ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

DURLIN & SLOAN, PUBLISHERS. $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

VOLUME 25. ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 9, 1854. NUMBER 30.

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Park Row, between Brown's Hotel and the Reed House. The first premium has been awarded him for the best pictures for four years successively. Price $1 00 and upwards.

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Manufacturer & Repairer of Well and Cistern Pumps of superior quality, the best and cheapest now in use. Shop 1st above Perry Block, in rear of Liddell's Furnace, State street, Erie Pa.
Aqueduct of any size either for conveying water for family, farm and mechanical purposes made to order.

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Resident Dentist—Office and Dwelling in South Park Row—All work warranted.

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DAGUERREOTYPE LIKENESSES FOR 1 DOLLAR.

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Pictures taken in the best style of the art, and warranted not to fade.

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Forwarding, produce and commission Merchants, Public Ware House west of the Public Bridge, Erie Pa.
Also—Dealers in Coal, Salt, Plaster, Stucco, Fish, Lime and Lime Burnt, Iron, Nails, Glass, &c., &c., with every speed facilities for shipping either by steamships, propellers, schooners, or by Railroad.
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Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candies, Fruit &c. Opposite Brown's Hotel, State street, Erie Pa.

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Manufacturers of Stoves, Hollow Ware, Engines, Machines, Railroad Cars, &c., State st., Erie Pa.

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Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Musical Instruments, Looking Glasses, Lamps and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

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Dealer in Books, Stationery, Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware, Cheap Publications, Sheet Music, Newspapers, Gold Pens, Pocket Cutlery, &c. First door west of the Reed House, Erie.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods and Millinery, between the Reed House and Brown's Hotel.

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Manufacturers of Iron Fence, Railing, Steps, Balconies, Vault Doors, Fire Proof Shutters, and all kinds of Machine Work and Fancy Castings, &c., done to order.

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Import. Jobbers and Retail Dealers in Wet and Dry Groceries, Provisions, Produce, Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware, Flour, Fish, Oil, Glass, Nails, Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, &c., &c., Front street, opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa.

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Dealers in Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, Drafts, Certificates of Deposit, &c. Sight exchange on the eastern cities constantly for sale. Office No 9, Reed House, Public Square, Erie.

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Dealer in English, German and American Hardware and Cutlery; Also, Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel, No. 1 Reed House, Erie, Pa.

CADWELL & BENNETT,
Importers, Jobbers, and American Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Cut nails, Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails, Spikes, &c. Empire stores, State street, four doors from Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.
Also—Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Axle Arms, Springs and a general assortment of Saddle and Carriage Trimmings.

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Forwarding and Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal, Flour Fish, and agent for a daily line of Upper Lake Steamers, Public Dock, Erie, Pa.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c. No. 1 Wright's Block, State street, Erie.

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Dealers in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No 1, Brown's New Hotel, Erie, Pa.

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Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, Iron, Nails, &c., 1st Diamond, Erie, Pa.

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NOTARY PUBLIC,
Deeds, Agreements, Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c., accurately and carefully drawn. Office in Wright's Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

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With Wainwright, Huntington and Floyd.
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, No 159 Market street, Philadelphia.

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Dealers in Stoves, Tin, Copper, Brass and Sheet Iron Ware—Beatty's Block, near the Court House, Erie, Pa.
A. L. TANNER. S. S. MAGILL.

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Bankers, Collectors and Dealers in Gold and Silver Coin, Uncurrent Money, Land Warrants and Certificates of Deposit. Also, Right Drafts on the principal cities in the Union, and all parts of the Old Country for sale. Office, Williams' Block, corner of State street and Public Square.
C. B. WRIGHT. FRP WILLIAMS. C. B. GUNNISON.

WEBB & THAYER,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in every description of Stone Ware, fire Brick, fire Clay, and fire Sand, manufactory, between Second and Third streets on the Canal, Erie, Pa.
ELI WEBB. GERARD THAYER.

WM. A. GALBRAITH,
Attorney at Law, Office on Sixth street, opposite the new Court House.

N. CHAPIN,
Barber—Office in the Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth streets, up stairs. Prices reasonable, and all work warranted.

