From Mrs. Stevens' Magazine for February.

MOPSEY.

BY CORNEILUS MATHEWS.

The old man's form is erect and tall, and

lifting up his head to its height, he looks afar, down the country road which leads from his

rural door, towards the city. He has kept

his gaze in that direction for better than an

hour, and a mist has gradually crept upon his

vision; objects begin to lose their distinct-

ness; they grow dim or soften away like

ghosts or spirits; the whole landscape melts

enly land?

gently into a pictured dew before him. Is old

It seemed indeed, on this very calm morn-

ing in November, as if angels were busy about

I see old Sylvester Peabody—the head of

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The Montrose Democrat, ANDREW J. GERRITSON.

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Montrose, May 13th, 1857.

Wholesale dealer in Buttons, Comos. and soberer, and often comes at thanksgiving we'shall?" .V Suspenders, Threads. Fancy Goods, time. It always changes the country as you Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Cut- see it now." Merchants and pedlars, supplied on liberal TRACÝ HAYDEN.

"Child, child, you are right. I should who have fallen in battle, in the toil of the field, on the highway, on the waters, in silent God they have all, all my kith and kin and people, died with their names untouched with crime; all," he added with energy, planting his feet firmly on the ground and rising as he spoke sternly, "all save one alone, and

oice of Miriam, too, had a change in it.

He turned towards the female at his side,

grandfather, when he suddenly turned, and

"Grandpa, where's brother Elbridge !" The old man changed his countenance and truggled a moment with bimself.

"He had better know all," he said after

turned aside to breathe a prayer of trust and hope in the hour of trial.

The thanksgiving turkey, full of his banquet

of corn, strutted away to a slope in the sun by the roadside, and little Sam Peabody renewed

his question. "Can't I see brother Elbridge, grandpa?" "Never again, I fear my child."

my boy."

countenance upon her with a dignity of look, and the gash in his face, and the somewhat name of my race pure of all stains and deling a boly, as long and straight in the line traction, as it has been for a hundred years, but I would not bear hardly against your son, Margaret. This child, innocent and unsway.

Margaret. This child. The properties of the preacher, in an out-of-the-way.

Margaret. This child, innocent and unsway.

Margaret. This child. The prea "I shall speak the truth. I would have the exorbitant character of his dress, his coat be-CLOTHS, Cashimers and Vestings, very delarge styles, at prices that cannot fail to
suit. Call and be convinced. C. W. MOTT

Thanksgiving morning came, calm, clear little dragons lying in wait to rush at an opwell made; well dressed, and quite a handsuit Call and be convinced. C. W. MOTT

Thanksgiving morning came, calm, clear little dragons lying in wait to rush at an opwill made; well dressed, and quite a handsome person; in fact, the captain passed with
and not of earth, ruled the wide landscape.—
And now, all at once, there comes a deeplike living, comforting the sick, consoling the
living, comforting the sick, consoling the living, comforting the sick, consoling the
living, comforting the sick, consoling the living, comforting the sick, consoling the living, comforting the living, comforting the living, comforting the living, comforting the living the liv

shoulders, which time, in one hundred seasons | Elbridge, by the Locust wood, near the pond them and announced, "We've beat Brundage of the scene, warbled in the boughs. of battle and sorrow, of harvest and drouth- where you go to gather huckleberries in the -we've beat Brundage!" of toil and death, in all his hardy wrestlings summer, and hazels in the autumn. He was seen with him and seen no more."

" Is Mr. Barbary dead, grandpa!" the child inquired, leaning forward. "How else! He is not to be found in pulin their andient baunts. No man hearkens to

his voice." The child sat for a moment in dumb aston ishment, glancing with distended eves and Sylvester, who has kept it clear and bright so of the widdw, when recovering speech he asklong, losing his sight at last, or is our com- ed:

mon world, already changing under the old ways kind mother?" "Ever kind! There was not a day he did

not make glad his poor mother's heart, with some generous act of devotion to her." the Old Homestead. The fair country lay in à delicious dreamy slumber. The trees did "Margaret, you forget. He was soft of not stand forth boldly with every branch and heart, but proud of spirit, and haughty beyond if whispering a secret to the wind; the birds his loudness of speech. Why should he kill sailed slowly to and fro on the air; there was Mr. Barbary? I will tell you child: the morning, nor sing, nor be silent, nor stand by, and with such point that it could not fail self, rolling overhead. still, nor move, with any other than a gliding to come home directly to the bosom of the ter sphere. There was a tender sadness and lus. It rankled in your brother's bosom like guess dat's somefin." wonder in the face of old Sylvester, when a poison; his passions were wild and ungovern-voice came stealing in upon the silence. It ed, and this was cause enough. If he had voice came stealing in upon the silence. It did not in a single tone flisturb the heavenly been innocent, why did Elbridge l'eabody harmony of the hour, for it was the voice of flee this neighborhood, like a thirt in the kin!"

