THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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POWDER.—104 Kegs Rifle, Deer and Blasting Powder, just received and for sale by the keg or less quantity, by R. T. Sterrett & Sons. Erie, July 26.

500 BAGS Dairy Salt, on hand and for sale as Nov. 29. W. F. RINDERNECHT.

Poetry and Miscellany.

THE WARNINGS OF THE PAST.

Faint dream-like voices of the spectral Past
Whisper the lessons of departed ages;
Each gathering treasured wisdom from the last,
A long succession of experienced sages.

They steal upon the statesman as he sleeps,
And chaunt in Fancy's ear their warning numbers,
When careless thought unceasing vigil keeps,
Trimming her taper while the body slumbers,

They bid him listen to the tales they tell
Of nations perish'd and embalm'd in story;
How inly rotting they were snapped and fell,
Like some proud oak whilom the forest's glory.

Sepulchral ruins crumble where a maze
Of busy streets once rang with life's commotion;
Where sculptured palaces in bygone days
Were gorged with spoils of conquer'd earth and ocean.

For Faction rent the seamless robe of Peace,
And, parting children of a common mother,
Bade fealty and loving concord cease
To link the hearts he sever'd from each other.

Such is the burthen of those solemn notes
That issue from the haunted graves of nations;
Where, spread by Time, a veiling shadow floats,
O'er spirits preaching from their ruin'd stations.'

Household Words.

THE ONLY SON.

A VILLAGE TALE.

BY HENRY IRVING.

One fine summer morning, as I was riding with a friend through a handsome village in the central part of New York, and admiring the beauties he pointed out to me with all the pride of the "oldest inhabitant," my attention was attracted by an aged couple, dressed in deep mourning, who were walking slowly down a shaded avenue, in front of one of the most beautiful residences in the place.

The feeble steps of the old lady, who leaned heavily upon the arm of her companion, and the expression of deep and lasting sorrow which possessed her thin and pallid features, contrasted with the firm tread, and stern, solemn aspect of the old man, awoke my curiosity, and I inquired if there was not some domestic history of interest connected with the venerable couple.

'There is, indeed,' replied my friend. 'You recall to my mind one of the most singular incidents—the most startling tragedy, in short—which our goodly village ever witnessed.

'The old and sorrow-stricken couple,' pursued my friend, 'may be seen twice or three times a week—oftener, when the weather is fine—walking down the avenue in just such a manner—never any faster, never any slower.

'You see them now getting into the carriage which has just rolled up to the gate. They will ride a mile, when the carriage will stop, and they will walk through another gate, which is iron, hanging between posts of iron, all black as ebony. They will enter a green field, where the birds sing sweetly these fine summer mornings; a lonely field, however, where there are no dwellings, above ground, yet where there are a great many inhabitants—the rich and poor intermingled, and resting on the same level, about four feet beneath the sod.

'This aged couple are going to visit the grave of their only child.

'It was a son. I will tell you his history, if you will listen.

'This old man was once the most enterprising, the boldest and most resolute man in the vicinity. His name is Colonel H——. You have heard of him, for he distinguished himself in the last war. People use to say he was made of iron. Yet he has one of the most upright and generous hearts in the world.

'The old lady I remember as a lady of great beauty, not more than twenty years ago, when she was about forty. Besides, she was quite as celebrated for her gentleness and benevolence, as was the Col. for his iron will. She had a soft affectionate heart, which shone beneficiently on all, until its warmth was concentrated in an only child.

'He was a wild, handsome, passionate boy, generous at times, but oftener tyrannical and willful. We were schoolmates, and we always played together until he was sent away to an academy, when our intimacy ceased. I saw him rarely afterwards, until, having been expelled from college for striking a professor in a fit of passion, he returned to his father's house.

'Morgan, in his childhood, had been indulged and caressed by his fond mother, and by his father treated with undue severity. The Col. loved the boy, but he believed in the necessity of disipline, to curb his passions, while Mrs. H., weeping over the father's stern treatment of her darling, endeavored to make up for it in indulgence. Thus the boy grew up to fear his father, and to feel a contempt for the authority of his mother.

'Well, on Morgan's return from college in disgrace, he was so changed that you would hardly have known him; not so much in personal appearance, for he was still handsome, but in his manners. All I need say is, he had earned the reputation of being the most reckless and dissipated fellow in college.

