# The Erie Observer.

A LOCAL AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

BY B. F. SLOAN.

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# THE ERIE OBSERVER.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. $1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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Erie, April 9, 1859.—64. B. F. SLOAN.


## Fun and other Luxuries.

ORIGINAL.

### SOME THINGS SEEN ON THE CARS.

Mail Train West.

We are returning to Erie, Mr. Editor, I with Paul, the Conductor. First coach. Young man, lisle thread gloves, breath very strong of wintergreen. Says, "What's the damage?" Where are you going? "Why, to Portland, *of course*." Well, that *was* a blunder of Paul's. He ought to have known that Joshua was going to P——. Did you ever see a two year old steer jump a fence about four rails high? That was Joshua's style as he lit on the platform at P——. Man, wife and five children—a flight of stairs row, oldest not more than six years; all on two tickets. Young one—very young, just taking it's dinner. The agent at Whitehall was an acquaintance of this man of family, "and bein' as how he was poor, reckoned he could go through on two tickets." He was bound for Kansas, and we concluded he would be *bully* in assisting to make up that ninety-three and odd thousand that is requisite before she can come in, and we passed on, and next encountered a crowd of drovers with return passes.—They had littered the floor with peanut shells and tobacco quids. There was a strong odor of "hog" rising from the group as they sat on either side of the hot stove. One big fellow growled out, "I don't want your paste-board," as we offered him a check for his pass. Paul remarked that he might not recollect him on coming round again, and received the polite reply: "Well, hold still 'till I knock you down *now*—it may jog your memory." By the way, did you ever hear of George S's adventure with the drover? George is Conductor on the N. Y. Central. A stove had just been put up in the car, with nicely polished piece of zinc underneath it. Some dirty fellow had dropped a big mouthful of tobacco saliva on the zinc. George saw it in passing through, and was angry. He stood, much excited, pointing to the stain, his eyes glancing rapidly from one face to another, and said, "I want to know who done that?" No answer. Again, more excited than before, he repeated the question. A big drover, weight about two hundred and a quarter, slowly raised up and said, "I believe I done it—now what you goin' to do about it?" "Why, said George, "you are just the man I m hunting for—give us a chaw tobacco." Look at this family just ahead. Here is a dirty job. A provision box covered with leather, with a spread-eagle curiously traced with the heads of brass tacks on the top of it, is produced from under the seat, and the family have just commenced to *feed*. There is a horrid conglomeration of butter, grease, cold meat, cheese, onions, etc., etc., that now announce themselves to the of senses of sight and smell. What do you want? says *pater familias*, as we touch him on the shoulder. Tickets! [illegible] upon the cushion of the seat, braces back, and diving his hand to the bottom of his pocket, produces his tickets. Paul simply "punches" his tickets, and passes them back—he don't want his checks to go into that pair of paws. If dirt was trumps (as Charles Lamb said) what almighty "hands" that family would hold!

Here is a very penurious old woman, just got aboard at a way station. We are at her side in a moment, and strange to say, the old lady has all the symptoms of a deep sleep upon her. We jog her gently; she does not waken; we shake her again, a little harder, and she opens her eyes in rather poorly affected astonishment, and wishes to know what we want.—Reminding her that the fare is so much to Erie, and expressing a desire to receive said fare, she forks over—*the young lady behind her wickedly remarking that the excessive heat of the day tends greatly to drowsiness. Thermometer at freezing point.*

Kentucky drover asks, "Where shall we feed?" Conductor replies: We wait twenty five minutes at Erie. Fellow from "Indianer" (we could smell it on his breath) said he'd see 'em d—d before he'd eat a mouthful, or spend a cent in Erie—although they did charge fifty cents for dinner, it was'nt the money, it was the principle of the thing. [Mem., on our arrival at Erie, saw this Hoosier on the blind side of the train bargaining sharply with a peanut boy, for a five cent pie.] Young man with a copy of Todds' Student's Manual under his arm—a gray shawl on his shoulders, a pair of spectacles astride his nose, (how many literary people are addicted to spectacles) tight neck handkerchief, silk hat brushed very smooth, excepting a space of about three inches on the body, next the rim, the nap of which is brushed the wrong way. His hair you discover (as he takes off aforesaid hat to wipe the perspiration from his brow,) is parted on both sides, and turned up in the middle like a rooster's comb. How easy to tell a pedagogue.

