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, April 6, 1852.

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Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicine, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs Glass, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

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Fashionable Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors West of State street, Erie.

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DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire set. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifrice so as to leave them of colonial clearness. All work warranted.

Poetry and Miscellany.

MORNING AND NIGHT.

BY JANE GRAY.

On the shore of a dim and misty sea,
With a broad green field before him,
Stood a childish form, in the early morn,
With the blue sky hanging o'er him!
And his heart leaped forth to the glad green earth
Like a fountain to freedom springing,
For blossoming trees waved there in the breeze,
And birds in the boughs were singing.

But a voice from behind fell on his ear,
"Though bright the sunshine o'er thee,
Oh, child! beware of the lurking snare
That lies in the path before thee!"
Then the youth went forth to the field of Life,
With a high soul's firm endeavor,
And that warning word, in the morning heard,
In his heart was treasured ever!

Years were gone—and the old man stood
On the verge of a swelling ocean;
And the foaming spray on his locks of grey
Was tossed in the wild commotion!
The morn was past—and the glorious noon—
At the twilight hour we find him,
With its shadows dim encircling him,
And the field of Life behind him!

But he looked not back—his eye was fixed
On the misty sea before him—
For he knew if the sun of life were gone
Heaven's starlight still was o'er him!
So he gazed with a clear, untroubled brow
Till the mist grew an angel's pinion,
And it bore him away, to a brighter day
In the spirit's high dominion.

THE COUNTER STROKE.

Criminal Weakness and Felonious Deception.

Just after breakfast, one fine morning in 1837, an advertisement in the Times for a curate, caught and fixed my attention. The salary was sufficiently remunerative for a bachelor, and the parish, as I personally knew, one of the most pleasantly situated in all Somersetshire. I instantly wrote, enclosing testimonials, with which the Rev. Mr. Townley, the rector, was so entirely satisfied, that the return post brought me a positive engagement, unclogged with the slightest objection to one or two subsidiary items I had stipulated for. It thus happened that I became acquainted, and in some degree mixed up, with the train of events it is my present purpose to relate.

The rector I found to be a stout portly gentleman, whose years already reached to between sixty and seventy. I met him at breakfast on the morning after my arrival, and his reception of me was most friendly. We had spoken together but for a few minutes, when one of the French windows that led from the breakfast room into a shrubbery and flower garden, gently opened and admitted a lady, just then, as I afterwards learned, in her nineteenth spring. I use this term almost unconsciously, for I cannot, even now, in the glowing summer of her life, dissociate her image from that season of youth and youthfulness. She was introduced to me, with old-fashioned simplicity, as "My grand-daughter, Agnes Townley." It is difficult to look at beauty through other men's eyes, and, in the present instance, I feel that I should fail miserably in the endeavor to stamp upon this blank, dead paper, any adequate idea of the fresh loveliness, the rose-bud beauty of that young girl. I will merely say, that her perfectly Grecian head, wreathed with wavy *bandeaux*, of bright hair, undulating with golden light, vividly brought to my mind Raphael's halo toned portraiture of the Virgin—with this difference, that in the place of the holy calm and resignation of the painting, there was in Agnes Townley a sparkling of youth and life, that even amidst the heat and glare of a crowded ball-room or of a theatre, irresistibly suggested and recalled the perfume of the morning—of a cloudless rosy morning of May. And, far higher charm than feature beauty, however exquisite, a sweetness of disposition, a kind gentleness of mind and temper, was evidenced in every line of her face, in every accent of the low-pitched, silver-voice, that breathed through lips made only to smile.

Let me own that I was greatly struck by so remarkable a combination of rare endowments; and this, I think, the sharp-eyed rector must have perceived, or he might not perhaps have been so immediately communicative with respect to the near prospects of his idolized grandchild, as he was the moment the young lady, after presiding at the breakfast-table, had withdrawn.

"We shall have gay doings, Mr Tyrrel, at the rectory shortly," he said. "Next Monday three weeks will, with the blessing of God, be Agnes Townley's wedding day."

"Wedding day!"

"Yes," rejoined the rector, turning towards and examining some flowers which Miss Townley had brought in and placed on the table. "Yes, it has been for some time settled that Agnes shall on that day be united in holy wedlock to Mr. Arbuthnot."