NEW GOODS.
The subscriber is now receiving a very large stock of Spring and Summer Goods, consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, &c., &c., which were purchased at lower prices than goods were obtained for a few weeks earlier. Therefore he feels confident that those who may favor him with their custom will find it to their interest by calling.
N. B. He invites the attention of purchasers, and all persons are invited to call and examine his stock, when purchasing elsewhere.
Erie, July 17, 1854.

A. The largest and purest snuff ever made, at the cost.
T. J. HOSKINSON.

The Erie Observer,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY DURLIN & SLOAN,
TO WHOM ALL LETTERS RELATING TO BUSINESS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.

OFFICE—NO. 9, BROWN'S BLOCK, ERIE, PA.
Printing Office, corner of State and 4th Sts.

B F SLOAN, EDITOR

TERMS: If paid in advance, or within 3 months $1 50; if not paid as above $2 will be charged.

Any subscriber failing to pay within the year, the paper will be discontinued and the account left with a proper officer for collection.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
Six lines or less make a square.

One Square, one week,	$ 75	One square 3 months	$3 00
One " 2 "	1 00	One " 6 "	5 00
One " 3 "	1 25	One " 9 "	6 75

One square a year, changeable at pleasure, $8.

Cards inserted in the Business Directory at $5 per annum. Six lines allowed for a Card, over six, and under eight, $5.

Two squares—3 months, $6, 6 months, $8, 9 months $11 50, 1 year $14.

One column, or 10 squares—one year, $50, 6 months, $30, 3 months, $18.

Obituary and Marriage notice 25 cents each.

Exhibitions, concerts, etc., 50 per cent in addition to the above rates.

Special and Editorial notices, 10 cents a line.

Religious, Public, Fire Company and other notices, half the above rates.

Merchants and others requiring frequent changes in their advertisements will be allowed two squares, paper, and card, for $15. For additional space, the charges will be in proportion, and the advertisements must be strictly confined to the legitimate business of the advertiser. Payment for transient advertisements required in advance. Bills for yearly advertising will be presented half-yearly. A reduction of 10 per cent will be made on all except temporary advertisements, when paid in advance.

Groceries and Teas at Wholesale and Retail.
JOSEPH SILL is now opening an entirely new and fresh Stock of Groceries and Teas which will be sold at a small advance for ready pay to our friends and the rest of mankind. I would say, call in, and supply yourselves with any thing in our line at less prices than the same quality can be had for in the city.
TEA! TEA!
The largest stock of Teas in the city, can be found at Sill's, where Tea can be had by the pound at the cheapest rates in the city, as we are determined to make the tea trade the leading feature in our business.—Those wishing to buy by the package, are requested to call and examine our stock before making it elsewhere, and secure a bargain at SILL'S.
Erie, Nov 25, 1854—28. No. 5 One pride.

WILLOW Ware, Wooden Ware, Stone Ware, and all kinds of Housekeeping goods at SILL'S.

MATS.—A large assortment of Mats can be seen by calling in at SILL'S Cheap Cash Store.

TOBACCO—A choice assortment of Natural Leaf Lynchburgh Tobacco, Manufactured, and sold cheap for Cash by
Nov 7 SILL & FRENCH.

OIL—Sperm, Elephant, and Lard Oil at HOSKINSON'S.

MOLASSES and syrups of all kinds at HOSKINSON'S.

CANDLES—Wax, Sperm, Adamantine, Star, Sperm and Tallow Candles, by the box or pound at HOSKINSON'S.

RAISINS by the box or pound, None of the kind at HOSKINSON'S.

DYE STUFFS—Logwood, Copperas, Madder, Alum, Indigo &c. &c. HOSKINSON'S.

SPICES—All kinds at HOSKINSON'S.

Most important to Persons Having Weak Lungs.
NO DOUBT—BUT PATENT MEDICINES—Genuine Simple English Remedies—The MEDICATED INHALER, Chief Physician, and WATER PROOF COLLOID PLASTER—As reason is both better and cheaper than cure, we advise all interested—those who in this climate and bitter season is too apt to neglect time in providing themselves with these truly valuable remedies—to do so at once. They are of superior excellence, and the kind ever before offered to the public. The Medicated Inhaler is light and neat, and yet is made proof against Wet and Damp, and the Medicated Plaster is a most efficacious remedy for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pain in the Side and Shoulder, or Prostration of the Nervous System. All ages—of men, women and children—to be had of the undersigned agent.
CALVIN A. GRAHAM.
Erie, Nov. 25, 1854.