There! do you see those three girls ahead? You can hear them, for their tongues run like mill clicks. One of them is reading a letter, and getting up a blush under her "flat," between her "spit curls." The others have their heads together, looking intently at a daguerreotype—one of the small fifty cent kind. They say "it is Willy's pitcher"—one kisses the "pitcher," and the other forthwith snatches it from her. A tussle ensues. The autocrat says, "When a young female wears a flat circular side-curl gummed on each temple; when she walks with a male, not arm in arm, but his arm against the back of hers—and when she says 'Yes!' with the note of interrogation, you are generally safe in asking her what wages she gets, and who the 'feller' was you saw her with." Oh, Mr. Autocrat, you never was out in "old Chautauque." Why, they are daughters of a farmer "well to do." He made his pile on cheese, the year cheese was so high.

Here we have a keen eyed, sharp featured, New England divine, who produces a half fare pass on the Boston and —— Railroad. Paul informs him that we cannot recognize the pass here. He enquires, "Why not?" and after our explanation, during which he wriggles and squirms amazingly, he proceeds to draw his "weasel-skin." He represents some shaky system of New England theology, whose faith, doctrine, belief, or what not, is held by the parson himself, gloriously independent of any such body as a Presbytery, Conference, or Synod. He is very like the Irishman's description of the frog, a "crater nather phibious nor amphibious, which lives nather on the wather, nor yet on the land, but yet inhabits both places." Pin him down close on a question as to what denomination he stays with, and if you are fortunate enough to get an answer, he will probably tell you that he is—a—well—*Eclectic*, and you will discover a sprinkling of Free Soil, Water Cure, and Spiritualism. He hopes that when the last train of mortals shall have passed over the road of life, and been safely landed in the great depot above, he and his disciples, who are this thing and that thing, Trinitarian or Unitarian, according to locality and circumstance, will somehow "pass" on the plea of the broadest and fullest exercise of that groundwork of their faith, which accords to every man the right to think, say, do, and believe, that which seems to him best. This is the charity, (oh much abused words) which is to cover a multitude of their sins. He goes west to lecture; or, as L—— used to say, "to preach ignorance to the heathen," and leaves his flock, (*Laus Deo*) to feed on husks, or to hunt their spiritual living during his absence.

"The New York *Slasher*" is out, and this is "slasher day" on the cars. Look at the anxious groups at the stations as we arrive. Eager, hungry souls, are waiting for the *Slasher*. At some small stations, where the delay of the train is but for a moment, the procuring of this paper has been quite reduced to a system. The colored boy who vends the *Slasher*, is attending to his duties in the train, and cannot always be on hand to supply his customers. A party of "boarders" take the train in centre, rear, and front, and rush through with the understanding that he who first reaches the newsvender, procures copies for the whole expectant crowd. Ho Paul! spread open a copy, and let us see what kind of food is dealt out to these ravenous creatures. Here we find on the most conspicuous page "The Blue Pig with the saffron colored tail," by Korn Cobb. "The deserted, and forlorn Maiden," by Emma X. R. M. Northworth. "The Veiled Lady," by Sylvia Butterfly. "The Tin-Pan Maker of Berlin," etc., with a morsel of Washingtoniana, as a chloride-of-lime to the mess. And with such mental aliment, the boy with the long curly hair and sore eyes, and the girl with the spit curls and flounces, hurries home to their—banquet—to their "feast of fat things," who shall say with what results. Oh! fathers of Frederick Adolphus and Josephine Isadore, subscribe and pay for your own staunch, county paper, and if you must have city food give your children *The Century*, *The Home Journal*, or even *Harpers' Weekly*, that they may at least have the choice of good and evil

