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## TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1846.

### Love, Music, and Mirth.

A fit for Philosophy's rules,  
Our stay is too brief on earth,  
To spare any time in the school,  
To spare those of Love, Music, and Mirth.  
Ye! therein is the exquisite lore  
We can learn in life's summer by heart,  
While the winter of gloomy frowns  
Leaves us fools in Philosophy's art.  
Oh! surely if life's but a day,  
'Tis vain o'er dull volumes to pine;  
Let the eagle choose what studies he may,  
But Mirth, Love, and Music be mine.  
What a fool was the Chaldean seer,  
Who studied the planets afar—  
While the bright eye of woman is near—  
My book be that beautiful star!  
The lore of the planets who seek,  
In years in acquiring the art,  
While the language dear woman's eye speaks,  
Is learned in a moment by heart,  
Then, surely, if life's but a day,  
'Tis vain o'er dull volumes to pine:  
Let the stars be his book, as they may,  
But the bright eye of woman be mine!  
The chemist may learnably tell  
Of the treasures his heart can unmake;  
But the grape juice has in it a spell,  
Which is all of his lore that I seek.  
In gazing on woman's bright eyes,  
I feel the astronomer's bliss:  
And chemistry's happiest prize,  
I find in a goblet like this.  
Then fill up—life's but a day,  
What fool o'er dull volumes would pine!  
Love and Mirth we can learn on the way,  
And to praise them in Music be mine!

### THE TWIN SISTERS.

A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ANTI-QUARIAN.

The old manor house of Folkstone has little to attract the notice of the passing way-farer, for its fine park is now converted into a sheep pasture, its flower garden is planted with turnips, and its noble woods have long since been left to enable its owner to enrich and embellish some other domain. The house has suffered comparatively little from time, but a fiercer enemy has been at work within its walls, and in its finest apartments are still visible the traces of that devouring fire which has reduced it almost to ruin. Strange rumors are abroad concerning the origin of that fire—the present owner, a wild and dissolute youth, came down to visit it, with a party of gay revelers, soon after it fell into his possession.—Fire more stately and better appointed mansions were already his, for he was one of the wealthiest of England's peers, and when he beheld the worn-out tapestries and moldering furniture, he was heard to exclaim, with a loud oath—

"I would that my mad cousin of Folkstone had set fire to the old nest; it will cost more in taxes than the lands will yield in revenue."  
His steward, a keen-eyed, iron-faced man, heard his master's words, and on the very night after the young lord's departure, the building was discovered to be in flames.—Some said it was a judgment from Heaven—others shook their heads, and whispered that the agency of man was visible in a fire which had broken out from four different points at the same moment, and certain it is that no money was ever spent upon the repair of the once noble structure. I had been told that the staircase was still decorated with some remains of the magnificent oak carvings which had once adorned many of the rooms, and I was therefore induced to visit the almost roofless mansion which certainly promised little to reward my search. I had wandered for some time through the empty apartments, which were nearly stripped of every vestige of furniture, when, upon opening the door of a small chamber that seemed originally designed for an oratory, I found myself suddenly in the presence of a picture, whose rays were so unfaded and life-like, that, for a moment, I started as if the actual beings had suddenly risen before me.

The picture represented two children, apparently about twelve years of age, and the painter had seated them upon a turf bank, with their feet on a resting on the neck of the other. Perhaps, had I seen the picture elsewhere, it might not have offered such powerful attractions, although it was exquisite in its execution and its design. But the faces of those beautiful girls, gleaming up from the dark oaken panel in which the picture was deeply inset—its painted semblance of life—active and fresh life in the midst of utter desolation—the solitary vestige of a race now passed forever from the earth—this single record of the past, which had escaped the destruction to which its stranger lord had doomed the home of an ancient family, awakened a feeling of awe for which I could scarcely account even to myself. I gazed upon those bright faces and imagination began to weave many a dream of the fortunes of those lovely children. I pictured them the idol of their stately parents, the pride of their family, the darlings of their dependants. I had been struck with their wonderful similarity of feature, and I fancied the fair sisters had been as much assimilated in character, while I endeavored to sketch some probable view of their course through life.—The setting sun, which, beaming through the single window, suddenly lighted up the lovely picture with a bright halo of departing glory, recalled me to myself, and as I turned my back upon the little chamber, I felt the folly of my own imaginings. Why should I seek to penetrate the veil of years? They had lived, and probably loved, and certainly suffered, and doubtless their ashes were now mingling with those of their forefathers in the family vault of the neighboring chapel. They had but shared the common lot of all mankind, and why

should I be so strangely interested, in two fair faces on which the worm had long since feasted in the silent tomb? Yet those beautiful children seemed to me like a bright vision seen amid the blackness of darkness, long after I had returned to my solitary room, and I determined to make some inquiries respecting them ere I left the neighborhood. There are always some old retainers of a noble house, or at least some descendants of such, who haunt the scenes of ancient splendor; and from an aged crone, whose mother had been the nurse of the beautiful twins whose portraits I had seen, I learned the tale which proved how false had been my own imaginings.

