ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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

VOLUME 29. | ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 9, 1858. | NUMBER 22.

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

SLOAN AND M. M. MOORE,

OFFICE—STATE ST., OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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LONG AGO.

BY E. E. BROTHWELL.

Softly the Autumnal sunset
Flecks with gold the crimson west,
Slowly steal the shades of evening,
And the vespers home to rest,
And the pale, full moon up-rising
Shows aloft her silver crest

Dreamily, I watch the shadows,
Chasing thro' the open door;
Music laughs the walls are wreathing,
Fairy fabrics deck the floor;
And my heart the while is living
All its olden memories o'er

"Long ago!" that magic sesame,
Ope's the chambers of the heart,
And a thousand hushed emotions
Into life and vigor start,
Ah! the memory of by-gones
Never wholly can depart

With the hush of deep'ning twilight
Come again my lost Zaccone,
And her fair, soft cheek is nestling
Tenderly against mine own,
While a voice of bird-like music
Murmurs love in sweet low tone

"Long ago!" stern watch and warden
Of the gems thy coffers keep,
Long we mourn and hopes lacerate,
In thy hallowed precincts sleep.
Like the urn that shrines a lost one,
We but turn as there and weep

Evening bells to vespers calling,
Holy chimes how soft they flow,
Ease my heart thy rain repining
For the hopes all crushed and low
Live to God! the bright Hereafter
Weep no buried "long ago!"

BURIED ALIVE.

It was on a bleak afternoon in the beginning of last March that we stood at the drawing room windows of our house in the village of Bout du Monde, in Savoy, watching the clouds careering wildly over the sky, and speculating whether M. le Cure and Mademoiselle, his sister, would come to tea. The huge mountains opposite began to look ghastly as the bright rosy reflections from the setting sun faded from their snow-covered summits the pine tree in our garden creaked and swayed like the masts of a tempest tossed ship and as the sighing, moaning, whistling wind lulled for a second, there fell some heavy flakes of snow

"Close the jalousies, Annette, and draw the curtains" Poor miserable things these last were—thin muslin with a red cotton border.—The fire blazed and crackled merrily as our fair haired Jessie threw on log after log; our moderator lamp shone like a small sun, ligthing up even the most distant of the atrocious engravings of 'Passages in the Lives of Dine de Poitiers and Jeanne d'Arc,' which covered one of our walls, while on the other bloomed twin samplers, dedicated to *Un Pere Cheri*, and *Une Mere Cherie*, and on which were embroidered wreaths of heartsease and forgot-me-nots, each surmounted by a dove carrying a large O in its beak—undoubtedly crowns for the heads of the cherished father and mother Pussy lay curled up in his basket on the rug, pretending to sleep, but keenly alive to all that was going on at the tea table.

We were determined in the most Christian spirit to shew the cure and his sister how much more comfortable we English were than our Savoyard neighbors. So the finest of our table linen, the best of our china, were brought out for the occasion a sparkling tea caddy and pretty tea pot had been so well polished they might have been mistaken for silver The mention of them is premature, as they were only to appear at the last moment We were not quite so bad as the lady 'who loved to sit in a snug room and think of the poor wretches at sea;' but we all certainly did peculiarly enjoy, on this stormy evening, the air comfort which the inviting, soft cushioned easy chairs, the thick carpet, and well spread tea, lit up by the warm fire glow, gave to our country quarters

"Here they is!" we exclaimed as we heard the cure's voice calling through the kitchen window to Annette to go and open the garden gate One side of the house faced the high road

"*La petite fille* is actually come with him," cried Jessie, running back from the door, where she had been to take observations This was unusual, the one generally following the other at a short interval, for our cure did not like to be seen walking with a woman, even though that woman might be his sister In they came, speckled with snow, but with cheery gleaming faces

M le Cure was a thin flat man, so flat that he looked like a deal plank dressed up in a priest's long coat, a garment which closely resembles an old fashioned scanty lady's pelisse, buttoning all the way up the middle He always wore his best fringed sash and newest *tricorne* when he paid us a visit He had a small wizened face, in which twinkled a pair of waggish gray eyes, their lively expression heightened by a decidedly turned up nose It was worth something to hear him preach, particularly when he addressed his parishioners on the subject of the cholera.—'Pardonnez moi, mes chers freres' (a long pause) —'passez moi l'expression, *s'il vous plait*'—with emphasis and the point of a spoiled child—'mais, vous etes des pourceaux de vrais pourceaux'—in a tone embracing two octaves Another effective pause, and then a rapid very clear explanation of the peculiar habits of de 'vrais pourceaux'

