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Selections.

The Mistress of St. John's.

When Miss Catherine had sealed her letters, she rose and called little Tib, her maid. Immediately there bustled round the partly open door the quickest and brightest little servant ever seen. She was going out, sea. for she was clad in a little duffle cloak; her bonnet was snug and warm, and she had a

"I think it has got colder since the morning, Tib," said Miss Catherine, as she gathered the letters together- "much

"Yes, ma'am. The frosty wind bites at your nose like a wolf; but I shan't mind it: the roads are hard, and I can run."

"Do so; but first go up stairs, and fetch that dark blue wollen handkerchief from my upper drawer, and that old bog from the

"Lawk, ma'am!" said Tib, guessing the intent, "I'm warm enough, thank you, and running 'll make me a deal warmer."

A kindly shake of the head, and an imher mistress' bidding must be done. So she the little town was not more than thirty or went into the hall, and ran up the great, forty miles from London; yet, in a country carved, wainscot staircase, and soon came down again with hundkerchief and boa .-These her mistress took, and put the one over Tib's bonnet and the other round Tib's throat; and when this was finished she referred to Tib's errand.

"Get Snibson to put on what stamps are necessary, and carefully post them, as they are Christmas-letters to friends; and here's eighteen-pence, wnich will, perhaps, be money enough; then get a pound of candles and a pound of sugar; call at the town library for the book I was to have; and last upon striking, she bid them wait while she thing, get a small piece of roasting-beefsay four or five pounds—at Cobb's shop, and had laid upon the counter, she proceeded cell both him and Bolt that they shall have to weigh and place on them the necessary their accounts as soon as I hear from Mr. ELutt, or the commissioners."

"Oh, dear, ma'am," spoke Tib, "they both said, when I was there last, that you her duty-for everybody in this little town was'nt to trouble yourself at all about the knew little Tib, and that she came from the little you owed 'em; but you was to have old school-house at St. John's. excrything you needed; indeed, old Mr. Cobb quite laughed at the thought of your sending a message about such a little bill and still." as fifteen shillings. He said, if it was fifteen or fifty pounds it would be the same to him; for yea'd just be as welcome to got enough still to make a sore heart. I But please sir, I know a nice young man, | 50, as the good old butcher would say no morning, she found her far from well; so parlor. the best joint out of his shop as though you only wonder when those folks up in London who'll be coming our way, I dare say, to more, Tib was obliged to put the beef into she made breakfast and took it to her. Afdid'nt owe a shilling."

"The people are all very good to me in these days of trouble," said Catharine.

currants-one pound? It won't be a great Deborah began to handle the letters Tib had deal: and it won't be Christmas-like, Miss laid down, she came to one or more heavier Catherine, if you don't have a pudding."

solitary hearths are sad things side-by-side. We're you to be at home to-morrow we'd ing the largest in her hand, "that this conhave one; but as your old aunt has sent to tains something nice as a Christmas rememask you, you'd better go. Now make haste brance—as half 'em do, one may be pretty or you'll not reach the town in time for post, certain, for I never knew Miss Cranbrook to and if you'll be quick back again I'll keep forget a friend."

might be seen; still she went onward to the folks remember her half enough. But I street. Nor was she distressed at Mr. bread by the culture of a field or two, and bread and cheese; so make haste and go." herself. parlor door, and then, when there, and her should just like you to see inside that letter, Clamp's prospective supper of bread and by keeping a cow; and her eldest boy, Joe, face was hidden, said falteringly, "If you for there are two as bautiful pair of worked please, ma'am, Mrs. Throwly said if the sleeves as you ever se'ed. They are for the night was cold, I might just as well step in daughters of Dr. Musgrave, who were so dine off bank-notes, if he so willed.

and take a cup there?"

home; for the road, with so much wood about it, was wild like, at night."

found it out, Tib, though we have lived don't forgot one of 'em, I can tell you, Mrs. three years together. But Joe is a good Snibson," quoth little Tib, rising, like a lad; and so I'll be no hindrance—only, Tibby, you mustn't leave your mistress till these shadows are a little gone."