'Col. H. was terribly enraged at the disgrace his wild son had brought upon himself and family. He treated him with greater severity than ever, refusing to gratify his love of pleasure by furnishing him with funds, and subjecting him to the most rigid disipline. The result was, the father and son had a terrible quarrel, in which the latter, boldly facing the thunders of the Colonel's wrath, proved himself to have inherited his iron will, if not his nobleness of character.

'That very day, Morgan left his father's house and took up his residence at the hotel, to the great distress of Mrs. H., who from that time never saw a happy day. These events occurred twelve years ago.

'I don't know that the young man ever entered the house but once afterwards, except to see his mother in the absence of the Col. and obtain the funds she used to spare for him out of her own allowance.

'Morgan wished to go abroad. But to travel very extensively, required more money than Mrs. H. had at her command, and all her efforts to induce the Colonel to grant a supply for the purpose, were in vain. She might as well have asked the sea to deliver up its riches. Enraged at the ill success of her application, Morgan determined to see his father himself, and by some means procure the amount he was desperately resolved to have.

'Learning, one day, that the Col. had received a large sum of money, from the sale of some land, Morgan tho't it a fine opportunity to make a descent upon the paternal purse, and accordingly called on the old gentleman before he had had time to use the money, or deposite it in the bank.

'A domestic in the family, who admitted Morgan, relates that the Col. was in his study, and there was a bundle of bills on his desk when the young man entered.

'The Colonel's countenance never changed as he looked up, and saw his son before him; and when he spoke, his words came forth cold and hard, as if his throat had been of marble.

"What is your business, sir?"

'Morgan returned his fathers stern look with an unflinching gaze, as he replied.

"I come to prefer a claim.'

'At the word claim, the Col. sneered, but said nothing.

'I desire to travel,' pursued Morgan, as if he had been talking to an equal. 'It can be no advantage to you to keep me in sight of your door, which is shut against me, and within the odor of your gardens and orchards, which I cannot enjoy. You will not refuse, then, I hope, to supply me with funds, that will enable me to see something of the world, and to establish myself abroad.'

"If this is all your business,' said the Col. in a deeper tone, 'the sooner you go the better;' and taking the bundle of bills, he locked it up in the desk with a firm hand. 'I thought you had more judgment than to come to me on such a fool's errand. So, what you knew it was impossible to obtain by pleading, you hoped to draw from me by the impudence of a claim! Go, I say, boy! not a dollar of my money shall go into your hands, until you have submitted to my authority, which you have so lately despised.'

'Morgan's eyes flashed fire. The domestic, who watched him from the door, declared she thought from the grinding of his teeth, and the clenching of his fists, that he was going to strike his father.

'Without giving way to his passion, however, the young man turned upon his heel, passed out of the door, and never stopping to speak to his distressed mother, mounted his horse, and rode off to the hotel.

'Mrs. H. flew to her husband, and clasping her hands in agony, prayed that he would call the young man back, speak to him no longer in a stern and chilling tone, but kindly and fatherly, and effect a reconciliation.

'My God!' murmered the Colonel, passionately, 'am I to be trampled upon by my own son? Am I to stoop and he to triumph? When he comes to me with an air of independance, which is insupportable, am I to bend to him and beg.'

"No! no!" sobbed the wretched woman; not that. But speak to him kindly. Use persuasion—gentleness—'

"With a soul persuasion! you wrong my patience,' he exclaimed in a husky voice. 'Leave me.'

'No more words passed between the parents of the unhappy youth: but dring the remainder of the day, the mother was keenly distressed, and the stern father was ill at ease.

'The latter passed a sleepless night. He paced the floor until late, with his brows contracted and his lips compressed; then retired, and lay for two hours, meditating on some subject which excited his brain. Mrs. H. was likewise awake, knew too well what the subject was.

'Considerably past midnight, the Colonel arose.

'Is any thing the matter?' asked the wife.

"I don't know,' replied the Colonel. I thought I heard a sound in the lower part of the house, in the direction of the study. It may be only a cat that has got in there; but I will go and see.'

"I heard something myself,' said Mrs. H. 'But I thought it was outside.'

'The Colonel had heard more, or understood better than his wife. At all events, he had no suspicion of cats—his allusion to them having been made to avoid alarming her. He remembered that there was a sum of money in his desk, and probably suspected a robbery.

