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THE ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

Written for the Erie Observer.

A PEEP AT THE DIARY OF A BRODWAY DANDY.

BY SIMON PEEP

"Thus, one fool lolls his tongue out at another
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother" — *Dennis.*

The more I consider the contents of the memorandum book, from which I quoted last week, the more I am at a loss for a proper appellation for its former possessor The young gentleman is, evidently, a very vain, self conceited and selfish personage; fond of dress and display, and as perfect a braggart as ever mouthed a boast Yet in his diary he displays a knowledge of the world, and an aptness of expression, which, I think, elevates him somewhat above the common level of his class I am half tempted to style him the Philosophical Fop, or the Fop Philosopher

According to a belief which was implanted in my mind ere I had adopted the trowsers of boyhood, a Philosopher is a man, who, wrapped entirely in his own reflections, passes through the busy world, as in a dream He speculates on vague and misty topics until his brain is befogged, and his mind rusty. He endeavors to undermine ancient ignorance, that he may use it as a foundation for modern knowledge. In metaphysics he is an adept: he understands it not, neither does his hearer He would teach wisdom, gathered from the lips of fools, to wise men, and to fools he would teach folly

A fop is a being who is ever wrapped in the admiration of everything appertaining to himself For the want of speculation, his brain is ever clouded and his mind dull He worships at the shrine of folly; wisdom charms him not Now, if the several elements of a Philosopher, and a Fop, were combined and contained within one being, the result, I imagine, would be an individual possessing all the attributes and attainments belonging to our young friend — Therefore he shall henceforth be known as the Philosopher Fop

Having thus disposed of this question, I will at once present my readers with another extract from the diary of a Philosophical Fop.

"February 10th — Went to the Broadway theatre with Alice Had taken great pains to secure a couple of seats in the morning; but after Alice and I had squeezed by about twenty five pair of knees and eighteen or twenty silk laps, we arrived at the further end of the sofa, to discover that one of our seats was occupied Well, I concluded that we had better return, for the fellow who was in my seat was a burly, black whiskered, round shouldered man, who looked at me as if he didn't want any greater pleasure than the privilege of [illegible] my head It makes my blood boil now when I think of my position last night There stood Alice and I in the centre of the first row of the dress circle She, dressed in satin and flowers, was leaning back against the front railing to avoid the face of a Frenchified gentleman whose knees formed a semicircle around the skirt of her dress, and whose countenance proved how highly he relished his position But my situation was, if possible, still more awkward In my struggle to gain the desired seats, I had inadvertently stepped on and through the delicate fabric of the dress of a lady who was sitting near the entrance I pressed in however unconscious that a portion of the gauze adhered to the heel of my boot, and I did not learn the full extent of my misfortune until I had proceeded as far as possible, when I discovered that, comet like, I had left a train behind me, which was spread out on the laps of those whom I had passed I could not look Alice in the face — My face burnt and my ears tingled as I heard the titter that went round One man—I feel now as though I could annihilate that man—shouted, "Throw him over" They didn't throw me over, though At this stage of proceedings the usher crowded his way towards us, and demanded an explanation I displayed my ticket, and the usher told the broad shouldered gentleman that he must relinquish his seat. He was stubborn, and talked loud. The people in the parquette arose and threw their bouquets at us.—Every opera glass in the house was soon brought to bear upon us The people cheered the man in the seat He said he would whip any man that dared to contest his right to it I then turned pale, called an officer, and in a short time the man was bundled out of his seat I shall never forget the look he gave me as he passed out Well, we took possession of our seats and settled ourselves down comfortably — I don't know how it is, I never enjoy an opera, neither does Alice, so we spent the time as agreeably as possible in chatting and admiring the gayly dressed audience But we couldn't do even that in peace, for every now and then, a gruff gentleman who was seated behind me, would stoop forward and whisper, "Young man, stop that noise, I can't hear the music" I'd like to know what right he had to tell me to stop talking But the more he told me not to talk, the more I talked until I had the satisfaction of seeing him leave his seat and take a standee in the parquette"

Our young friend here abruptly concludes his account of his adventures at the theatre; and, I doubt not, my readers rejoice at his discreation I am somewhat tempted to copy from his diary of February 14th, but I forbear Suffice it to say: he sent twenty nine sentimental and sixty four comic valentines, to as many young ladies. Of these valentines four were *original*, that is to say he had them written especially for himself, at an enormous expense.