Next we find an entire coach load of Pawnee Indians, who have been to Washington in charge of Col. ——, to see their grey headed father, President BUCHANAN. They are the fiercest looking lot of savages imaginable.—They were all men of note in their nation, many of them advanced in years, and wearing medals from official personages, and carrying the scars of many a battle in their faces. It would be useless to attempt a description of the gew-gaws with which they were adorned, and which had been presented to them in Washington. Paul's gilt badge, and a Masonic emblem of mine, attracted their particular attention. They were nearly all smoking their pipes. Some of them wore very noble looking faces, and we [illegible] of this rapidly disappearing race. The agent informed us that on their journey to Washington they first saw a Locomotive at Jefferson city. The Conductor informed the agent, after they were seated in the cars, that he was going to give them a pretty fast ride for a few miles. The whistle screamed and the train started. Terror seized the whole party of chiefs. They jumped to their feet and rushed in a body to the doors, which the agent had wisely taken the precaution to have locked. It required all of his eloquence to assure the Indians that no harm would befall them. They had been told of the strong iron horse, and had formed some idea of it, but they were not prepared for the reality. Their idea was that the train had become unmanageable, and was bearing them to certain destruction. In next Coach we met big boy, hands in pockets, mucilaginous substance pendent from nostrils, who accosts us with, "Say, Capt'n, can't you get a seat for me and pap in there among the injuns, want to see 'em? The whistle sounds for a station, and we stop to wood and water. Two Irishwomen with red-noses and watery eyes, are kissing and shaking hands with some friends, who have come to the cars to see them off, and as they part, all parties burst into tears. Almost any passenger witnessing this scene from the coach window, would imagine that these two damsels were bound for Ireland, at least. Let me tell you the truth, and say to you that I have witnessed such scenes among these people almost daily for eight years. "*They are going to Dunkirk and will return home to-morrow night.*" But, Mr. Editor, I have already exceeded my limits with "The Mail Train West." We have passed twice over the road in company, and if you will keep *awake*, we will take "The Night Express East" next week.

☞ A certain clergyman in this city some three months ago, married a highly respectable-looking couple of strangers.—He was somewhat surprised when they bade him "good afternoon," the bridegroom making no offer of the fee in such cases always expected. A day or two since the clergyman met the delinquent husband.—The latter grasped the former by the hand, and shook it with great cordiality, anxiously inquiring after his health, his family, etc., and wound up by presenting him with a sealed envelope and disappearing. On opening it a fifty dollar bill presented itself to the eyes of the astonished clergyman, and a few lines saying that the husband was unwilling to "pay the minister" until he had tried his wife and found her "not wanting." The experiment had resulted to his entire satisfaction, and "enclosed he would please find $50, a fee for his performance of the marriage services."—*Cleveland Review.*

☞ "Dan," said a little four years old, "give me ten cents to buy a monkey."

"We've got one monkey in the house now," said the old brother.

"Who is it Dan?" said the little fellow.

"You," was the reply.

"Then give me ten cents to buy the monkey some candy."

His brother "shelled over" immediately

☞ An exchange paper, announcing the death of a gentleman out west, says that, "the deceased, though a bank director, it is generally believed, died a Christian, and universally respected."

☞ Booth, the tragedian, had his nose broken some years since. A lady once said to him, "I like your acting, but I cannot get over your nose." "No wonder," said he, "the bridge is gone."

THE RESULT.—The man who did not think it respectable to bring up his children to do work, has just heard from his three sons. One of them was a driver on a canal; another had been taken up as a vagrant; and the other had gone to a public institution to learn the shoemaking business under a keeper.

## Choice [illegible]ature.

### A SLIGHT [illegible]AKE.

From the Ladies' [illegible]

One cool afternoon [illegible] Chester F. LeRoy, a g[illegible] stood on the platform of the A[illegible] watching the procession of [illegible] arriv[illegible] defiled past me on their w[illegible] The Boston train, by whi[illegible] waited patiently as steam a[illegible] for their leisure, with only co[illegible] of remonstrance at [illegible] the jostling crowd hu[illegible] and flitted throug[illegible] their increasing [illegible] that I might fin[illegible] own, and I follo[illegible] man.

[illegible] and shawl, and [illegible] dant of a slender and stylish girl behind him. "Do I speak," he said, bowing respectfully, and glancing at the portmanteau I carried, on which my surname was quite legible, "do I address, sir, Mr. Le Roy?"

"That is my name—at your service—what can I do for you?"

"The young lady, Miss Florence Dundard, who was to join you at Albany, at six o'clock, this evening—I have charge of her." He turned to the young lady behind him.

