THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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

VOLUME 22. FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 23, 1852. NUMBER 37.

Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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

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By mail, or at the office, in advance, 1,50

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Erie, Nov. 22, 1851. 28 Corner of 6th & State-st.

Poetry and Miscellany.

MY BOY.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall,
To give the boy a call,
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street,
A satchel'd lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt:
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by his bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When at the cool grey break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying;
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there?—*Where, then, is he?*
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear,
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that *cast-off dress*,
Is but his wardrobe locked,—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me THERE!"

Yes, we all live to God!
FATHER, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones to bear,
That in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is THERE!

WHY UNCLE HARRY WAS A BACHELOR;

A PEEP AT AN OLD MAN'S HEART.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

From the New York Dutchman.

SCENE THE FIRST.

"Whew! what a storm!" ejaculated old Uncle Harry Bell, as he stamped his feet and brushed the snow from his overcoat in the hall, and then flung wide open the door of a snug, cozy little parlor in his comfortable farm house.

Within, a cheerful wood fire was burning and the flickering light cast a bright lustre on the quaintly carved old-fashioned chairs and tables—danced upon the lofty ceiling, and scattered a shower of golden beams on the sunny ringlets of fair Lilly Bell, who had fallen fast asleep in Uncle Harry's arm chair.

"Whew! what a storm, I say. Lilly! Lilly! Lilly! where *are* you? Asleep? hey! A fine welcome, this, for a hungry old man; for as I live, tea is not ready. Come, Lilly, wake up," and Uncle Harry rubbed his chilled fingers across Lilly's face, which caused her to jump from her chair, and open her blue eyes with astonishment.

"Why, have I been asleep, and *can* it be six o'clock!" she exclaimed, as the old clock in the hall chimed out the hour; "and I declare it is snowing fast, too! Why, how could I be so careless as to fall asleep when I am in such a hurry to finish my tabouret? and where in the world can Nancy be?" and away Lilly flew to the kitchen to summon the good old housekeeper, whose movements were somewhat dilatory.

A few moments sufficed for Lilly to spread the snowy cloth; and certainly no tea-table ever looked more inviting than did the one to which Uncle Harry drew his chair.

There was delicious white bread, moulded by the snowy fingers of Lilly, who prided herself much upon her skill in cookery; preserves made under her inspection, and we do not know how many niceties which tempted the appetite, but we do know that the tea urn emitted a savory odor, apparently very agreeable to the olfactory organs of Uncle Harry, as he passed his cup to Lilly to be *re*-filled.

Reader, mine, should you chance to be a cold water man or maiden, we must humbly beg your pardon, for thus unceremoniously intruding to your notice a lover of that fragrant herb so *abhorred* by our good old Puritanic grandsires and grandmothers, but alas! so loved by some of their degenerate descendants we wot of, we must humbly beg your pardon; but then Uncle Harry *did* love tea, and we will not disguise the fact.

Now he sat, slowly sipping his tea—closely eyeing Lilly the while—a mischievous smile playing about the corners of his mouth—whose eyes were bent in an abstracted gaze upon her plate; but it was evident by her movements that her thoughts were neither upon the plate nor its contents, for Uncle Harry presently burst into a hearty laugh, exclaiming, "there Lilly, that will do. Pouring cream and sugar on one's bread is not so bad, but when I see large lumps of butter floating about like islands in your tea, I think it is time to recall your wandering thoughts. And then how stingy you are of those preserved quinces, which I love so well. I see you monopolize all the good things on your side of the table.

"Ah, Lilly, how I pity poor Ned Allston. A sorry little wife you will make him one of these odd days. I declare you'll surfit him one week, and starve him the next," and again Uncle Harry burst into a hearty laugh, which sent the blood flying into fair Lilly's face; but then "Uncle Harry was such a *'dear old quiz!'* " as the girls said, that Lilly found it impossible to get angry with him, although a very perceptible pout was on her cherry-lips, as he again reiterated, "Poor Ned, I pity him!"

Lilly could stand it no longer. "I don't believe Ned *wants* your pity!" she passionately exclaimed. "You are *too* provoking!"