Maria Gilbert, who died suddenly at Brooklyn, N Y., on Monday night, had a presentment of the event, and said to her sisters, as she retired to her room," "I am going to see mother" Her sisters laughed at her, their mother having been dead some years. At about three o'clock in the moring, however, hearing a groan, they went into their sister's room and found her breathing her last.

The correspondent of the New York *Times* relates an anecdote of an ambitious Englishman in Florence, who bought the title of Baron, for sixty dollars, at Fiesola, and now rejoices in the privilege of attending the Grand Duke's balls, which are only open to noble blood!

A Capital Hit.

The following letter, purporting to come from the Know Nothing candidate for Governor of New Hampshire, is a capital hit. Mr. Metcalfe, whose letter of acceptance is thus so unmercifully burlesqued, was, until he received the Know Nothing nomination, in full communion with the Democratic party; and what is more, was peculiarly hostile to, and abusive of the "American" organization. He had held office all his life by the sufferage of the Democratic party, and if there is an "old fogy" in the Granite State, he is one; but Know Nothingism wanted a candidate, and it found *him;* whereupon some wag perpetrated the following It is good:

Rufus Metcalfe's Letter of Acceptance of the Know Nothing Nomination for Governor of New Hampshire

NEWPORT, N. H., Feb 6, 1855.

Gentlemen of the Committee, &c:—I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your communication informing me that I have received the nomination of the American party as a candidate for Governor of New Hampshire, at next election I accept the nomination

With respect to my eligibility to that distinguished office, you are the best judges. It would be much more becoming in me to deny the wisdom of your selection, than to decline the compliance with your wish, to state, generally, for the information of the councils of the American brotherhood, the grounds on which that preference must securely rest.

1st *My experience in office* is one very excellent security why I could fill that of Governor *with honor and profit to myself* Having held almost every other situation in the State and county, my training has been such, I flatter myself, as to specially qualify me for the gubernatorial dignity

2d *My ambition* is another reason why I should accept your proffered candidacy Having now arrived at the stage of life when senility flourishes in its greatest perfection, I am much more *plastic in my nature, and more easily moulded to* the schemes and tricks of the designing, to all of which I will yield ready compliance—condition, however, that I am made Governor My heart yearns for the position My conscience says, "secure it"

3d *My tried devotion to American principles* is a very prominent one among the reasons you have had for nominating me; I know that much although you neither say so, nor even infer a hint as to that fact. I have been a member of our Holy and Secret Order for at least three weeks, (that is to say, from the very moment I passed the years of discretion,) and am ready to drink any quantity of champagne, (I mean shed the last drop of blood in my veins,) in defence of its principles Long familiarity with their governing features has exhibited to me the Jesuistry of the Democratic party of my dearly beloved Granite State; and, particularly, has engraven on my heart the emphatic sentiment that within the Democratic ranks, the age of old fogy influence has passed away, and second childhood is no longer a gubernatorial qualification

4th *Christian longanimous peculiarly fits me* —you will readily perceive—for the station I design me to ultimately assume I have called Edmund Burke a demon—I villian, and I believed the statement when I made it I have done so in conversation and in writing, within a very few weeks, but now, gentlemen, *I retract him*—and I hereby solemnly declare that he is not exactly such a villian politically, as I called him He is my dearest friend, and will be so until I die, provided he lives so long, and I am elected Governor Otherwise, and until the proper time comes, I will withhold my sentiments as to the exact amount of political villainy Mr Burke may be justly and uncontroverttibly charged with M reover, have I not forgiven my master traducers, Tappan, of Bradford, and Crogin, of Lebanon, who in the most inveterately mean manner describable induced the Democratic party to rob me—me, one of its then ornaments (as I yet may desire to be) of my just earned, trebly enormous, charge for assisting in codifying the pamphlet laws of New Hampshire When you consider, gentlemen, that a man who labors to reduce my purse makes me forever afterwards his most deadly and implacable enemy, you will admit that my skill in forgiving is only squalled by the soundness (and the present necessity) of such an act of policy I revere the talents of both the gentlemen named. Both are good temperance men, and equally fond of a glass of brandy with myself—and Heaven knows I am no Maine Law Saint! I assure you it yields me unfeigned pleasure to learn from your letter that the Rev. Mr. Jackson and the temperance men of the State fully approve my past conduct as a disciple of total abstinence; and that they thoroughly agree with me in the policy of favoring the Maine law and opposing its execution Glancing at all the above circumstances and blendings of heretofore dissociated brotherly feeling; I will recommend in my first address an alteration in the Constitution of the State, so that the section which provides that "Misery hath strange bed-fellows" shall read—"ambition hath singularly vagrant associations during nocturnal hours." D'ye see the point?

