

ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

D'URLIN & SLOAN, PUBLISHERS.

\$1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

VOLUME 24.

ERIE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1853.

NUMBER 26.

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Select Poetry.

THE SABBATH.

BY EDWARD BROWN LITTLETON.

From the house and the street the gate,
To your hall the quiet mill,
The whirling wheel, the rustling tail,
How motionless and still!
Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of Want may be,
The seventh day's limbs except the chain,
A God hath made thee free!
Ah, tender was the Law that gave
To breathe the gale, to watch the way,
And know—the wheel may rest!
But when the waves the greatest tide
What image charms, to fill the eye?
The spirit reflected on the glass,
Invites thee to the skies
To reach the soul its noble worth,
This rest from mortal toil it gives;
To match the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass—a guest to heaven.
They tell of their dreaming school
Of Power, from old dominion burst,
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the altered world.
Alas! since time itself began,
That fable hath not fooled the hour,
Each age that opens Power in Man,
But subjects Man to Power.
Yet every day in seven at least,
One bright reprieve shall be known—
Man's world awhile shall surely cease,
When God proclaims his own!
Six days may rank divide the poor,
O' days, from the banquet hall,
The seventh day, the Father opens the door,
And bids his feast for all!

Choice Miscellany.

CRIPPLEGAIT.

FROM "HAMBRETT'S JOURNAL."

"Your father's late in returning home to-night, Alice. I am perplexed what to do; it is near the hour of my being in the barracks, and yet I can't bear to leave you—alone in this poor cottage by the wayside."
"It's poverty is its security," replied Alice—
"stronger than bolts and bars."
"There may be some truth in that," remarked her brother; "but there are enough people on the roads now. The strike of the pitmen is an ugly thing, and the sailors are swarming like bees, with this contrary wind keeping their ships in port."
"Indeed, dear Edward; there's no reason for alarm," observed Alice, confidently. "Our cottage, though lonely, has never been attacked, and we have lived in it now for ten years. Father often laments that, but he always returns in safety. I feel no anxiety on my account—Who would hurt a poor lame man like father?"
"I am less confident than you are to his safety. A man that has the reputation of being a miser is always an object of disrespect and dislike, and sometimes a mark for villainy." It made my blood boil yesterday, as we were marching up town, to hear one of our officers say, as you passed with work from the colonel's lady. "There goes little Cripple-gait the miser's daughter." I could have shot him!"
"Hush, Edward! I shall become more ridiculed for you than father, if you suffer these ridiculous trifles to excite you so."
"They are not trifles, Alice. We all share in the ridicule which that detested nickname attaches to father; even a miserable beggar-boy shouted it after him in the street the other day."
"It is grievous," said Alice; "but I fear there is no help for it now. We have but few friends left, and this name, which was given him at school in mockery of his lameness, and has stuck ever since, now surpasses his own. When the colonel's lady yesterday, conjecturing that I was your sister, asked me if I were Alice Wheatley, the name sounded almost strange to my ear."
"There was something about mother while she lived," said Edward, thoughtfully, "which kept off the ridicule that has since been heaped so cruelly on father's peculiarities—but he has changed greatly since her death. You were too young when she died, Alice, to remember how gentle and beautiful she was. Father worshipped her, and no wonder. We used to live in a comfortable house then; but after her death, father's love of money seemed to be transferred to her; he gave out that he was reduced to beggary, by the failure of different speculations—though no one believed him—and came to this miserable cottage, craving and accepting employment in any possible shape that could add a mite to keep alive that fend avarice which seemed suddenly to have taken possession of him."
"Well, I can only remember father as he is," said Alice. "But it seems to me, Edward, that since you left home and enlisted for a soldier, now three years ago, you are changed too; mixing with the world has made you proud, and you despise poor father and me!"
"My own darling sister!" said the young soldier, pressing her fondly to his heart, "if I am proud, it is of you and you only! For myself, I suppose I shall never rise to the rank of corporal, but if a war should only break out, how I would fight for promotion or death! I care little which, but for you, dear sister, and my own dear Jane."
"Hark! I thought I heard some one lift the latch," said Alice; going courageously into the passage which divided the only two rooms of the cottage. "No, there's no one here!"
"There is no one here certainly, but as certainly the latch has been lifted," remarked the brother as he found the door a little ajar. "It could not be the wind, for there's not a breath stirring." And he looked out on the clear, white frosty road, which was lying silent and untroubled in the moonlight.
"The whole mystery is," said Alice, laughing, "that the door could not have been closed properly after you entered; and so the latch slipped when I heard it."
But Edward Wheatley was not so easily satisfied as his sister; he searched the other rooms