"I sin't a-going, missis," replied Tibby,

so you need'nt be fretting about it."
Saying thus, Tib hurried from the house, crossed the quaint precincts of the old school house, then the frost-bound road, and so in-

back some point for hesitation; for, no soon- aloud, half to herself, the superscription: one she won't even roast the beef that I related her perplexity about the pudding. er had she watched Tib across the road, "Oliver Romney, Esq., Trinity College, than she hurried after her, and opening the Cambridge." "And pray my dear," she sadness by the fire all day: par-tik-lar if she when Joe had started off to the library, for all the post-missis gave me." onward a few paces, till she stood beneath Catherine heard of late?" the shadow of some hollies, and where her

low call met Tib's ear. at Cobb's or Bolt's how Mr. Farquhar is, be sent on; for he has rooms there still." and if he is better. There, now, go on;

Once more in the old wainscoted hall, and went a good while to St. John's." she repaired to the kitchen, where a fire was yet early, and sat over it, lost in deep very sure of that. thought, till nothing but the firelight shone cow, and attended to the land and garden.) Then lighting her lamp, and sweeping the parlor-hearth, she sat down to her needleher rarely-plied needle, except upon labors of love of this sort, which was that of fabricating Tib a collar, for her Christmas-box. As this was near completed she worked dil-

ligently, though pre-occupied by sad and

What bitter things, at best, are human ions of things that might have been, and never were! How countless are the men and women who hide such wrecks and visions in their souls! and how, worse than all do women, who sit by solitary fires, go back upon these steps of shipwrecked Time! In the meanwhile, little Tib made her way through the mile-and-a-half of picturesque old woods to the little town, of one main street, and one or two smaller branching from it. Though on this small scale, there was tiny market-house, and a grand range of ancient buildings, called King Edward's School; and every house seemed to have a garden; and, finally, being situaperative wave of the hand, warned Tib that ted in one of the nearest southern counties,

> as quiet and remote as the way round for miles was picturesque with English landscape loveliness. The post-office was at a little draper's shop, wherein Deborah Snibson, the mistress, was helping divers customers to halfyards of calico and ribbon; hurrying in so doing, for the post-hour was at hand. Seeing Tib she nodded to her, and bid her sit down; but more calico and ribbon customers arriving, and the inexorable hour close attended to the letters. Taking those Tib

> rich with ancient parks and woods, it was

stamps. "Well, Tib, and how's Miss Cranbrook?" asked Mrs. Deborah, as she proceeded in

"But poorly," replied Tib. "Her spirits

"Ay, and I don't wonder at it," said Deborah indignantly; "she's had enough, and Tib, "but I don't think I can carry this. will settle matters about the old schoolhouse at St. John's?"

"I'm sure I wouder when!" echoed more "won't you have one pound of plums and For a minute or so no one spoke: then, as than the rest-enclosed, in fact, in official "No. Tibby, no! Christmas puddings and envelopes of large size.