5th Concerning *niggars*, which is a dark subject, I have to say that I cordially join you in making that kind of agitation useful for present purpose. You may tell the Free Soil members of the order that it will be my earnest endeavor to emancipate every boot black of the State from slavery of toiling for a living, and recommend a State tax in order to support them and their harems, as missionaries within the State, for the propagation of American sentiments, and the practical illustration of good morals. You may insinuate to Fogg, of the *Independent Democrat*, that a commissionorship in connection with this reformatory process may be demanded, and his mutton may be secure in the same connection — Should that not suit, hint at an inspector of "Wool," as his proclivities (it is universally known) are "sheepish" Let the Scott Whigs know that I am up to the hub a Free Soil Whig of the General's stamp, all but the "rich brogue" and the glorious "German accent." Inform the Webster Whigs that I am for States rights to death; and to all of them say that, so long as the breath of life animates my body, no Pope shall reign in New Hampshire.

Regarding State policy; I am in favor of my election to the gubernatorial chair, and to the extinction of Nat Baker. I am in favor of moving the capital to Manchester, or Portsmouth, or Exeter, or Lancaster, or Conway, or Tamworth I believe in the glorious doctrine of putting down Butterfield, of the *Patriot*, and making the Portsmouth *Chronicle* the State organ. Its conduct and principles are the most Know Nothing of anything I can think of. I agree to make every effort to secure the office of Secretary of State for Abbott, of the Manchester *American*, and to constitute John P. Hale and my beloved friend and former implacable foe, Edmund Burke, Senators in Congress—on condition, however, that I do nothing either way until I assume the gubernatorial chair. Whatever other prostitution of my official situation you may deem it best to promise in my behalf, do so. With assurances of my elevated consideration, I am, gentlemen,

Your expectant and fidgety servant, and devoted fellow-labore secresy, at present and hereafter,
(provided I am elected,)
R. METCALFE.

For the Erie Observer.

THE RISING MOON.

BY J W DUGGAN

The rising moon, serene and bright,
Ascends o'er yonder snow crowned hill,
And sheds a soft and silvery light
Illuming river, lake and rill

The night belated traveler gives
With heart felt joy, the welcome gleam
Shoot thro' the gloomy forest trees,
And silver o'er the frozen stream

Adown the vale on either side,
Dark, gost like shadows slanting lean
Or seem with every blast to writhe
Like giant thorns convulsed with pain.

The outspread lake never looked so bright
Through all the summer's golden glow
As now it does, when Luna's light,
Plays softly on its breast of snow

All o'er the vast expansive view
One sheet of mellow light is spread,
And glistens bright as summer dew
At sunrise on the flow'ry mead.

So, when the light of truth pervade
O'er doubt and error's darksome way,
The mind illumed throws off the vail
Which erst had clouded reason's ray.

THE CONCERT SINGER.

BY MRS MARY A DENISON.

"And what next—utter ruin'

"I fear so," said Manuel, mournfully, never lifting his dreamy eyes from the flickering fire.

"This fine room, I suppose, is one of her—"

"Yes, one of her suites," replied the other, rapidly, glancing toward the rich hangings, the massive furniture, and crushing the toe of his boot carelessly into the buds and flowers that lifted their light and beautiful forms from the groundwork of rich blue in the carpet

"Yes," he said again, "here come the lofty and proud, to do homage to her charms No longer the sweet village beauty, but the worshiped singer, men pour their adulation, coined in glittering words, into her heart And she drinks it all down—oh! more than I would have ever believed—she feeds on praise She has lost that lovely simplicity, once the crown of her beauty, and goes now decked in gauds and jewels Everet Leslie, the handsomest, yet most unscrupulous villain in all Christendom, seems her favorite attendant I myself can scarcely keep her from the pollution of his honeyed words when I am present"