and went through the garden at the back of the house, where, finding nobody, he was compelled to believe that her explanation of the matter was the right one. It was impossible now for him remain another minute; he had left himself but scant time to reach the barracks; so, obtaining a promise from his sister that she would bolt the door as soon as he was gone, he reluctantly bade her good night.
"Alice, in spite of all her boasted courage, could not help glancing suspiciously round, when, after fastening the door, she went towards the window commanding a view of the road, to draw its homely blue checked curtain. The little easement opposite, which looked into the garden, as if to show its confidence in that part of the domain, deigned only to screen itself with a short blind which reached but half way up. "Mersey on me!" exclaimed Alice, as she approached it. "I thought I saw a face looking in over the curtain! How very ridiculous! Edward has made me quite nervous." And Alice, as if spurning such weakness, began to work, and hummed a tune to beguile the time till her father's return; but ever and anon her eyes glanced to the half-curtained window, where, if any face were now peering in, it must have belonged to that highly-privileged gentleman, the man in the moon, who was certainly casting very bright and familiar glances upon Alice at the moment. Thus reassured, she was resolved to prove to herself, by going and looking out of the window, that she had conquered her apprehensions—when, most unmistakably, a face again raised itself above the edge of the curtain. Poor Alice clutched the chair and scarcely breathed. A strong arm seemed to shake the easement, which was almost immediately lifted up, and a man jumped into the apartment.
Alice, still grasping the chair, stood the very impersonation of some goddess—Pallas, it might be, though armed but with the weapons of a woman's heart, innocence and offended pride at an outraged privacy. The intruder did not seem to be one of the common stamp. It was doubtless the consciousness of this which gave Alice the extraordinary courage and self-possession which seemed to awe the man, and bow him like a reed before the truthful dignity of her raised head and compressed lip. His hat had been knocked off, probably in his forcible entrance, and the undignified fact certainly was not that of a ruffian.
"I—I am concerned, madame—that is—up on my honor," stammered the intruder; "I have done so confoundedly foolish a thing, that I scarcely know how to apologise for it. The fact is, I have jumped in at that window, and having done so, it occurs to me that probably 'the best' statement I can make is—to jump out again."
"May I inquire the reason for so extraordinary an intrusion?" asked Alice.
"An intruder at mess yesterday! Your beauty was dispersed very freely, and your prudence loudly extolled; upon which I had the impertinence—forgive me—to boast that I could effect an interview with you. I had two or three watches of your home, and had seen you twice, belonging to our regiment, leave your cottage late in the evening. This circumstance, I confess, gave an unaccountable impetus to my determination. It was my intention to have entered rationally by the door, but hearing the voice of the young spark, who quitted you a short time ago, I thought it wiser to wait until my favored rival had departed, when you most hospitably barred the door, positively compelling me to enter by the window."
"I am surprised, sir, that a gentleman of your appearance and calling should be guilty of so mean and unwarrantable an outrage. For your own sake, I advise you to be gone before my father returns."
"My dear Miss Cripple-gait!"—said the young officer, stumbling unfortunately upon the appellation, and possibly he knew no other—Alice's color and indignation increased—she felt positive hatred for the man who could so deliberately insult her.
"My dear Miss Cripple-gait!"—repeating the odious name by way of being impudent—I entreat you to forgive me; do not frown so unmercifully. I will atone in any way you may dictate. If you desire it, I will be gone at once, without another word of explanation; but I shall ever feel indebted to your forbearance and politeness, if you will listen to me for five minutes. Grant my request—I will not offend again; and recollect, to err is human, to forgive divine. Five minutes, not a second longer; and be looked at his watch, then anxiously at Alice, as if entreating her to allow him to remark the time.
"Proceed, sir," said Alice, with something of queenlike condescension; but still standing and immovable.
"Allow me to give you a chair," said the young officer, with the most provoking politeness.
Alice, in spite of her indignation, was compelled to be seated, and was very naturally betrayed into the common-place civility of motioning to her extraordinary guest to do the same.
The handsome young officer looked particularly happy.
"To prove that I can be disinterested, my dear madam, I must caution you without reserve or loss of time—for you have limited me to five minutes—on your misplaced confidence in one who, I am sorry to say, is altogether unworthy the affection with which you apparently honor him."
"I really am at a loss to understand you, sir."
"I certainly am taking a great liberty, my dear Miss Cripple-gait." Alice's color rose again. "But, though I run the risk of offending you, I now feel it my duty, even under so severe a penalty, to render you this service, and atone in some measure for the impertinence of which I have been guilty."
Of course Alice was interested, and looked so, which seemed perfectly satisfactory, and the only answer expected.
"I am really grieved that a young man, of whom I thought so highly, should be capable of such a duplicity, especially towards one so deservingly, so excellent, so—I must say it—so beautiful as yourself; but however unwelcome the information, I am now bound in honor to tell you that the affectionate endearments of which I was