"Mr. Arbuthnot of Elm Park?"

"A great match, is it not, in a worldly point of view?" replied Mr. Townley, with a pleasant smile at the tone of my exclamation. "And much better than that, Robert Abuthnot is a young man of a high and noble nature, as well as devotedly attached to Agnes. He will I doubt not, prove in every respect a husband deserving and worthy of her; and that, from the lips of a doting old grandpapa must be esteemed high praise. You will see him presently.

I did see him often, and quite agreed in the rector's estimate of his future grandson-in-law. I have not frequently seen a finer looking young man. His age was twenty-six; and certainly one of a more honorable and kindly spirit, of a more genial temper than he has never come within my observation. He had drawn a great prize in the matrimonial lottery.

They were married at the time agreed upon, and the day was kept not only at Elm Park, and in its neighborhood, but throughout "our" parish, as a general holiday. And, strangely enough—at least I have never met with another instance of the kind—it was held by our entire female community, high as well as low, that the match was a perfectly equal one, notwithstanding that wealth and high worldly position were entirely on the bridegroom's side.

The days, weeks, months, of wedded life flew over Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot without a cloud, save a few dark but transitory ones which I saw now and then flit over the husband's countenance as the time when he should become a father drew near, and came to be more and more spoken of. "I should not survive her," said Mr. Arbuthnot, one day, *in reply to a chance observation* of the rector's, "nor indeed desire to do so." The gray-headed man seized and warmly pressed the husband's hand, tears of sympathy filled his eyes; yet did he, nevertheless, as in duty bound, utter grave words on the sinfulness of despair under any circumstances, and the duty in all trials, however heavy of patient submission to the will of God.

It was of course decided that the expected heir or heiress should be entrusted to a wet-nurse, and a Mrs. Danby, the wife of a miller living not very far from the rectory, was engaged for that purpose. I had frequently seen the woman; and her name, as the rector and I were one evening gossipping over our tea, on some subject or other that I forget, came up.

"A likely person," I remarked; "healthy, very good looking, and one might make oath, a true-hearted creature. But there is withal a timidity, a frightedness in her manner which, if I may hazard a perhaps uncharitable conjecture, speaks ill for that smart husband of hers."

"You have hit the mark precisely, my dear sir. Danby is a sorry fellow, and a domestic tyrant to boot.—His wife, who is really a good, but meek-hearted person, lived with us once. How old do you suppose her to be?"

"Five-and-twenty, perhaps."

"Six years more than that. She has a son of the name of Harper by a former marriage, who is in his tenth year. Anne wasn't a widow long. Danby was caught by her good looks, and she by the bait of well-provided home. Unless, however, her husband gives up his corn speculations, she will not, I think, have that much longer."

"Corn speculations! Surely Danby has no means adequate to indulgence in such a game as that?"

"Not he. But about two years ago he bought, on credit, I believe, a considerable quantity of wheat and prices happening to fly suddenly up just then, he made a large profit. This has quite turned his head, which, by the by was never, as Cockneys say, quite rightly screwed on." The announcement of a visitor interrupted anything further the rector might have had to say, and I soon afterwards went home.

A sad accident occurred about a month subsequent to the foregoing conversation. The rector was out riding upon a usually quiet horse, which all at once took it into his head to shy at a scarecrow it must have seen a score of times, and thereby threw its rider. Help was fortunately at hand, and the reverend gentleman was instantly conveyed home, when it was found that his left thigh was broken. Thanks, however, to his temperate habits, it was not probable that the lusty winter of his life would be shortened by what had happened. Unfortunately the accident threatened to have evil consequences in another quarter. Immediately after it occurred, one Mathews, a busy thick headed lout of a butcher, rode furiously off to Elm Park with the news. Mrs. Arbuthnot, who daily looked to be confined, was walking with her husband upon the lawn in front of the house, when the great burly blockhead rode up and blurted out that the rector had been thrown from his horse, and it was feared killed!

The shock of such an announcement was of course overwhelming. A few hours afterwards, Mrs. Arbuthnot gave birth to a healthy male child; but the young mother's life assailed by fever, was for many days utterly despaired of—for weeks held to tremble so evenly in the balance, that the slightest adverse circumstances might in a moment turn the scale deathward. At length the black horizon that seemed to encompass us so hopelessly, lightened, and afforded the lover-husband a glimpse and hope of his vanished and well nigh despaired of Eden. The promise was fulfilled. I was in the library with Mr Arbuthnot, awaiting the physician's morning report, very anxiously expected at the rectory, when Dr. Lindley entered the apartment in evidently a cheerful mood.