amid the broom corn, where she was busy in silent. one of the duties of the season. Well might she sing the song of lament, for her people king his flaxen locks, and not abashed in the -which I have watched over as though it colors of the evening sky. The leisure of had gone down far away in the sea, and her least by her silence. "He may come back had been my own child—which I planted this double duty allowed her was employed lover—where was he?

Yet and explain all to us." Like every other condition of the time, the

"What wonder is this?" said old Sylves- stood with his burnished wings on the garden tree weeks and better-just as if it had been hopped with yellow legs about the floor with ter; "I neither see nor hear as I used-are all wall, near enough to have heard all that pas- a small green cowcumber. I don't belive dat | the racket of constant falling showers of corn. He turned as he spoke, to a woman of clear cry, which rang through the place air fool."

relly located himself at Brackneyville, Susq'a tenderness mingled, as she now regarded him County, Penn'a, and will promptly attend to all with reverence for the ancient head of the County, Penn'a, and will promptly attend to all with reverence for the ancient head of the County, Penn'a, and will promptly attend to all with reverence for the ancient head of the County, Penn'a, and will promptly attend to all with reverence for the ancient head of the County, Penn'a, and will promptly attend to all with reverence for the ancient head of the United Stand Head of the Head

The aged patriarch of the family bowed his the gentle voice stole again :

sent and the dead—of times and hours and friends, long, long passed away. Of those garden—where she had been tending the dom.

when I have known," he continued eagerly, great thanksgiving pumpkin, which was her As soon as Mopsey had left them above. special charge—the black servant of the household, Mopsey, who, with her broad fringchambers, by sickness, and by sword: I thank ed cap flying all abroad, and her great eyes rolling, spoke out as she approached—
"Do hear dat, massa?"

"I hear nothing, Mopsey."

"Dere don't you hear't now? Dey're coming!"
She had scarcely spoken when there arose and when he looked in her face, and saw the of dust, from which there emerged a two liding saddle, now out of use this many a day, mournful expression which came upon it, he wheeled vehicle, at a thundering pace, which, and all the odds and ends of an ancient dropped back in his chair and stayed his in less than a minute's time, went whirling farm house stored in heaps and strings Make Insurance against loss or damage by cherub in plumpness, came toddling out the bave guessed with any accuracy who or what ed in tradition with the appearance of a ghost door of the house, struggling with a basin of they were. In less than a minute more it that they were at length fairly sobered down . "I tell you what it is, Missus," Mopsey and yellow corn, which shifting about in his arms, he just managed to keep possession of till he reached old Sylvester's knee. This was little Sam, the vonngest of the Penbody's and as another sally down the road and return, with kept up a talk from bed to bed, for a good bridge, and he come from his place and pick he looked up into his grandfather's face you a long curve in the road before the Home long hour more, at least. could not fail to see, though they grew so stead, it at last came to at the gate, and diswide apart, the same story of passion and closed in a high sweat and glowing all over gan little Sam Peabody. It is hoge person, the jovial captain; and at his "I don't know," Peabod throwing the bright grain from the basin to a side his pretty little cherry faced girl of a wife. great strutting turkey which went marching | Henrietta Peabody, daughter of William Peaand gobbling up and down the dooryard, body, who, be it known, is old Sylvester's ev, took this very much at heart.