He was so sociable, so full of dry humor, and, withal delighted so much in our family circle, that we never failed to remark, after one of his long visits 'What can have induced that man to become a priest?—to shut himself out from all the tender charities of domestic life, formed, too as he is to enjoy them, as witness his devotion to *la Petite*.' This *petite*, as he always called his sister, and as she always called herself, was a woman quite six feet high, as thin as mortal living frame can be, and with the longest hands and feet I think I ever saw. She was very like yet very unlike her brother. Instead of a cocked nose, she had a majestic aquiline; instead of small, merry eyes, very large, melancholy ones: nevertheless, there was the mysterious likeness of children of the same parents between them The hair of both was equally gray, but we were always given to understand that la Petite was many years younger than the cure. To hear him talk of her, you were led to conclude that she was a sort of St. Therese, mystical and meditative, never so happy as when poring over what she called her 'Grenade'—some great cannon of a theologian of the middle ages—her *beau ideal* of a saint being Ignatius Loyolo. One day we lent mademoiselle *Les Voleurs de Londres*, the French name for *Oliver Twist* The cure brought it back very soon.—"O no! la Petite could not read *such* a book;" and, to Jessie's horror, he gave it as his opinion that ce petit drole d Olivier ought to have been hanged!

To listen to la Petite's own account of herself, you might be pardoned for believing her without religion of any kind—unless we call adoration of her brother one. She would demur even to this when we observed on their strong mutual affection

"Yes," she would answer, "I love him, and he loves me; notwithstanding, we sometimes bang the door at one another: it never goes further. Our cure is a man with shead, I can tell you

By dint of entreaty and some gentle force, we at last settled mademoselle in one of the large chairs by the fire, with her feet on a footstool.

"Une si petite fille comme moi," she expostulated, stretching out her lengthy limbs, and basking in the genial glow, Then began the ceremony of coffee drinking, the Savoyards are very Turks in their love of coffee.

"Ah, Mees Jessie, you know the weakness of us cures," said M. B——, as she filled his cup to the brim with sugar.

"Give our cure his coffee, and he is happy," remarked la Petite: "coffee is his religion."

This was only one of our St. Thereses usual rather startling observations about her brother.

"Very true," said the brother demurely. "I did not get my mid-day cup of coffee last Sunday; and I assure you madam, I could think of nothing else through the whole of vespers. A cup of coffee haunted me,' and his little eyes twinkled.

"Oh, Monsieur le Cure" cried Jessie suddenly, "how did you ever come to be a priest?"

He colored a little, hesitated, and then said: "Well, I will tell you; and no more seasonable time than the present, as this happens to be the eve of the anniversary of the great peril which decided my vocation."

Jessie was too much abashed by her own thoughtless speech even to say 'Thank you;' but the cure, soon recovering his usual manner, ensconced himself in a great leather chair in front of the fire, with our dear pussy, whom he always insulted by calling 'un gros matou,' at his feet. As soon as he heard the click of his sister's knitting-needles, he gave us a look just like the one he bestowed on his congregation before beginning his sermon; and when we were all quiet, he commenced his story.

In the autumn of 1823, just thirty-five years ago, my sister and I went to pay a visit to an aunt, married to a wealthy wood merchant of Bellinzona. I was then eighteen, and la Petite some years younger. Our uncle and aunt, who had no children, grew very fond of us, and would not hear of our leaving them; they talked of adopting the little one, and of taking me into the wood business. We on our part were willing enough to stay with them; for never before had we known so much comfort, our parents being rich in nothing but sons and daughters.—The winter of 1823-4 was more than usually severe; the snow lay deep in the valley; all the small streams were frozen, so no saw mills could work Our uncle grumbled and smoked, and smoked and grumbled, from morning till night. He had several large orders, and he was uneasy at the delay he was forced to make in executing them You must know that the wood is felled in summer, but not removed till winter, when by means of long slides, formed of rough trunks of trees, on which water is poured to procure a coating of ice, the timber is conveyed to the foot of the mountain. Now, that winter not one among the stoutest-hearted of the Burratori—the men are so called who cut and bring the wood to the lake—would venture up to the forests.—There was nothing for it but to wait till the cold moderated. But February, with its wild bleak days came, and passed, and still the men refused to work. At last some warm sunny days ushered in the month of March. The snow left the valley, and the icy fetters of the merry streams melted quite away. The sunshine without brought us sunshine within; my aunt's husband now whistled about the house, making each of his fingers go off in small reports as a prelude to his departure, and, sooner than we had expected, he was gone, and for weeks there had been neither a fresh fall of snow, nor any indication of a thaw, the weather wise declared no danger was to be apprehended. In fact, the mountain, from nature, was little subject to avalanches, nor had any worth speaking of occurred within the memory of man.