"You have been causelessly alarmed," he said.—"There is no fear whatever of a relapse. Weakness only remains, and that we shall slowly, perhaps, but certainly, remove."

A gleam of lightning seemed to flash over Mr. Arbuthnot's expressive countenance. "Blessed be God!" he exclaimed. "And how," he added, "shall we manage respecting the child? She asks for it incessantly."

Mr. Arbuthnot's infant son, I should state, had been consigned immediately after its birth to the care of Mrs. Danby, who had herself been confined, also with a boy, about a fortnight previously Scarlatina being prevalent in the neighborhood, Mrs. Danby was hurried away with the two children to a place near Bath, almost before she was able to bear the journey. Mr. Arbuthnot had not left his wife for an hour, and consequently had only seen his child for a few minutes just after it was born

"With respect to the child," replied Dr. Lindley, "I am of opinion that Mrs. Arbuthnot may see it in a day or two. Say the third day from this, if all goes well. I think we may venture so far; but I will be present, for any untoward agitation might be perhaps instantly fatal."

This point provisionally settled, we all three went our several ways; I to cheer the still suffering rector with the good news.

The next day but one, Mr. Arbuthnot was in exuberant spirits. "Dr. Lindley's report is even more favorable than we had anticipated," he said: "and I start tomorrow morning, to bring Mrs. Danby and the child ———." The postman's subdued but unmistakable knock interrupted him. "The nurse," he added, "is very attentive and punctual. She writes almost every day." A servant entered with a salver heaped with letters. Mr. Arbuthnot tossed them over eagerly, and seizing one, after glancing at the post-mark, tore it eagerly open, muttering as he did so—"It is not the usual handwriting; but from her, no doubt."

"Merciful God!" I impulsively exclaimed, as I suddenly lifted my eyes to his. "What is the matter?"—A mortal pallor had spread over Mr. Arbuthnot's before animated features, and he was glaring at the letter in his hand as if a basilisk had suddenly confronted him. Another moment, and the muscles of his frame appeared to give way suddenly, and he dropped heavily into the easy chair from which he had risen to take the letters. I was terribly alarmed, and first loosening his neckerchief, for he seemed choking, I said—"Let me call some one;" and I turned to reach the bell, when he instantly seized my arms, and held me with a grip of iron. "No—no—no!"—he hoarsely gasped. "Water—water!" There was fortunately some on a side-table. I handed it to him, and he drank eagerly. It appeared to revive him a little. He thrust the crumpled letter into his pocket, and said in a low, quick whisper—"There is some one coming!—Not a word, remember—not a word!" At the same time, he wheeled his chair half round, so that his back should be towards the servant we heard approaching.

"I am sent, sir," said Mrs. Arbuthnot's maid, "to ask if the post has arrived."

"Yes," replied Mr. Arbuthnot, with wonderful mastery of his voice. "Tell your mistress I shall be with her almost immediately, and that—her son is quite well."

"Mr. Tyrrel," he continued, as soon as the servant was out of hearing, "there is, I think, a liqueur stand on the side-board in the large dining-room. Would you have the kindness to bring it to me, unobserved—mind that—unobserved by any one?"

I did as he requested; and the instant I placed the liqueur frame before him, he seized the brandy *caraffe*, and drank with fierce eagerness. "For goodness sake," I exclaimed, "consider what you are about, Mr. Arbuthnot; you will make yourself ill."

"No, no," he answered, after finishing his draught. "It seems scarcely stronger than water. But I—I am better now. It was a sudden spasm of the heart; that's all. The letter," he added, after a long and painful pause, which he eyed me, I thought, with a kind of suspicion—"the letter you saw me open just now, comes from a relative, an aunt, who is ill, very ill, and wishes to see me instantly. You understand?"

I *did* understand, or at least I feared that I did too well. I, however, bowed acquiescence: and he presently rose from his chair, and strode about the apartment in great agitation, until his wife's bed-room bell rang. He then stopped suddenly short, shook himself, and looked anxiously at the reflection of his flushed and varying countenance in the magnificent chimney glass.

