ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

JOHN A. MOORE, PUBLISHERS. | $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. | B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

VOLUME 29. | ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 2, 1858. | NUMBER 21.

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY B. SLOAN AND M. M. MOORE, OFFICE OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

B. SLOAN, Editor.

TERMS, ETC. ... TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. A. DAVENPORT, ... Store.

WM. A. GALBRAITH, ... 8th street.

T. S. SINCLAIR, ...

W. A. BOOTH, AGENT ...

MILLER & HENRY ...

WILLIAM S. LANE ...

BRIGDEN & HUTCHINSON, ...

W. K. MAGILL, ...

C. B. WRIGHT, & CO., ...

J. C. SELDEN, ...

ROGERS & BENNETT, ...

M'CONKEY & SHANNON, ...

JAMES SYFE ...

JOSEPH S. CLARK, ...

M. SANFORD & CO. ...

JAMES CROOK & CO., ...

T. HERRON STUART ...

MINNIG & HANNAGAN, ...

STARR & PAYNE, ...

WILLIAM H. LUCE, ...

GEORGE J. MORTON, ...

JOSEPH McCARTER, ...

R. N. FULLERTON, ...

JACOB H. FRANK, ...

EMPIRE STORE, ...

BUFFALO CLOTHING STORE, ...

WILLIAM THORNTON, ...

J. F. DOWNING, ...

W. H. RUSHMORE, ...

FIDELAS HAYES & CO. ...

GEORGE H. CUTLER, ...

JOHN SWEENY, ...

JOHN HEARN & CO., ...

CUDDEY & CLARK, ...

JOHN W. AYRES, ...

JAMES C. MARSHALL, ...

N. R. CHURCHILL, ...

J. C. BARR & CO., ...

PARK HALL, ...

OLDS & LOW, ...

M. L. Low.

JOSEPH R. FERGUSON, ...

DENTISTRY.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT, ...

JARECKI BROTHERS, ...

GRAY & FARRAR, ...

F. F. FARRAR.

JOSEPH EICHENLAUB JR., ...

LIBBEY, HEDGEKEY, & Co., ...

MORNING BELLS.

BY MATTIE HEATH, OF KENTUCKY.

Chime out your peals,
Sweet memory bells,
Upon the lease of long ago,
With pleasure blossoms all aglow—
Up through the past-land with its sheen
Of beauty, and of joy serene—
And through the aisles with shadows dim,
Let swift your solemn memory hymn.

Chime out your peals,
Sweet memory bells,
For days of childhood fled away—
Far frolics on the new mown hay—
For bubbling laughter full of glee—
For all the young heart's jubilee,
When, like the bee, from bud and flower,
We draw life's sweets from every hour.

Toll out your peals,
And memory bells
For opening graves and dripping tears
The loved and lost of other years—
The voices still of forever more,
Upon the fading mortal shore—
The folded hands and quiet breast,
That wait the everlasting rest.

Sob out your peals,
Wild memory bells,
For cherished dreams of bliss below,
Now scattered o'er a sea of woe,
For buried hopes and sad farewells,
Toll out your wild moaning knells
For hidden griefs, toll slow and deep,
While hearts in silence droop to weep.

Toll on ye bells,
Sweet memory bells,
With solemn voices, soft and low,
Thus floating up from long ago
The memory bells will ever toll,
Within the chaplets of the soul,
And sweetly chime, or sadly moan,
With joy or grief to undertone.

THE VOLUNTEER.

BY WILLIAM HENRY HERBERT

It was a bright and pleasant evening in the latter part of October, although the air was somewhat keen and frosty, now that the autumnal sun had lost its mid day power.

The woods were already clad in their gayest and most gorgeous hues, though the willows, by the side of the clear Schuylkill, retained their bright summer verdure while the red cedars, higher up the sloping fields, showed like pyramids of unchanged greenery.

About a mile above the dam, which supplies the Fairmount works with water from the beautiful river, there stands a neat though humble cottage with a small porch in front, a large weeping willow at the eastern end, and a pretty garden full of late flowering phloxes, chrysanthemums, and china asters, descending to the margin of the clear current, in a succession of terraces.

The setting sun was shining brilliantly on the casements of this humble dwelling, and giving it a certain aspect of quiet and chastened cheerfulness which was not perhaps at variance with the character and temper of its dwellers.

About a small round table, not so far removed from the window, but that all the gay lights and merry sounds, which passed along the road without, might be seen and heard by those sitting at it, was assembled a happy group, though in their happiness there was nothing that savored of loud mirth or boisterous glee.