Tired out by such long inactivity, I was wild to join the intended expedition, and at last wearied my uncle into granting my permission to begin my apprenticeship at once. I was put under the care of an old fellow called Picurio, generally recognised as the chief of the Burratori. We were to set out on the Monday morning, and it was hoped the job would be completed by the following Saturday.

We had however, forgotten to ask la Petite's consent She, who had never been separated from me even for a day since her birth, was in tears from morning till night at the idea of my leaving her for a whole week. My uncle was, in truth, a soft hearted man, so he agreed to go with us himself, and take the little girl also as far as Aquila, a village in the Val Blegno, lying at the base of the mountain to which we were bound. This arrangement put an end to my sisters tears; though, as the Burratori stop out night and day till the work is finished, she would see as little of me as if she had remained at Bellinzona. We were well provided with woollen wrappers and the means of kindling a fire; and as you may believe, the thought of this bivouac had infinite charms for my imagination.

The cold on that memorable Monday morning was perhaps as intense as it had been during the winter; but as there was no wind, the men kept to their engagement. I cannot affirm that sleeping under a rock was as delightful in reality as in anticipation; still, I relished being treated as a man, and never complained. On the Wednesday, old Picurio declared it was beginning to thaw, and on Thursday it was perfectly clear that the frost had broken up; indeed, we heard the snow slipping down the grooves cut in the mountain's side by the spring and summer torrents. The Burratori did not seem to care, for the pine trees prevented any dangerous accumulation of snow in our immediate vicinity. Our only danger lay in going to and from the forest, our night's shelter being in the natural caves formed by projecting rocks, which, as a matter of course, were on that part of the mountain where there was no wood. We strained every nerve to finish our task on Friday evening.

"Three or four hours more would have done it," said Picurio in a despoding tone, as darkness overtook us, and a large stack of timber still lay before us.

"Well, then, let us be up by peep of day," cried I, "and we may all be back at Bellinzona by the evening."

On the morrow, we only mustered five; three of our party were missing. Had they deserted, or only gone on in advance?"

"We shall soon know," said the remaining Burratori, and with one accord they sent forth such wild, unearthly yells, ending in shrill peals of mad laughter, that, though I had heard of their mode of holding communication with their comrades at a distance, I was nevertheless disagreeably startled. These yells can be heard an incredibly long way off. When there could be no reasonable doubt that the missing men had deserted us, many were the smothered exclamations of "Oibo gatto di marmo" ('cat of marble' meaning lazy fellow,) "you shall pay for this."

The [illegible] spirited us, for the work still to be done required all our original strength of hands to get it finished in the time proposed. The dawn was just whitening the horizon when we began our ascent, and a little breeze, barely enough to make the pine branches quiver, was blown from the west. Picurio's only son, a stout, handsome young man, the wag of our party, prophesied we should have a fine day; but as the light increased, great black masses of clouds came up from the south west.

"A bad sign I say," cried Picurio; "we had better turn back."

I was somewhat vexed at this advice, and answered hastily: "Those who are afraid, may go back; I shall keep my promise to my uncle, if I send down the rest of the wood unassisted," and I walked on; the rest followed, but in silence.

Our path up the mountain, now winding in and out through pines, now passing under steep, bare rocks perforated with caverns, ran along the edge of a ravine several hundred feet deep, at the bottom of which lay, silenced under a huge snow drift, one of the great mountain streams which in summer could be heard miles away, as it dashed and roared in its precipitous descent to join and swell the wide Ticino. Far above, as high as we could see, were mountain tops bristling with spears of sea green ice, which, as I gazed were gilded by the rays of the rising sun.

"Look!" cried I, "is not that the promise of a fine day?"

Old Picurio shook his head as before, for at the instant a pale, watery sun encircled by a ring of vapor, shot into view. In another moment it was entirely obscured by the clouds which speedily covered the whole sky. The sighing breeze suddenly grew into a turbulent wind, and some pricking sleet fell.