"Now I dare say," said Deborah, weigh-

"No, and she don't," replied little Tib. At this Tib had something to say, it enthusiastically, "though I can't say as she had to creep her way down into the country. She was a widow, and earned her dine, I can boil an egg, or take a crust of Catharine, thoughtfully, and as though to business is now in the hands of the newly she had to creep her way down into the country. She was a widow, and earned her than the country. "Nothing more?" asked Miss Cranbrook, London in the spring. That other letter the grocer's shop. That worthy, being who was so good a son, had set his heart on shawl and basket, till about two o'clock, it about two o'clock, it and the spring. That worthy, being who was so good a son, had set his heart on shawl and basket, till about two o'clock, it and the spring. That worthy, being who was so good a son, had set his heart on shawl and basket, till about two o'clock, it and the spring. That worthy, being who was so good a son, had set his heart on shawl and basket, till about two o'clock, it and the spring shawl and basket, till about two o'clock, it and the spring shawl and basket, till about two o'clock, it and the spring shawl and basket, till about two o'clock, it and the spring shawl and basket, till about two o'clock, it and the spring shawl and basket, till about two o'clock, it and the spring shawl and basket, till about two o'clock, it and the spring shawl and basket, till about two o'clock, it and the spring shawl and basket, till about two o'clock, it and the spring shawl and basket, till about two o'clock, it and the spring shawl and basket, till about two o'clock, it and the spring shawl and basket, till about two o'clock, it and the spring shawl and basket, till about two o'clock, it and the spring shawl and basket, till about two o'clock, it and the spring shawl and the spring s kind to missis when she was in London in has a collar in it for somebody else; for, somewhat at leisure; and prone to chat, so good a girl as little Tib; though she was when I will call for them; for Joe will drive with a smile.

"Yes, ma'am—that Joe might see me has a collar in it for somebody else; for, though she don't like her needle, missis cannot, as she says, be always sitting at her books; so she may just as well spare pudding. "This is the first time you and I have such stray minutes for her friends; and she note of praise; "for we've been making old Kit two new shirts; and others, that ain't

'em hardly to say so." into the hooded face. "If the mistress of and sugar." which the rond was shortened to the town. She now came to the last let- triumphantly; "but you see, sir, the dear cially about Sutton Place, where Mrs. for them; her Christmas would be so deso- grey, and he seemed a little hunch-backed. is likely to be a masterpiece. I see that it Catherine, like her little maid, had kept ter—the smallest of all—and she read half missis may be would not boil it; for, ten to Throwley had once lived servant—little Tib late without! rude gate which led into the wood, went added, "how is Mr. Oliver," and has Miss don't get letters in the morning."

frots her sadly. She even risks this letter, lay hard by, as though for demonstration, aunt is a miserly sort of body, and would be tender remembrances of others; only she night; but I thought you would. We have illness of his relative, a miserly old trades-"Don't come back, Tib; but you can sak thinking if he is not at Cambridge it may "a way to duty is always to be found. So glad enough, I dare say, if you did not go was forgotten—she to whom existence had had many bitter and solitary hours—and of man in London, who, for some years has

She did not let the little maid see her face, think his father only kept a little druggist's | So here's the fruit, of which, if a word is it; and if so be you would dine here between ment, as usual, by an effort of her iron will. cause I possibly gave pain to you, Mr. even if she could have done so, in the hoar shop in this town, and he, what he is-for said, you can say it'll be all right in the bill twelve and one, why we could put by the she chatted cheerfully to the old man: but Farquhar. Otherwise, I do not doubt that shadows of the boughs, but went as slowly they do say his brain and ed'cation is won- -ha! ha?" And, amused at his own joke, nicest part, with potatoes and greens, and him call on the morrow, when Tib would be I have attained a higher and more lasting back to the old school-house of St. John's derful! A gentleman told me so not a long whatever it might be, the merry little grocer as though it was a summer's evening-as while ago. Yes, it was a poor little drug- weighed and papered his finest raisins and too, in a shape; for you know I am a good reaching the wicket, wished him good duy, years as they glide by-than had I followed though no wind blew icy from the north .- | gist's-shop, just round the corner. and the

Nevertheless, Deborah Snibson, check burned brightly, and where little Tib had your wonder; it is out of poor shops, and ieft things in exquisite daintiness; and there poor houses of many kinds, that much marshe set the tea-things, and carried them vel-working intellect comes-not out of pal- fore, though her liking was for raisins, Joc's into the parlor, and made tea, though it aces or halls, or from the titled ranks; be

The letters being safe now, in the postthrough the shadows of the room. Then bag, little Tib rose to go; Deborah begging she took it forth, and set it by, and laid sup- to be respectfully remembered to her misper for old Kit (the man that milked the tress, and that her thanks be conveyed for a basket of pears sent a week before.