"I do not look, I think—or, at least shall not, in a darkened room—odder, more out of the way—that is, more agitated—than one might, than one *must* appear after hearing of the dangerous illness of—of—an aunt?"

"Yes, yes; much better, much better. I am glad to hear you say so. That was my wife's bell. She is anxious, no doubt, to see you.

He left the apartment; was gone perhaps ten minutes; and when he returned, was a thoughtless nervous than before. I rose to go. "Give my respects," he said, "to the good rector; and as an *especial favor*," he added, with emphasis, "let me ask of you not to mention to a living soul that you saw me so unmanned as I was just now—that I swallowed brandy. It would appear so strange, so weak, so ridiculous."

I promised not to do so, and almost immediately left the house, very painfully affected. His son was, I concluded, either dead or dying, and he was thus bewilderedly casting about for means of keeping the terrible, perhaps fatal tidings from his wife. I afterwards heard that he left Elm Park in a postchaise, about two hours after I came away, unattended by a single servant!

He was gone three clear days only, at the end of which he retured with Mrs. Danby and—his son—in florin health, too; and one of the finest badies of its age—about nine weeks old—I had ever seen. Thus vanished the air drawn Doubting Castle and Giant Despair which I had so hastily conjured up? The cause assigned by Mr Arbuthnot for the agitation I had witnessed, was doubtless the true one; and yet, and the thought haunted me for months, years afterwards, he opened only *one* letter that morning, and had sent a message to his wife that the child was well!

Mr. Danby remained at the Park till the little Robert was weaned, and then was dismissed very munificently rewarded. Year after year rolled away without bringing Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot any additional little ones, and no one, therefore, could feel surprised at the enthusiastic love of the delighted mother for her handsome, nobly-promising boy. But that which did astonish me, though no one else, for it seemed that I alone noticed it, was a strange defect of character which began to develop itself in Mr. Arbuthnot. He was positively jealous of his wife's affection for their own child! Many and many a time have I remarked, when he thought himself unobserved, an expression of intense pain flash from his fine, expressive eyes, at any more than usually fervent manifestation of the young mother's gushing love for her first and only born! It was altogether a mystery to me, and I as much as possible forebore to dwell upon the subject.

Nine years passed away without bringing any material change to the parties involved in this narrative, except those which time brings ordinarily in his train.—Young Robert Arbuthnot was a healthy, tall, fine looking lad of his age; and his great-grandpapa, the rector, though not suffering under any actual, physical or mental infirmity, had reached a time of life when the announcement that the golded bowl is broken, or the silver cord is loosed, may indeed be quick and sudden, but scarcely unexpected. Things had gone well, too, with the nurse, Mrs. Danby, and her husband; well, at least, after a fashion. The speculative miller must have made good use of the gift to his wife for her care of little Arbuthnot, for he had built a genteel house near the mill, always rode a valuable horse, kept, it was said, a capital table; and all this, as it seemed, by his clever speculations in corn and flour, for the ordinary business of the mill was almost entirely neglected. He had no children of his own, but he had apparently taken, with much cordiality, to his step-son, a fine lad, now about 18 years of age.—This greatly grieved the boy's mother, who dreaded above all things that her son should contract the evil, dissolute habits of his father-in-law. Latterly, she had become extremely solicitous to procure the lad a permanent situation abroad and this Mr. Arbuthnot had promised should be effected at the earliest opportunity.

Thus stood affairs on the 16th of October, 1846. Mr. Arbuthnot was temporarily absent in Ireland, where he possessed a large property and was making personal inquiries as to the extent of the potato rot, not long before announced. The morning's post had brought a letter to his wife, with the intelligence that he should reach home that very evening; and as the rectory was on the direct road to Elm Park, and her husband would be sure to pull up there, Mrs. Arbuthnot came with her son to pass the afternoon there, and in some slight degree anticipate her husband's arrival.

About three o'clock, a chief clerk of one of the Taunton banks rode up in a little gig to the rectory, and asked to see the Rev. Mr. Townley, on pressing and important business. He was ushered into the library, where the rector and I were at *the moment busily engaged.*—The clerk said he had been to Elm Park, but not finding either Mr. Arbuthnot or his lady there, he had thought that perhaps the Rev. Townley might be able to pronounce upon the genuineness of a cheque for £300, purporting to be drawn on the Taunton bank, by Mr. Abuthnot, and which Danby, the miller, had obtained cash for at Bath, He further added, that the bank had refused payment, and detained the cheque, believing it to be a forgery.