"This is Mr. Le Roy, Miss."

The young lady, whose dark blue eyes had been scanning me, as I could perceive through her blue silk veil, now lifted it with an exquisitively gloved little hand, and extended the other to me, with a charming mixture of frankness and timidity.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Le Roy," said she. "I thought I should know you in a moment, Jenny described you so accurately. How kind it was for you to offer to take charge of me. I hope I shan't trouble you."

In the midst of my bewilderment, at thus being addrssed by the sweetest voice in the world, I managed to see that I must make a proper reply, and proceeded to stammer out what I thought an appropriate speech, when the servant who had left us for a moment, returned, and I abandoned it unfinished.

"Did you see my baggage, Edward?" asked his mistress.

"Yes, Miss; it is all on."

"Then you had better hurry to reach the 7 o'clock boat. Good-bye, and tell them you saw me safely off."

I stood like one in a dream, while the man handed me two checks for the trunks, and endowed me with the light baggage he had carried; but I was aroused by the young lady's asking me if we had not better secure our seats in the cars, and answered by offering her my arm. In ten minutes we were seated side by side, and trundling out of Albany at a rate that grew faster and faster.

I had now time to reflect, with the lovely face opposite me, but where was the use.—Some strange mistake had undoubtly happened, and I had evidently been taken for another person of the same name; but how to remedy this now, without alarming the innocent young lady in my charge—how to find the right man, with the right name, among several hundred people, and how to transfer her, without an unpleasant scene and explanation, to the care of some one whose person was no less strange to her than mine! While these thoughts whirled through my head, I happened to encounter those smiling eyes fixed upon me, and their open, unsuspicious gaze decided me. "I will not trouble or distress her, by any knowledge of her position," I concluded, "but will just do my best to fill the place of the individual she took me for, and conduct her wherever she wishes to go, if I can only find where it is!" I turned to her with an affectation of ease, which I was very far from feeling, and said, "It is a long journey."

"Do you think so? But it is very pleasant, isn't it? Cousin Jenny ejoyed it so much!"

"Ah, indeed!"

"Why, what a queer man!" she said, with a little laugh. "Doesn't she never tell you, as she does me in all her letters, how happy she is, and that St. Louis is the sweetest place in the world to live in? Dear me! that I should have to tell her own husband first. How we shall laugh about it when we get there."

So it was St. Louis we were going to, and I was her cousin's husband. I never was so thankful for two pieces of information in my life.

"And how does dear Jenny look? and what is she doing? and how is my dear Aunt Beman? do tell me the news!"

"Jenny," said I, mustering courage and words, "is the dearest little wife in the world, you must know, only far too fond of her scamp of a husband—as to her looks, you can't expect me to say anything, for she always looks lovely to me."

"Bravo!" said the pretty girl, with a [illegible] smile; "but about my dear [illegible]'s rheumatism?"

"[illegible], I mean, of course, Mrs. Beman, [illegible] well."

"[illegible]ell?" said my fair questioner, regard[illegible] with surprise, "I thought she had [illegible]en well for a number of years!"

"[illegible] mean well for her," said I, in some [illegible]tion; "the air of St. Louis (which [illegible] since learned is of the misty moisty [illegible]) has done her a world of good. She [illegible] a different woman."

"I am very glad," said her neice.

[illegible] remained silent for a few moments, [illegible] then a gleam of amusement began to [illegible] in her bright eyes."

"[illegible] to think," said she, suddenly turning [illegible] with a musical laugh, "that in all [illegible] time, you have not once mentioned [illegible] baby!"

"I *know* I gave a violent start, and I *think* [illegible] pale. After I had run the gauntlet of all these questions triumphanly, as I thought, this new danger stared me in the face. How was I ever to describe a baby, who had never noticed one? My courage sank below zero, but in the same proportion the blood rose to my face, and I think my teeth fairly chattered in my head.

"Don't be afraid that I shall not sympathize in your raptures," continued my tormentor, as I almost considered her. "I am quite prepared to believe anything after Jenny's letter—you should see how she cares for him."

"Him!" Blessed goodness, then it must be a boy!