The men stood still, looking uneasily about them, muttering between their teeth: "Ah! vacca d'un ven' mostro!" (Cow of a monstrous wind!)

"I told you so," cried Picurio; "those clouds are a sign of evil. Let us go back—we have no time to lose. The holy Virgin protect us from an avalanche!"

"Nonsense, father!" replied the son; "you know there are never avalanches on this mountain."

"Don't say so, my son; I remember hearing my father speak of a terrible one."

"As big as my hand," answered the young man laughing.

Nevertheless, the old man's words had produced an effect; for, as if with one accord, we all turned round and began to descend towards the village. The wind would cease as if by magic then come rushing from every quarter of the heavens 'a mighty and a strong wind;' the sleet changed to thick fast falling snow, which, whirling in mad eddies, and flying up and down, almost blinded us. We walked as quickly as we could, following Picurio, who had assumed the lead; but what, with the teasing of the wind, and the slipperiness of the path, we could scarcely keep our feet. After one blast, which nearly hurled us down the ravine, we joined arms, and kept as close together as we could. Not a word was spoken; for by this time the bravest heart amongst us quaked with fear, and many an anxious glance was cast around in search of any signs of the dreaded disaster

We had reached a point about half way down the mountain, where the path passed through a mere cleft between two rocks. Here we were forced to go two by two At that instant, a boom like that of a distant waterfall struck on our ears. We stoped, raised our eyes in terror, and saw, right above us, a large white mass like a living thing, rise slowly with a convulsive heave from the edge of a rock, hover for a second, topple, then come crashing down.

"The avalanche! the avalanche!" burst from every lip. "To the left, to the caves," shouted Picurio, dragging me along with him. In the twinkling of an eye down fell the enormous white mass in front of our refuge; there we were unhurt, but shut in between a wall of rock behind, and that of snow before. For a moment, we were in bewilderment, Picurio cried out: "Who is here besides me?" It was pitchy dark—no seeing even one's own hand

Mine was the only voice that replied

"My son! my son!" exclaimed the old man; "oh, that I had died for thee, my son;" and I heard him weeping. Awful were those moments Buried alive—a father's agony the only sign of life breaking the stillness and darkness of the grave. Often in the silent watches of the night do I hear again that voice of woe—often in dreams I live over again that terrible scene.

"Have you your axe, young man?" said Picurio.

No In the perilous moment when he had forced me under the rock, the axe had slipped out of my hand

With all the energy of despair, we flung the whole weight of our bodies against the inert mass which shut us into our living tomb—hopeless. I must have then fallen into a lethergy: for the avalanche fell in the early morning, and the Ave Maria was ringing when I recovered my consciousness. Yes, we distinctly heard the bell of the church of Aquila. No words can describe the rapture I felt in listening to this voice from without; it seemed to say distinctly: "Hope in God's mercy"

"Let us pray," said the old man We recited the Angelus, and told the rosary After that we felt more composed, and sat down side by side. The sound of the church bells had taken away the horrible feeling of being entirely cut off from the living. We felt sure that, as soon as we were missed, all the village would turn out on the morrow to seek for us, and we agreed that, as we were able to hear the bells so clearly, it would not be difficult to make ourselves heard by any passers. Luckily, our day's food was in our pockets; we divided it into several portions, so that it should last twenty-four hours. Within that period we never doubted obtaining our release.

Presently the church bell began to ring again. It could not be the De Profundis; sufficient time had not elapsed; besides, the strokes were quick and sharp, not slow and solemn Glory be to God, it was the storm bell; the alarm was given and good souls would soon be on the search for us. Neither Picurio nor I spoke, so eagerly did we strain our ears to catch the sound of approaching steps, long before it was possible that any one could have reached the mountain. I think the beating of our hearts might have been heard in that dead silence.