There also emerged from the one "I think he's a very fine one—two shaking his red neck tie with a boundless horse gig, after the captain had made ground as last year's." pretence and restlessnes, like many a hero, he and jumped his little wife to the same landing was proud of his uniform, although the fatal in his arms, a red faced boy, who must have hour which was to lay him low was not far been closely stowed somewhere, for he came off. It was the thanksgiving turkey, himself, out of the vehicle highly colored, and looking in process of fattening under charge of Mas- very much as if he had been sat upon for a ter Sam Peabody. Busy in the act, he was regarded with smiling fondness by his mother, the widow Margaret Peabody, and his old Sylvester's suggestion, set him loose in the dooryard to graze at his leisure, rushed forward upon the balcony very much in the stories!" character of a good natured tornado, saluted him as he came within half an inch of the pause of thought, in which he looked, or ground, shook the old grandfather's readily seemed to look, afar off from the seene about extended hand with a sturdy grasp, and him. "Margaret, painful though it be, let wound up for a moment, with a great cuff on the side of the head with a roll of stuff for An inexpressible anguish overspread the countenance of the widowed woman, and she livered it, "Dere, what d'ye say to dat, Dar-long."

Darkey brightened into a sort of nocturnal will." after some important business over to Brun- except old grandfather."

dage's "Why not, grandpa?"

In less than twenty minutes the captain had
"Answer gently, father," the widow intersaid and done so many good natured things, posed, "make not the case too harsh against thad showed himself so free of heart withal;-

Rising, old Sylvester, with Margaret's help, Presently Mopsey came rushing along at a The Indian summer, which had been as a er hush—a still more portentous pause—all dying; but when he learned the peril and old man each at his side, Sylvester, taking one peared, and then renewed her pace, repeating to the hills and back country, to allow the hand of the child in his, began—

the peculiar manoeuvre once in every ten undimmed heaven to shine down upon the tine door; annum and the wild rea—"

"It is, my child, a year ago this day, that yards. She was shuffling on in her loose happy festival of families and nations. The breathless and statue-like at either side of the wild rea—"

The widow the Peabody family - seated on the porch of of this neighborhood, disappeared from among er of them every other minute,) at as rapid a the trees were quiet as in friendly recognition his country dwelling, like an ancient patri living men. He was blameless in life, he had rate as that peculiar species of locomotion of the spirit of the hour; no reaper's hook or arch, in the calm of the morning. His broad no enemy on the face of the earth. He was allowed. Bursting with some impatience and mower's sevithe, glanced in the meadow, no of the kitchen (into which Mopsey had made, his locks, and casting berself upon his neck, brimmed hat lies on the bench at his side, and a simple, worthy man. The last time alive, the importance of her communication, her rumbling wain was on the road. The birds to secure an impressive effect, a grand circuit,) his venerable white locks flow down his he was seen in company with your brother cap flaunting from her head, she stood before alone, as being more nearly akin to the feeling

"I've tried it, and I've spanned it. I can't thousand vari-colored lamps.

day for use, and which she insisted that they

should all inspect.

'Yes, I guess it is de tank giving pun-

the orphan dependent of the house, Miriam night? | Mopsey condescended not another word, the orphan dependent of the house, Miriam night? | Mopsey condescended not another word, but walking or rather shuffling disdainfully whose dark bright are and graceful "Why did Elbridge leave us, mother?" | but walking or rather shuffling disdainfully form glimmered, as though she were the spirit said the child; bending eagerly towards away muttered to herself, "Dat is de very in upon the warm bottom, she lingered there of all the sostened beauty of the scene, from the widow, who wrung her hands and was meanest man, for a white man, I cher did see; regarding the change they were undergoing prompted old Sylvester to speak : "He may come back," said the child, sha- me so many anxious days and sleepless nights, noisseur in sunset hangs upon the changing At that very moment a red rooster who, mouse dat's been tryin to eat it up for dis back entrance of the kitchen in swarms, and sed, lifted up his throat, and poured forth a man knows it is tanksgivin. He's a great big Upon the half-door opening on the front the

Physician and Surgeon, has permassmill stature, in whose features dignity and far and wide.

There was no question where the children on one side, observed with a knowing eye all netly located himself at Brackneyville, Susq's tenderness mingled, as she now regarded him "He will—I know he will," said little Sam were to lodge, for there had been allotted to that went forward; showing, perhaps, most summer, which is the first summer softened and solver, and often comes at transserving we'shall?" thinks we shall—I know thither under direction of Mopsey and the read from that chapter which gives the story mistress of the household. This was not also the prodigal son. How the fair young ways easy of achievement, and cost the shuf- face brightened, when she read that the young head and was silent. From the broom corn fling black servant at least half an hour of man resolved to arise and return to the house diligent search and struggling persuasion to of his father; the dear encounter; the rejoic-The murmur of Miriam's musical lamenting bring them in from the various strayings, ing over his return, and the glad proclamahave known it, for always at this season, often as it has come to me, do I think of the all-had scarcely died away on the dreamy air, escapes, and lurking places, where they tion, 'This, my son, was dead and is alive as it has come to me, do I think of the all-had scarcely died away on the dreamy air, escapes, and lurking places, where they ton, 'This, my son, was dead and is alive as the standard of the all-had scarcely died away on the dreamy air, escapes, and lurking places, where they had scarcely died away on the dreamy air, escapes, and lurking places, where they had scarcely died away on the dreamy air, escapes, and lurking places, where they had scarcely died away on the dreamy air, escapes, and lurking places, where they had scarcely died away on the dreamy air, escapes, and lurking places, where they

