of making his family fancy he was tired of their mirth. When he unexpectly found the house filled during the next ten years by little children—both his daughter's and his own—he certainly did look at them with somewhat of a serious expression of countenance; but when he caught his wife or daughter's eye fixed on him, he would laugh heartily, and winking at both exclaim with genuine delight: "It's all for the best!"

Turkish Notions of Domestic Happiness.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

ASIA MINOR, Sept. 20, 1851.

I have before spoken of the morals of the higher classes of Turkish society, such as Pachas of one, two or three tails, Beys, dignitaries, courtiers, governors, kaimakams, muftis, dervishes, counsellors, generals, admirals—in one word, the nobles and the rich. But you have, perhaps, forgotten it; or your readers have; or some months' sojourn in this country has taught me more than I knew when I first wrote; or, finally; I cannot draw a likeness of the second class without previously speaking of the first. Accordingly you will endeavor to forgive me if I repeat myself, and you will make allowance for the difficulty of the subject, since there are things to be said of it for which there are no fitting words in our pure and refined language. How shall I be explicit and not shock my readers with the revolting truth? Let me confess that I should prefer to have any other topic for my pen rather than a Pacha's view of domestic happiness. But this forms a very important feature in the present condition of the East and therefore cannot be omitted.

Did you ever hear any thing of the late Sultan Mahamoud's private life? I dare say you have, and you are certainly aware that in the last years of his life the dignities of his court were lavished, not upon the worthiest, but upon the handsomest of his subjects. Well, the custom of the Sultan is sure to become, *ipso facto*, the universal fashion, and so it was. If the Sultan had fine youths for his chamberlains, butlers, head grooms, and even ministers, the Pachas and grandees in general had fine youths for their secretaries, servants, coachmen, boatmen, pages and slaves. The Moslem law has no blame for this, and its lawful interpreter approves it without restraint.

Every Turk longs for children. Why, is still a mystery to me. Their daughters are sometimes given away, sometimes sold, or sometimes married before they reach what we call the age of discretion, and their parents see no more of them. Their sons are not taken from them, but they follow their own will, and take no heed of the distress of their parents when age or misfortune has fallen upon them. I really do not know, nor can I guess why Turks so much wish to have children; but wish them they do, and accordingly they marry the first wife, then the second, and then the third, and so on till they die. It is not true that a good Mussulman cannot marry more than four times. He cannot, in end, marry more than that number of maidens, but he is not only allowed, but obliged to marry the woman, whether slave or free, who has born him a child.

I went some time ago, to visit a very old and venerable *Mufti*, (a sort of Mahommedan bishop,) who enjoys the public esteem and respect. I found him, indeed, a fine and pleasing old man, rather bent down from age, but smiling benevolently, and talking affably to all; his fine, transparent blue eyes, his white flowing beard, his large snow-white turban, his scarlet robe, all were imposing, and I felt quite inclined to like the old gentleman who had no superstition in his religion, and acknowledged, with perfect simplicity and good temper, that he did not follow the rigid prescriptions of the Ramazan, (Mohammedan Lent,) but deemed it as well to give a little money to the poor, and to eat whatever his exhausted nature required. When I first entered his drawing-room, I saw a little girl of about 6 or 7 years old standing by his side and leaning against him in a very familiar manner. I thought at first, it was his grand-daughter, but knowing the peculiarities of my Eastern hosts, I said, as candidly as I could: "Is that your daughter, sir?" "Yes, it is," he replied, "and this boy," (pointing to a baby just entering the room) "is my son, and I have a still younger one." "Ah!" said I, "I am sure you have had many." "Many," interrupted the old man, shaking with laughter; "so many that I don't know the number."—Then one of his followers