"A forgery!" exclaimed the rector, after merely glancing at the document. "No question that it is, and a very clumsily executed one, too. Besides, Mr. Arbuthnot is not yet returned from Ireland."

This was sufficient; and the messenger, with many apologies for his intrusion, withdrew, and hastened back to Taunton. We were still talking over this sad affair, although some hours had elapsed since the clerk's departure—in fact, candles had been brought in, and we were every moment expecting Mr. Arbuthnot—when the sound of a horse at a hasty gallop was heard approaching, and presently the pale and haggard face of Danby shot by the window at which the rector and myself were standing. The gate bell was rung almost immediately afterwards, and but a brief interval passed before "Mr. Danby" was announced to be in waiting. The servant had hardly gained the passage with leave to show him in, when the impatient visitor rushed rudely into the room, in a state of great, and it seemed angry excitement.

"What, sir, is the meaning of this ill mannered intrusion?" demanded the rector, sternly.

"You have pronounced the cheque I paid away at Bath to be a forgery; and the officers are, I am told, already at my heels. Mr. Arbuthnot, unfortunately, is not at home, and I am come, therefore to seek shelter with you."

"Shelter with me, sir!" exclaimed the indignant rector, moving, as he spoke, towards the bell.—"Out of my house you shall go this instant."

The fellow placed his hand upon the reverend gentleman's arm, and looked with his bloodshot eyes keenly in his face.

"Don't!" said Danby—"don't for the sake of yourself and yours! Don't I warn you; or, if you like the phrase better, don't, for the sake of me and *mine*."

"Yours, fellow! Your wife, whom you have so long held in cruel bondage through her fears for her son, has at last shaken off that chain. James Harper sailed two days ago from Portsmouth to Bomay. I sent her the news two hours since."

"Ha! Is that indeed so?" cried Danby, with an irrepressible start of alarm. "Why, then ———. But no matter: here, luckily, comes Mrs. Arbuthnot *and her son*. All's right! She will, I know, stand bail for me, and, if need be, acknowledge the genuineness of her husband's cheque."

The fellow's insolence was becoming unbearable, and I was about to seize and thrust him forcibly from the apartment, when the sound of wheels was heard outside. "Hold! one moment," he cried, with fierce vehemence. "That is probably the officers. I must be brief, then, and to the purpose. Pray, madam, do not leave the room for your own sake. As for you, young sir, I *command* to remain!"

"What! what does he mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Arbuthnot, bewilderedly, and at the same time clasping her son—who gazed on Danby with kindled eyes, and angry boyish defiance—tightly to her side. Did the man's *strange words give form and significance to some* dark, shadowy, indistinct doubt that had previously haunted her at times? I judged so. The rector appeared similarly confused and shaken, and had sunk nerveless and terrified upon a sofa.

"You guess dimly, I see, at what I have to say," resumed Danby, with a malignant sneer. "Well, hear it, then, once for all, and then if you will give me up to the officers. Some years ago," he continued, coldly and steadily—"some years ago, a woman, a nurse, was placed in charge of two infant children; one of them was her own, the other was the son of rich, proud parents. The woman's husband was a gay, jolly fellow, who much preferred spending money to earning it, and just then it happened that he was more than usually hard up. One afternoon on visiting his wife, who had removed to a distance, he found that the rich man's child had sickened of the small-pox, and that there was no chance of its recovery. A letter containing the sad news was on a table, which he, the husband, took the liberty to open and read. After some reflection, suggested by what he had heard of the lady-mother's state of mind, he re-copied the letter, for the purpose of embodying in it a certain suggestion. That letter was duly posted, and the next day brought the rich man almost in a state of distraction; but his chief and mastering terror, was lest the mother of the already dead infant should hear, in her then precarious state, of what had happened. The tidings he was sure would kill her. Seeing this, the cunning husband of the nurse, suggested that for the present, his—the cunning one's—child might be taken to the lady as her own, and that the truth be revealed when she was strong enough to bear it. The rich man fell into the artful trap, and that which the husband of the nurse had speculated upon, came to pass even beyond his hopes. The lady grew to idolize her fancied child—she has, fortunately had no other—and now I think it would really kill her to part with him. The rich man could not find it in his heart to undeceive his wife. Every year it became more difficult, more impossible to do so; and very generously I must say, he has paid in purse for the forbearance of the nurse's husband. Well, now then, to sum up: the nurse was Mrs. Danby; the rich, weak husband, Mr. Arbuthnot; the substituted child—that handsome boy—my son!"