"Of course," said I blushing and stammering, but feeling it imperative to say *something*, "we consider him the finest fellow in the world; but you might not agree with us, and in order to leave your judgment unbiased, I shall not describe him to you."

"Ah! but I know just how he looks, for Jenny had no such scruples—so you may spare yourself the trouble or happiness, which ever it is—but tell me what you mean to call him?"

"We have not decided upon a name," I replied.

"Indeed! I thought she intended to give him yours."

"The deuce she did!" thought I. "No, one of a name is enough in a family," I answered.

The demon of inquisitiveness, that, to my thinking, had instigated my companion heretofore, now ceased to possess her, for we talked of various indifferent things, and I had the relief of not being compelled to draw on my imagination at the expense of my conscience, when I gave the particulars of my recent journey from Boston.—Yes, I was far from feeling at ease, for every sound of her voice startled me with a dread of fresh questions, necessary, but impossible to be answered, and I felt a guilty flush stealing up my temples, every time I met the look of those beautiful blue eyes.

It was late when we stopped for supper, and soon after I saw the dark fringes of my fair companion's eyes droop long and often, and began to realize that she sought to be asleep. I knew perfectly well that it was my duty to offer her a resting place on my shoulder, but I hardly had courage to ask that innocent face to lie on my arm, which was not as she thought it, that of a cousin [illegible] man. Recollecting, however, [illegible] make her comfortable [illegible] leaning her head slightly against my shoulder, and looking up into my eyes with a smile, said, "As you are my cousin." Soon after her eyes closed and she slept sweetly and calmly, as if resting in security and peace. I looked down at the beautiful face, slightly paled with fatigue, that rested against me, and felt like a villain. I dared not touch her with my arm although the bounding of the cars jostled her very much. I sat remorseless until the sleeper settled the matter by slipping forward and awakening. She opened her eyes instantly, and smiled. "It is no use for me to try to sleep with my bonnet on," she said; "for it is very much in the way for me, I am sure it troubles you." So she removed it, giving me the pretty little toy, with its graceful ribbons and flowers, to put on the rack above us. I preferred to hold it, telling her it would be safer with me, and after a few objections, she resigned it, being in truth too sleepy to contest the point; then trying the blue silk veil over her glossy hair she leaned against my shoulder and slept again. This time when the motion began to shake and annoy her, I stifled the reproaches of my conscience, and passing my arm slightly round her slender waist, drew her head upon my breast, where it lay all night.—She slept the sleep of innocence, serene and peaceful, but it is needless to say that I could not close my eyes or ease my conscience. I could only gase down on the beautiful, still face, and imagine how it would confront me, if she knew what I was, and how I had deceived her, or dreaming more wildly still, reproduce it in a hundred scenes which I had never before paused to imagine as the face of *my wife*.—I had never loved, unless the butterfly loves of Saratoga and Newport might be so dignified, and still less had I ever dreamed or thought of marrying, even as a possibility and far off contingency. Never before, I solemnly aver, had I seen the woman whom I wished to make my wife—never before had I so longed to call anything my own, as I did that lovely face lying on my heart. No, it was impossible for me to sleep.

In the morning we reached Buffalo, and spent the day at Niagara. If I had thought her lovely while sleeping, what was she when the light of feeling and expression played over her face, as she eloquently admired the scene before us, or was even more eloquent still. I don't think that I looked at the Cataract as much as I looked at her, or thought the one creation more beautiful than the other.