That group consisted of three persons:—the principal of whom was a delicate, gentle looking woman, who must once have been extremely pretty, at about thirty years. Time had, however, as it sometimes has wont, dealt gently with the gentle, reserving his harder and more cruel blows for harder and more enduring natures; and proportioning the violence of his assaults, with the exhibition of his pitiless powers, to the amount of resistance opposed to him.

The fair, pale brow was all undinkled; the light brown hair unmarked by a single line of silver; the clear, blue eye undimmed by the lapse of years; and the soft smile, though chastened, unchanged.

Something indeed there was that told, or seemed to tell, of hardships undergone, and sorrows past, never perhaps to pass away, though fortitude and the sense of duty had hindered the sufferer from giving away beneath their burthen.

She was simply, though plainly dressed, and while employed busily on some expensive article of female apparel, she talked joyously and hopefully to the two children, who composed the group around the table.

One of these, a tall, slender girl, of perhaps seven years old, bore so strong a resemblance to the young looking, slender mother, whom she nearly equalled in height, that it would not be difficult for a stranger to mistake the two for an elder and younger sister, rather than for closer and more intimate relations. The girl, like her mother, was busy with her needle; but the work on which she was employed, though fine, and requiring neat and delicate fingers, was less costly than that on which her parent was engaged.

It was evident at a glance, that those two small shining instruments of steel, wielded by those slender white fingers, were the bread winners of the household. And fortunate, indeed, did Mary Arkwright deem herself when she saw so many of her sex, toiling from peep of day till midnight with the needle, and be scarce able to provide the merest necessaries of life for themselves alone, that she, through a degree of skill, which she had acquired in younger and happier days, and which she had imparted in a degree to her eldest daughter, could maintain not only herself but her little family, in decency and comfort.

And, in truth, there was something more than mere comfort in the aspect of the small room, with its white, lately scoured floor, covered in the centre by a patch of carpet; which, if it were of that humble kind woven of rags, was gay, and warm, and soft under the foot. The bright, brazen andirons, on the cleanly swept hearth, supported a blazing brand or two, which the coolness of the autumnal evening rendered grateful. A clean copper tea kettle, as bright as gold, hung singing, and snorting from its nose long jets of steam, from the crane above the fire. And on the mantle piece a range of candlesticks and little culinary implements of the same material all bore witness to the tidiness of the gentle housewife. There was a bureau of mahogany, with a few book shelves above it, spread with a clean, white fringed cover, on which stood a work box, and a prettily inlaid tea chest, with a China vase full of artificial flowers.

There was a large mahogany tea table, with the tea things arranged ready for use, the bright Britannia metal tea pot glittering like silver, the pretty China cups and saucers, the large brown loaf and rich yellow butter, not merely neatly, but tastefully prepared, so that they might have tempted even the pampered appetite of the luxurious rich man.

A few good engravings on the walls, in plain frames of black walnut, a rocking chair covered with crimson plush, and a rose wood work table, so much resembled the relics of better days, that, when taken in combination with the quiet gentility and modest refinement of the mistress of the house, they led to the irresistable conclusion that she who possessed such tastes must at one time have held a higher station in this fleeting transitory scene than that which falls to the lot of the needle woman.

The third person of the party was a fine, manly boy, about two years younger than his sister, who sat at the same table with the workers, poring in silence over a volume, which lay open before him, and which—*for we may peep over his shoulder without offence, and examine his studies as he reads*—was no other than the History of Rome.

There was yet a fourth inmate of the room, in the shape of a little curly headed, blue eyed fairy, not more than four years old, who had been for some time playing on the hearth with a pet cat and two or three kittens, which were basking and purring in the warmth of the cheerful blaze; but who now, tired of her dumb playfellows, rose from the floor and toddled away to a large chair, standing in the recess of one of the windows.—Into this she had climbered unobserved, and stood gazing out into the street at the passing carriages and equestrians, with large round eyes of wonder.

In the meantime, the boy, who had turned many pages since we have been employed in the description of the picture, looked suddenly up from the chapter, which had apparently so deeply interested him, and fixing his earnest eyes on his mother's tranquil face, said eagerly—

"Mother, what a great man that Hannibal, the Carthagenian, was."

"Was he, my dear?" said the mother, quietly. "A great warrior, I knew he was. But I tho't he was cruel, and treacherous, and a breaker of his word. It is a long time, however, since I read about him, Charles, and I know, that in history, as in all other things, there have been many new discoveries, and many great improvements of late. Am I wrong, then, about your hero? or do you think that to be a great warrior, is to be a great man, without other virtues?"

"No, mother, I do not think that, I am sure. For I suppose that to be really a great man, he should be a very good one. Yet the world does not always seem so to judge us either—for Napoleon was not, I think, a very good man."