"Ah!" persisted her tormentor, "but that is the very reason why he *ought* to have it. Because he is running into the fire with his eyes wide open, does not show that he will not get burned." And Uncle Harry heaved a deep sigh—a very *heart-felt* sigh one would have thought, had they not caught a glimpse of the very roguish twinkle in his deep blue eye. By-the-way, reader, Uncle Harry had a *blue* eye—and we know of nothing that so wins us as a charm—that binds us as a tie to the aged—as a warm, sunny beam from the eye, which, though old in years, betoken that the *heart*, speaking through its very glance, is yet young and fresh as in its early spring time.

"Come now, Lilly, dear," he continued, "acknowledge, like a candid, sensible girl that you are, that no condition in life can be preferable to that of a jolly old bachelor."

But Lilly only persisted in shaking her pretty little head with an incredulous air, to the infinite amusement of her uncle, who sipped his tea with a smile of good humor on his lips.

"Ah, well," said he at length, "it always *has* been so, and it always *will* be, that the young will never take the advice of the old. Now, if *I* were in Ned's place——" here he paused, for Lilly's eyes were bent upon him with an earnest, appealing look, as she asked, "What *would* you do, Uncle Harry?"

"Well," he continued, "were I *very* much bewitched, perhaps I might—*I might*—commit matrimony. But then I rather think that I should not resign myself to such a fate, without I had struggled pretty hard to free myself from my *fetters*."

"Ah, then," said Lilly, laughing, "I am to conclude that you never *were* bewitched by any pretty girl, else you had yielded to her snares. Uncle Harry, why were you an *old bachelor?*"

Ah, Lilly, you touched a tender chord then; for Uncle Harry's hand trembled strangely as he lifted a spoonful of tea to his mouth, and an unwonted moisture sprang to his eye; but he only dropped the spoon, exclaiming, "why, Lilly, how hot this tea is: I declare I have scalded me!"

Yes, Lilly had touched a tender chord; and the meal ended in silence, for Uncle Harry's heart was filled with memories of the past.

SCENE SECOND.

An hour later, Lilly sat at the table, busy with her worsted work. Her fingers flew rapidly, and the flowers rose quickly upon the canvass beneath her needle; but it was evident her thoughts were not there. A sunny, loving, hoping smile played upon her lips, like a bright-winged bird among the flowers, and a tender light gleamed from the dilated eye, for her heart was away with her absent lover—Ned Allston.

In one mouth from that eve was Lilly to plight her faith where she had long since given her love.

The poet hath said, "the course of true love never did run smooth," but for once he erred; for Lilly was beloved by one well worthy of her, and her's had ever been a sunny sky, cloudless, serene; and her life's barque glided gently onward, where storms never came, and wild winds never blew.

Uncle Harry sat leaning back in his arm-chair, looking very comfortable, with his slippered feet resting on the fender, and the ruddy fire-light gleaming on his hale and hearty cheeks and silver hair.

Lilly had placed beside him upon the table, his spectacles and the newspapers; but contrary to his usual custom, the glasses were unused—the papers unread.

Even his old favorite, the pipe—and Uncle Harry still clung to that old pipe with a wonderful tenacity, regardless alike of the boasted charms of "fragrant Havana" or luxurious meerschaum—even that old favorite had lost its wonted power to soothe, and lay quite unregarded between his thumb and finger.

No graceful wreath of smoke, curling upward, wreathed his hair like a silvery veil—no sudden nodding of the head betokened that ever and anon the old man was wandering in Dreamland; he was wide awake now and his eye was fondly bent on the young girl who sat beside him; and thus he gazed until a tear started from its depths and coursed down his cheek. Brushing it away, Uncle Harry spoke—

"Lilly,"—and she slightly started, as his voice broke alike the silence and her reveries—"Lilly, you asked me a little while ago why I was an old bachelor. Shall I tell you a story of my early years?"

Lilly threw aside her work, and seating herself on a low stool at her uncle's feet, leaned her head upon his knee, letting her hair fall like a rippling shower of gold over her shoulders, while he gazed tenderly on her and slowly passed his hand across his brow, as if to dispel some disagreeable memory that had lingered there. It was thus that he spoke:—

UNCLE HARRY'S STORY.