Imported from Europe.
BY WILLIAM WILLING
THE best and most extensive assortment of Fancy Baskets, Toys, Yankee Notions, and Musical Instruments, ever brought into this city, for sale Wholesale or Retail, at lowest rates, for cash or ready pay. Come and see the unequalled quality and variety, and you will find nothing to compare with them. The stand is the third door east of the Erie Bank, on south side of the Park. I am selling to close goods, and very willing to sell them cheap. I am not ready yet to leave town, as some may think, and therefore have made large and choice additions to my stock of Pianos, Melodeons, Fancy Goods &c. Orders respectfully solicited from abroad.
Erie, Nov. 11, 1854. WM WILLING

To Housekeepers.
YOU will find a saving on many articles that you want such as stoves, and Tinware, such as Stoves, Stove Pipe, Grid Iron, Fry Pans, Coffee Roasters, Oven Peppers, Waffle Iron, etc., which will be sold very low. J. C. SELDEN.
Nov 8, 1854.

WROUGHT NUTS AND WASHERS—All sizes of Nuts and Washers may be found at the Hardware Store of
Nov 11, 1854. J C SELDEN.

IRON AXLES and STEEL SPRING—A large assortment of Iron Axels and Steel Springs for sale by
Nov. 11, 1854. J. C. SELDEN.

Indiana Money.
WE will take Indiana Money in exchange for Goods at Cash Prices. TIBBALS & HAYS.
Erie, Nov. 11, 1854.

New Jewelry and Fancy Goods,
At AUSTIN'S Jewelry Store, State St.,
OPPOSITE BROWN'S HOTEL
THIS establishment is now opening the largest and best selected assortment of Rich Jewelry, etc., ever exhibited to the citizens of Northwestern Pennsylvania. Having taken much time in New York in making up a variety of Goods appropriate to the Holydays, gift makers and others will find here just the kind of goods they want, in prices and quality.—Goods will be shown with pleasure, and if it is Bargains you are after and Goods too, then certainly you can be accommodated, should it be a Clock, Watch, Spoon or Fork, and Guns too, enough to supply a Regiment, and Toys for the juveniles, an endless variety, in short, a stock of Goods which will equal any other place in the country for extent and variety. Now is your time to take them. They are cheap especially the cheap kind.
T. M AUSTIN
Erie, Nov. 11, 1854.

Ladies Furs.
A Splendid assortment just received at Warren's, much cheaper than before. Call and look at them.
Erie, Nov. 11, 1854.

Watchman, What'et he Clock!
STRANGER, why trouble your friends for the time, since you can get a Stockton and Fuller, and buy a good Clock, for just about nothing!
They are now receiving Thirty-five Cases, of assorted; many of them beautiful; all of them good. Park Row, Erie.
May 6, 1854. 51

CROW Bars, Dirt Picks, Mattocks, Shovels, &c., at
Oct. 7 REED'S

SAW MILLS.
THE subscribers would call the attention of those wishing to build Steam Saw Mills to the examination of one built by them or Messrs Cole & Co., in the township of Wash in, on the State Road, two miles west of the Edinboro Plank Road, of a new pattern, combining a number of modern practical improvements, and which has been tested and found to be a very superior Mill. We are now manufacturing Engines, Boilers, Mill Gearing, &c., and solicit orders for the same.
Erie, Sept. 14, 1854—18 LIDDELL, KEPLER & CO.

PORCELAIN Kettles and Sauce Pans at REED'S
Oct. 7 1854. 71

ZINC and Sheet Lead of the very best quality at
Oct. 7, 1854. REED'S.

DON'T forget that the place to buy Locks, Latches and in fact all Hutchery Hardware at low figures, is at the Cheap Hardware Store, No. 1 Reed House. RUFUS REED.
Oct. 7, 1854. 71.

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY—The largest assortment ever offered in this city and for sale at low prices at the cheap Hardware Store, No. 9 Reed House.
Oct 7 RUFUS REED.

LADIES have you seen those flat Irons at No. 9 Reed House—Price 25.00. RUFUS REED.