Tib was turning from the door, when the post-mistress called her back.

your mistress that there was a gentle- Christmas day, in spite of all. And just man at the 'Crown,' the other day, and say that some frosty morning soon, I shall he made great inquiries, both there and be walking the way of the old school house. about the town, as to the old place at St. and I will, with her honored leave step in weary thoughts, her soul struggling through John's, as well as of herself. Nobody could and have a chat about the school affairs; I would try-that I would." some hidden darknesses of mortal life, as a learn his purpose, though Tom, the waiter, and that, meanwhile, she isn't to think a bit with this news Tib went.

house, in a room above which was kept a who would have kept the poor town's lads such as might like to read them. Few were | so Heaven reward her, for I cannot-I canthe applicants so that the keeper thereof had not-"and the old man dropped a tear. rarely at the nail-studded door. Opening to all who are athirst. this, and ascending a little, crooked stairwas always trebly bitter. And, strange to slid back, and a kindly voice criedsny, Mrs. Jerry shared this strange cynicism. So, when little Tib wished him "a plexy." happy Christmas" and asked for the book,

he began to growl. one-a nice little handy book to carry on a winter's night like this!"

He took up the guttering candle as he turned directly with an enormous folio, which five pounds." will do."

"I can do a deal for my missis," quoth him on the back, cried-

by the light of a rushlight. And mind, tress' last words. things ha' been taught at St. John's, if all she departed.

accounts he true."

served her with what she asked for, and then a poor orphan, and one who had known this way." inquired if she had forgotten matters for the much of the world's adversity, till. Miss

sent for me this Christmas, and missis will ation of cake, and muffins, and slices of ham make me go; so she aint a going to have a —set in the picture of a cleanly kitchen, the pudding, and that is just what it is."

"Tib," said the kindly grocer, emphati- while passing in her brain. cally, and clutching a pound weight that "Well, she need nt fear of gratitude there ding, and put it on to boil before you go; ten-time would do very well. Now, as I had save one; and even in that, perhaps, if "We have; and when seasons, such as his death will leave him a considerable forif all accounts be true. And, bless me! to land by the time she finds it, it may be done. a goose sent me yesterday, I intend to roast rightly viewed! But hiding her disappoint, this come round, regret arises chiefly be-tune."

choicest currants.

When these were in the basket, she asked Tib what fruit she liked most. Now it happened that all little Tib's tastes had latterly secome merged into those of Joe; and therewas for figs, and so she modestly replied-"If you please, figs, sir."

Whereupon Bolt papered a pound of figs, and laid them, with a shilling, on the counter. "There my girl, there they are, as well as a shilling to buy a top-knot."

Tib courtseyed her thanks and prepared to go. She was closing the door, when the grocer, calling her back a step or two, said, "Ah, I nearly forgot it; but just tell "My respects to your mistress, and a happy She now proceeded to the little market difficult figures, in spite of bigoted trustees,

few nighboring parsons, a customer knocked cation be to those who hold the divina cup and was gone. Then she carried in supper-

case, Tib presented horself, in a minute sort and Fallstaff-like he was heard little Tib's Sutton, to Sutton Place; and of the visits of anti-chamber, wherein old Jerry Clamp, order for the beef, he whetted his knife on and inquiries of the stranger from Oxford. the custodian, and his wife were getting his steel, and laughed to such a prodigal Both circumstances seemed to surprise Miss their tea. From whatever cause derived, amount as to bring his ruddy complexion to Cranbrook much. Not a word, however, the old man had a very acrid nature; and the color of mulberries; wheraupon as he was said on either side with respect to Mr. on occasions of festivals, such as this of leant against a bench, quite out of breath- | Farquhar, till Tib coming in to make report Christmas, when men at least assume cheer- though still whetting his knife-a little shut- that the house was safe, and to wish her fulness if they even do not feel it, his mood ter opening from a comfortable parlor was