they all darted from bed, and commenced, in the middle of the chamber, a great pillow fight, amicable and hurtless, but furiously waged, till the approach of a broad footstep sont them scampering back to their couches. Mopsey, well aware of these frisks, tarried till they were blown over, in her own chamber hard by-d dark room, mysterious to the fanev of the children, with spinning wheels, dried in the distance down the road, a violent cloud gourd-shells hung against the wall, a lady's

"What do you think of the turker?" be-

"I don't care for turkeys." Little Sam Peabody, the master of the tur

"I think he's a very fine one-twice as big Robert relented.

do they kill him ?" answered feebly, "to morrow."

broken presently by Peabody Junior. "Don't you miss some one to night that the first odor of the land breeze cottning in used to keep us awake with telling pleasant from sea. The captain's conjecture was mured.

chamber door, and stood listening with breath- him the last turn," said the captain. less attention to the discourse of the two chil-

"What makes you think so? I hope he

directed, gave out that she must be looking knows more than anybody about this farm, of home-made bread, basins of apple sauce,

But out of the silent gloom of the mist there "What is this, Mopsey ?" old Sylvester in sprang, as if by magic, a lovely illumination which lit the country far and wide, as with a

Then breakfast being early dispatched there On further questioning, it appeared that was a mighty running to and fro of the grown pit or field. No man seeth his steps any more Mopsey had been on a pilgrimage to the next people through the house, dresses hurried from neighbor's the Brundage's, to inspect their old clothes presses and closets, a loud dethanksgiving pumpkin, and institute a com-parison with the Peabody growth of that kind seemed to be (as there always is on such ocwith a highly satisfactory and complacent re- casions) a great lack. The horses were put sweat upon his brow, fearfully from the stern sult as regarded the home production. No- to the captains gig, the old house wagon, with face of the old man, to the downcast features body was otherwise than pleased at Mopsey's breathless expectation on the part of the chilof the widow, when recovering speech he ask-innocent rejoicing, and when she had been dren; and in brief, after bustling preparation duly complimented on her success, she went and incessant summoning of one member of the captain in the centre directly opposite "Why should my brother kill Mr. Barbary, away with a broad black guffaw to set a trap the family and another from the different the turkey, the widow at one end, old Sylpatriarch's pure regard, into that better, heav- if he was his friend? Was not Elbridge al in the garden for the brown mouse, the sole parts of the house, all being at last ready and vester at the head. The children too, a spesurviving enemy of the great Peabody thanks. in their seats, the Peabody's set forth for the cial exception being made in their favor, togiving pumpkin which must be plucked next Thanksgiving Sermon at the country Meeting day, are allowed seats with the grown folks, house, a couple of miles away.