NEW GOODS AT BOOTH & STEWARTS.
WHERE the public will find it to their advantage to call and examine their new and splendid stock of

Fall and Winter Goods,
Rich and beautiful, at astonishing low prices. The pressure of the money market has enabled us to purchase our fall stock at a very low figure, and we are now prepared to give our old as well as new customers more than usual bargains. Those who doubt that the above is true, we ask to call and be convinced that we are selling goods very low. Our stock, in every department is now complete and we feel confident, we can convince all who come in and give us a look, that nothing more. Many of our goods were bought under the supposition that we should be able to sell them at the low prices that we now offer them.
Park Row, 2d door west of Reed House.
Erie, Sept 26, 1854.

Land Office and General Agency.
THE undersigned will give his personal attention to buying and selling real estate, both in the city and country. He will also attend to the renting of houses, offices and tenements, secure good tenants, and collect rents for same. Persons wishing to rent by applying to the undersigned can be accommodated with a house in almost any part of the city.
ALLEN A. CRAIG,
Sept. 23, 1854—49 No 1 Hughes Block, Erie.

FOR SALE—Several City Lots, with or without improvements, also to acre unimproved land, lying adjoining the City. Terms easy. ALLEN A. CRAIG, Agent.
Sept. 23, 1854—49 No 1 Hughes Block, Erie.

CROCKERY.—We are just receiving a very general and particular assortment of Crockery, comprising several new styles, among which are the Flowing Purple, Talbotch Spring, White Granite and Opal Ware, and lot pale as cheap as the cheapest. BENNETT & GRAY.
Erie, Sept. 30, 1854.

30 Pieces Irish Linen, just received per late arrival, and for sale at BOOTH & STEWARTS.
June 29.

Select Poetry.

SOLEMN VOICES.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I heard from out the dreary realms of sorrow
The various tongues of Wo—
One said, "Is there a hope in the to-morrow?"
And many answered, "No!"

And they arose and mingled their lamentations,
And cried in bitter breath;
In all our joys the past alone rejoices,
There is no joy but Death.

"Oh! dreadful Past, beyond the midnight portal
Thou hast unsurped our peace,
And if the Angel Memory be immortal,
When shall this anguish cease!

And suddenly within the darkening distance
The solemn Past replied:
"In many domains your joys have no existance,
Your hopes, they have not died!

Nought comes to me except these ghosts detested,
Phantoms of Wrong and Pain;
But whatsoever Affection hath invested
The eternal years retain.

Then stand no more with look and soul dejected,
To woo and win despair;
The joys ye mourn the future hath collected,
Your hopes are gathered there.

And as the dew which leaves the morning flowers
Augments the after rain—
And, as the bloom which falls from summer bowers
Is multiplied again—

So shall the joys that Future holds in keeping
Augment your after peace;
So shall your hopes, which now are only sleeping,
Return with large increase."

Choice Miscellany.

THE GLEANER.

SELECTED TALE.

"They have all been touched and found base metal."—*Shakspeare.*

"So, this is my return to my native village! This is my reception from relatives who owe me so much!" Thus thought, rather than said, a poor looking old man, as he stood leaning over the gate of a newly cleared field, in the bright, bustling, busy harvest time. "One," exclaimed he, as his musings took a tone of passion which unconsciously into words, "one—yonder pilly landlady, forsooth, sitting in her bar, as she is pleased to call it,—her bar, quotha! In my young days it was the little boarded parlor opening from the tap-room. A bar in the old Red Lion! What shall we hear of next? One, bedecked and bedizzened with her gown like a rainbow, her fringed apron, and her cap stuck all with flowers, sitting in her bar, if that be a style and title, amongst her glasses and punch bowls, with a bell upon her table, and a net of lemons dangling above her head; she, Miss Clinus, as she calls herself—she used to answer to the name of Jenney Collins twenty years ago—refused point-blank to acknowledge me! dared to my face that she had ever seen me! called me a cheat and an impostor! wondered at my impudence in attempting to pass myself off for her dear uncle, Michael Norris! threatened me with the stocks and the round-house, the justice and the jail. Precious minx! She whom I rescued from drudgery and starvation, from living half a shop woman, half maid, with the stingy, termagant clear-starcher, in Bedford Marsh! whom I set up in that very Red Lion! perched upon her throne, the arm chair, in the bar!—purchased the lease, the furniture, the good will; paid her first year's rent; stocked her cellars; clapped a hundred pound bank note into her hand! And now that I come home, old and lame, sick and ragged, she reviles me as a vagabond and impostor, and tells me to be thankful to her compassion and tenderheartedness that she does not send for the constable to carry me to jail! Liar that she is!—base, ungrateful, perjured liar! I saw that she knew me; ay, as well as I knew her. She would be glad to be no more altered in the years that have changed her from a slim girl of twenty-five to a bloated woman of five-and-forty, than I, in those same years, with all my griefs!"