a witness, and of which I would have given words to have been the recipient, are unworthily bestowed. You, of course, cannot be so stupid as the young man in question is engaged to a very amiable girl, who has not the least suspicion of his affections being engaged elsewhere."
"I think I began to comprehend you, sir," said Alice, very composedly. "You have given yourself unnecessary trouble on my account; and I must entreat of you, without further delay, to leave the house."
"My dear Madam, permit me to say, I feel too great an interest in you; my happiness is so deeply involved, to allow me to drop the matter so coolly. If the consequences of this evening should transpire, and be talked of at mass tomorrow, give me your sanction to refute the gossip of that young puppy, being so dear to you—allow me to say I have Miss Cripple-gait's authority for contradicting the assertion."
"I must beg entirely to decline the interest you take in me, sir," said Alice, rising, as if impatient for his departure, "and to correct a mistake which will probably be a sufficient explanation of the whole affair, by informing you that Wheatley is my name."
"Wheatley!" echoed the young officer. "What is Ned Wheatley your brother?—or has he the audacity to be your cousin?"
"What an officious fool I must appear to you, Miss Wheatley! I would have given the world to have aroused one spark of interest in that frigid heart of yours; and now, of course, your only feeling will be contempt! With a thousand apologies, allow me to run the risk of breaking my neck by going out as I came."
"Certainly not," said Alice. "The mode of egress, though harmless to you, might not prove so to me. There are many who would readily turn such an incident against you; your thoughtless conduct in coming here at all, and the mere circumstance of your being seen quitting the house in your father's absence, may be sufficient occasion for the gossip of our enemies."
"Then allow me to stay till your father returns," he asked, very coolly.
"On the contrary, I must insist on your going instantly, to avoid the possibility of meeting him."
"I have done," said the young officer, gravely, "and regard exceedingly, Miss Wheatley, that my abrupt behavior should have given you a moment's uneasiness. I trust I shall soon have an opportunity of appearing to more advantage before you; when, bowing himself out after the fashion of a presentation at court, his foot stumbling, he was precipitated very unceremoniously over the threshold.
On rising from his ignominious position, and limping off to make way for another visitor to the cottage, he was accosted by the new comer with "Be you little Cripple-gait the miser, sir?" The dashing defender of his country would, if he could, have annihilated the whole race of Cripple-gaits at that moment.
"Have you a message for my father?" asked Alice of the new visitor, with the composure of simple innocence.
"Yes, miss; he's to be at the George Inn at six tomorrow morning, to go on a short journey with a gentleman on particular business, and back again in the evening."
"Very well," said Alice, "I will take care to tell him as soon as he comes home."
The man then retraced his steps to the town, picking up by the way two or three acquaintances, with whom he took care to dismiss the circumstance of a gentleman coming rambling out of Cripple-gait's cottage, tipsy, he said, in the absence of the old man.
"Ay," remarked one, "I've seen two or three of them soger chaps after that good-looking lass, down of a night about the cottage."
"And no wonder," said another, "if she packs her tatters and follows the drum to get off her old miserly father."
"There's one of the barack blades that wants to get her away," said a third, as Captain Dinsley passed them.
"Overhearing partly what was said, the consciousness of the possible results to the poor girl whose artless beauty had made a strong impression upon him, struck to the very heart of this thoughtful but generous young man. "What have I done," said he, with passionate self-upbraiding, "and how can I atone?"
Scandalous tales, like muscous, spring up in a night, and have as many gatherers in the morning. This poor Alice was about to experience. However, in the meantime, her chief anxiety was about her father's delayed return. She resolved not to mention the visit of the young officer either to her brother or father—the former, she was sure, would resent it by some imprudent word or act; and the latter, from his naturally suspicious disposition, it would be difficult to convince of her entire innocence in the matter. Alice had never before felt so desolate and unhappy; tears were stealing down her cheeks—and Alice was not apt to give way to sentimental weakness; but the idea of any one degrading himself privileged by her poverty and unprotected state to offer an insult which he dared not have ventured to one in a higher position, hurt the pride of the poor girl; and for the first time the daughter's heart dared to arraign the father who could thus, day after day, leave his child exposed to the possibility of such an outrage.
With this new and reproachful feeling toward a parent, Alice raised her head from the table where it had been bowed down in sorrow, and as if tried and convicted on the spot, beheld her father standing gazing at her. His small, shrewd eyes seemed to read her inmost thoughts; and, in spite of all her filial affection, Alice shrank from the cold, gray, stone-like appearance of her father—his clothes, complexion, and half-grizzled hair, blending strangely into a leaden-like hue, so that he might have been mistaken for one of the carved figures escaped from his niche in the old abbey.
"You must have much to occupy your thoughts when you do not even hear my approach, Alice," said a frown came over the really fine, intellectual brow of the otherwise plain face of the little miser.
"No, father," said Alice, confusedly, "I was