I was twenty-two years of age when I finished the Junior year of my course in Y—— University.

With a mind and body alike enfeebled by intense mental application and long confinement in college, I gladly accepted the invitation of my friend and classmate, Frank Waters, who insisted on my spending the long vacation succeeding the summer term at his house, in the interior of Massachusetts. It was a lonely village whither we went, embosomed in lovely mountains, and watered by the gently rolling Connecticut.

And here, away from books, and the ceaseless round of college duties, how swiftly sped the hours in quiet communion with the beauties of Nature. We passed whole days out running in the thick woods or fishing in the blue river; and by these pursuits, varied by the healthy exercise on a large farm, my health was completely established. So the days sped swiftly onward, until one-half of our allotted vacation had vanished as a dream.

An excursion and pic-nic in the mountain woods had long been talked of among the young people of the village, and needed only the enterprising spirit of Frank to forward it. He, as chief manager, enlisted me in his service, and so we immediately busied ourselves with all the necessary preparations.

It was on a beautiful morning in the early autumn time, that a merry party of gay young men and rosy-cheeked maidens assembled at the "Mansion House," from which we were to start for the grove, about five miles distant.

What merry shouts rang out on the pure morning air, as one after another stowed themselves away in the huge hay-racks, trimmed with wreaths of evergreen and fresh oak leaves, woven for the occasion; and how merry was the cry, "Here's room for *just one more!*" when the cart was already filled to overflowing. At length all were ready, and on we went, past orchards bending beneath golden fruit, and fields waving with nodding grain, by fragrant hedges and warm uplands, where the white mist hung overhead like fleecy clouds, until we entered the dim and solemn, and aromatic pine-woods.

Uncle Harry's voice grew yet more distinct as he proceeded, while Lilly's eyes were turned to his with eager interest speaking from every glance.

But why do I linger—continued he. It is of her, of sweet Annie Gray, that I would speak. Lilly, how can I describe to you the light of her violet eye, the dimpled cheek, and the waves of the sunny hair? I have often thought that they were strangely like *yours*, Lilly.

It was then that I *first* met sweet Annie Gray. Frank and myself were both at first sight, struck by her exceeding loveliness, and quiet lady-like deportment; and we eagerly sought an introduction.

Her manner was calm and subdued—quite different from the noisy group around her; and I half suspected that she had thus early known sorrow, else had the spirits not been checked in their joyous outpourings; and what I learned of her history from Carrie Morton—her intimate friend—who had persuaded her to join our party, confirmed me in the opinion I had formed.

Carrie told me that Annie's father had been a thriving merchant in B——, but had failed through the villainy of his agents, and now had come with but a pittance of his fortune to end his life away from those who had known him only in his *prosperous* days. With his *wealth* had vanished his *all*. He sunk under the blow; and the bustling, calculating merchant had become changed to a weak, querulous invalid. Annie, his only child, bore his capricious petulence with patience and meekness, sometimes petted and caressed as she had been in her happier days, and anon bearing his fretful repining with the meekness of an angel. "And I *do* believe," said Carrie, who was enthusiastic in her friend's praise, "*I do* believe if there ever was an angel on earth, Annie Gray is one! I smiled as we rejoined the party from which we had separated for a moment."

What I had heard of Miss Gray only rendered me more anxious to seek her acquaintance and I had but just engaged her as my partner for the day, when Frank came where we were standing, and repeating the question I had just asked her, was informed that she was already engaged to Mr. Bell. He cast upon me a look, which then I could not fathom, but which rose before my memory in after days like an evil vision, bit his lip with vexation, and walked away.

Lilly, that was to me a happy, happy day.

We rambled apart from the others, down by the river banks, and sat upon mossy knolls beneath the magnificent old trees, and I wove her garlands of gorgeous flowers, while she sang to me snatches of sweet ballads, in a voice more musical than the birds.

And there in those old woods, alone with the birds and flowers, we became far better acquainted with each other than do those who meet night after night in the crowded drawing room or the brilliant saloon.