"Then her brother—faugh!—It maddens me to think of their baseness!—whom I educated and apprenticed, finding him money afterwards to put him into partnership with old Jones the thriving linen draper. He, indeed did not pretend to deny that I might be his uncle;—but, grant that I were, what claim had I upon his charity, more than any other starving wretch?—What was I to him? He pitied me, Heaven knew! but what could I expect from him? O, the smooth speaking, soft spoken knave, with his pity and his charity? Hypocrite in look and word! His tone was as gentle as if he had been bidding me welcome to bed and board for my whole life long. What a fawning parasite that would have been now, if I had accosted him like a rich man. Well, there is some virtue in these rags, since they teach false tongues to speak the truth. Then came my cousin Anthony, whose runaway son I clothed and sent to sea. And this Anthony is now a great meal man—a rich miser, who could buy up half the county. What said he? Why, he was poor himself—the scoundrel—nobody knew how poor, and had been forced to make a rule to give nothing to beggars; ay, he called me a beggar! I might go to the Union, he said; that was the fittest place for me. To the Union! the workhouse! O, the precious rascal! The son of my father's brother, brought up in my father's house; worth a hundred thousand pounds, would have sent me to the workhouse—me, his only living kinsman! O, this world! this world! Then—for I was resolved to try them all—I sought out my old school-fellow, Nicholas Hume, the spendthrift, whom I bailed in my young days, when little richer than himself, and saved from prison by paying his debts. What was his gratitude? Why, he, forsooth, had never heard my name. Michael Norris!—Who was Michael Norris? O, they knew me well enough twenty years ago, when I returned from the West Indies a rich man, husband of a wealthy Creole, master of flourishing plantations to visit my early haunts, help my poor relations—I found them all in distress, some way of other,—and shake hands with my old friends! Nobody had forgotten me then. But now that I come back a ragged cripple, homeless and friendless." And the old man paused, and lifted his wretched hat from his thin gray hairs, and passed his tattered handkerchief over his furrowed brow, with an air which proved that he was much oppressed by mental suffering, by indignation and disappointment, as by the sultry heat of an August noon.

"There are none left now," thought old Michael to himself, as, exhausted by his vehemence, he sank into a milder mood,—"none left to whom to apply to now, except the three orphan children of my poor nephew, William Leslie, the sons of those hard-hearted Collinses, and their mother; and they I fear, are themselves in great want, and great trouble. He, lately dead, after a series of undeserved misfortunes, and a long and wasting illness; and she, working as hard as ever woman did work to keep herself, and the family out of the workhouse—that union to which I am sent by my precious cousin Anthony, and certainly consigns me. Poor things! for they never knew me; and I have had a good sample of the slight impression that benefits conferred leave behind them! William was only eighteen when I left England and returned to Jamaica, after my last visit. A fine, frank-hearted lad he was! I remember wishing to take him with me. But my poor sister would not part with him. She had married again after the death of her first husband, William's father, and a wretched match she made; for this second husband proved to be an habitual drunkard, always half mad when intoxicated, who broke out at last into desperate frenzy, and, but for my interposition, would have murdered the poor boy. I seem to see the struggle now," thought the old man, closing his eyes; "he flinging himself upon William with a table knife, and I rushing between them just soon enough to receive the blade in my arm. I bear the mark of the wound still. The madman was sent to an asylum, and there soon died. And my poor sister, well, all for her station, could not part from this only son. He was a fine lad, was William, spirited and generous; and, when she also died, he was already attached to the girl whom he afterwards married. I helped them, too, for I loved the boy; I helped on that match, for it was one of sincere affection, and they were in a way to earn a handsome competence; there must have been some imprudence, or great ill-luck, to have reduced them to such poverty."—So ran the train of the old cripple's revery. "I never suspected it; he never wrote to me; and I, engaged in my own affairs, and with children then of my own—well, I will see them, however. They are in this field gleaning. So said their neighbor. Yes! this is the field. There they are. I'll see them," thought Michael Norris, "thought it is probable that they too will know nothing of me." And, opening the gate, the old man limped slowly across the furrows, and began gathering the scattered ears of corn in his withered hand.