At last, we distinguished the barking of a dog. I recognised the bark at once: it was Bibi, la Petite's pet. Nearer and nearer it came, until we could hear him whining and scratching the snow which hid us. Then the blessed sound of human voices became audible. Full of hope and joy, we threw ourselves once more against our snow barricade; we dug at it with our hands and nails, striving to open a crevice through which we might let our friends know our situation. We shouted with all our might, but the noise fell back heavily on our own ears. Many times we were aware that the seekers were close to us—we heard them calling to one another.—We could hear, but with anguish we understood that we could not make ourselves heard. Near as the searchers were, we could hold no communication with them. Exclamations of horror, pity, and grief, met our ears! The names of our unfortunate comrades were pronounced in tones that plainly revealed their sad fate. There was a bustle, many directions of how best to carry away the bodies, wonder about us, and then our expected deliverers departed. A horrible despair took possession of me as their retreating steps grew fainter and fainter; but poor Picurio always cried: 'Let us pray; God's right arm is long enough to reach us even here.'

I tried to pray, but my thoughts wandered to my home; all the childish griefs I had known were forgotten, and I wept bitter salt tears to think I should never see father or mother, brother or sisters again; all my faults to them rose up in judgment against me; how solemnly I vowed that should God grant me life, I would never again rebel against the will of my parents! And la Petite, what would she do with me? I was sure she would die for grief. As the night wore on, my thoughts took another turn—the whole scene of my own death, the finding of my frozen body the despair of my poor little sister, were moving pictures before me. I could not detatch my fancy from the phantoms it had evoked. It was painfully curious the way in which I arranged and re-arranged all the details, sparing myself no revolting minutiæ. I suppose I must at last have dropped asleep, for I knew nothing more till Picurio called to me that he heard the bell for early mass I raised myself to a sitting posture, and we each ate a portion of our bread.—All that day and the ensuing night passed in alternations of hope and despair. By the next morning—the beginning of the third day since our entombment—our little provision of food was exhausted. We were oppressed by feverish thirst and gnawing hunger—a horrid death was before us, the fate of those who had perished at once was to be envied in comparison with the lingering suffering we anticipated.

We had ceased to speak, ceased to pray; I had no hope now—no faith. In moody silence we sat apart, watching, I may say, the approach of the pangs of death, when suddenly the deep hush was broken by a familiar sharp bark. It was Bibi again! Oh, the unutterable joy of hearing the little fellow tearing and scratching at the snow blocking up our cave! There was another sound that made hot tears rain down my cheeks; it was a child's voice—no other than la Petite's—crying: "He is here, uncle. I am sure he is here. Oh, dig, good men, dig fast!"

Our hearts melted within us as we heard many steps nearing our prison. There was danger, too, for many cautions were given. The child's voice still rose clear above all: "Make haste; *do* make haste. Give me a hoe; I can dig. My poor brother will be dead, if you don't make haste."

At last a long stick was pushed through the snow-wall; it touched me; I seized it. There was a shout of "A miracle! a miracle!" mingled with the child's wild cry of "Brother! brother!" Another stick was thrust through and caught by Picurio Not a whisper was now to be heard; every one worked! minutes seemed hours to us before an opening was made large enough to drag us through

When we once more saw daylight and dear familiar faces, we fell down fainting with joy.—we were lifted out and laid at the feet of the old cure, who, in spite of age and infirmities, had ventured up the mountain to bless and encourage the efforts of the men who, touched by the child's agony of grief, had consented to make one more search for us.

"Thank God, my sons, for your deliverance," were the old priest's first words, "and devote to His service the lives He has so miraculously preserved."

It was this, Mees Jessie, that led me to become a priest; and la Petite, who, through God's mercy, saved my life, has made my home her home"

"She would have made a capital ladyabbess, though," said M B——, looking at her with unfeigned pride.

"And old Picurio?" asked Jessie

"He died in my uncle's house."

The Cincinnati *Commercial* publishes the following communication from Nicholas Longworth, the great wine manufacturer of that city:

All the papers I had giving the cure for scrofula have been distributed to persons sending for the remedy. I have never heard of a case where it did not effect a speed cure, and it can in no case do an injury In several instances, where it has been applied to old sores, it has also speedily effected perfect cures Put one ounce of aquifortis in a bowl, or saucer: drop in it two copper cents, it will effervesce, leave the cents in; when the effervescence ceases, add two ounces of the strongest cider vinegar. The fluid will be a dark green color. It should and will smart. If too severe, put in a little rain-water Apply it to the sore, morning and evening, by a soft brush or rag Before applying it, wash the sore with water. Its first application known to me, was a poor girl sent to our city from Memphis, to have her leg cut off, as it was feared she might not live long enough to have it cut off in that hot climate. She was refused admittance to the poorhouse, and was lying on the sidewalk as she could not even stand up From her knee to her foot one third of the flesh was gone and all the skin except a strip about two inches wide She was laid on a bed, and the remedy placed on a chair by it. She could rise up and apply it.