While the quaint preacher urged the ra-Old Sylvester rose with his staff, which he tional enjoyment of Thank-giving cheer from the pulpit, Mopsey labored with equal zeal with the prize turkey; in rapid succession here, which I call you all to witness." leaf, but rather seemed gentle pictures of trees, his age; you may not remember, even I could led the way. As they approached there was at home to have it worthy of enjoyment. At the sheep bells from the hills tinkled softly as not always look down his anger, or silence visible through the plants, shrubs, and other an early hour she had cleared decks, and taken growths of the place-whatever they might possession of the kitchen-kindling, with be-a great yellow sphere or ball, so disposed dawn, a great fire in the oven for the pies, no harshness in the low of the herds, not a preacher, too, had discerned well your broth- on a little slope by itself, as to catch the eye and another on the hearth for the turkey. sight nor a sound near by nor far off, which er's besetting sin, and being fearless in duty, from a distance, shining out in its golden hue But it was from the oven, heaping it to the did not partake of the holy beauty of the from the Sabbath pulpit he spake of it plain from the garden, a sort of rival to the sun himexpected the Thanksgiving angel to walk in "Dere what d'ye tink of dat!" Mopsey all his beauty and majesty. In performance that changeful season, arose without, and another, evaded the bringing in of the rie to sweetness and repose, or an undertone which young man. This was on the very Lord's day, asked, forgetting in her granduer of the mo- of her duty, and from a sense only that there might have been the echo, on earth, of a bet- before Mr. Barbary disappeared from amongst ment all distinctions of class or color; "I could be no thanksgiving without a turkey, she planted the tin oven on the hearth, spit-"That's a pumpkin," said the captain calm- ted the gobbler, and from time to time, mere- zest within, while they were engaged with gro countenance on eventful occasions, turn; but about the mouth of the great even another pause came, did not the pelling to the head of the table—there, with an emly as a matter of absolute necessity, gave it a she hovered constantly, like a spirit : had her head in and out at the opening every other each one in turn, of the absent, and oh! some giving pumpkin pie. Looking proudly around, minute; and when at last the pies were slided there will not believe it—the lost? It was, she simply said, "Dere!" he looked at dat dere punkin which has cost with the fond admiration with which a con agin de June bugs and de white frost, and dat fidle young chickens which rushed in at the

gain; he-was lost and is found.' "If he would come back even so," said the wid w. when the book was closed, "in sprrow, in poverty, in crime even, I would thank God nd be grateful." "He is not guilty, mother," Miariam pleaded

easting her head upon the widow's bosom and linging close about her neck. Margaret answered, lifting up her head, "guilty or innocent, he is my son-iny son."

Mopsey came in from the kitchen; interrupting them, she advanced several steps fromthe door-sill into the room, then lifted up

both her arms.
"One thing I know," said Mopsey, "dere's big pie baking in dat ere oven, and if Mas'r Elbridge don't eat dat pie it'll haf to sour,

me up. He murder anybody! I'll eat de "I don't know," Peabody Junior answered, Suddenly changing her tone, she added, "Dev're comin from the meeeting, I heard de

As the Peabodys approached the homestead, the smoke of the kitchen chimney was visible, circling upwards, and winding about in the sunshine as though it had been a deli-"As fine a turker as I've ever seen; when cate corkscrew uncorking a square old flank turkey, and that it was quite as refreshing as nance sad and hostile"-

spreading the ancient four-legged and wide-

vividly reports, what it is the platter sup- again-he was lost and is found!" ports; she advances with slow and solemn ed the sitting room; and, with a full sense of the table and gathered around.
her awful responsibility, Mopsey delivers on The elder stranger cast back his coat, rethe table, in a clear place left for its careful moved his hat, and standing forth, said. " I

deposit, the Thanksgiving turkey. turker speaks a summons as with the voice tries, was at the point of death, and left at of a thousand living goblers, and Sylvester once, telling no one but Elbridge of my in-rising the whole Peabody family flock in. To tention, and enjoining him to notify my peoevery one his place is considerately assigned, ple. little Sam disposing himself with great com-

fort in his old grandsire's arms. plates were forwarded, heaped, sent around : dinner, every head was busy. Straight on as people who have an allotted task before | pany returned.

them, the Peabodys moved through the din-What though, while they were at the the many good dishes at least, but when shower and the chiding wind talk with them, | phatic bump, she deposited the great Thanks-

"My children," said the patriarch, glanewe have least esteemed offer the hand, let us take it in brotherly regard."

hich was broken by a knock at the door. | eaters, to all friends and enemies of pumpkin-It was old Sylvester himself who opened pies, in the thirty or forty United States. The them, the younger, wore a flouched hat, they had a mind to. which did not allow his features to be dis-

They were invited to the table, but refused, there, Elbridge went forth into the calm and took their station on either side of the night, and sitting for a while by the road bebearth.

"Will you not remove your hats?" old Sylvester asked. Turning slowly at this question, the young man answered, "We may not prove fit com-

ohne for such as vou." You should not say so; my son, for this all evil thoughts and le at peace with all

ir fellow creatures." The young man turned towards the com-

whole face could be seen. "Have all who sit about you at that table," he asked, glancing slowly around, "per- from the better world. formed the duty to which you refer, and purged their bosoms of unkindness towards

their fellow-men ?" "It may be," said old Sylvester, "that "It may be," said old Sylvester, what passed and is passing in my breast, you some of its are disquieted, for one of the children of this household is absent from among would loath me."