"Manuel Hayden—this is terrible news to me," replied the other, leaning over and clasping his hands with a kind of spasmodic action, and then working them rapidly together A red, burning spot flushed upon his manly cheek —his eyes looked strained and hard—his brow contracted, and as if unable to repress his feelings, he started from his seat and hurried to the window

"Manuel Hayden" he had turned again, and now stood opposite to his friend, and his voice, though stern, was rich with its tones exquisitely modulated—"why did you surmise from her quiet home? Why teach her, a timid, lovely girl, to hear unrivalled adulation, homage, worship? She was happy there, with her music, her flowers, her simple task—she is fitted for a world," he added, walking rapidly—"oh! we [illegible] our own—my betrothed, I wanted to be in innocence How can I [illegible] Manuel Hayden—how did you dare to take her from me, and plunge her into this vortex of sin, from which you, her only brother, you say, cannot save her? O' my God!"

Despair and bitter woe, his tones—his anguish and [illegible] and terrible. It was painted on his massive forehead—it shone from his burning eyes, and writhed in the quivering and bloodless lips

"I pray you from my heart, Chester, but you know others beside me; I warned you not to have her," said Manuel, calmly, "and, rather than blame, I feel I should have praise, encouragement I saw, from the first, how it would be, but I had not the influence of a lover The rich, the fashionable, even the dissolute, came to our little cottage in crowds to listen to her rare voice She was young—only fifteen—only a child in years, remember, though a woman in form Her brain was turned—no mother with soft hand and gentle entreaty to hold her back, and beauty, fashion, adoration, almost tempting her to the crowded city—the prospect of unbounded wealth, the natural love of admiration, of power—think of all these, and then wonder, if you can, how one so surpassingly lovely could resist them united attractions

"If I had been there!" murmured the scholar, bowing his head upon his hands

"You may well say that, Chester Wallace — You may well say that. You, and you only, had sway over her imperious will. Now she had been your wife, and I, married to Helen — For don't you see, I have foregone my own happiness, foregone the quiet I have, the domestic bliss I expect, and followed her from state to state, as her manager. With a brother's right, I can, in some measure, protect her against the openly wicked; but when vice puts on the robe of virtue, and with sedating smiles; under the garb of devotion, pays court to the reigning idol, I am powerless; I can only warn and entreat — And it seems to me that late she is losing her heart I cannot awaken it by the memories of old, as I could once, she has grown to love homage better than every earthly friend Hark! that is she—nay, don't go," he added, as Chester, with a ghastly face sprang to his feet—"she never comes in here, besides I hear the voice of Signor Montalvo—oh! I could crush that man He is her teacher—instructor—has she not a glorious voice?"

Chester did not answer His teeth seemed set, and shone white beneath his parted lips; his chest, his shoulders lifted with convulsive rapidity; but the glassy wildness of his eyes melted almost to tears, as a little air of the deepest pathos rang clear and silvery through the spacious rooms.

"Look, look for yourself," said Manuel, rising and thrusting slightly aside the folds of gorgeous damask that concealed a window in the partition; "look! she has not yet lost that innocent expression that made her face so beaming. God help her when she does."

For a moment Chester stood aloof, but as pearl after pearl of "heaven's song" fell from her lips, he moved reluctantly to the window, and gazed in.

It was winter time and the carpet in that richly furnished parlor was radiant with coloring. The Parian vase and snowy statuettes glistened in the faint ray of the morning sun that came through drains of elaborate lacework, looped with satin The furniture of rich wood, lightly and gracefully bossed with clusters or glowing fruit, shone for a moment only on Chester's heavy eye. Directly opposite, though at the farthest end of the long room, sat Ellena Hayden. She had ceased singing, and her small white jeweled hand rested on the embellished frontispiece of a song, and her beautiful eyes upturned, met the fixed glance of her Italian teacher. She was most regally attired, with rich pearl ornaments hanging against her neck of snow, and other full dazzling arms, bracelets of pearl rimmed heavily with gold.—Her cheek was flushed, her hair, in thick, short curls, hung negligently bewitching over the wide white brow, and hung caressingly to shoulders of classic outline. She had carelessly thrown her bonnet and mantle of lace upon a statue of alabaster, whose cunning modeling peeped from under the glossy fabric.

Chester watched, now with miserly glance, now with eyes fixed and glaring with passion — His frame trembled as he noted how, when she began to sing, Signor Montalvo bowed his head, perhaps to catch the music, but the golden threads of her hair rested against his cheek, and his arm half encircled her, placed as it was on the back of a seat that stood invitingly near the fair singer.