In a few days her peace of mind returned, and she declared it was getting well. It was supposed it was a relief from the pain only, but when examined fresh flesh was found growing, and skin over it. She was soon running about, and would work, which delayed the entire cure, leaving a small sore, which was in a few months entirely healed A young girl, with scrofula in her neck, having a large open hole, and deemed incurable, came one month after entirely cured, and recently married, with her husband, on their way to the East. I have never known a case where it did effect a cure.

A DOUGLAS ORGAN ON DIVISION The Rock Island *Argus*, one of the most staunch supporters of Judge Douglas in Illinois, alludes to the attempt to get up a quarrel among Democrats about the dead Kansas issue, the English bill, and the admission of that Territory as a State, whether it has the requisite population or not, and then says

"The question is one not worth quarreling about. In the first place, Kansas has population nearly sufficient for a representative now, if not altogether enough. Leavenworth alone, has a population of nine thousand During the past summer emigrants have been pouring in at the rate of three hundred a day. The vote on the Lecompton constitution, which was a very light one, was some fourteen thousand—as many and more than are polled in some Congressional districts.

"In the next place, before. Kansas can apply for admission, she will have the requisite population, under the English bill. Her Legislature will not meet till January, and Congress adjourns on the fourth of March There will not be time in two months for the people of Kansas to frame a new constitution, and present it to Congress. So the whole matter will lie over till December, 1859, when the new Congress will meet. By that time Kansas will have a hundred thousand population, beyond the possibility of doubt.

"Good Democrats will leave all such 'meaner things' as these to 'low ambition,' and will fight, not each other but the common enemy. They need not hew and hack each other, for want of something else in which to sheath their swords."

TO MAKE PURE WINE OF APPLES.—Take pure cider made from sound ripe apples as it runs from the press; put sixty pounds of common brown sugar into fifteen gallons of the cider, let it dissolve; then put the mixture into a clean barrel; and fill the barrel up to within two gallons of being full with clean cider; put the cask in a cool place, leaving the bung out forty-eight hours; then put in the bung, with a small vent, until fermentation wholly ceases, and bung up tight; and in one year the wine will be fit for use. This wine requires no racking; the longer it stands upon the lees, the better.

THE POT OF GOLD.

A PRETTY CUTE STORY.

Deacon Bancroft, though a very good man in the main, and looked up to with respect by all the inhabitants of the village of Centerville, was rumored to have, in Yankee parlance, "pretty smart eye to the main chance,"—a peculiarity from which deacons are not always exempt.

In worldly matter he was decidedly well to do, having inherited a fine farm from his father which was growing yearly more valuable. It might be supposed that under these circumstances the deacon, who was fully able to do so, would have found a help-meet to share his house and name. But the Deacon was wary. Matrimony was to him in some measure a matter-of-money, and it was his firm resolve not to marry unless he could thereby enhance his worldly prosperity. Unhappily the little village of Centerville, and the towns in the immediate vicinity, contained few who were qualified in this important particular, and of those there were probably none with whom the Deacon's suit would have prospered.

So it happened that year after year passed away until Deacon Bancroft was in the prime of life—forty-five or thereabouts—and still unmarried, and in all human probability likely to remain so.

Deacon Bancroft's nearest neighbor was a widow

The Widow Wells, who had passed through one matrimonial experience, was some three or four years younger than Deacon Bancroft. She was still quite a comely woman. Unfortunately the late Mr. Wells had not been able to leave her sufficient to make her independent of the world. All she possessed was the small, old fashioned house in which she lived, and a small, amount of money, which was insufficient to support her and a little son of seven, though hardly to be classed as a "productive"—of anything but mischief.

The Widow was therefore obliged to take three or four boarders, to eke out the scanty income which of course imdosed upon her considerable labor and anxiety.

"It is not surprising, then, that under these circumstances she could now and then have bethought herself of a second marriage, as a method of bettering her condition! Or, again, need we esteem it a special wonder if, in her reflection upon this point, she could have cast her eyes upon her neighbor, Deacon Bancroft? The Deacon, as we have already said, was in flourishing circumstances He would be able to maintain a wife in great comfort; and, being one of the chief personages in the village, could accord her a prominent social position.