We have said the field, although after passing the gate, which admitted him between the two high hedges that bound it on the northern side, the wide expanse from which the wheat had just been carried, assumed the appearance rather of a large open ridge of arable land, bordered by the high road, and terminated by a distant village, than of the small wooded enclosures so common in the midland counties. A pretty scene it was as it lay before him, bathed in the sunshine; and a lovely group was that to which his attention was immediately directed. A pale young woman, whose regular and beautiful features received additional aid from her close widow's cap, stood before him, holding a fine infant in her arms; a very pretty girl of twelve or thirteen, was flourishing a tuft of wheat ears before the baby's eyes, smiling herself at the smile she excited, while her little brother clung to her mother's petticoat in momentary fear of two high fed dogs attending a gentleman and lady riding slowly along the road.

The poor cripple drew back, and sat down under a clump of maple and hawthorn, gay with the purple veitch, the white bindweed, and the pretty clematis, known by the still prettier name of "traveler's joy;" whilst the riding party called off their dogs, spoke graciously to the child and his mother and passed slowly out of sight. As they left me, Mrs. Leslie, for she it was, approached the old man, to replace her infant in his cradle, niched under the fragrant shade of some overhanging hazle stems, just beside the rude seat. Struck by the evidence of poverty, sickness and sorrow, afforded by his tattered apparel, and his wrinkled yet venerable countenance, she took up a pitcher, which stood by the cradle, and, with the kindness which the very poor so often show to each other, and a remark upon the heat of the day, offered him a small cupful of the milk which formed the contents of the jug. He took it with a trembling hand, and thanked her with an emotion which our readers will comprehend, but which at once surprised and interested its object.

"Your name is Leslie?" asked he, as, after returning the cup with thanks and blessings, he made room for her beside him on the thymy bank.

"Your name is Leslie?"

"Margaret Leslie. It is so."

"The wife of William Leslie?"

"His widow. Ah, me! his widow!" replied she, with a sigh. "The widowed mother of those children. Michael," added she, as the boy came near them, "take some milk yourself, and carry a cupfull to your sister, and bring what wheat-ears she and you have gathered to my little heap."

"Michael!" echoed the old man, "your husband's name was Willam! How came you to call his son Michael? But the name belongs to your family perhaps—your father, or some favorite brother?"

"No," replied the widow, "it was for a different reason. A very dear kinsman of my husband's bore that name, and in token of love and gratitude to him, and a fulfilment of an old promise, so our only son was chistened."

"I remember," muttered the cripple to himself "I remember William said that his first boy should bear my name and I think he wrote to that effect after the child was born; but the letter must have arrived that time of misery." Then rousing himself and turning to the gentle creature, whom a feeling of unusual interest still detained at his side, he added aloud, "I do remember now that William Leslie had an uncle called Michael Norris but what peculiar cause of gratitude——"

"What cause?" interrupted Mrs. Leslie, "a thousand causes; from mere infant, when I have heard my husband say that he gave him the first shilling he ever possessed, that kind uncle, absent or present, was his good genius. He insisted upon his being sent to Bedford School;—paid himself for masters, whom his guardians thought superfluous; rescued him from the frantic frenzy of his stepfather; saved his life, at the utmost peril of himself, from the furious assaults of that wretched madman; placed him in the paper mill, which for the rash speculations of his partner, would have been not merely a comfortable income for himself, but an affluent provision for his family; and, last and dearest kindness, when William, with his characteristic generosity, loved a poor girl, the portionless orphan of a naval officer, with interested connections and officious friends opposed the union, did not he, from across a wide ocean, send himself not merely his approbation to the desired marriage, but a portion to the destitute bride? I never saw him," continued Mrs. Leslie, in a lower tone than that which had been dedicated by her enthusiastic recollection of her benefactor's goodness, "but night and morning I have prayed for him, and night and morning do my poor children join in those prayers, and my dear husband, amongst his last words——"