'Going noiselessly down stairs, and opening the door of the study with a steady hand, he heard the same noise much loudor than before. He stepped cautiously into the room. It was a starlight night; and turning his eyes to the window, from which the noise appeared to proceed, he discovered a dim shadow moving in the curtain.

'At that moment the noise ceased. The Colonel stood motionless in the corner of the room, until it recommenced, when reaching a heavy sword which hung against the wall, he slowly drew it from its scabbard.

The Colonel then stationed himself near the window: but no sooner had he done so, than the grating noise ceased again. After a short silence he heard another, sound, like the breaking of glass; and immediately after, the curtain was moved aside by an invisible hand.

* * * * * * *

'The darkness, the loneliness of the chamber, and the mystery of the dim shadow on the curtain, would have shaken the nerves of any man of less coolness and courage than the Colonel. Determined to take the robber, dead or alive, he calmly waited for him to enter the room. But presently, to his dismay, he heard footsteps coming down stairs. Some domestic, or out-door laborer, had evidently heard the sounds, and was coming to learn their origin. Perceiving that this must frighten away the robber, the Colonel was revolving in his mind what he should do to effect his object, when the hand that had moved the curtain became visible. It was groping along the window-frame, for the spring. Rapid as the lightning, yet noiselessly and unseen, the old broad-sword swept over the Colonel's head, and struck deep into the wood-work of the window. There was a stifled cry—a heavy fall—and the curtain swept back to its place.

'Rushing to the window, the Colonel threw it open, and looked out. He could see nothing, however, owing to the darkness; and shutting it again he hastened to procure a light.

'As he burst into the hall, a laborer, by the name of Jones, who slept in the house, appeared at the foot of the stairs.

'Good God! Colonel, is that you?' cried Jones, who appeared agitated with terror. What is the matter?'

'Give me the light,' said Col. H——.

He extended his hand. As the light shone upon it, Jones, who must have been terribly frightened, saw that it was covered with blood. Starting back, he dropped the lamp, which was broken to pieces on the floor.

'The Colonel cursed his weak nerves, and hastened up stairs for the lamp in his chamber. Mrs. H——, hearing strange sounds, and alarmed by the protracted absence of her husband had already arisen and struck a light. As the Colonel took it from her hand, she saw the blood on his arm, and uttered a cry of horror.

"It is nothing," said the Colonel. "A robber was climbing in at the window, and I have scratched him."

'He entered the study, followed by Jones, who shuddered at the scene which met his eyes. There was blood on the curtain, on the window, on the Colonel's chair, which stood near it, and on the ceiling. Across the desk where the Colonel had placed it, lay the broad-sword, stained with blood.

'Something on the carpet, under the window, attracted the eye of Jones. He stooped to pick it up, and started back with a suppressed cry. It was a human hand!

'The Colonel picked it up, and held it by the lifeless fingers. It was still warm, and dripping blood. It had been cut off just at the wrist.

'Suddenly the Colonel turned pale. Wrapping the member in his handkerchief, he seized the light, and rushed up stairs.

'For heaven's sake,' he cried, with strange agitation, 'tell me if you know this! It is no time to stand upon ceremony, Look!'

'And totally regardless of the effect the horrid sight might have on his wife, the Colonel in his agitation, threw aside the folds of his handkerchief, and revealed the hand.

'Mrs. H—— started back with horror. But in an instant, turning deadly pale, she bent eagerly forward, gazed a moment at the hand, and with a shriek, fell lifeless to the floor.

'The Colonel rushed out, and met Jones on the stairs.

'Raise no alarm,' he said, in a husky, rapid tone. 'Go and saddle my horse, and bring him to the door. Quick.'

'As soon as Jones had disappeared, the Colonel went out to see if he could discover traces of the robber. There was nothing left but blood which had gushed out in the grass like rain. The robber was gone.

'Mounting his horse, and again charging Jones to alarm no one, the Colonel rode to the hotel.

'After thundering at the door for some minutes, he succeeded in bringing a waiter, who admitted him, staring in stupid wonder, to see young Morgan's father arrive at such a time, and with so ghastly a face.

'Is Morgan H—— within?' demanded the Colonel.

'I think he is. I saw him here in the evening,' was the reply. 'Shall I go up and see?'

'Show me to his room,' said the Colonel, striding into the hall.