Some sagacious person has observed, however, that it takes two to make a match, a fact to be seriously considered: for in the present case it was exceedingly doubtful whether the worthy Deacon, even if he had known the favorable opinion of his next neighbor, would have been inclined to propose changing her name to Bancroft, unless, indeed, a suitable motive was bro't to bear upon him. Here was a chance for finessing

One evening, after a day of fatiguing labor, the Widow Wells sat at the fire in the sitting room, with her feet resting on the fender. It's a hard life, keeping borders. If I was only as well off as Deacon Bancroft——"

Still the Widow kept up her thinking, and by-and-by her face brightened up. She had an idea, which she resolved to put into execution at the very earliest practical moment. What it was, the reader will discover in the sequel.

"Henry," said she to her son the next morning, "I want you to stop at Deacon Bancroft's as you go along to school, and ask him if he will call and see me in the course of the morning or afternoon, just as he finds it most convenient."

Deacon Bancroft was not a little surprised at the summons. However, about 11 o'clock he called in. The Widow had got on the dinner, and had leisure to sit down. She appeared a little embarrassed.

"Henry told me that you would like to see me," he commenced.

"Yes, Deacon Bancroft, I do, but I am afraid you will think very strange of it—at least what I have to say to you.

The Deacon very politely promised not to be surprised, although at the same time his curiosity was visibly excited.

"Suppose," said the Widow, casting down her eyes—"mind I am only supposing the case—suppose a person should find a pot of gold in their cellar, would the law have a right to touch it, or would it belong to them?"

The Deacon pricked up his ears.

"A pot of gold, Widow? Why, unquestionably, the law would have nothing to do with it."

"And the one who formerly owned the house could'nt come forward and claim it, could he, Deacon?" inquired the Widow further, with apparent anxiety

"No, Madam, certainly not—when the house was disposed of, everything went with it, as a matter of course.

"I am glad to hear it, Deacon You won't think strange of the question, but it happened to occur to my mind, and I thought I would like to have it satisfied."

"Certainly, Widow, certainly," said the Deacon, abstractedly.

"And, Deacon, as you are here, I hope you'll stop to dinner with us It will be ready punctually at twelve."

"Well, no," said the deacon; "I am obliged to you, but they will be expecting me home"

"At any rate, Deacon," said the Widow, at the same time taking a steaming mince pie from the oven, "you won't object to taking a piece of my mince pie; you must know that I rather pride myself on my mince pies."

The warm pie sent fort such a delicious odor that the Deacon was sorely tempted, and after saying "Well, really," with the intention of refusing, he finished by saying, "On the whole, I guess I will, as it looks so nice."

The Widow was really a good cook, and the Deacon ate with much gusto the generous slice the Widow cut for him, and after a little more chatting upon important subjects, withdrew in some mortal perplexity.

"Well, is it possible?" thought he, "that the Widow could really have found a pot of gold in her cellar? She did not say so to be sure, but why should she show so much anxiety to know as to the proprietorship of treasures thus found, if she had not happened upon some? To be sure, so far as his knowledg extended, there was no one who occupied the house who would in the least be likely to lay up such an amount of gold; but the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at the very least, and undoubtedly had many occupants of whom he knew nothing. It might be, after all. The Widow's earnest desire to have him think it was only a curiosity likewise gave additional probability to the supposition.

"I will wait and watch," thought the Deacon.

It so happened that Deacon Bancroft was one of the directors in a savings institution situated in the next town, and accordingly used to ride over there once or twice a month, to attend meetings of the Board.

On the next occasion of this kind Widow Wells sent over to know if he would carry her over with him, as she had a little business to attend to there.

The request was readily granted. They arrived in town, Mrs. Wells requested to be set down at the Bank.

"Ha, ha!" thought the Deacon; "that means something."

He said nothing, however, but determined to come back and find out, as he could readily, from the cashier, what business she had with the Bank.

The Widow tripped into the office, looking very nonchalent.

"Can you give me small bills for a five dollar gold piece," she inquired.

"With pleasure," was the reply.

"By the way," said she, "the bank is in quite a flourishing condition, is it not?"

"None in the State on better footing," was the prompt response.

"You receive deposits do you not?"

"Yes, Madam, we are receiving them every day."

"Do you receive as high as—as five thousand dollars?"

"No," said the cashier with some surprise, "or rather we do not allow interest on so large a sum. One thousand dollars is our limit" Did you know of any one who——"

"It is of no consequence," said the Widow