"Did he pray for his uncle who seemed to have forgotten him?" asked the old man, his voice half stifled with emotion. "Look, Margaret," added he, stripping his sleeve and showing a deep scar extending diagonally across his left arm, "this scar was received from a knife with which his furious maniacic stepfather was pursuing William Leslie, Poor Michael Norris.—You will not hesitate to acknowledge the cripple who comes to you poor hungry and ragged.—Them too, said he, drawing from his pocket a bundle of papers, "are characters that you well know."

Tenderly, yet jeally, the warm-hearted and grateful Margaret returned the embraces of her venerable kinsman, and kissed her three children as he, old by suffering, nodded to his questions [illegible]

It needed few words to tell the story. Nothing is more rapid than a descent. The rolling of a stone down a hill is a true type of falling fortune. Taking advantage of a long illness with which William Leslie was afflicted, his partner engaged in desperate speculations. They failed. The rash speculator absconded, and William remained a bankrupt, without a friend or resource. Honest to the last, his wife resigned her small settlement to satisfy the creditors. His debts being paid, he had tried every means of living, and whilst he retained his health had supported his family by the most persevering industry; but a fever, occasioned by over exertion, had come on; his constitution, impaired by anxiety and labor, had been unable to resist the attack, and since that period the wife who had been the faithful partner of his cares and his toils had at least so far succeeded as to maintain her children without the assistance of charity, whether public or private.

"Why not have written to me when this bankruptcy took place?" inquired the uncle.

"Alas, dear sir! we had before heard of that terrible hurricane, in which——"

"In which," said the old man, filling up with stern composure, the sudden pause that from a mixture of delicacy and sympathy had arrested Margaret Leslie's words—"in which the plantation where I resided was laid waste, my house levelled with the ground, and my wife with four hopeful children in the ruins! In striving to rescue them, this thigh," striking the withered limb with a hazel twig, "this thigh was broken. I owe my preservation to the gratitude of an emancipated negro; but for months, for years, all life, all nature, was a blank before me! I have sometimes wondered how I could have survived such a blow—for what purpose I was spared.—The doubt was sinful, and finds its rebuke, its thrice merciful rebuke, in this blissful hour.—You heard, then of my losses, dear Margaret?—'Poor William heard of them?'"

"We were sure that something must have gone amiss, from receiving no reply to the letter which announced the birth of our boy, and claimed your promise of standing god-father at his christening. William did not like to write again upon such an occasion; it would have seemed like encroaching upon your too generous spirit. But when the news of that awful hurricane arrived, and Nicholas Hume and the Collinses made inquiries in London, and ascertained that your plantation had indeed been amongst those laid waste—then your silence was too well explained! I heard this sad news first; for it arrived during the dreadful illness which preceeded my husband's bankruptcy. And when he regained so much breathing time after his own misfortunes as to ask news of you, no tidings could be obtained; all trace of you seemed lost. O, that he had lived to see this day! His will be done! But O, that my poor husband had but lived to see once more the kinsman he loved so well!"

The old man pressed her hand in speechless emotion, and Margeret, smiling through her tears, went on:

"You must live with us, dear uncle, we shall wait upon you, and be happy together—as happy as we can be without him—after all. My Annie is a good girl! and pretty, is she not, dear uncle? and poor Michael, your namesake, is a boy of a thousand. We have had much to be thankful for. Farmer Rogers, the over-seer, whose books my husband kept, (little Michael keeps them now, as well, the farmer says, as his father did,) supplies us with milk twice a day. Mrs. Lacelles, the rector's wife, employs Annie and me constantly in needlework for her large family; and if we can but keep our pretty cottage—if we can but keep that cottage at whose porch poor William planted the honey-suckle and the China rose, and the vine which now half covers the thatch—that cottage where we worked and wept together, and where he died the death of the righteous—if we can but live together there, with a sight of the turf that covers his dear remains, I should ask for nothing better on this side of the grave."

The widow's tears flowed afresh, and once again the old man pressed her hand.

"Is there any doubt of your retaining this beloved habitation, dear Margaret? And does my coming cause that doubt?"