Again he turned away; his soul grew sick, for he saw in the dark and bold beauty of the signor's face, an expression he could not but understand. He saw him bend still lower and whisper; and he grew deadly faint, but looked once again, he breathed more freely Ellena had risen from her seat, and now her eyes were flashing, her right arm outstretched, while the shameless signor with haughty bow, but a cheek that betrayed his confusion, was hastily leaving the room.

"God in heaven! she must be saved!" exclaimed Chester, almost savagely, "she *must* be saved!" I *could not* tear her from my heart even if —if—" he shuddered.

Manuel hastily exclaimed,

"She is pure yet, and spotless as when you first beheld her, Chester Wallace; but danger threatens her on every hand; yet she will not resign her sceptre. Look! here are engagements for a twelvemonth to come, and her admirers follow her wherever she goes They are wealthy—they dazzle her—and I fear—I dare not say what."

"I will save her," said Chester He looked up, there were tears in his eyes Manuel felt deeply for him He knew that naught but the strongest emotion would cause such a man to weep; but he glanced uneasily at the carless clothing of his friend—at his unshorn board

Chester interpreted his manner, and half smiled at he replied—"I understand you—I cannot compare with those betrinketed, beplumed fellows, who wear long hair and mustaches—but —I am not altogether beneath them, I hope, at least in personal appearance."

"No indeed, Chester, you know I meant *not* that, but I know how heartily you dispise fashion and the etiquette of polite society—no, believe me, Chester Wallace," and he held forth his hand, "there are few men with faces such as yours—fewer still with your rare attainments Alas! that Ellena should be so dazzled with mere outside splendor"

"But I shall now take lessons," exclaimed Chester abruptly, "and of you For years I have been so swallowed up in literature that I have cared nothing for myself You say I am altered, still you are pleased to add for the better Well, I believe I can stand erect with the best of them," and he straightened his princely form. "All I want is finer broadcloth, and a model tailor I will even condescend to vie with these exquisites, only I will take a different course I will be the dumb suitor for her smile; I think she will not recognize the awkward scholar under the garb of fashion I will stand aloof and worship. She shall ask questions and I will be silent. So perhaps I may win her back Meantime I shall study attitudes, and [illegible] be my lesson will be worth learning—[illegible] if I can but win her from this perilous brink upon which she stands."

"God bless you, Chester, I feared you would cast her from you With your delicacy of perceptions of woman's delicacy, I thought you would despise her"

"Nay, I love too well for that," murmured the other in fervent tones, but subdued.

It was the depth of winter. The frost king rode triumphant through the city streets in icy chariots lined with ermine. Beggary and beauty alike bowed to his chaste salute, only the former shrieked as his kiss curdled her blood, and the latter laughed as drew closer her rich furs, "ha! never mind, there's warm welcome, and bright fire awaiting me at home"

Among the many equipages that lined the pave before a well-lighted edifice, stood one more princely in equipment than all the rest, and the closely hooded figure that sprang lightly down, and, resting on an arm of a gentleman, hurried from the myried eyes that sought to catch a glimpse of her face, entered by a side door, while the crowd pressed up the principal staircase.

"How do I look to-night, Manuel, think you?" cried the haughty singer, stepping a pace or two from the grand mirror. "Now don't go telling me like the rest, how gloriously divine I am, and all that nonsense. Seriously, I have not been well to-day, and I fear my eyes tell of my weariness"

"Your cheeks are bearing their blushes well, nevertheless, dear Ellena," said Manuel, smiling, "and I suppose I may say your eyes are as bright as diamonds, for it is strict truth. That robe of satin is most beautiful, and so severely simple too. Where are your jewels? Upon my word! you have that some bracelet," he exclaimed, throwing off his guard

"What same bracelet? You can know nothing of this, for that dark, silent man, who follows me like a shadow, threw it before me as I sang last night. To be sure, I dardly know why I should wear it," she continued, the blushes mounting to her forehead, "only—only—it is very plain, and very neat—don't you think so?"

"I do indeed," answered Manuel, for he was only too glad to be excused an explanation of his speech. He had seen it before, in Chester's hand, as it came from the jeweler's, and praised its peculiar richness."