She was now quite familiar with me, in her innocent way, calling me "cousin Frank," and seeming to take a certain pleasure in my society and protection. It was delightful to be greeted so gladly by her, when I entered the hotel parlor, to have her come forward from the lonely seat where she had been waiting, not unobserved or unnoticed, to receive me—to have her hang on my arm—look up into my face—tell me all her little adventures alone, and chide me for leaving her so long, (how long it seemed to me) while every word, look, and smile, seemed doubly dear to me, because I knew the precarious tenure by which I held my right to them. She busied herself, too, while I was gone out, with our joint baggage, and rummaging all over her trunks to find a book which I had expressed a desire to see—she mended my gloves, sewed the band on my traveling cap, and found my cigar case whenever I had lost it, which was about twenty times a day, while she scolded me for the carelessness, which she declared almost equaled her own. Long ago she had given over into my possession her elegant little porte-monnaie, "with all her money in it, which she was sure she would lose, as she could never keep anything," and as she had ordered me to take out what was wanted for her traveling expenses, I opened it with trembling hands when I was alone, and examined the contents. There were, besides all the bank bills with which she had probably been furnished for her journey, and which, with pious care, she had packed into the smallest possible compass, as much gold as her pretty toy could carry, a tiny pearl ring too small to fit any fingers but hers—which I am afraid I kissed—a card with her name on it, and a memorandum in a pretty hand "No. — Olive St., St. Louis," which, as I rightly conjectured, was the residence of her cousin Jenny whose husband I was; a very fortunate discovery for me. Indeed, thus far, I had not yet found the way of the transgressor hard, in external circumstances at least, and when with her I forgot everything but her grace and beauty, and my firm resolution to be no more to her than her cousin should be; but out of that charmed presence my conscience made me miserable.

I am afraid I must sometimes have betrayed the conflicts of feeling I had, by my manner; but when I was reserved, and ceremonious with her, she always resented it, and begged me so bewitchingly not to treat her so, and to call her by her sweet name "Florence," that had I dreamed as much as I longed to do, I could not have refused her. But the consciousness that I was not what she thought me, but an impostor, of whom, after our connection had ceased, and she had discovered the deception practiced upon her, she could think or remember nothing that would not cause unmerited self-reproach and mortification, all innocent and trusting as she was, this reflection, more than any other, I confess, and the knowledge of the estimation in which she would forever hold me, after my imposition was discovered, agonized, and I would have given all I possessed to own it to her and leave her sight at once, though the thought of never seeing her more was dreadful.—But that could not be.

At last we reached St. Louis. Do I say "at last?" When the sight of those spires and gables warned me that my brief dream of happiness was over, and that the remorseful reflections I had been staving off so long were now to commence in earnest, the tho't of the coming banishment from Florence was dreadful to me, and the time seemed to fly on lightning wings as it drew near. She was all gayety and as astonished at my sadness and absence of mind when so near home and Jennie, and when we entered the carriage that was to convey us to our destination, I had half a mind to take a cowardly flight, rather than encounter the scorn, and disappointment of those blue eyes; but I mustered courage and followed her in, giving the address found in the porte-monnaie, which fortunately was the right one, to the driver.

"Almost home!" said she, turning her bright face toward me—we were rattling up the street and my time was short—"how *can* you be so cold and quiet?"

"Because, Miss Florence," I answered, "the time has come in which I must confess to you that I have no more right in the home to which we are hastening than to the name by which you address me, and that my only claim to either, is that of an imposter and deceiver."

She turned her lovely face, wondering and puzzled, toward me.

Thank Heaven I did not read fear and aversion in it.

"No right! no claim!" she repeated; what can you mean?"

I told her frankly, and fully, the whole truth, nearly as I have set it down here, denying nothing, and concealing nothing, not even the useless secret of my love for her: When the brief recital was ended, we both remained silent, but although she had hidden her face, I could see that she trembled violently with shame and repulsion. The [illegible] self," I said, "for the distress I have so unwillingly caused you. Heaven knows that if I accepted the charge of so much innocence and beauty too lightly, I have heavily atoned since, in having occasioned this suffering to you, and my own punishment is greater than I can bear."

The coach stopped as I spoke; she turned towards me eagerly, her face bearing traces of tears, and said, in a low voice—"Do not misunderstand me if I was so silent."