"No, indeed, was he not," replied the mother, with a half sigh; "but the splendor of his wonderful genius has dazzled the eyes of his admirers, so that they cannot mark his defects any more than you can discern the spots in the sun. But tell me, was your Hannibal a better man than Napoleon, Charles?"

"I think so, mother," answered the boy, quickly "*My* Hannibal, as you call him, seems to have no passion but true love to his country—Napoleon had, I think, none but love for himself. Yet, surely, it is a very fine and glorious thing to be a mighty warrior."

"A very perilous and very awful thing, Charles. I trust you have no desire to become one?"

"Not such as the Duke of Wellington, mother, or greater yet, as our own immortal Washington."

"You have named two good examples, my son," said the gentle mother, smiling, "for I think that both of these great men—the former of whom is not, by the by, a great favorite—have one great point in common, that both were actuated by a common motive—a strong, stern sense of duty. Both fought not to conquer other countries, but to defend their own; both, after vanquishing all foes opposed to them, returned willingly to the rank of common citizens, when both might, perchance have been kings; and both remained content with legitimate rewards—this with his sovereign's, that with his people's approbation—and both with the love of their native country. There is a distinction between them, however, and that distinction, I am glad to say, is in the favor of our hero; that while Wellington fought with the certainty of reward and glory if victorious, our Washington threw by the hope of either, with the certainty of infamy and base death, if vanquished. But to answer your question, I would say *no!* not even such a warrior as Washington."

"And why not, mother?"

"Did you ever hear, Charles, what one of your favorites, Wellington, said, after one of his greatest victories—"that the saddest thing on earth except a battle lost, was a battle won?" Did you ever reflect that every battle won must be a battle lost, likewise? Did you ever consider how many innocent and happy men must die, that one may live to become a great warrior?"

"But they die nobly, and their deaths are glorious, mother."

"So say the newspapers, my boy. But what think you the wretched widows, and the miserable orphans say? Do you believe they feel this nobleness, or are consoled by this barren glory?"

"I do think so, mother—yes, I ko think so," cried the enthusiastic boy. "I do think you had rather see me—yes, even you, who hate so much—dead, fighting manly in a good cause, with all my countrymen praising and glorying in me, than have me alive, a poor, worthless, drunken vaga—."

"Hush! Charles, dear—oh, hush!" whispered his sister, imploringly.

The boy flushed fire red, and dropped his eyes in silence to the page he had been reading.

But Mary Arkwright made a great effort, and forced down a convulsive rising of her throat, and strove to answer calmly.

"But is not—is not putting the—the quest—"

But she could not command herself, but dropped her work, and burying her face in her hands burst into a bitter fit of weeping.

Truly, indeed, had Charles spoken when he said that she hated war—and of truth, good cause she had to hate it—had she not, gentle reader?

Her father had bore arms through the struggle with the mother country in the earlier part of this country, had distinguished himself on the Canada frontier under a gallant soldier who was then thundering at the gates of Mexico. In that struggle he had lost an arm and gained the commission of a captain.

Years of peace followed; the army was not popular; its services were no longer needed; and—and—Republics are not grateful. Years of peace followed, and at the end of these the sad inglorious, toilsome, bloody war of Florida.

This left the father of our heroine minus another limb, and with a broken constitution, at length a Major.

The next year the Major died, leaving a widow unprovided for, and Mary, his daughter, a full, graceful girl, well educated, and brought up to all the elegancies and refinements of a lady.

Another year saw Mary doubly orphaned, but poetly consoled, if not reconciled to her second loss, by being the newly wedded bride of Charles Arkwright, handsome, upright, well-bred, and if not rich, at least possessed of a competence, and engaged in a business which gave him every prospect of success and ultimate wealth.

For a space nothing could be happier than the young couple: but success came not, nor wealth either, in proportion to the industry and exertion.

Weary effort to support an increasing family—weary effort, waxing every day weaker and more weary, ensued—till anxiety became hopelessness, and hopelessness despair; then of despair at home came love of society abroad—and that begot loose habits—and of these drunkenness was born.

Nine years had passed, and, with a wife at home, and four as lovely children as ever called a man "father," Charles Arkwright was a miserable, broken wretch, a lost, habitual drunkard living on the wages of his unhappy wife's labor, and wasting them in rioting.

The war with Mexico broke out, and between recklessness and hope, Charles Arkwright volunteered in the first levies, and went forth from his home, and had been no more heard of, at the time this, my little sketch, commences.

In the meantime, thrown on her own resources altogether, and relieved from the incubus and the disgrace of a lost, degraded husband, Mary Arkwright had striven, like an honest, true-hearted, upright woman, and success had this time crowned her efforts.