"Cobb, dear, hush! remember the apo-

At as early a date as he might, the butcher attended to this injunction; and then, re- the lovely collar her mistress had worked, "Happy Christmas!" he ejaculated; "don't | pairing to the little cavity, whispered some | for her Christmas box. vish it here, girl. This is nt the place nor thing. At this, a spruce little woman made the folks. Its all right enough, however, her appearance, and the butcher, giving his left the room, Catharine sat just as though eat, and lots to drink. Ha! hat that ain't a large sirloin, and cut off a portion, which incapable of motion. Eventually, however, here. And as to the book, it's a very little certainly, at the least did not weigh less she arose, and unlocking an old-fashioned it, and then brought it to Tib's basket.

"Mind the apoplexy, dear."

that reading such books as this can lead that he cannot see another week. My boy proposal to dine with Joe and his mother, fire: then he asked her to accompany him to eighteen years I have been struggling on but to a place I won't name-though it's a heard this when he was up at the house this and to go afterwards to the old aunt's-a see Mr. Farquhar. very warm one-and Mr. Dodd, the vicar, morning." At this instant some customers plan to which Miss Cranbrook had assented, as was here to day, says so. Hal hal pretty entered, so, with this reply to her question and thought good. She would therefore lis- fully, "and, as he says that a few minutes Some thirteen hundred pounds is due, and,

Mrs. Throwley's cottage was in one of the hasten and get dressed and go. Tib, indignat at this, was about to reply, little off-streets or lanes, just where the pretcynicism; for he was a miser, and could a noble hall, at about the distance of a mile In a few minutes little Tib stood in Bolt side Joe, and very glad she was that he, Cranbrook had befriended her. So, think- Jou." "Please, no sir." answered Tib ruefully, ing that Tib would come to tea on this

shall take home from Cobb's, but sit in deep Mrs. Throwley listened, but said little; but the book, she broached what had been mean-

filled with boiling water, as I shall have and wept aloud. plenty in the back-house copper. And then. light-cart and drive you to your aunt's; you And the morning, which had been hither of your refusal twenty or so years ago." could, on your way, turn down the lane to to so bright, began to be darkened by de- "It was this:-My father was, as you you accept this dinner from little Tib?"

"Oh! it's a nice thought," said the girl, so independent that she will accept favors of the time and scene.

So Tib acquiescing, matters were so ar coming to England for a short time, as the this world that can alone be summed up and consigned to Mrs. Throwley; and Joe soon Queen has made him ambassador to a differ- paid in Heaven, and this is one. For didn't returning with the lage book, and it being ent country to where he now is." Laden she teach my nephew Richard noble things? | eight o'clock, he and Tib set forth, as soon Didn't she make him master in Latin and as something more in the way of refreshment had been partaken of. It was pleasant walking through the moon-

queathed—through a long course of years—they could. And through this knowledge like silver on the great hollies, and the scar by sundry town's-folks, for the free use of he has become a well-to-do gentleman; and let berries, looking more scarlet by the conand told her mistress what Mrs. Snibson When Cobb, the butcher-and very fat had said about the return of Sir Richard mistress good-night, she related what she no reply, other than an abrupt "Good-night;" so Tib closed the door, and went to bed-there to find, npon her little dressing-table,

For a long time after the little maid had than ten pounds. He made feint to weigh escritorie, took thence a letter. This she brought to the table; and re-seating berself, "It is a very large piece, sir," said the read it over and over again; then it dropped go down, now the winter-days are so long "There," he said, "the road and the load mas, lass-Oh! oh!" and here Cobb went till far into the night, with all the weight Christmas eve.