She was silent, and dropped her eyes be

thoughts." orce in this neighborhood, Mr. Barbary, the preacher, and your grandson, Elbridge Peabolly. Something like a year ago the preacher suddenly disappeared from this region, and the report arose and constantly spread that kind and gentle."

he had fallen by the hand of his friend, that "I have suffered;" was all she said. "One he had fallen by the hand of his friend, that whole tanksgivin dinner mysef if he touch a grandchild of yours. It began in a cloudy hair of de old preacher's head to hurt it. — whisper, afar off, but swelled from day to whisper, afar off, but swelled from day to day, from hour to hour, till it overshadowed of me in that cruel absence, dear Elbridge?" this whole region, and not the least of the larkness it caused was on this spot, where nour of his birth. He saw coldness and avoidance on the highway; he was shrunk from on Sabbath mornings, and by children; of a delicious vintage. The captain averre! but this was little and could be borne-Sam struggled a little with himself, and a quarter of a mile away, the moment they the world was against him: but when he had come upon the brow of the hill, that he saw an aged face averted," he looked at old fair eyes, drop in hearing of Him who ac-There was a silence for several minutes, had a distinct savor of the fragrance of the Sylvester steadily, and a mother's counte-

"Sad-but not hostile," the widow mur-An old familiar instument, swept as he tories?"

"I do," answered Sam Peabody. "I am Mopsey, darting, with a dark face of dewy state of the strongly confirmed by the appearance of strongly confirmed by the A gentle figure had quietly opened the handful of delicate splinters. "She's giving still lived, but in a far distant place, which none but by a long and weary journey could As the family entered the homestead on reach. Nothing but the living presence of their return, the widow and Miriam were his friend could silence the voice of the accuser. 'He rose up and' departed without leaved table, with a cover of snowy whiteness, counsel of any, trusting only in God and his ornamented as with shields and weapons of own strength: with a handful of fruit, and quaint device, in the old plates of pewter, and born handled knives and forks burnished had furnished for the barvest-field, he sot preached in his shirt sleeves." illumination, and shuffling away, in the loose shoes, to the keeping of which on her feet the Sam, "crowed yesterday morning for the first fairly glitter. Dishes streamed in, one after track he knew his friend had taken to that see his intended wile, and for a long time shoes, to the keeping of which on her feet the better half of the best energies of her life was better half of the best energies of her life was time since he went away, and the red tooster another, in long and rapid procession, piles for country, toiling in the fields to secure could think of nothing to say. At least, a best this form the house many and the red tooster another, in long and rapid procession, piles for country, toiling in the fields to secure could think of nothing to say. At least, a great snow falling, he took occasion to say except old grandfather."

Thinking how that could be, Peabody Junior fell askeep; and little Sam, sure to dream of blue and white (whether freighted with en country; often as he hoped on the very of them."

The pushed on fast and far through the west of blue and white (whether freighted with en country; often as he hoped on the very of them." of his absent brother, shortly followed after, new cider or old, or cold water need not be steps of his friend, but never overtaking him, osed, "make not the case too harsh against bad showed himself so free of heart withal;—
by boy."

"Margaret," said the old man, lifting his cut, that in spite of his great clumsy person and watching his calm, innocent features—

"Margaret," said the old man, lifting his cut, that in spite of his great clumsy person cut, that in spite of his great clumsy person cut, that in spite of his great clumsy person cut, that in spite of his great clumsy person cut, that in spite of his great clumsy person cut, that in spite of his great clumsy person cut, that in spite of his great clumsy person cut, that in spite of his great clumsy person cut, that in spite of his great clumsy person cut, that in spite of his great clumsy person cut, that in spite of his great clumsy person cut, that in spite of his great clumsy person cut, that in spite of his great clumsy person cut, the chamber, to the bedside of little Sam, pause ensued. The whole Peabody connection, stricken, and wan; so mean of person that which were held to greatly resemble those of the absent Elbridge—with tears in her eyes looked on through the open door in wonder who had wrestled with him in childish talk

lifted the boy to the deep window seat; and, great speed, for several paces, and suddenly standing on either hand, the window and the came to a halt, during which her head disappeared, and then renewed her pace, repeating to the hills and back country, to allow the bodies and outstretched necks half way in at pest, and with many risks of perishing far the peculiar manoeuvre once in every ten undimmed heaven to shine down upon the the door; Miriam and the widow stand away unvindicated, in the middle of the