Her humble home was blessed with contentment; her humble board spread with modest plenty. Her children were well clad, well-fed well educated.

Verily! a virtuous woman is a pearl of great price.

Happy she was not—how could she be so?—When she knew not where, or how situated was the lost husband of her bosom—living or dead, reclaimed or reprobate—no tidings, since he departed, had been heard of the wanderer.

Suddenly, while her head was buried in her hands, the little one at the window set up a shrill, quick cry—

"Ma, sissy, ma! come and see poor old man—poor old man with only one hand!"

The elder daughter and the boy started to their feet, they scarce know wherefore; but the mother, shaken by what had passed, sat motionless, in tears, not comprehending what was said.

The children reached the window—and there, gazing sorrowfully, wistfully, into the face of the babe, stood just without the garden, a wretched, wan, tattered, one-armed man—scarcely could he be called man, so bearded and emaciated, war worn, and travel-worn, and weary.

The elder girl knew him on the instant, and he knew her.

There was a sharp cry, and a burst of tears.

"Father! Mother dear, it is father! father!"

She started wildly from her place, rushed to the window, to the door—it was he!

But even when he saw her, he stood aloof, with downcast eyes—abashed—daring not to meet her gaze—afraid to enter his own house.

"Charles!—Charles!—you have come back to me—my own, own Charles!" Her arms were about his neck, her kisses on his lips.

"Can you forgive me, Mary?"

"Forgive you Charles! God be praised that I see you once again."

"And, if a poor man, still an altered man, Mary. A sadder, wiser, better, man!"

"Come in—come in, Charles! Annie, Charlie, this is father. See father, you would not have known baby."

More words are needless. The volunteer had returned home a veteran. Battles, marches, fatigue, and hospital—Mexican lance and sabre, burning sands and scanty rations, and above all, the dread fiend, *Yellow Jack* all endured, all forgotten.

Thenceforth all went well with that humble home, and Mary hated the war less, that it had, if naught else, reclaimed her Volunteer.

NEW ENGLAND HEATHEN.—The following statement is made in a report on Home Missions recently submitted to the Massachusetts General Association:—

"From reliable statistics, it appears that in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts not more than one quarter of the whole population are in the habit of attending church! There are one million, three hundred thousand people in New England, who so far as attending church is concerned, are, practically, like the heathen. There are twenty-six towns to this State which have no evangelical preaching."

The New York *Observer* remarks, that if the above statements are correct, they ought to produce a more startling effect than an earthquake; but it is inclined to think that there must be a mistake in the matter. After some pertinent remarks on the subject; the *Observer* concludes by saying:—

"It occurs to us to suggest, though it may not be well received, that with such a reproof as this before the churches of Massachusetts, it is far more important to consider the destitute and suffering condition of these perishing hundreds of thousands at their own door, than to be mordinately disturbed by the neglect of the American Tract Society to publish on the subject of slavery. The "heathens" at our own doors are the subjects of our first concern and if we provide not for our own we are worse than infidels."

A CHICAGO TRANSACTION.—Illustrative of a Chicago life, we can vouch for the following as true in every particular. A produce operator from Watertown, N. Y., watching the signs of the times, and arguing that when wheat was down to 60 cents, and corn 36 to 40 cents in Chicago, they could not get much lower, went to the grain city and invested his pile, some $30,000, all in "stubtail" corn. The corn is last year's Illinois growth, and is called "stubtail" because about one third of it is rotten, fit for nothing but to make *rot-gut* whisky. He bought it at a very low figure and had it all put into one pile in a large warehouse where it was to wait a "rise"—several days elapsed and there was no inquiry for "stub tail." H. played billiards, rode around the city and occasionally took a "nipper" by way of keeping his courage up. At length he was informed that his corn was heating. He examined the pile and found it "hot as Hades." Supposing it was all up with him, he went off on a "bender" and for thirty days he did not know stubtail from No. 1 corn. At length he blowed out, cooled off, and upon examining his corn again found that it had cooled off also, without damaging it a whit. He opened his eyes to the market report and found his corn had so risen in price that he found no difficulty in selling it at a good round profit of eleven thousand eight hundred dollars. Had he remained sober he probably would have sold it at a sacrifice. So much for a Chicago spec. No wonder with such luck that the operators in that fast town should occasionally imbibe.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

"WE HAVE PIPED UNTO YOU AND YE HAVE NOT DANCED.—The Leavenworth (Kansas) correspondent of the Cincinnati Times closes a letter of September 8th by saying.