'The waiter preceeded him up stairs. Hearing a suppressed groan he looked around. The Colonel's hand was pressed upon his brow, and his eye was fixed upon a dark spot on the floor. It was a drop of blood!

'What is that?' asked the waiter.

"Go on! go on!" muttered the Colonel, in so savage and husky a voice, that had about the same effect as a sharp bayonet, in sending the waiter forward.

'They reached the door of Morgan's room. The Colonel wrung the knob with his iron hand, but the latch did not yield. Then with his fist he thundered on the pannel.

'No sound came from within.

"He is not in,' suggested the waiter.

'With a rapid movement, the Colonel held the lamp to the key-hole. The point of the key was visible. The door was locked from the inside.

"Leave me,' commanded the colonel, turning to the waiter.

'Then placing his mouth near the door, he said, 'Morgan! I am alone—let me in. It is your father that speaks!'

'At that moment, a sharp concussion, like the report of a pistol, sounded within the room. Then some heavy body fell to the floor.

'The Colonel staggered against the bannister: and the waiter, who was watching from below, ran up, crying murder, thinking he was shot.

'Hush!' said the Colonel, in a calm voice, standing erect, as pale as death, before the waiter. Go for an axe or a bar. This door must be broken open.'

'In a few moments the lock was forced, and the Colonel, followed by the landlord and others, rushed into the room. There was a human body extended on the floor, which was covered with blood.

"Horror!" ejaculated the waiter. 'He has cut off his right hand!'

"And blown out his brains!" added the landlord.

'The Colonel looked at the ghastly, distorted face. It was that of his only son. He was a corpse!

'This is the story I promised you,' continued my friend. 'There is still more to say. Everybody thought the calamity would kill Mrs. H——; but you see her now, a feeble, sorrow-stricken woman, who never leaves her own room, except to visit the grave of the suicide.

'The Colonel is a different man. Since the tragedy, he has never been seen to smile. He stands like a withered oak, dry and stiff, yet strong in his decay.'

We rode to the burying ground. We would have entered, and looked at the tombstone of the erring youth; but I shrank from disturbing the contemplation of the mourners.

Mrs. H—— was bending over the marble slab, and shedding tears which ran down her thin face like rain. The Colonel stood near by, erect; his arms folded on his chest, and his cold gray eyes fixed on the grave with a look of speechless grief. We left them alone with the dead.

"Look at Home."

This very pertinent reply to those who are inquisitively prying into the domestic affairs of others, has more force than is usually ascribed to it. A great amount of troubles and contentions which distract society arise from neglecting this great fact. Those who are so busy looking at the faults of others, have no time to correct their own, and wrongs grow into great magnitude under their very noses, while they are lamenting over distant evils which do not effect or concern them. How much better would the world be, if each individual were to set about a strict examination of his own conduct, and test it by the same rigid principles which he applies to the conduct of others! How much more free from abuses would be that community, which has as diligently searched out its own evils, and was as zealous to correct them, as it is those which it imagines to exist a hundred or two miles off. That philanthropy must be a spurious article which overlooks things claiming its notice immediately around it, to see objects only worthy of its attention when afar off. If each individual and community were to try the experiment, and look at home, we think that no matter how great their moral and religious reputation, there would be found some deficiency that might be corrected, some wrong which could be remedied; and thus vigilance now exercised in fruitless efforts to accomplish a doubtful good, would partake of a practical character from which effects the most beneficial to society would follow.

"The Greatest Miracle."

A friend of ours from the South (says the *Knickerbocker,*) mentioned the other day a funeral sermon which he heard in North Carolina not long since, that set our associate Owl a-winking. Parson S——, a rather eccentric character, was called upon to "preach the funeral" of a hard case named Raun, which he did in the following unique style: "My beloved brethern and sistern: of our dear departed brother Raun would a-wanted somebody to come here and tell lies about him, and make him out a better man than he was, he wouldn't a-chose me to "preach his funeral." No, my brethern, he wanted to be held up as a burnin' and a shinin' light to warn you from the error of your ways. He kept horses, and he run'd 'em; he kept chickens, and he fo't 'em; he kept women, and there sits his widow who can prove it. (The widow sat directly in front of the pulpit, and here gave an affirmatory nod.) Our dear departed brother had many warnin' was when he broke his leg, but he still went on in the error of his ways. The second warnin' was when his son Pete hung himself in jail; and the last and greatest warnin' of all was when he died himself!—The preacher enlarged on these topics until he had sunk Raun so low that his hearers began to doubt whether he should ever succeed in getting him up again, and, as is usual in "funerals," landing him safely in Abraham's bosom. This was the object of the second part of the sermon, which started off thus: "My brethern, there'll be great meracles, *great* meracles in Heaven. And the first meracle will be, that many you expect to find there you won't see there. The people that go round with long faces, makin' long prayers, won't be there; and the second meracle will be, that many you don't expect to find there, as perhaps some won't expect to find our dear departed brother Raun, you'll see there: and the greatest meracle will be, to find *yourselves* there!'