The widow mother could restrain herself rious cave in the very ground, a dark figure no longer, but rushing forward, she removed is discerned in the distance, about the centre the young man's bat from his brow, parted cried out in the affecting language of Scriphead erect and bearing before it a huge plat- ture, to which she had listened in the ter. All their eyes tell them, every sense morning: "My son was dead, and is alive

Miriam timidly grasped his offered hand, step; she has crossed the sill; she has enter- and was silent. The company had risen from

am here, and testify to the truth, in every There is no need now to sound a gong, or word, of all my young friend has declared to to ring an alarm bell to make known to that you. I received sudden tidings that my household that dinner is ready; the brown brother, a missionary in the far Indian coun-

> Old Sylvester stood looking loftily down over all from the outer edge of the circle, and while they were busiest in congratulations and

> well wishes, he went forward.
> "Stand back!" cried the old man, waiving the company aside with outspread arms, and advancing with extended hands towards his

Tears filled the old patriarch's eyes, and and with keen relish of the Thanksgiving with a gentle hand he led his grandson silently to the table, to which the whole com-

"I take your hand, grandfather," Elbridge interposed. Ar this crisis of triumphant explanation height of its enjoyment, a sudden storm, at Mopsey, who had, under one pretext and dasfled its heavy drops against the door and the last moment, appeared at the kitchen window panes; that only, by the contrest of door, bearing before her, with that air of exsecurity and fire-side comfort, heightened the condinary importance peculiar to the nehuge brown dish, with which she advanced

no doubt, some thought of this kind that It was the blessom and crown of Mopsey's I fe, the setting down and full delivery of that, the greatest pumkin-pie ever baked in iner with a calm eye around the circle of that house from the greatest pumkin eyer glowing faces at the table, "let us, on this ballowed day, cherish none but kindly backward recollections of past Thanksgivings; thoughts towards all our kindred, and if him and her manner of sitting it down was, in its most defiant form a clincher and a challenge to all makers and bakers of pumpkin-pies, There was a pause of silence once again, to all cutters and carvers, to all dinners and

As though it had caught something of the neath an ancient locust tree, where he had often read his book in the summer-times of boyhood, he communed with himself. He was happy—what mortal man could be happier?
—in all, his wishes come to pass: his very

dieans had taken life, and proved to be realities and friends, and yet a sadness he could le day in the year at least, we may suspend not drive away followed his steps. moon sailing forth from the clouds, and flooding the region with silver light, disclosed a figure so gentle and delicate, and in its fear-whole face could be seen. thoughts had summoned a spirit before him

> "No, no," he said, declining the hand extended in gentle salutation and retiring a pace, "touch me not; Mi iam, I am not worthy of your pure companionship. If you knew what passed and is passing in my breast, you

fore him. "I have heard the story," the young man contined. "There were two men, friends, interposed quickly, "fear not to say so, even now. I will bear the pangs as best I can." "You have suffered too much already." he rejoined, touched to the heart. "My long r lence must have been as death to one so

word from you in your long absence would "Of you!" he echoed, now taking her hand-" of yon! Was it not my religion and this ancient homestead stands, and where the my only solace, that you thought of me, and young man had grown and lived from the though all the world abandoned and distrusted the wanderer, there was one star that yet shone true, and trembled with a hopeful light upon my path !"

As she lifted up her innocent face to lieaven, did not those gentle tears, from those knowledges the faintest sound of true affection, through all the boundless universe, musically as the chime of holy Sabbath bells?" An old familiar instument, swept as he

AT A good story is told of a "country gentleman," who, for the first time, heard an Episcopal clergyman preach. He had read

much of the aristocracy and pride of the Church, and when he recurned home he was asked if the people were "stuck up." "Pshaw, no," replied he, "why the minister actually A Country youth came to town, to

that his father's sheep would be all undone.

"I'll keep one of them."

Near a depot were several Irish draymen. Thinking to quiz them, a gentleman shouted to one. "Has the railroad got in?"
"One ind has, sir," was the prompt response.

"Am I not a little pale?" inquired a

ady, who was short and corputent, of a crusty old bachalor: "You look more like a "big

tub !" was the blunt reply. A clean glove often hides a dirly