"A paper is now in circulation for the signatures of all who are opposed to applying for the admission of Kansas during the next five years. I have not heard of a single individual who has objected to signing the paper. It is the intention to hold a meeting and devise a plan by which the desire of the people may be expressed upon this question. From present appearances there are not a thousand people in the Territory in favor of applying for admission during the next Congress, at least."

That is distressing news for the colored opposition. What will they do if the people of Kansas will not dance when they fiddle so earnestly? Can't somebody do something to stir up Kansas? Forney and Greeley are freezing for some "aid comfort" from that quarter.—*Exq.*

HE DRINKS.—How ominous that sentence falls! How we pause in conversation and ejaculate, "It's a pity." How his mother hopes he will not when he grows older; how his sisters persuade themselves that it is only a few wild oats he is sowing! And yet the old men shake their heads and feel gloomily when they think about it. Young men just commencing life, buoyant with hope, don't drink. You are freighted with a precious cargo. The hopes of your old parents, of your sisters, of your wife, of your children—all are laid down upon you. In you the aged live over again their young days, through you only can that weary one you love obtain a position in society, and from the level in which you place them must your children go into the great struggle of life.

FARMER PIKE'S GRANDSON.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Leaning on him, make, with reverent meekness
His own, thy will,
And with strength from him, shall thy utter weakness
Life's task fulfill."

"Well, aunt Esther, what *did* he say?"

"Yes, do tell us, what *did* he say?"

Cousin Alice Lake echoed eagerly my words, as our aunt came into the sitting room where we were lounging away the pleasant summer afternoon.

I see her now, though half a score of years has the grave dust hidden that face from the eyes that loved it, as she came through the door, with her soft, slow step; with her lilac-colored silk shawl, and her Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with white satin ribbon. Aunt Esther Lee was our father's only sister, and she had been a childless widow for many years, the latter half of which she had passed at our home. Cousin Alice Lake was passing the vacation with us. There was not a year's difference in our ages, and we had been schoolmates from early childhood, and I believe sisters seldom love each other as we did.

That afternoon aunt Esther had started out on a visit to Farmer Pike's, the rich old widower, whose great yellow brown house, stood on the turnpike, half a mile from our house.

Farmer Pike was a strange, hard man; you would have felt this, with one glance at his strong, rugged features, his iron gray hair, and his large, muscular person that had not bowed itself with the weight of three score years.

He lived with his housekeeper, and his hired men, in the great yellow brown house, an honest and industrious man, but without a single affection, or social sympathy in the world;—with a life as cold, and stark, and barren, as a desert over whose bosom no running spring winds its necklace of jewels; in whose dry, dead heart no sweet flower opens its soft lips to the sunshine.

Yet Farmer Pike's life had its tragedy, so I believe all lives have, if we could only unlock the hidden cabinets, where they are laid away from every eye but God's.

Many years ago, Farmer Pike had married a woman much younger than himself. A woman with one of those gentle, shrinking, mimosa natures, that seemed to have few points of sympathy with his coarse, rugged character.

However, I believe they got on well together, and it is probable the gentle, tremulous wife called out whatsoever of tenderness there was in the coarser soul of her husband. At last, a son was born to them, and the delicate mother fell into a decline, and before her boy's life had covered its third year, the grass had laid its green covering over the mother's head.

Mrs. Pike and aunt Esther Lee were schoolmates, and had always been friends; so the farmer placed Joseph under her care, and he continued to reside with her, until at my mother's death, which occurred several years later, my aunt came to us, and the boy went home to his father.

Joseph was a warm-hearted but a terribly self willed boy. My aunt had more influence over him than any other person, for she loved him as though he were her own child. I believe, too, Farmer Pike was very fond of his bright, handsome boy, but he was a cold, undemonstrative man, and he and Joseph never got on well together.

As the boy grew older his father determined upon making him a farmer, but Joseph's active, energetic nature revolted at this life; he was bent upon going out into the world, and trying his fortune there. I know the old yellow brown house witnessed some terrible contests between the father's will and the son's determination; there were harsh threats on one side, and sullen resistance on the other, until worn out with these things, Joseph made up his mind to "run away, and go to sea."

He did this with his usual rash impulsiveness, and then farmer Pike in his wrath, lifted up his hand, and swore solemnly that Joseph should not inherit a dollar of his property; that he would never see or speak to him again to the day of his death. And he kept his word. He lived in the yellow brown house, a lonely child less old man, broadening his acres every year, and broadening too, by his cold, selfish, unproductive life, the gulf between him and the kingdom of Heaven.

One day in the late spring, however, an old man and a little golden haired child stopped at our house and asked for aunt Esther Gray. Then for the first time in all these years, we heard of Joseph Pike.