In sweet Annie Gray I recognized the embodiment of my boyish dreams—dreams, too, which the opening years of manhood had not dispelled. The ideal gave place to the real.

I saw no more of Frank Waters that day, until at evening, when I sought him after I left the cottage of Annie. He sat alone in his room. I addressed a few words to him regarding the events of the day, but he seemed disinclined to converse, only answering my questions abruptly, and not knowing to what to attribute his unwonted mood, I left him for my own apartment.

A word here with regard to Frank. During our first two years at college we had been room-mates as we were class-mates; and a similarity of tastes and pursuits created a sort of student sympathy between us; but for the past year we had not shared the same room, although we were frequently together.

We were both orphans, having control over our own time, and at that time over our own fortunes, which were not inconsiderable. Frank was a younger child—I an *only* one.

"But Uncle Harry, you could not have been an *only* child. I thought my father was your brother!" said Lilly, hastily interrupting him.

"You shall know all soon, Lilly," was Uncle Harry's reply, as he continued. Frank and I at school were reckoned intimate friends, but it was not so in reality, although we were *much* together.

His was one of those natures so common among men; generous to an inferior, where they could well afford to be generous—courteous to their equals, where it was their policy to be courteous; but woe unto him who dared to rival him! as I afterwards learned to my bitter sorrow. He was affable and gentlemanly outwardly, but at heart a villain! Yet do not think that I know him thus well then. Ah, no! Far better would it have been for me—far better for my idolized Annie—could we have then read his character. But it was reserved for after years to reveal such deeply-died villainy, as none, save a traitor to his friend, could have been guilty of. But to my story.

My stay at C——, drew to a close; but I had improved every opportunity to see Annie. Oh, what long, long walks we had in those deep woods, and what happy hours I spent at the cottage, and when we parted, it was as plighted lovers. Even Annie's father smiled as I sought his consent, and said, "yes, yes, Annie is a good girl. She deserves to be happy."

Ah, Lilly, how sweet is "Love's Young Dream;" but Lilly needed not to be reminded of it thus by Uncle Harry, for her eyes were bent on his with a dreamy expression, soft as a hazy sky. She was revelling then in its sweet, enchanting light.

I returned to college with new incentives for application to books; yet eagerly did I turn from abstruse study and classic theme pore over long letters from my Annie—letters, which to my wearied soul were as refreshing as the desert spring to the fainting traveller.

Even Frank for a while seemed to be as much as ever my friend, but it was only seemingly, as I afterwards found. We were both acknowledged by our classmates as candidates for the highest college honors, and each was striving to win them.

Frank had set his heart on delivering the Valedictory, and so had I. Had he owned it to me like a man, I should have honored him for it, but he ever denied it, saying that he cared not for paltry college honors; while to the next person he met, he said, "Bell thinks to distance me in this race, but he'll have to try pretty hard, I'm thinking. He's a conceited fellow, but I'll teach him how to cope with me."

I despised such meanness; and shortly afterwards I met him, and told him that I considered such language as what hardly one would expect from one who professed to be a friend. For a moment he equivocated, but I passionately exclaimed that I scorned his threats as I did him who uttered them, and turning away, left him.

I left him, little thinking that I had aroused his evil passions; little knowing that from that hasty speech of mine, I should afterwards reap a bitter harvest.

He inwardly swore revenge against me then; but he must have possessed the disposition of a fiend, else he would not have blasted my happiness forever.

Shortly afterwards I received a letter from Annie—a cool, carefully worded letter, so different from the previous effusions of her warm, loving heart, that I knew not what to think.

I hastened to reply, requesting an explanation, and again was my heart racked with undefinable fears, lest I had by some means lost her love; yet strange to say, I never once suspected treachery, never once suspected but that Annie was the author of the letter. Again I wrote to her, reiterating my vows of love, and conjuring her to deal faithfully with me; and in a few days I broke the seal of a letter, which should either remove all my doubt and anxiety, or blight my hopes forever. Ah, it was a cruel, cruel blow; and the sunlight of happiness was shut out from my soul, *forever*, as I *then thought*.