A Little Fable. The sword of the warrior was taken down to brighten; it had not been long out of use. The rust was rubbed off, but there were spots that would not go—they were of blood. The pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little farther off. "Thou art right,' said the sword, "I am a bad neighbor." "I fear thee not," replied the pen, "I am more powerful than thou art, but love not thy society." "I exterminate," said the sword. "And I perpetuate," answered the pen; "where are thy victories, if I record them not? Even where thou shalt one day be—in the lake of Oblivion."

"Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword."

THE VIVANDIERE.

Correspondence of the St. Louis Republican.

Paris, Sept. 11, 1851.

A few days ago appeared in the list of deaths in a morning paper the name of *Widow Constance.* Few took notice of this simple announcement, and fewer still knew the incidents of the beautiful life that had just closed. I am sure your readers will be interested in the short sketch I am going to give them, and which has been furnished me pretty much by an eminent physician, who knew the excellent widow, and, indeed, closed her eyes when they had looked their last upon earth.

Constance was the daughter of a brave officer, killed at the opening of Napoleon's Italian campaign. Left alone at the age of seventeen, without any support but her courage, her beauty, and her virtue, she became the vivandiere of her father's regiment, the 76th of the line.—For the benefit of those of our readers who may not be informed on the subject, I will explain that a vivandiere is a woman who follows a regiment; sometimes on foot, and sometimes in a little cart, and sells liquor to the soldiers. She always has on hand, too, a supply of little delicacies for the sick, and rolls of linen, and an assortment of balsams and salves for the wounded. She is almost always a brave, noble hearted woman, braving fatigues and difficulties, dangers, and even death itself, with equal courage and cheerfulness. The vivandiere is, indeed, the province of the French soldier. On the march there is always a place in her cart for the poor fellow overcome with fatigue, and credit for him whose purse is empty.—In the battle, amid the hail of balls the first to raise a fallen comrade, the first to close his bleeding wounds, and drag him to a place of safety, it is always she, always the vivadiere.

The dress of the vivandiere is, generally, red pantaloons, a short blue cloth skirt, bordered with red, and a tight fitting jacket, similar to the uniform coat of her regiment, and a little military hat, adorned with the tri-colored cockade, set jaunty on the side of her head. Across her shoulders is swung a little barrel full of the soldier's consolation, and her large pockets are filled with a goodly number of small glasses.

But to return to Constance. She could not long remain in the situation of vivandiere, dispensing excellent liquor and sweet smiles with equal liberality, without attracting attention. One day the young girl sat down to count the number of her adorers, and, after throwing out those who did not explain themselves clearly enough upon the marriage point, she found that there remained ten. Constance was in a quandry, for she liked them all, and shuddered at the idea of wounding the feelings of any of them. Pressed at last to make a choice, she secretly gave each one a rendezvous in the same place, and for the same hour. Not one failed; but, to the credit of the brave girl let it be said, not one of those soldiers, in accepting this meeting, dishonored her with a suspicion unworthy of her pure life. However, upon finding themselves together to the number of ten, all sub-officers of the same corps, and nevertheless all rivals, the astonishment of these men made the horizon black with tempests; already looks of defiance were passing between them, when the vivandiere made her appearance.

"You have been faithful," said she to the rendezvous; "I thank you for it, also; let there be no nonsense, no coquetery, no perfidity among us. Besides you are my only friends, and it is from you alone that I wish to take officer. All, let me say the word, you have addressed me declarations of love! Deny it who will! Is that true?"

"Yes!" loudly answered the ten lovers.

"And you all really wish to marry me?" added she, with a roguish smile; "is that true?"