Life had been with him "no dance of roses," but a long, sharp struggle. He had married young, and his children had been taken from him, and at last his young wife had been laid beside him, leaving him only the golden-haired boy that stood before us.

Joseph inherited the delicate constitution of his mother, and his health had failed under all these trials. He had wandered from place to place with his motherless boy, in search of new strength. But he failed rapidly, and at last himself gave up all hope of recovery. Then he wrote to my aunt, the mother of his boyhood, as he called her, and bequeathed to her tenderness his only child, scarcely four years old. And the old man who brought him to us, was one who Joseph had once rescued from drowning, and who remained with him, out of gratitude, to the last hour of his life.

Aunt Esther bowed her head above those golden curls, and said, while her tears dripped fast on the bright face that was so like its father's—"I will take the child."

"I've made up my mind," said aunt Esther, suddenly, one day just after dinner, and she folded up her knitting, and looked off a moment on the dusty road that wound like a dingy red ribbon through the pastures of Woodside.

"What have you made up your mind to do, aunty?" asked Cousin Alice Lake and I, simultaneously, as we looked up from the magazines we were reading.

"That I'll take Weston, Joseph's child, and go straight over to farmer Pike's this afternoon. He'll be just over his after-dinner nap when we get there. It's very well for him to talk as he does, so long as he don't *see* the child, but come to that, I believe, 't will be more than he can bear."

We believed it too, when we saw the beautiful little creature waddling out of the front gate by aunty's side, although when the neighbors had informed farmer Pike that Joseph was dead, and he had bequeathed his only child to my aunt, he had sternly replied—"Let her keep him, then. As for me, I will never see him, never have anything to do with him."

It was not to be wondered at that Alice and I awaited our aunt's return with eager curiosity, or that the inquiries with which my story commences, greeted her entrance. She did not reply at once, she took up a palm-leaf fan that lay on the table, seated herself in the arm chair, while her features worked painfully.

"I never had anything come across me so," she exclaimed at last, more to herself than us. And then the tears rolled over her cheeks. After awhile she grew calmer, and told her story to Cousin Alice and me, sitting in her large rocking chair, fanning herself with her palm-leaf fan.

"You see farmer Pike had just risen from his afternoon nap, and was going out the back door as I got round by the meadow in front of the house. I spied him and hurried round there just as he got up to the well.

"How d'ye do, farmer Pike?" I said, in a free, neighborly sort of a way, as I came up to him, "can't you let this child have a drink of water, he's had a long walk, and got pretty nigh tuckered out."

"The old man was completely taken aback. I could see that by the way he looked at me, and I looked back at him as cool and innocent as a lamb. Then, he glanced at the child, and I saw the muscles round his tight mouth quiver a little, but he didn't say a word; he took up the tin cup that stood on the spout and filled it from the bucket, and held it out to me, but his great hand shook so the water spilled over the top; but of course I didn't notice that, I just kept on talking in the most natural way you could imagine, about the fine weather and the good crops we were like to get.

"Now say, thank you, grandpa," I said as I flung out the water after Weston had done drinking.

"Thank you, grandpa," came out the soft, small tones of the little child, and I knew they went away down in that stout old man's heart like a sharp cutting sword.

"Who's that are child?" he asked in a low, gruff voice, as if he didn't dare trust it to speak louder.

"Well, now, farmer Pike," says I, "to hear *you* ask that question. If you can't tell the color o' them eyes, you must be struck stone blind, and did you ever see a forehead that was just the shape o' that one, and a little round head that was never still but al'ays kept shakin' and diddlin' round like a leaf on a silver tree, and if you don't know that, you can't forget that heap o' golden curls, just the color o' ripe rye when the sun strikes on it. I never see curls like them except on one head, and that's under the grass a long way from here now."

"The old man sat down on the stoop, and I saw it was because his great limbs shook so he couldn't stand."

"I sat down too." "'Tis rather warm, farmer," I went on, "standin' in the sun to-day, though there's a good breeze from the west. Speaking about Weston, through, I don't think he has his father's mouth, though Joseph had a way of settin' down tight and grim, just like yours, farmer, 'specially when his mind was made up on any subject."

"But if you look you'll see that mouth was cut just after the pattern o' Mary's, even to the dimple in the left corner. I declare, it takes me right back to the time when Mary and I used to go to school through the pasture. What a merry, fun-lovin' creetur she was. I used always to think her laugh sounded a good deal more cheery than the robins in the bushes as we went along."

"Don't, Esther, don't!" said farmer Pike, and he put up his hand as though it was more than he could bear, and his face was white as the tomb-stone. He hadn't called me 'Esther' tho' for more than twenty years.