Now Annie informed me that circumstances rendered it necessary for her to say that she considered our engagement as having been too hastily formed—upon too slight an acquaintance—that she had been interested in me, it was true, and this feeling had been mistaken for love, but that recent events had revealed to her the nature of her feelings, &c., and closed by wishing all ties between us dissolved; adding that she should ever regard me as a friend, since we could never be more than that to each other.

Lilly, all hopes died within me then!

Hence forward, I mocked at the words—true love; I scorned those who treasured woman's affection as a holy thing; my laugh rang the loudest when among my gay companions, and my steps were the most buoyant, though my heart was aching with intense agony all the while.

Alas, that I *was* thus hasty in believing! Would that I had sought Annie then; but pride, said, "Go not to her; humble not thyself again to woman, who trifles with the best feelings of the heart."

Here Lilly's face flashed with indignation at this imputation, but Uncle Harry smiled such a sad, mournful smile, that she again leaned her head confidingly upon his knee, as he continued:

"I graduated with the highest honors, amid the plaudits of friends, and even the admiration of envious rivals; but what cared I for triumph now?—for fame?—to me, success was but a bitter mockery, since the boon of love was denied me.

"Friends crowded around, congratulating me upon one of my 'happiest efforts,' as they termed it. Alas, they little knew that the Valedictory Poem so much lauded and admired, was written when my heart was well nigh breaking!

"Even Frank Waters gave me a cordial grasp of the hand, while words of courtesy fell from his lips. I treasured no ill-will against him, and readily accepted his good wishes and congratulation, glad that we were friends again.

"The villain! A smile was upon his lips, but I knew not that it was a mocking, fiendish smile, at the misery he knew I was suffering! And so we parted.

"A brilliant future lay before me, at least my friends said so. I was young, wealthy, and they said I was talented. They wished me to turn my attention to the Law, prophesying for me a bright career, but all to no purpose.

"Hope was dead; ambition's voice was hushed; the future had no charms for me. I grew morose and taciturn; withdrew from society; refusing all invitations to mingle with the young and gay, saying, 'Why should I go with them? They are happy but joy is not for me!'"

"Nearly two years had passed, when one day in glancing over a newspaper, I read the marriage of Annie.—James Morton, brother of the Carrie Morton whom I told you was her intimate friend, and who spoke warmly in her favor, was her husband.

"But what cared I? Did I not know she to be false? It was nothing to me that another won her! It was thus that I reasoned; I remember a confused ringing in my ears, and a sudden shock as though stunned by a heavy blow, when I was conscious of what I read.

"But I rallied my strength again; and then I thought that I would comply with the oft repeated wishes of my friends, who, wishing me to draw me from seclusion, urged me to turn my attention to professional pursuits; but it was but for a moment that I wavered.

"Injured pride said, "Go, win yourself a name among them: then perhaps she will repent that she refused one honored and esteemed by others;" while reason said 'remain here;' and to her voice I listend, for the quiet secluded life which I led here, in my ancestral home, where my sires had dwelt, accorded far better with my wounded feelings, than would the bustle, and cares, and toil, while pursuing fame.

"It was about three years after Annie's marriage, that business led me to the village of C——, in Massachusetts, where I first met her.

"How every scene and every object served to remind me of the past! I rode by the 'Mansion house,' where we had met on the morning of that brief and happy day. For Frank I enquired, and learned that he was in a southern city, eminently successful as a physician. I drove through the woods, where I had been before with a light and happy heart; alas! how changed now! I wandered down by the green river bank, and lingered long beneath the shade of those magnificent trees, for tender thoughts swept across my soul. Here I had listened to words dearer to me than life; words that were but idly pledged, and had been broken, ah, how lightly! and bitter feelings rose within me as I mentally reviewed the past.

"At the village inn, I enquired for all my old acquaintances, except Annie. Of her I spoke not. I could not speak of her when they would tell me that she was happy as the wife of another. I was informed by the garrulous landlord, that Carrie Morton was the wife of a farmer in the neighborhood, and I felt an irresistable desire to see her. I found her but little changed from the gay laughing girl of five years before; although her sunny hair was tinged with a deeper brown, and she had acquired a matronly dignity that was quite wifelike.