questioned the miser, in a tone which seemed to say—"You had better speak truth, for I am aware of everything."
"He stayed with me too late, I fear; for you know, father, he is compelled to be in barracks by nine o'clock."
"His superiors are more privileged, I fancy," said her father, with a sarcastic and angry compression of the lips, which was full of meaning to poor Alice, who tremulously remained silent. "I don't mind the scorn of the world for myself, Alice, but I would rather see you dead—may be the cause of your death myself, than that it should be pointed at you. What did the vile wretches mean when they recognized me on the road just now, by hissing after me: 'Hell your daughter for gold leave your home, that she may be an Alice's lady.'"
"You know, father," answered Alice, evasively, "we have many enemies, who would say anything to annoy you."
"I know we have," said the miser, sadly; "but this is a torture! Oh, Alice, if I thought you could encourage any one in my absence, you should soon look for my return in vain. The scanty savings I have plucked myself to accumulate, shall be bestowed, unclaimed; who knows where to find them? If you fall from the angel's purity of your childhood, Alice, I will make my grave in some ravine of the mountain or ditch by the wayside!"
And the poor little miser sank in a chair, covered his face with his hands, and, for the first time in her life, Alice saw him shed tears. Her first impulse was to throw her arms around his neck, but she wished to check, not encourage, the painful thoughts that agitated him; and for this purpose she said, in the hope of diverting his attention:
"There has been a message for you, father:—you are to be at the George Inn by six o'clock tomorrow morning, to accompany a gentleman on a short journey."
"I know," said Cripple-gait—to look into some accounts." (The miser was clever as an accountant, and made a good deal of money by arranging the entangled affairs of bankrupts or careless book-keepers.) "But I do not think I shall go; you need my protection. I ought to have thought of my poor motherless girl—left helpless and friendless in this hole! No, I shall not go."
Alice, who imagined her father would sink into despondency and die, if he gave up his usual avocations, now began, from duty, to urge his going—gradually awakening the ruling passion, avarice, by representing the possible loss of money even for her slender housekeeping—This overcame his real anxiety for his daughter, and his affections were quickly transmuted into a hunger for gold.
On the following day Alice was left, as usual, to herself, by the absence of her father; and having completed the work entrusted to her by the colonel's lady, hastened to take it home. On her way, the colonel, who had always graciously given her a word or a nod, now passed without either, and yet Alice felt convinced he saw her. The work was received and paid for, and in answer to Alice's inquiry, as to when she should call for further instructions, she was told it would be unnecessary, as she would not be required again. "Poor Alice! scandal had done its worst. The colonel, it seems, was strutting down the road just as Captain Dinsley came out of the cottage the night before; and the colonel's man happened to be in the kitchen of the George Inn when the returned messenger was amusing the domestics at the expense of poor Alice by an account of his visit to Cripple-gait's cottage, and encounter there with a drunken officer. This was a petty tale for the colonel's man to take to the lady's maid, who, of course, communicated it to her mistress—which, combined, with the colonel's own personal observation, was powerful evidence against the unfortunate girl.
Alice, who had often suffered slight and taunts on account of her father, was not likely, all at once, to attribute these symptoms of disrespect to her true cause. She could not conceive such wickedness in the midst of people as to conclude so hastily one so utterly blameless as herself, but the conviction was forced upon her, when her brother, flushed and angry, entered the cottage in the evening.
"Alice!" he said, in great excitement, "swear to me, by the purity of our mother's memory, and your hope of meeting her in heaven, that Captain Dinsley was not here by your acquaintance last night!"
"Who is so unjust as to say so?" asked Alice in alarm at her brother's frenzied state.
"Everybody!" bitterly exclaimed Edward, "was tanty to-day on parade with the chance of promotion through my sister's pretty face."
"You should not heed their evil tongues; it will bring ruin on us all."
"It will bring disgrace on us all. But I will force Capt Dinsley to give the lie to their infamous assertions before the whole regiment—What is his life, or mine either, compared with your fair fame?" said the fiery young soldier; and he rose, as if inclined to put his threat into execution without further delay.
"You shall not leave me, Edward," said Alice, clinging to him, "until you promise to abandon these rash intentions; 'tis madness. Let me talk; it matters little, conscious as I am of my own innocence."
"And yet the colonel says he was passing along the road when Captain Dinsley came out of this cottage last night."
"I am not aware that I ever saw such a person," said Alice, availing herself of her ignorance of the name of her visitor to avoid Edward's anger.
"Then swear solemnly that you saw no one after I quitted you last night."
"Edward, this is folly. I received a message for my father some time after you left me, and—"
"This evasion will not serve. Beware, Alice, of my believing you guilty. I have often blushed for my father; I will never blush for my sister. You shall take this oath!" and with a strong arm he was forcing her on her knees, when a knock at the door, blended with the voices of a drunken calling "Miss Alice! Miss Alice!" made him pause.