"And you really think I look well to-night; I hoped so, for—this glove is very obstinate," she added, bending her brilliant eyes, and nervously pulling the fragile thing—"there! I have torn it; what shall I do?" I am called out—the overture is finished."

"Beutiful!" exclaimed Manuel, taking at the same time a bouquet of rarest flowers from the silver tray borne by a servant "Here, Lena, this will hide the rent, and look artistic besides. Stop. Whose gift is it? This card only bears two initial letters, C. W."

"Give it to me," she said, carelessly, but her cheek burned even more hotly. "I suppose it is from my silent follower—what a mystery he is! But he is handsome and distinguished looking, is he not? He reminds me a very little of Chester Wallace, my poor old beau—only in nothing but initials is he like him—he is very courtly, very elegant. I wonder who he is?"

Shouts and murmurs of delight greeted the entrance of the popular cantatrice. Self-possessed and very winning in her fresh, youthful loveliness, no wonder that she led hearts captive.—Beauty sat, flashing with diamonds, in every part of that vast hall. In the great assemblage there was only one unseated. And he stood, as he had done always, in the extreme end of the building, leaning against one end of the draperied pillars. In vain young belles flirted, and coquetish curiosity peered in his dark, handsome face; he had eyes, ears, thoughts, seemingly, only for the sweet singer. And thus he stood, all wrapped attention; his great lustrous eyes deepening and sparkling again, as the pure sounds floated up—his proud head arched, his exterior faultlessly, almost fastidiously elegant; there he stood, apparently unconscious that he was the cynosure of all the gazing throng around him.

It was easy to see that Chester had followed his intentions to the letter. From the day of his resolve, he had acted upon his fortunate impulse. At every concert, almost every gathering where she was, he was present, too. She could not but read his devotion, and she was flattered Still, as weeks and months passed, and he had not made the most distant attempts at intimacy, she was silent no longer, but her endeavors to unmask him of his obstinate reserve were fruitless. She blushed whenever that eye, so passionately dark, fell, overpoweringly upon her. If she could only hear one little word of praise from his lips, she thought she would be content to pass forever after unnoticed Soon the eloquence of her unprincipled followers grew sickening to her. She had seen more than one of them quail at the flash of his powerful eye.

She loved him

Hopelessly, indeed, but even the more strongly as she felt that her love might not be returned; and this it was that made her step languid and her eye tearful at home. This it was that made her long for the once dear retirement of her peaceful cottage life.

Chester stood entranced; his heart beat high with hope and love, as he saw upon her fair arm the golden circlet—his gift. Suddenly, very noiselessly and hastily, a gentleman stepped forward, while the beautiful singer paused, with ashy cheek, in the midst of her song.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, firmly, "you will please pass out in as orderly manner as possible, the house is on fire; but I assure you," he cried, elevating his voice above the confusion that instantaneously followed, "there will be no danger for some time yet"

But vain his precaution Shrieks and shouts echoed in every part of the concert room, Ellena alone stood pale and calm upon the stage, apparently struck nevertheless with horror; for she, from the more elevated window, saw the hot flames writhe and leap. Many were the hands held out to her assistance, but her tearful eyes saw only the figure of the silent stranger, clearing seats and benches She held her arms toward him, and fell fainting on his bosom Intense love and equal fright had been too much for her, excited as she was, and amid expressions of envy deep but not loud, Chester bore his betrothed away to safety

"I said last night," murmured the stanger, as he sought and obtained audience with the fair musician, "that I would tell you one little episode in my life that stands a beautiful rose of memery, bright fragrant amidst the faded hopes that have for many years gathered in my heart

Many years ago there lived an ardent, impulsive child His home was in a lovely village unblighted by the blessings, the curses of fashionable life His mother was poor, and a rich uncle wanted to take the boy and adopt him as his own The little fellow would not leave his mother, and so the wealthy uncle grudgingly paid for a limited education, and left the boy his wandrings and his fancies

"In that same village lived a beautiful girl, only three years his junior when he was eighteen. They had grown up together The shy boy was never shy with her He worshiped her with nature's ardent affection Vows were exchanged, the bird warbled her last song, the song he taught her, and with tears and protestations on both sides they parted, he for a distant shore to carve out his fortune

"He had been gone nearly three years, and was faithful to his early love, though syrens of beauty and song surrounded him At last he received a letter from his friends, his uncle was dead, and he left the fatherless boy heir to his vast wealth He hurried home, his very heart on fire with new love for his beautiful betrothed A few miles farther and he would press her to his heart. While standing in the saloon of a fashionable hotel, a placard was placed in his hand He eyeballs turned to him as they read—what name do you think? One that the heartless exquisite at his side, coupled with a lisping oath, as he handed it, as! *publicly* boasted of *her patronage* to a man

"She had so sacredly cherished had then become a by-word 'Heaven!' thought he, 'I could have borne the knowledge of her publicity, but what must she be to give these fellows license?'