"Yes!" was again the grave and resolute answer.

"Very well," replied Constance, in a tender and playful tone, "you are all alike, it seems! However, I can only marry one, and you have all equal rights to my gratitude; and what is gratitude is love in the heart of her whom you call Coustance the Virtuous."

"You, my brilliant quartermaster, you loved me the first—that is worth a good mark for you. You, my valorous adjutant, twenty-five years and the cross of honor, that would tempt a duchess, if I am not mistaken. You, my young sargeant, brave and gallant, you saved me from the hands of the Austrians—my honor owes you something for that. You, head of the file of the god Mars, could you be overlooked, superb drum-major, whose seven foot remind me of the church steeple of my native village."

The soldiers all laughed at these joyous sallies of the young girl, who, after having thus passed in review the titles of all her pretendants, cried: "You see it is impossible to choose, for I do not wish to be a subject of discord between you. But I will do better," she hastened to add; "the war is about to begin: the little corporal has sworn that before the end of the month he will enter Vienna.—It is then at Vienna that I will become the wife of him who, during the campaign, shall have performed the most brilliant action. My heart, my life, the only treasure of the poor orphan, shall belong to him without division.—Let all to whom this decision is acceptable touch that," and she held out her little white hand.

At these chivalrous words a thunder of applause burst forth: hands were shaken all around, and the corks sprung from the bottles, which had been brought for the occasion. They drank to glory and to love, henceforth inseparable. At Vienna the soldiers once more shouted, and then separated.

Two months after this scene the grand army made its triumphal entry into the capitol of Austria: but the seventy-six had paid with blood its prodigies of valor. The young quartermaster, one of the ten lovers of Constance, had both legs carried away; but, in falling beneath the eyes, and almost in the arms of the beautiful vivandiere, he had cried: "Of the nine lovers who remain for thee, eight will be more to be pitied than I, for they will live." These simple words, comprising a whole drama of love, did not escape the notice of the young girl. She saw him safely off the field and carried to the hospital.

A few days after that a table for eleven persons was spread in a little restaurant of one of the faubourgs of Vienna. Faithful to her engagement, Constance, more beautiful than ever, from a secret sadness, which veiled her regard, had invited her lovers to meet her there.—She was the first to arrive, and to salute, with a tear and a regret the unoccupied place of the brother in arms who had fallen in battle. When the rest were assembled, they went over, together, the episodes of the campaign—so short, yet so glorious—and they discussed their hopes and the rights of each one to favors and rewards, for each thus hoped to raise himself in the eyes of the young girl.

But spirit was wanting to the scene. Constance had lost her gaiety; her repartees, generally so lively, so jovial, and so quick, languished, and were given slowly and with difficulty. At last came the desert. Without waiting for the orders to adeak, Constance, after having filled her glass, arose—"Brothers," said she, "you are all young and brilliant officers of the future! Listen for the last time, and without interruption to the vivandiere of the 76th. Let us speak with open hearts; what would be for you, with the title of wife, the poor uneducated young girl? An obstacle to your fortune; more than this a humiliation and a remorse. I have seen my mother weep, and I remember it. This hand, which you have done me the honor to seek, I give it to him who will have need of it to sustain him, and perhaps to earn his bread! The choice of Constance is yet an homage to the fraternity of arms, for it fixes itself upon the most unfortunate among you; let us drink to our poor mutilated comrade, extended on the bed of pain, at the hospital of Vienna where I am going to shut myself up, to die a Sister of Charity, or to leave it the wife of the wounded soldier."

She put her glass to her lips, but bending beneath the weight of her emotions—for in this sublime decree she was pronouncing an eternal separation from the regiment she loved so well—she fell fainting in her chair. Not a single voice protested against her noble devotion—echo alone replied to her. When she recovered her consciousness, she found her nine lovers, their bayonets on their shoulders, ready to conduct her to the hospital. Arrived there, she placed herself by the bedside of the invalid soldier, and renewed the vow she had made at the restaurant. Ten days afterwards a letter with the imperial seal was placed in the hands of the ex-vivandiere of the 76th. He of the eagle-eye, who knew how to find out and reward every virtue, endowed the young girl with an annuity of 1,500 francs, reversion to her children; "for," said the letter, "you deserve to be a mother."