The ladies, Rosamond and Lillias, were the only children of the proud old marquis whose ancestors had for centuries ruled over the domain of Folkstone. Born after a childless marriage of many years, perhaps both parents would have been better pleased if one fair son had been given to them instead of the two fragile daughters, who were now destined to inherit the estates, and extinguish the name of their ancient family. But parental affection silenced, if it could not subdue, their regrets, and ere long the twins were the idols of both father and mother. The singular personal resemblance, which so generally characterizes those whom nature has so mysteriously connected, was in this case very strongly marked. As infants they could with difficulty be distinguished from each other, and only the unerring eye of a mother could detect the shade of difference between the deep gray eye of Rosamond, and the slight hazel tint which was diffused through the same color in the eyes of Lillias; while only a mother's heart could remember that when the two little heads were laid upon the same pillow the curls which clustered round Rosamond's brow were darker than the chestnut locks of Lillias. The similitude seemed rather to increase with the progress of time, and in the sportiveness of their innocent mirth the fair children would often puzzle their parents by changing the ornaments which formed the only distinction between them in the eyes of the family servants. Nor were they less alike in character than in person, and happier had it been for both if more diversity between them had really existed.

Endowed by their birth to rank and affluence, gifted by nature with exceeding beauty, and almost worshipped by parents who had long despaired of beholding the renewal of their youth in their offspring, they early learned their own importance in the eyes of the whole household. Their will became a law to all from the proud old lord to his humblest servant, and it is not surprising that they should soon have acquired a full portion of the waywardness which is ever the result of unlimited indulgence. The similarity of taste and feeling produced disunion between them even in the nursery, for each was sure to desire the same gratification at precisely the same moment, as it was scarcely possible always to fulfill the desires of both, their willfulness occasioned continual discord between them. Many a dispute which has separated those whom God himself had united—many a family feud which has left its inheritance of hatred in the second and third generations—many a bitter jealousy—many an evil passion which curdles the milk of human kindness in the hearts of men, and makes the bond of kindred only a fetter which is gladly broken—may be traced to the petty bickerings and still renewed quarrels which disturbed the days of infancy. The misfortunes which befel the beautiful sisters, if traced to their first cause, will be found to have arisen from that disunion of feeling, and selfishness, which characterized their childhood, while the wonderful similarity which distinguished their moral as well as their physical nature, and which should have bound them by the closest ties, became only an unfulfilling source of discord and dislike.

As nothing is more unlikely than childhood without its innocent attributes, its frankness, its overflowing affections, its utter selfishness, its purity of feeling—we will pass over the events which, though of trifling import in themselves, were of no little consequence to the formation of character. At sixteen, the ladies Rosamond and Lillias, were known to all the country around as the Beauties of Folkstone; and the rare spectacle of two young females so exquisitely loved and so wonderfully similar that a portrait of the one would have served as a most accurate likeness of the other, drew around them a crowd of admirers. It required an intimate acquaintance with both to discover the points of difference which existed between them, and yet these differences were of the most decided and definite kind.—Possessed of equally violent passions, equally self-willed and resolute of purpose, they yet were most unlike in talent and in their power of self-possession. Rosamond, with far more real strength of mind than her sister, had far less control over her wayward impulses. Her acuteness of perception and brilliant wit gave point and poignancy to her conversation which too frequently degenerated into severity and sarcasm, while the least irritation of temper produced invective against the offender, that few were found willing to brave her anger more than once. But with all these defects, she yet possessed a degree of generous frankness, and magnanimity in acknowledging her errors, which gave promise of a waywardness of qualities hidden beneath the waywardness of her temper. Lillias, on the contrary, was one of those sensitive, morbid creatures, who delight in cherishing every sentiment into a passion; romance was the atmosphere in which she sought to dwell, and failing to find its subtle essence pervading the grosser elements of every-day life, she was ever fretful, repining and discontented. But Lillias was, also, a profound and skillful disssembler. Though guided ever by the impulses of a headstrong will, she yet managed to appear one of the most refined and delicate and gentle of women.—Though resolute of purpose, and defying all hindrances when her passions were excited, she seemed only one of those frail, dependent creatures who attach themselves to the hearts of men by their very helplessness.—

While the dark eyes of Rosamond flashed with the fires of intellect, those of Lillias were full of light, as if a tear were ever ready to soften their rich lustre. While the chiselled lips of the franker sister were sometimes wreathed with merry smiles, sometimes curved in bitter scorn, the rose-bud mouth of the gentle Lillias never expressed a ruder emotion than quiet pleasure or placid pensiveness. While the little figure of one was seen in all the unadorned grace of attitude, which might besem a woodnymph, the drooping form and equally picturesque, but more artificial posture of the other, would have afforded a model to the sculptor, who vainly sought to image the statue of modesty. At first view, the observer was ready to exclaim, as he gazed upon both sisters, "How marvellous a likeness!" But a second look would probably excite his wonder still more, by showing how utterly different expression might be worn by features moulded to the most perfect exactitude of form.