"I saw now was the time to strike," and says I: "Yes, I s'pose it's tryin' to your feelin', farmer, to talk about them times, but it's comfortin' to think you've got your wife and son, all made out like a pieter there. Weston, you dear boy." I called out to him as he was huntin' butterflies on the grass, and he came trottin' up to us, "now go and say, 'grandpa, won't you kiss me?'"

"And the little fellow went up and lifted his sweet, baby face to the old man, and lisped out so pretty, 'Won't you tiss me, grandpa?'"

"The old man reached out his arms, and gathered up the child in such a quick, hungry sort of a way, that I was almost scared, and then he groaned out, 'Oh Mary! oh Joseph!' in a way that made my heart stand still, and he hugged up the boy so tight to his broad bosom, that I knew he never would let him go from it again."

At this point in her story, aunt Esther paused and cried, and so did cousin Alice, and I, though we laughed at each other all the time.

"Well, what happened next, Aunty?" I asked, as soon as I could.

"I didn't stay another minute, child. I couldn't. I just slipped round the corner of the house, and hurried off home, but I heard a deep sob as I opened the gate softly, and I knew it came up from a heart that had't shed a tear for more than forty years. But it comforted me all the way back to think 'that if Mary in heaven knows what I've been doin' to-day, she'll thank me for it.'"

"But we shan't have Weston with us any more now. How shall we get along without him?" I exclaimed, suddenly, for all our hearts had grown to the sweet child.

"Yes, we shall have him," answered aunt Esther, quietly untying the strings of her leghorn bonnet. "Farmer Pike said more than twenty years ago he wouldn't trust any woman in the village but me to bring up a child, and he ain't goin' to think less of me for this day's work."

Aunt Esther was right. Just at evening, farmer Pike came round to our house, leading Weston by the hand. "Miss Lee," he said, "I ain't got anybody at home I quite like to trust him with, but if you'll take the child, we wont say anything about the price, only I'll see you don't lose by it."

And aunt Esther took him.

But every morning and evening Farmer Pike came up to see his little grandson, and was never tired of bringing him fruits and toys, until the little one learned to watch eagerly for his grandfather's coming.

That little golden head somehow completely revolutionized the old man. The harsh lines around his face grew softer, and he would sit for hours and watch it at its play, or devise with aunt Esther some new pleasure for it. In short, the farmer's life seemed bound up in his grandson's, for the angel had struck the granite rock, and lo! the waters leaped out.

AN INCIDENT.—A touching case was presented yesterday to the consideration and charity of one of the Good Samaritans who now take care of the sick, relieve the destitute, and feed the starving. A boy was discovered in the morning, lying in the grass of Claiborne street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who has witnessed tokens of kindness strongly developed, went to him, shook him by the shoulder, and asked him what he was doing there. "Waiting for God to come for me," said he. "What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer, and the condition of the boy, in whose eye and flushed face he saw the evidences of the fever. "God sent for mother, and father, and little brother," said he, and took them away to his home, up in the sky; and mother told me, when she was sick, that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything; and so I came out here, and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told me a lie." "Yes my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion, "he has sent me to take care of you." You should have seen his eyes flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face, as he said, "Mother never told me a lie, sir: but you've been so long on the way." What a lesson of trust, and how this incident shows the effect of never deceiving children with idle tales! As the poor mother expected, when she told her son "God would take care of him" he did, by touching the heart of this benevolent man with compassion and love to the little stranger.—*New Orleans Delta.*

Decidedly Romantic.

An incident which had in it more than the average share of interest pertaining to romance of the present day, was brought to a close at the Spencer House, in Cincinnati, a short time since. The particulars are given by the Cincinnati *Enquirer* as follows:

Some months ago, a youth, not more than eighteen, residing in Louisville, Ky., "fell in love" with a fair girl of "sweet sixteen," temporarily sojourning there, but a resident of New York. Ardent and enthusiastic, and believing however much pure philosophy may combat the idea that matrimony is the proper end of man, he wished to make the fair "Julia" his wife, without the consent of her relations or his own. She wished to wait a few months at least, but "Harry" was importunate, and having access to Julia daily, they bathed each other in the outgushings of their passion in such showers of tender tears, that the little Julia was melted away, and, after the manner of the heroines of the sentimental novels, she cast herself upon her boy-lover's breast, and murmured: "Let my hand follow where my heart has gone: let the blossoms of our youthful love grow beautiful together, moistened as they may be, by the gentlest dews of Heaven!" Harry having obtained a sum of money from his elder brother—his guardian and protector until his majority—by some plausible excuse, he concocted a plan to run away with Julia and live—Heaven knows how! after the silken knot was tied, in some Arcadia of his own imagining. Everything was prepared for the elopement, and Harry was about to leave his room one midnight, when he found himself locked in. Get out he could not by any means, so he was compelled to remain between the frowning walls, and feel the hour of appointment go painfully by.