"He sought her out, and learned that though yet honorable she had forgotten him. He saw her surrounded by dexterous villains, ready to filch her good character from her, and also he saw her smiling upon them, accepting their compliments, their attentions, their gifts He resolved to save her, so he hurried his energies to smooth the rudeness of his exterior, and to entertain the graces For weeks and months he followed her, a silent, frowning, unknown attendant; for weeks—

He paused His cheeks chased rapidly down Ellena's cheeks, and she could scarcely speak for emotion She laid her hand on his arm—and she murmured—"stop, my friend, Chester Wallace!"

"Yes, Ellena he said, winding his arm about her unresisting form, and looking tenderly upon her grief, "I am come to ask you if you yet love me; if you have given up this unsubstantial honor, and come with me—my bride my wife. Ellena, forgive me, and if you cannot love me—"

He made as if he would loosen his hold, but the fair form clung closer to his protecting heart He had won her, for she had loved him deeply, despairingly, and it was overpowering happiness thus to be won by one like him.

Ellena only sang once more in public. Now she is alike the pride and trust of her husband's heart, in the gay scenes of the city, or the retirement of their country home. Still a matchless vocalist, she charms all who come within her circle, by the melody of her voice, and her gentle grace and beauty.

A SINGULAR INCIDENT —The following incident, from the Knickerbocker for December, says a Pittsburgh correspondent, can be relied upon:—"A lady of this city mourns a husband, lost on the ill-fated Arctic Some time before the news of the disaster, and about the time she expected his return, (indeed she had received notice that he would probably arrive on the very day the circumstance occurred which I am about to relate,) while she was sitting in her room, alone, a friend called, and found her in a state of extreme agitation. Upon inquiring the cause she stated that, just a moment before, while she was sitting, thinking of her husband, perfectly conscious of all around her, the door opened and he appeared before her, with hat and coat off, bending over slightly towards the floor, as he walked towards her, while the water streamed down his shoulders and arms. Just as she was about to question him, he left the room, and a moment after the person alluded to above came in. The visiter rallied her upon her fears, and succeeded in partially quieting her mind. The incident was related to the writer a day or two afterwards, but had been partially forgotten, until the dreadful tidings brought it fearfully vivid to my mind. Alas! for that poor widow!"

A young gentleman at a ball, in whiskering about the room, ran his head against a young lady. He began to apologise. "Not a word, sir," cried she, "it is not hard enough to hurt anybody!"

"Not a Drap More, 'tho' it's Sweetened!"

"*Not a drop more 'tho' it's sweetened,*" is a household phrase in a part of Georgia and Alabama A man declines, with it, to renew a game at cards at which he has been unsuccessful; a rustic expresses, by this elegant paripharsis, his determination to drop the acquaintance of some cruel beauty; the little politican vows, in these terms, to abstain in future from some particular course, which has proven unprofitable; and so on through a thousand phases and cases of commonplace life, it answers its purposes of a playful but decided negation or declension for the party using it In fact, it is rather a liberal rendering of the Shakspearean "*No more of that, Hal, and thou forest me,*" though used mostly by those who never read Shakspeare

We believe that our friend, Col. K. L. Harrison, formerly of Georgia, is entitled to the credit of the story out of which grew the expression. He tells it about thus:

Twenty years ago, it was the custom in North western Georgia, as indeed it was throughout the South west, for dry goods dealers to keep a barrel of "sperrits" in the back room, and to "treat" liberal customers to a glass whenever desired.—Fillens & Dowbery were such dealers in one of the small towns of the region indicated; and they had for a customer a clever, frollicking old fellow, named Joe Denny, who drank whiskey in preference to water, always, and whose wife was "flesh of his flesh," in that particular. The old couple would come to town, trade quite freely, and quite as freely imbibe the spirits in the back room of the dealers we have named

On one occasion, both the old man and old woman continued their potations inord