"O, no! no! dear uncle, not in the slightest degree. The cause of doubt is, that we have no lease, and that Miss Collins, as she calls herself, poor William's cousin; wants it for some purpose or other—people say with some view of marrying; but this is idle talk—village gossip. What is certain is, that she wishes to take it, and is willen to give two pounds a year more rent than I now give and can afford to give. If our old landlord, Mr. Godfrey, had stayed, he and Lady Elizabeth had promised that I should remain: but the Hall, and the village, and the whole estate are sold, and the new lord of the manor is coming this evening. Hark! you may hear the bells ringing even now. Mr. Godfrey and Lady Elizabeth intending staying a few days at the rectory; you saw them ride by with their dogs; they have promised to speak in my favor to the new landlord; he mentioned it even now, and the good rector and his excellent lady will second my petition; still—"

"Be of good cheer, Margaret. Even if you should leave your pretty cottage, I would wager something—" The old man checked himself, and resumed in an indifferent tone, "Who is the new lord of the manor? What is his name?"

"The property was purchased by Mr. Price; but he is understood to be an agent, and I have not heard the name of the real proprietor, who is said to be an elderly gentleman, and so rich that he will hardly be tempted to turn an old tenant from her cottage for so trifling an addition of rent. Nevertheless—"

"Once again, Margaret, be of good heart," reiterated her uncle.

"The tenants are to meet him in the avenue: the farmers and their sons on horseback, the cottagers, women and children on foot. Ought I to join them? I have no shame in honest labor, but I do shrink from meeting the scorn of those purse-proud kindred who—" and poor Margaret's tears fell fast. "Ought I to be there, dear uncle? I will go or stay, as you direct."

"Go, Margaret. Go, and fear nothing. Gather up your treasures; the jug, whose generous draught was the sweetest I ever quaffed; the wheat-ears, and the cradle with its growing babe—blessings on its dear face? Go boldly. I will not shame you by these unseemly rags, but will rest a while under the friendly shade of the hazel while you return home and prepare for the procession. Be sure that you fail not. We shall meet again soon, dear one! For the present farewell."

There was something about the old man; ragged, sick, and lame as he was, that Margaret found it impossible to disobey. So heartened up, she knew not why, (for many have felt, without being able to give the feelings its true name, the mingled power of sympathy and appreciation to comfort and to cheer,) she called about her blooming children and departed, Annie and herself bearing the cradle between them, and the boy laden with the gleanings of the day.

The setting sun gleamed brightly between the noble elms that formed the beautiful avenue to Corston Hall, gilding the rugged branches and tinting into pendent emeralds the leaves of the branches which meet across the wide carriage road, met as interlaced in a lengthened archway that might well have suggested the rich intricacies of a cathedral aisle in the proudest days of Gothic architecture. The village bells pealed merrily, flags fluttered, and waved the children of the parish strewed the gaudy flowers of early autumn; and as the carriage of the new lord of the manor rolled between the ivied lodges to the gray old Hall, a quaint, irregular structure of Elizabeth's or James' days, with a tame peacock sunning himself on the stone balustrade, a large old English spaniel basking on the steps, and the tenants in their holiday apparel grouped around the porch, an artist, whether painter or poet, might have envied the accident which produced an arrangement so felicitously picturesque.

Something of this feeling, lower unperceived or unguessed by herself, mingled with the natural emotions of curiosity and interest in our friend Margaret's bosom, as, standing humbly apart between her two elder children, with her infant in her arms, under a large sycamore, she gazed around upon the scene, and perceived, gayly adorned, in the extreme of the country fashion, the rival candidate for her beloved cottage—the buxom landlady of the Red Lion, surrounded by the unfriendly kindred of her late husband. Neither Margaret nor her William had ever applied for assistance to these people; and yet she knew instinctively that some from pride and some from shame felt the silent reproach of her unassisted poverty an her blameless life—that all wished her absence, and would contribute, as far as in them lay, to turn her from her home; and, in spite of the encouraging influence of her lately known kinsman's cheering forebodings, her heart sank within her, as the door of the carriage was thrown open. An elderly gentleman, very neatly dressed, pot pelled, emaciated and lame, was assisted by his servants up the two low steps that led to the porch.