"Oh," said the children, entering. "Oh, Miss Alice, your father's hurt!"
"Oh, where is he?" frantically asked Alice, rushing towards the door.
"A man's bringing him down the lane," said the older boy. "We were late on the sea-shore, gathering a lot of coal and stick after the spring-tide; with granny; and coming home, granny said, 'There's Miss Alice's father, something's happened to him. Miss Alice is always kind to us, run and break the news to her father.' 'I don't mind the scorn of the world for myself, Alice, but I would rather see you dead—may be the cause of your death myself, than that it should be pointed at you. What did the vile wretches mean when they recognized me on the road just now, by hissing after me: 'Hell your daughter for gold leave your home, that she may be an Alice's lady.'"
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Domestic Politics.
Home is a woman's empire, and a large one it is. Domestic interests are as complicated as politics. Our individual happiness is more immediately dependent upon domestic arrangements. How many happy children are there in the world who know not the meaning of politics, who cannot grasp even the idea of a political question, but whose whole comfort is immediately derived from good domestic arrangements of which they have some idea. And when the arrangements are defective, how speedily children perceive it, how soon they lose the fear and respect for their parents which form the chief sources for domestic order. How many keen and learned politicians, also, there are who have forgotten or neglected altogether the subject of domestic enjoyment in the all-absorbing question of national politics—who have made themselves unmanageable to themselves and others, by a passionate and unproductive study of one aspect of social life, as if there was only one aspect to study. Judging from the size of their own houses, and comparing a small household to a large nation, domestic politics seem very trivial indeed; but when we consider that that small house is the poor man's home, from which he receives the greatest amount of his pleasure, it is a mere delusion, a logical sophism, to call it small. It is the largest subject of all. A man who is happy at home is comfortable anywhere; for the idea of home accompanies him wherever he goes, like a guardian angel, to protect him from harm. And after all, what is the purport of all political agitation, of the whole science of political economy, but to invent to make the homes of people comfortable?