The coachmen threw open the door, and stood waiting. I was obliged to descend and assist her out. I hardly dared touch that little hand, though it was for the last time, but I watched her graceful figure with sad distress. She was already recognized, for the door of the handsome house before which we stopped was thrown open, and a pretty woman followed by a fine-looking black whiskered gentleman, whom I supposed to be my namesake, rushed down the steps. There were loud exclamations of astonishment and pleasure, a cordial welcome, and some rapid questions to which Florence returned very low and quiet answers, and quickly extricating herself from the confusion, presented me as "Mr. Le Loy, your husband's namesake, and the gentleman who kindly took charge of me." I glanced at her face to see if she were mocking me, but it was pale and grave. Mrs. Le Roy opened her pretty eyes widely, but was too well bred to express surprise, and after introducing me to her husband in the same terms, invited me into the house. Hardly conscious of what I did, or anything, except that I was still in the presence of Florence, from which I could not endure to banish myself I followed them into a handsome parlor, where sat an old lady, who my conscience told me was the rheumatic aunt I had so cruelly belied. Florence herself presented me to this lady, who was a fixture, and unable to raise from her chair, and before I could stammer an apology and retire, related in her own way (how different from mine,) the mistake by which she had been placed in my care, and the history of our journey, in which it appeared our host, Mr. Le Roy, had been a fellow passenger. When she had ended, they all crowded about me, warmly expressing their thanks for "my kindness and consideration," to my utter bewilderment and surprise, and cordially inviting me to remain with them, and make the acquaintance of my namesake and family. I detached myself from all this unexpected kindness as soon as I could, for I fancied I read aversion in the flushing and paling face, and drooping eyes of Florence, and with one last look at her left the room. A moment after, I felt the touch of a light hand on my arm, and turning, saw, with mute surprise, that she had followed me into the vestibule.

"Mr. Le Roy," she said hurriedly, "I cannot let you go away misunderstanding me as I see you do. If I was silent while you so humbly apologised for the noble, generous, and honorable delicacy of your conduct, it was not from anger, believe me, but because I was first too much astonished, afterwards too much moved and grateful to speak. I owe you more than I can say, and should be miserable, indeed, if a false shame, which you see has not prevented my telling you this, should prevent you from continuing an acquaintance so strangely begun. Trust me, sir, I speak the truth."

I don't know what answer I made, for the revulsion of feeling was almost too great for words, and the rapture of knowing, as I looked down into that lovely face that it was not for the last time, quite took away the little sense I had remaining. If you want to know how I felt, ask a man who is going to be hung, how he would feel to be reprieved.

Well, how time flies! It certainly does not seem five years since all this happened, yet cousin Jenny (my cousin Jenny,) so bitterly reproaches us in her last letter, for not visiting her in all that time that we have again undertaken the journey, but under different auspices, since Florence is Florence no more, and sleeps upon my arm in the cars no more blushingly, but with the confidence of a wife of near five years standing, and I register our names in the hotel book as "Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy," and bless my lucky stars, as I read it over.—Even while I write, Florence, lovelier than ever, as I think, makes a grand pretence of arranging our baggage at the hotel where we stop, (and which has reminded me, by past transactions, to write down this story) or comes leaning over me to call me "dear Chester," instead of "dear Cousin Frank," as five years before, and to scold me for being so stupid as to sit and write, instead of talking with her. Stupid, indeed, to prefer a black pen to those rosy lips. Was ever a man so happy in a "Slight Mistake."

### "MOTHER MADE IT."

A few weeks since, while in one of the beautiful inland cities of Wisconsin, an incident occurred which awakened in my mind a train of reflections which possibly may be written and read with advantage.

I was hurrying along the street when my attention was arrested by the appearance of a little boy on the side of the pavement, selling candy. He was not really beautiful, nor was he decidedly the reverse.—His age was about nine years; his clothes were old and faded, but well patched.—His candy was spread upon a coarse, white cotton cloth, neatly stretched over what had been a japanned server. He was surrounded by a group of small boys, evidently belonging to different grades of society.

As I came nearly opposite him, the oft-repeated interlude, "Candy, sir?" fell upon my ears, and, although opposed to the excessive use of candy, I stepped aside to patronize the light-haired, pale, freckled, home-spun little representative of trade.—I purchased of him, partly for his encouragement, but with particular reference to the friendship of the little folks of the family with which I was the temporary guest.

The candy was as white as the cloth beneath it, being free from the poisonous coloring ingredients so extensively used in the confectionary art. I tasted it, and found it delicately flavored and very nice.

"My boy," said I, "your candy is very good. Let me have a little more." I immediately saw that my remark had awakened in his young heart emotions which, in themselves, were quite abstract from the candy trade. His countenance beamed with joy, as he raised his large eyes, sparkling with delight, and observed, in reply:—"It is good isn't it? *Mother made it.*"

In these few words was embodied an unconscious exhibition of character. Here was a spontaneous outburst of filial