Five months later Constance left the hospital the wife of the mutilated quartermaster; and during the eleven years they lived together she never had cause to regret the choice she had made. Her ancient lovers often came to see her, and though they had become officers, and had nearly all married rich wives and lived in luxury, they spent many a pleasant hour in the vivandiere's cottage. The nine became, each in his turn, god-father to the nine children of whom Constance became the happy mother. At last her husband died, blessing her with his last breath: then, one after the other, her children passed away also. Two died fighting for their country.—Three, two daughters and a son, were killed by a dreadful railroad accident, which occurred some twelve years ago, and within two years afterwards the unfortunate mother buried her other four, and was thus left alone upon the earth. But her noble courage did not forsake her. She turned her thoughts to God, and gave her occupations to the poor and sick. It was principally among the soldiers that she exercised the most good, and within the last few years her little house in the faubourg Meat-martre had become a veritable private military hospital.—Here many a poor soldier, without parents, friends or money, came to receive the motherly care and counsel of widow Constance. She preserved all her faculties to the last, and died as beautiful as she had lived, leaving her little annuity to her "children," the sick soldiers of the French army.

A Negro Sermon.

The discourse from which the annexed passage is taken, was actually preached in the town of Zanesville, Ohio, some years ago. The name of the reverend divine, who was a colored gentleman, and we believe a sincere and humble Christian, we have forgotten, but the Judge Harper to whom he refers, we remember well. He was, we believe, at that time, President Judge of the 15th Judicial Circuit of the Court of Common Pleas—has since represented the District in Congress, and is, if we are not mistaken, the present Representative. The Judge was present at the delivery of the sermon, and was brought in by the preacher, by way of illustrating a certain position, then and there taken by him. But to the passage:

"My dear frens and bredren," said the preacher, "de soul ob de brack man is as dear in de Lord, as de soul ob de white man."

"Now you all see Judge Harper, a-settin dah lessin' on his gold-headed cane—you all know the Judge, niggars, and a bery fine man he is, too. Well, now, I'se gwine to make a little comparishment. Suppodin de Judge some fine mornin' pat his basket on his arm an goes to market to buy a piece ob meat. He soon finds a nice fat piece ob mutton, an' trots off wid it. De you s'pose de Judge would stop to 'quire wedder dat mutton was ob a white sheep or ob a brack sheep? No, sartin' ob de kind—if de mutton was nice an' fat, it would be all de same to de Judge—he would not stop to ax wedder de sheep had white wool or brack wool.

"Well, jes so it is, my frens, wid our Heboly Master. He does not stop to ax wedder a soul 'longs to a white man, or a brack man—wedder his head is kivered wid straight har, or kivered with wool—de only question He will ax, will be, 'Is dis a *good* soul?' an' if so, de Massa will say—'Enter into de joy ob de Lord, an' set down on de same bench wid de white man'—ye'se all on a perfect 'quality.'"—*Decatur Gazette.*

A Fox's Revenge.

The Rev. J. Murray, in his work of creation, tells the following story:

'An old and respectable man of the county of Montgomery, used frequently to relate an anecdote of a circumstance which he saw. In his youth he resided on the banks of the Hudson river. One day he went to a bay on the river in order to shoot ducks or wild geese.—When he came to the river he saw six geese beyond shore. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While sitting there, he saw a fox come down to the shore and stand sometime to observe the geese. At length he turned and went into the woods, and came out with a very large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then keeping the moss above the water, himself concealed, he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them was drawn under the water, and the fox appeared on shore with a goose on his back. He ascended the bank and found a hole, made by the tearing up of a tree.—This hole he cleaned, placed in the goose, and covered it over with leaves. The fox then left, and when gone, the hunter unburied the goose, closing the hole, and resolved to await the issue.

In about half an hour the fox returned with another in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other most furiously as if offended by the trick of his friend. During the battle he shot them both.'

Too Good to be Lost.

A friend of ours relates the following story, which is a good one.

A traveler, whom we afterwards knew, once arrived at a village inn, after a hard day's travel, and being very tired, requested a room to sleep in, but the landlord said they were entirely full, and it was utterly impossible to accommodate him—that his wife had to sleep on the sofa, and himself on the floor; but that he would see what his wife could do for him. The good woman on being applied to, said there was one room which he might occupy, provided he would agree to the conditions, viz: to enter the room late, in the dark, and leave it early in