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ELIQUENT EXTRACT.—The following beautiful comparison is from a lecture recently delivered at St. Louis, by T. P. Meagher:

One fair morning, towards the close of the summer, I stood in a field that overlooked the Hudson. I was struck with the glowing ripeness of the fruit which waved around me, and while in an expression of delight, it seemed to me the most glorious the earth could bring forth.

"That seed," said one who stood by, "came from Egypt."

It had been buried in the tombs of Kings—had lain with the dead for three thousand years; but though wrapt in the shroud, and locked within the pyramids, it died not. It lived in the silence—lived in the darkness—lived with death itself—and now that the dust of the Kings has been disturbed—that they have been called and moved to their last resting place—that the bandages have been removed, and they open their eyes—behold the seed gives forth life and the fields rejoice in its glory.

And thus it is, that the energies, the instincts, the faith, and the vitalities awhile have been crushed elsewhere—have been entombed elsewhere—in these virgin soils revive, and that which seemed mortal becomes impossible. And thus it is, that reviving here, the seed will multiply, and borne back to the ancient land, will people the places that are desolate; the wilderness shall be made glad.

"Children of the old world be of good cheer! Within the homes—by the Rhine, the Seine, the Danube, and the Arno, the Shannon and the Shire—in the homes you have left, the wicked seem to prosper, and the spurious Senator provide for the offspring of the tyrant, even to the third and fourth generations! Freedom strengthens herself in these lands, and in the midst of crumbling thrones, concentrates the power by which the captive shall be redeemed, and the evil be destroyed.

"This shall be the glory of America!"

THE HOME GRANDMOTHER.—She is by the fire, a dear old lady, with nicely crimped and plaited hair, and old-fashioned spectacles—she presides at a picture of the home grandmother as any living heart may wish to see. The oracle of the family—the record of births, deaths and marriages—the narrator of old revolutionary stories, that keep bright young eyes big and wide awake till the evening logs fall to ashes—what should we do without the home grandmother? How many little faults she hides! What a delightful special pleader is she when the rod troubles over the unfortunate urban's head!

"Do you get many liars?" inquired a six-cented youngster of his curly-headed playmate.

"Yes," was the prompt, half-indignant answer. "I've got a grandmother."

Love that aged woman! Sit at her feet and learn of her patient lessons from the past—Though she knows no grammar, cannot tell the boundaries of distant States or the history of nations, she has that perhaps, which exceeds all love—wisdom. She has fought life's battles, and conquered. She has had her treasures away, and gone purer, stronger, through strings of sorrow. Never let her feel the sting of ingratitude. Sit at her feet. She will teach you all the dangers of life's journey, and teach you how to go cheerfully and smilingly to the gate of death, trusting like her in a blissful hereafter.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The N. Y. Tribune says:—"By private advices from the Sandwich Islands, we learn that the question of commencing negotiations for the cession of the sovereignty of the Islands to the United States, upon such conditions as will secure to the inhabitants all their civil rights and their property, is being generally discussed by the foreign residents in the Islands. It is the opinion of our correspondent that the general desire for such a cession will operate upon the minds of the King and Chiefs. The representatives of Great Britain and France are very much disturbed at this state of facts. Accordingly, on August 30, they asked an audience of the King and Privy Council for the purpose of expressing their sentiments respecting some occurrences which they conceive deeply involved in the sovereignty of the King and the independence of the Islands." This had been granted, to take place after the date of our despatches. If these representatives speak highly of American sympathy, and so forth, it is supposed there will result a state of feeling which will drive the King to an immediate application to President Pierce. Very possibly the question of annexing the Islands may be brought before the next Congress.