A wild scream from Mrs Arbuthnot broke the dread silence which had accompanied this frightful revelation, echoed by an agonized cry, half tenderness, half rage, from her husband, who had entered the room unobserved, and now clasped her passionately in his arms. The carriage wheels we had heard were his It was long before I could recall with calmness the tumult, terror, and confusion of that scene. Mr. Arbuthnot strove to hear his wife from the apartment, but she should not be forced away, and kept imploring with frenzied vehemence that Robert—that her boy should not be taken from her.

"I have no wish to do so—far from it," said Danby, with gleeful exultation. "Only folks must be reasonable and not threaten their friends with the hulks———"

"Give him anything!" broke in the unhappy lady. "O Robert! Robert!" she added with a renewed burst of hysterical grief, "how could you deceive me so?".

"I have been punished, Agnes," he answered in a husky voice, "for my well intending but criminal weakness; cruelly punished by the ever present consciousness that this discovery must one day or other be surely made. What do you want?" he after a while added, with recovering firmness, addressing Danby.

The acknowledgement of the little bit of paper in dispute, of course; and, say a genuine one to the same amount."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Mrs. Arbuthnot, still wildly sobbing, and holding the terrified boy strained in her embrace, as if she feared he might be wrenched from her by force. "Anything—pay him anything!"

At this moment, chancing to look towards the door of the apartment, I saw that it was partially opened, and that Danby's wife was listening there. What might that mean? But what of helpful meaning in such a case could it have?

"Be it so" said Mr. Arbuthnot soothingly. "Danby call *to-morrow* at the Park. *And now, begone at once.*"

"I was thinking," resumed the rascal, with swelling audacity, "that we might as well at the same time come to some permanent arrangement upon black and white. But never mind, I can always put the screw on; unless, indeed, you get tired of the young gentleman, and in that case, I doubt not, he will prove a dutiful and affectionate son———Ah, devil! what do you here? Begone, or I'll murder you! Begone do you hear?"

His wife had entered, and silently confronted him.

"Your threats, evil man," replied the woman, quietly, "have no terrors for me now. My son is beyond your reach. Oh, Mrs. Arbuthnot," she added, turning towards and addressing that lady, "believe not"———

Her husband sprang at her with the bound of a panther. "Silence! Go home, or I'll strangle———" His own utterance was arrested by the fierce grasp of Mr. Arbuthnot, who seized him by the throat, and hurled him to the farther end of the room. "Speak on, woman, and quick! quick! What have you to say?"

"That your son, dearest lady," she answered, throwing herself at Mrs. Arbuthnot's feet, "is as truly your own child as ever son born of woman!"

That shout of half-fearful triumph seems now, even now as I write, to wring in my ears! *I felt* that the woman's words were words of truth, but I could not see distinctly: the room whirled round, and the lights danced before my eyes, but I could hear through all the choking ecstacy of the mother and the fury of the baffled felon.

"The letter," continued Mrs. Danby, "which my husband found and opened, would have informed you, sir, of the swiftly approaching death of *my* child, and that yours had been carefully kept *beyond the reach of* contagion. The letter you received was written without my knowledge or consent. True it is, that terrified by my husband's threats, and in some measure reconciled to the wicked imposition by knowing that, after all, the right child would be in his right place, I afterwards lent myself to Danby's evil purposes. But I chiefly feared for my son, whom I fully believed he would not have scrupled to make away with in revenge for my exposing his profitable fraud. I have sinned; I can hardly hope to be forgiven, but I have now told the sacred truth."