His brother having heard, through a servant, of Harry's intention, had trusted to the virtue of a key; and the next day Julia, the dear darling, was sent home to her parents. Harry was disconsolate at first, and thought of dying, when it occurred to him that living was in his case vastly preferable, and therefore he lived. He received patiently the reprimand of his fraternal relative—beyond the age, as the boy lover thought, when the soul sympathizes with the poetry of early years—but determined, though baffled, not to be overcome. All over his horoscope the name of his "Julia" was written in living light, and yet he would snatch her from the opposing arms of Fate! The elder brother entertained no doubt the youth had surrendered, if not forgotten the foolish attachment, and therefore gave Harry his consent to pay a visit to Chicago to a married sister residing there. Not to the North, but to the East, did Harry fly as fast as steam could carry him, where he knew Julia, with whom he had been in correspondence, was awaiting him with longing eyes and anxious arms. They met in New York at the house of her parents, who suspected nothing of the intimacy of the "children," as they termed the twain, supposing Harry, whose family they knew well, a mere friend of their pretty and petted daughter. The "children" lost no time in making arrangements to conclude successfully in the East what they had undertaken unsuccessfully in the South, and the morning after the evening of Harry's arrival they were married. Half an hour after the eighteen-year-old husband was on his return home alone. One hasty kiss, together with his travelling satchel, and he was gone beyond the sight of Julia's tears. His brother, in the meantime, had learned of Harry's intent, and pursued him the day he left Louisville. Fortune favored the lovers; they were married at ten o'clock; Harry left at five in the afternoon; the brother arrived at ten on the same evening. Harry reached Cincinnati in due time, and paused from the excitement and fatigue of travel at the Spencer House; and while at dinner received a telegram from his brother, requesting him to wait here until the latter's arrival. The brother arrived, and Harry attended him in his room, stout in the faith that he had done well in annexing to himself his other soul

The blue-eyed beauty, golden curled,
Each tress of whom was worth a world,

as her lover had rhymed to her in school boy verse. He expected a stern rebuke, much moral advice, and a disinheritance from his brother's estate, upon which he was dependent. He entered the room, rather sorrowful, but firm, and he barely opened the door when he heard Julia exclaim, "Harry!" and the next moment felt her little heart beating in tumultuous joy against his own. Harry was bewildered; he thought he was in the purple clouds of a delicious dream, but all was real, he know, when Julia's soft lips trembled in perfect ecstacy upon his own. The sequel, in brief, was this: his brother had seen Julia's parents, and learned she was Harry's wife, and seen, too, that she was one of the prettiest, sweetest, and most innocent creatures in the world—and, what weighed no little with his practical nature, the possessor, in her own right, of a considerable fortune. The adventures of Harry ended happily as a French comedy, or a rose colored novel. The young couple imagined themselves blessed indeed in each other's society, and as the youthful husband stood by Julia's side, he whispered to her: "It is true, darling: faint heart ne'er won a fair lady yet—it is my experience."

A MINISTER'S WALK AND CONVERSATION.—The editor of the North Carolina Presbyterian, who is at the Virginia Springs, has heard a good story of Speaker Orr and the Rev Dr. W—— of Lexington. Not long since, the story goes, they were both at the Warm Springs, and met in the public room of the hotel. They had been sitting with other company, and after a while the Doctor rose and walked across the room, with the usual limp of his gait. Mr. Orr immediately recognized him, and asked him if he was not the Chaplain at the University of Virginia at such a time, naming the year. The Doctor replied that he was.

"I was there," said Mr. Orr, "a student at the University, and I know you by your limp."

"Well," said the Doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching."

The joke placed Mr. Orr in an awkward predicament, and most men would have been unable to extricate themselves, but he replied with ready wit—

"Ah, Doctor, it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

FAT.—The late news about the Paris "fashions" is somewhat startling. Fat is the rage.—Ladies cultivate it. They are devouring vast quantities of butter, mashed rose leaves, and such like. The Empress is quite corpulent, which accounts for the style. The fashion will be here before long. We hail it with "joy." A new era is dawning. Our girls will stop eating slate pencils and chalk, and commence partaking liberally of roast beef and baked beans. They will rise with the lark. They will exercise. They will try on the wash-tub perhaps.

☞ We saw two pieces of Iron yesterday, says the Cincinnati Gazette, which had been used only a few weeks in pumping still slop, and were so badly eaten by the acids as to require to be replaced by new pieces. This, we are informed is the uniform result. If such is the effect on iron, what must it be on the human stomach.