"I would rather be alone to-day. Tib." go!" but Mr. Clamp slammed to the door, and ty rural town merged into the wooded she said; "much rather. And if I need to Tib, having her own reasons for not wishwater, such being a pleasant fiction of his worked under the steward at Sutton Place ing to press the subject of dinner, said noth- You will therefore surely come." ing more: but, dressing and putting on the from the town. She had two other boys be- pretty collar, went down to take her leave. hastened from the room, to put on her cloak old place. It is endeared to me by a thou-"If you please, ma'm, I shall leave my warm and bonnet.

arine put on her garden bonnet, and went try-house where Mr. Farquhar lived, the father, and he will pay me handsomely. best tea things, and a rousing fire. But, the road. Here she remained until she saw and approached by a wooded path, gained able to pursue, at leisure intervals, the as-"But she must," said Bolt: "the mistress before Tib could see these for herself, she the postman approaching from the little a private door. This was opened by an sistance I have now been rendering to my nigh as old, or nigh as good, have been at John's must never go without a pudding. was met by Joe, who kissed the frost off her town; then, opening the rustic wicket, she clderly man-servant, who led them up a beloved Oliver." with a choked voice; "I'm sure I ain't; and thought of too, I'm sure; though it aint for Folks that don't taste Christmas fare ain't face, and led her in in great triumph. went forth to meet him. But he did not be. stone staircase, and ushered them into a thought of too, I'm sure; though it aint for Folks that don't taste Christmas fare ain't no luck in the new year, and so you must Then, after a good deal was said all round, gin to look at his letters, or unbind the room, half bed-chamber, half-sitting room. Farquhar, "I like much. He appears to "Deborah smiled, and looked up tenderly make the pudding, Tib, and I'll find fruit the tea was made and the mustins brought string which fastened them; so, even before Here, in an easy-chair by the fire, sat a gen- be an extraordinary young man. A genshe was close to him, her heart died down, tleman about sixty years of age, his hair, tleman who was here from town, a few she was close to him, her heart died down, theman about sixty years of age, his hand, the hand who has here from town, a ten After talking about many things—espeShe had so expected letters; had so prayed like Miss Cranbrook's, was tinged with cays since, says that his forthcoming book

"No letters, Smith?"

Catharine looked them through. Every to take it. neighbor of hers, in the cottages and the, "It is very good of you to come," he said surprise me, for he he has been silent for "You see, Tib," she said, "that your old farms around, seemed to be blessed by the at length, "at such a season, and on such a for some weeks. But I attributed it to the you must get up early and make the pud- to dinner; and so, to be there a little before been a perpetual sacrifice, in all instances somewhat willful causing; if I mistake not." allowed him a genlemanly income, and at

the dishes over a couple of milking-pails in the parlor, she sank down in her chair fish kind."

fend her, or hurt her feelings in any way." lightful to have watched little Tib's pro- Amongst the occasional visitors there was a "You won't, I think; for she is too good gresses: how Joe met her when not far into somewhat eminent political character. We and too kind to mistake your meaning. So the woods; how he made pretext of kissing talked much: we had sympathies akin: and away the frost, just as he had done the I liked him. On more than one occasion night before; how in due time they reached he said emphatically, "At present circumdismantled ship through a dark and stormy says that he thinks he came from Oxford, about the little bill—it's nothing—its nothfrom what he dropped. And Tib, tell your ing." He waited till the little maid had tress would not object to her dining with capital the goose and pudding both proved, an offer as soon as I can." I made no remistress, as well, that Mr. Rogers, the closed the door, and, then, he added, as if Joe and his mother. Moreover, just to give and how the nicest part of the wise bird was ply to this whenever it was said—neither festivals! how strewn with the wrecks of steward, was down, from Sutton Place, the carrying on the sentence in continuous a coloring to the idea that the present was put aside; till, finally, with the pudding in assent nor dissent. Still, I believed that broken hopes! how chequered with the visother day, and told me that Sir Richard is breath, "no more it is. There are debts in little Tib's, the plums and other things were the cart, Tib, Joe, and his little brother— he spoke in good faith, and that his honor rived in the lane, a few yards off the old I saw you: you hired this house of Sir fair-sized library of ancient books, be- to the Delectus and the Rule of Three, if lit frosty woods, with the hoar frost shining she had purposely left unfastened, went words. I did not know then what you softly about like a little mouse, whilst Joe were, or the quality of your noble heart. trast. When she got home, the little maid a snowy napkin on a tray, with silver and brusque in manner, and a little too authorfound the kitchen-fire bright, and her mis- glass and other necessaries, and then set the itative to win." an easy life of it; for, with the exception of the learned mistress of St. John's, and a come by knowledge; and, therefore, glorifisaid little of her errands till Joe had rested wards the parlor-door. Opening it, she pat wards the parlor-door. her head within, and said, "It's me, missis."