All this was uttered by the repentant woman, but at the time it was almost wholly unheard by those most interested in the statement. They only comprehended that they were saved—that the child was theirs in very truth. Great, abundant, but for the moment, bewildering joy! Mr. Arbuthnot—his beautiful young wife—her true boy (how could she for a moment have doubted that he was her own true boy! you might have read that thought through all her tears, thickly as they fell)—the aged and half stunned rector, whilst yet Mrs. Danby was speaking, were exclaiming, sobbing in each other's arms, ay, and praising God, too, with broken voices and incoherent words it may be, but certainly with fervent, pious, grateful hearts.

When we had time to look about us, it was found that the felon had disappeared—escaped. It was well, perhaps, that he had; better, that he has not been heard of since.

Manufacture of Trifles.

A correspondent of an Eastern paper thus writes: the Manufactories at Waterbury, Mass:

Has your father or grandfather got a pair of old gilded epaulettes not marked "Waterbury?" Open your jack-knife, and see if "Waterbury" is not cut into the blade. Turn over a large ancient, or small modern gilded, or even yellow button, and "Waterbury" can be spelled around its margin. Look at your wife's—I mean—no matter—hooks and eyes, and see them grin "Waterbury" as they pull hard at each other There's the end of your cane, the bitts in your horse's mouth, the tool you curry him with, the metal trimmings of your umbrella, the lock of your trunk, and all the unthinkable little bits of metallic civilization, comfort, and ornament, that ever were used or seen hailing from "Waterbury." Only think of a five-story brick building, covering more ground than Greenfield Common, all full of heavy and light machinery, costing anywhere from twenty to fifty thousand dollars, with fifty men and boys making *suspender buckles!* Go to another, where steam puffs off from a thirty-horse engine, and you hear a roaring and crashing, as if 50,000 trip-hammers were pounding the Rocky Mountains, and you find stout men very busy in getting out those sixpenny pieces of iron that tip the ends of the handles of cheap knives and forks. There is another concern hissing and snapping, with its $5,000 worth of machines that pull in long coils of wire, and turn out the *eyes* used in the wood and horn buttons—nothing else. And so you may go from one great shop to another, till you break down in utter amazement at the millions so profitably invested in manufacturing just nothing at all; and come back to the new and well built "Scovill House," for refreshment and quiet. The "Scovill" is an excellent building, and I have reason to believe, is well kept, for I obtained an execution against the chambermaid, directing her to provide a clean bed after having put in a long special plea for that purpose. This is a beautiful village, and in my unpoetic judgment, takes rank next to Great Barrington, though its beauty is of a different kind. It looks like a wealthy town.

Slaving for Money.

We pity the man who wears out his energies in the accumulation of riches, which, when amassed he will have lost the capacity to enjoy. He finds himself at the end of his labors, a guest at his own feast, without an appetite for its dainties. The wine of life is wasted, and nothing remains but the lees. The warm sympathies of his heart have been choked by the inexorable spirit of avarice, and they cannot be resuscitated. The fountain head of his enthusiasm is sealed; he looks at all things in nature and in art with an eye of calculation; hard matter-of-fact is the only pabulum his mind can feed on; the elastic spring of impulse is broken; the poesy of existance is gone.

Are wealth and position an equivalent to those losses? Is not the millionaire, who has acquired wealth at such a cost, a miserable bankrupt? In our opinion, there is little to choose on the score of wisdom between the individual who recklessly squanders his money as he goes along in folly and extravagance, and the false economist who denies himself the wholesome enjoyments of life, in order to swell that treasure which, in the hardening process of scraping up, he had become too mean to spend, and too selfish to give away.

The only rational way to live, is to mix labor with enjoyment—a streak of fat and a streak of lean. There is nothing like a streaky life; a pleasant mixture of exertion, thankfulness, love, jollity and repose. The man who slaves for riches, makes a poor return to that God who took the trouble of making him for a better purpose.

A Cool Plaintiff.—Mr. Webster, in his great India rubber speech at Trenton, related the following anecdote:

May it please your Honors, I remember having heard an anecdote of a celebrated divine, Dr. South—a man of great learning and virtue. He relieved himself of his clerical duties one summer by traveling rather *incog.*—He went into a country church in the north of England one Sabbath morning, and heard the rector read a sermon. In coming from the church, the rector suspected him to be a brother of the ministry, and spoke to him.—He received the rector's courtesies, and thanked him for the very edifying sermon he had preached, suggesting that it must have been the result of a good deal of lab