She received me cordially, spoke of our pleasant acquaintance during my brief sojourn in C——; but altho' I thought it very strange, never once reverted to Annie.

'I was dying to hear but one word regarding her, yet she never once referred to her. What puzzled me still more, was the strange expression her countenance wore, when in reply to questions, I informed her I was still unmarried; adding that 'I should live and die an old bachelor.' She hastily waived the subject, as if unpleasant to her.

Just at this moment my attention was arrested by two children, apparently of the same age; who burst into the room, frolicking in all the glee of innocent childhood.—"Your children, I presume," said I, addressing Carrie, taking a fair haired girl upon my knee, and caressing her as I spoke.

"This is mine," patting the head of a fine little boy; "the other is my niece. You know Annie Grey, her mother," said she after a slight pause. Had a serpent stung me, I could not have started quicker than I did then.

I had been caressing the child of the very woman who had proved so false to me, yet I found strength to speak and faintly gasped. "And Annie, is she happy?" "I trust so," was the reply in a sad voice. "Poor thing, she suffered here keenly enough, but has at length gone where sorrow never comes. Oh, it was unkind, it was cruel of you to treat poor Annie so!" and the tears ran down her cheeks.

It flashed upon me in a moment with overwhelming force! Annie was dead!

"How! what mean you?" cried I. "Unkind? Cruel? You wrong me, indeed. Did not Annie prove false to me?" I almost shrieked, dreading, yet wildly anxious to hear her say that Annie had been innocent; for such her words seemed to imply.

"Can it be possible that you have been deceived?" said she. Annie loved you as she did her own soul. "But she scorned me! she wed *another!* and I pointed to the little child, in a way that must have terrified it for it ran screaming to its aunt and hid its face in her lap.

"Ah, there has been a sad wrong done you both I fear. Listen to me a moment, and I will tell you all," was her reply, and thus she spoke:

"Annie and I had no secrets from each other; and she told me that when you left, you plighted your faith.—She told me with a smile, while the light of happiness danced in her eyes that she had surrendered her happiness to your keeping. Aye, if ever man was believed, you were beloved by Annie."

"One day she came to me, and I saw she had been weeping. I enquired the cause, when she laid before me a letter so different from the one preceeding it, that she knew not how to regard it. There was nothing written which in itself was calculated to wound the feelings, but there was lacking the depth of tenderness which had ever characterized your previous communications."

"I advised her to take no notice of it, but to write as she had ever done. She did so; but when she came to me afterwards, with another epistle still more formal than the first, I knew not what to advise her."

"About this time, Frank Waters wrote to a friend, and casually remarked that he hoped 'Miss Gray was not interested in Bell,' for it was evident he cared nothing for her, as report said he was engaged to a very beautiful and wealthy lady."

"This was immediately told of, and soon came to Annie's ears. Poor, poor Annie! She bent her head in anguish, for her dream of love was crushed. What bitter tears she shed as she told me of the visions of happiness she had formed, that were wrecked forever!"

Oh! Lilly, I could hardly restrain myself sufficiently to listen with any degree of composure to the narration of Carrie. How I longed to search out the monster who had severed all my happiness, for it was evident now that Waters had been the author of those letters purporting to come for Annie.

She continued: Annie wrote to you once again, saying that she gave you up; and since it was evident you cared not for her, no love of hers should ever fetter you, although it cost her many a bitter tear.

Her attention and time was now wholly engrossed by her father, who had been failing for some time; and, although many would gladly have won her, yet she repelled all advances saying that her duty was to remain beside her parent. My brother James had always loved Annie, yet always concealed his passion, thinking another love was her's.

He was extremely sensitive, never enjoying good health; and not daring to appear other than as a friend to Annie; until after months had elapsed, he one day told his long concealed love, and sought her to become his wife. Even then I do not think Annie would have consented, had she not yielded to the wishes of her father, who wished to see her in a comfortable home before he died; and so she gave James her hand, saying, "You know all I have suffered and if you can be content with such love as I have to offer you, it is yours."