escent on her couch beside the fire. So Tib, half frightened and much flurd then. As it was-"for, oh! I couldn't bear that you should be matters. Bitterly have I rued that haste."

night, and he'll call for it, please sir, and the basket; and when Mrs. Cobb sent her ter this, Miss Cranbrook seemed better, and, tense—the snow fell thicker and thicker as and intended for the preparation of boys dutiful respects, and expressed her hope rising, came down to her pleasant parlor, day began to wane. All at once she heard between six and ten years old. "Very well," growled the cynic, "very that when Miss Craubrook came to town she wherein the brightest of fires shone, and the sound of wheels in the lane, and a min-"And please ma'am," hesitated Tib, than one customer; and little Tib sighed. well, only mind he ain't a minute after would honor her by stepping in, and tasting which Tib (by way of showing it was a feseight, he'll find the door closed. For I've the Christmas ale, little Tib went, first askgot my Chrst.nas to keep-bread and water ing, however, the point relating to her mis- mas flowers. The latter then came in, to welcomed in Mr. Acton, an eminent sur- lovely place. But the payment of the salary propose to stay at home, as her mistress was goon, living at the distance of some miles. Soon fell into arrears, owing to the bad "Why, Mr. Farquhar is very bad-so bad not well: for she had already told her of the He said but little, till he was scated by the management of the trustees; and now for

ten to nothing Tib would say, but bid her speech would be to him the greatest human with that I have spent in repairs to the buildconsolation, I hope you will not object to ing, and other things, is upwards of sixteen

"I will: I owe it to him!" And Catherine paid, I shall, with what is due, buy the

with grey. As soon as her little maid was gone, Cath- They were soon on the way to the coun-, two little sons to do by them as I did by

a chair, he withdrew. The gentleman held forth his hand: but Catharine; for, to my bitter disappointment. "No, ma'am, not one; leastways, that is The gentleman held forth his hand: but Catharine; for, to my bitter disappointment, Catharine was for some minutes too moved. I had noither letter nor paper from him this

apple-sauce. I could make a little pudding at home, and have some ale. She then, happiness-that is taking the average of cook; and we would keep all hot by placing and returned to the house. Here once more the promptings of a more personal and sel-

"Undoubtedly. These victories cost us "Forgotten--forgotten! Alone!" sho said. much; but the reward is great. Only tell my idea is, if Joe could borrow his master's "Even by my dear Andrew, above all!" inc how it was, and what was the reason

St. John's, and there you could steal into scending snow; so that the day sympathized, may have heard, a country gentleman of the back door, and put the little dinner as it seemed, with the terrible depression good fortune; I and a brother were his only neatly on a tray, and carry it into the par- which lay upon her soul! It was weakness, children. He gave me a fine education; for lor, and say-"If you please, ma'am, would all this -seeing her noble life, and the har. I had a taste for books, and this I found my vest coming of the immortal seed she had only fortune when he died suddenly and my sown; but low in estate, from many causes, brother's dissipation of the estate left me her eyes sparkling with joy at the idea of her spirit (usually so strong and full of penniless. Such being the case, I had to giving pleasure to her mistress; "but she is faith) was bowed by the seeming desolation seek my bread; and I went as tutoress to the only son of Sir Richard Sutton, a from no one. And I should not like to of. In the meanwhile it would have been ded neighbor and old friend of my family. were on the way to St. John's. Here ar- was irreproachable. Three years after this school-house, Joe and Tib alighted, and Richard: you visited Sutton Place. Alcarrying each a seething burden, went soft- most as soon as yor saw me you made an ly round to the court-yard in the rear. Here offer. It cannot be said that I refused, for Tib, reaching the kitchen by a side door, I repulsed you by absence rather than by watched her through the window, and laid Moreover, you were a stranger to me-

"No: in truth, no. But I felt myself "Come in, Tib. I am glad to see you!" bound to another-even though indirectly. And Miss Cranbrook spoke as she lay qui- You should have had patience, and you would have won me; for I liked you even

ried, hurried in, and set the tray upon the "As it was," he interrupted, wringing table. "If you please, missis," she said, his hands,-"as it was, I cursed my life deprecatingly (and not daring to look at and yours. In my mad disappointmenther mistress,) "I have brought you a piece in my haste to show you that there were of goose and a little pudding, and I hope others whom I could win-I married a you won't be offended with your little Tib." heartless shrew, who in six weeks left me. had heard. To this, Miss Cranbrook made (At this precise moment, Tib having wound and whom I have never since seen nor herself up quite to a pitch, burst into tears;) beard of, except as it has concerned money

without dinner, and, please ma'am, Mr. "And bitterly, at times, have I rued my Bult gave me the fruit, and said I was to pride, and my false estimation of another's make a pudding, for I said you wasn't going honor. Soon after you discontinued your to have one-and so, please, I've brought visits to Sutton Place I left there also. I it. And I won't stay more now, ma'am, had an enemy in the chaplain-since befor such as have lots of money, and lots to knife a final whet, sent it like a sword into what she had listened to had rendered her for Joe's waiting, and I'll sure and be home come the master of an Oxford College; and early." So saying, and without once look he, I have strong reason to believe, poisoned ing at her mistress, she hurried from the Sir Richard's ears as to the heterodoxy of the knowledge I was imparting to his boy. When Miss Cranbrook had recovered So I left, and went to London, and began a from her great astonishment at this appear-, literary life. If men who pursue the higher spoke, and going into an adjacent room, re little maid, "and missis said only four or from her hand, fluttering to the floor, and ance of little Tib with so nice a dinner, she departments of knowledge find money come lay. Then pressing her face in her hands, wondered what could have prompted so slowly in, so, necessarily, must a woman, he delivered to the little maid with a grin.

"We always give good weight at Christ- her hands in turn upon the table, she sat sweet a thought: forgetting. in so doing, whose hindrenees are so formidable. After purple again, and his little wife, punching upon her soul of the desolation of this rather than from inclination, she tasted a try, and procured the mistresship of St. little of both goese and pudding; then car. John's, which was then vacant, and of When Tib went to her mistress in the ried the tray away, and returned to the which a trusteeship belonged to my family. It is, as you know, a branch of the old The cold was greater-the frost more in. Grammar School in our little country town

> When I had brought the school into some kind of organization I was very happy; for "He is dying," said the surgeon, thought earnings of my pen, I must have starved. hundred pounds. For the last six months "It is many years since I saw him." said the school has been closed, and the whole "It is; and, like you, he is utterly alone. last I heard, it was intimated to me that St. John's will be sold. If so, and I am sand memories, and there I wish to die. with curiosity at the expressive and still Richard Sutton, has written to me in the handsome face, though some fifty years had, kindest manner. He says he owes to me "Very well, Tib; I shall be glad to see left their traces there, and tinged her hair, all which is valuable in life, and that when he comes to England he shall bring me his

"What I have seen of him." said Mr.

"Indeed: This is news to me," said morning. Indeed, I suppose he means to