They were married. One child was given them, and my brother had but just began to taste happiness, when the destroyer came and summoned him away. He died blessing his Annie, who had ever been to him a true wife: smoothing his pillow and ministering to him to the last. She was now alone with her child, her father having died shortly after her marriage. A few months went by, and her steps grew feeble, and her eyes dim, and one summer's evening she passed away like the zephyr.—Her last words were "all my love in Heaven!"

I knew all now, I was undeceived, and I thanked God that Annie had been true. I kissed her child with a holy reverence, and vowed that henceforward, she should be to me as my own. I have never seen Waters, and I pray God I never shall!

Lilly, eighteen years have passed away since then; and though my years number no more than do many who are in the prime of life, yet I am an old man—old before my time.

Sorrow has silvered my hair and furrowed my brow, yet I am young again when I gize upon you. Then do I again live over the past: for in your eyes I see again the love light of other days. Need I tell you that Annie was *your mother?* And do you wonder now Lilly, that I am *an old bachelor?*

Uncle Harry's voice was husky, as if choked for utterance; while Lilly answered not, but arose, wound her fair arms about his neck, and kissed his tear-bedewed check, and then left the room.

Half an hour afterwards she sat in her own room, with the tears falling fast upon a small miniature plated with ivory, which she held in her hand; and she murmured, "Sweet mother, why want thou so unfortunate, while thy child is only too happy?" And below in the parlor sat in silence and deep thought, Uncle Harry, the old bachelor

Going as Freight.

An Irishman, whose funds were rather low, had footed it all the way to wheeling, and was still desirous to get as far as Portsmouth, thence to proceed by canal to a point not far distant from the latter place, where work was to be obtained. Having worn his toes through his boots, and the heels of a pair of old shoes quite low, he gave up the idea of using "shank's mare" any longer. There were plenty of steamboats puffing and blowing at the landing, and he became quite fascinated at the idea of such an easy mode of conveyance.

"Captain, dear," said he, stepping on board a beautiful craft—"Captain, dear, an what'll you chagre to take me to Portsmouth?"

"Seven dollars, in the cabin."

"Sivin dollars! arra! siven dollars! why, Captain, dear, I havn't the half of that sum."

"Oh never mind that Pat, I'll take you as a deck passenger for three dollars, if you'll half work your passage, that is, help the hands to wood the boat."

Pat mused some minutes on this proposition, and then put another question.

"And Captain, dear, what'll you take a hundred and sixty pounds of freight for?"

"I'll charge you but seventy-five cents for that."

"Then, Captain, dear, you see I'm just the boy that weighs that—so you can enter me as freight, and I'll stow away snug enough, somewhere below stairs."

A proposition so novel pleased the Captain highly, and calling one of the hands, he gave directions to have Pat stowed carefully away in the hold—and ordered the clerk to enter on the freight list—"*One Irishman weighing one hundred and sixty pounds.*"

Pat kept snug until he reached Portsmouth, a distance of 356 miles—having shown himself but twice, and for only a few minutes at a time, during the whole passage. There he paid his freight of seventy-five cents, honorably, and was next seen with his bundle, tramping it along the tow-path of the canal for his desired destination.—*Baltimore Athenæum.*

A Countryman at Paris.

"This morning, as we were taking a very comfortable breakfast at the coffee-room of our hotel, and as I was reading Galignani's daily paper, I found a person at the next table addressing me, in nasal twang, "Stranger, is this fellow Galignani a reliable chap?" I assured him that he passed for an authority. Laying down his paper on the table, he pathetically described the tramp which the programme of the sight-seeing of yesterday's paper had given him, and declared his inability to keep up with the instructions for that day. Finding that he was a character, I carried on the conversation; and he talked most edifyingly to all the room, as he spoke loud enough to be heard at the very end. I enquired if he had been to London. His reply was, "I reckon I have; why, I come on purpose to see the *Crystal* Palace." "Well sir," I said, "and how did you like it?" "Oh, that exhibition is some?" "And pray, sir, what do you think of the Greek Slave?" "There, now, stranger, I takes it that where she were raised, *cotton is a dreadful scarce!*"

A Fact.—We have heard a great many queer stories about mean men, but none that gave a more powerful idea of meanness than the following fact. A