Scarcely had the beautiful sisters attained the age of womanhood, when death deprived them of their mother, whose weak indulgence had fostered the growth of those errors in her children, of which she was keenly sensible ere she was removed from them forever. They felt little respect for the parent who had early submitted her better judgment to their infantile caprices, and, like all spoiled children, they made a most ungrateful return for the unlimited affection. She was allowed to minister to their pleasures, but when, excited by their willfulness, she attempted to act the mentor, or to assert her long dormant authority, she was met by utter contempt for her counsels, and disregard of her commands. Her last days were embittered by their disobedience, and the children who had been bestowed as blessings, were, by her own excess of affection, made her most bitter scourges.—Their father, a weak, silly, proud old man, who fancied that every thing which appertained to him was beyond censure or criticism, and who allowed his daughters to act precisely as they pleased, so long as they did not controvert his peculiar prejudices, was little calculated to be their guide during the perilous period of life which they had just entered. Thus left to follow the dictates of their own will, they could scarcely fail of laying up a store of future suffering.

Among their numerous admirers, was one who mingled timidly with the throng of the noble and the gifted that surrounded the lovely heiresses of Folkstone, as if conscious of his feeble claims upon their notice or regard.—Herbert Bellenden was a younger son, who, from his boyhood, had been destined to the church, because a valuable living was in the gift of his family. His rectory was but a short distance to Folkstone, and the large estates of his elder brother lay contiguous to those which were the future inheritance of the lovely sisters. Shy and retiring in his manner, a student in the fullest sense of the word, he avoided society with an almost morbid feeling of self-distrust and false pride; while his keen sense of the beautiful, and his ardent admiration of feminine loveliness, led him to find his chief delight in the continuance of his boyish intimacy with the ladies of Folkstone. He had mastered much of the lore of books, and had not altogether neglected the study of human nature, though his reserved manners gave him little facility in this pursuit—but of that stranger class of all strange volumes—the heart of woman—he was profoundly and hopelessly ignorant. Considering the sex as vastly inferior to men in intellectual strength, he looked upon them as fair and gentle beings, sent to soften man's rugged nature, and embellish life's dreary scenes; but the idea that they had character which might be studied, and facilities which might be developed, never once occurred to him.

To a man of secluded habits and timid nature the bold, frank, fearless bearing of Rosamond, was far more attractive than the sensitive and relying temper of Lillias. He had not the disposition of character and firmness of purpose which is sufficient for itself, and can, therefore, afford to offer its support to the feeble nature of woman. Rosamond's self-reliance, though generally the least attractive of all feminine traits, seemed peculiarly calculated to please one who was conscious of his own weakness; and Herbert Bellenden was not long in discovering that his affections were no longer in his own keeping. That his fine talents, his poetic temperament, his enthusiasm, and his romance of feeling should have given him an interest in the heart of the morbid sensitive Lillias was by no means extraordinary; but that the high-spirited and joyous-hearted Rosamond—she who shared her father's pride, and looked with scorn upon all who trod a lowlier path through life than that which she pursued—she who mocked at the name of love, and despised the thought of being humbled to the condition of a loving and submissive woman—she who had heretofore fancied that a paladin of the olden time, a knight ready to do his devoir to the death, or at least a noble gentleman, skilled in all manly and daring exercise, could alone fix her wandering fancy—that she should have loved the shy and vacillating student, was one of those marvels for which philosophy has no explanation. Alas were "human love the growth of human will," how much of the suffering which belongs to its full and perfect development would the hearts of men, and more especially of women, be spared. Herbert loved the high-souled Rosamond, and the lofty Rosamond, as well as the romantic Lillias, had yielded up their hearts to him. Both, turning from the advantages which were offered them by wealth and rank, had bestowed their affections on the youthful rector. But while Rosamond proudly and sternly struggled against the love which was daily gaining new vigor in her heart, Lillias, ever attracted by those incongruities of life which gave a tincture of romance to the dull realities of this working-day world, cherished the feeble sentiment of preference into a deep and absorbing passion.

It would be useless to attempt describing the progress of those events which gradually tended to compass the scheme of the romantic

and self-willed Lillias. She had early discovered Herbert Bellenden's preference for Rosamond—she had almost as soon detected her proud sister's mental struggles against reciprocal affection, and yet in despite of these things she resolved to win the object of her love, even if her path to the altar led over her sister's crushed and bleeding heart. All the powerful machinery of a woman's willingness was put in motion to secure the prize. All that she could devise of boldness or of stratagem was exercised upon the unsuspecting lovers.—By cunningly constructed tales of Herbert's presumption, Rosamond was instigated to treat him with a degree of proud coldness almost amounting to contempt, while the downcast eye of Lillias, her quivering lip, her trembling voice, her agitated manner, when in his presence, were all made to bear palpable witness to the depth of her own fervent tenderness.—A woman's cunning is almost sure of success, because men rarely suspect the sex until they have had some experience of their falsehood, and even if once deceived, personal vanity is usually a most powerful auxiliary on the side of the weaker, but more subtle adversary.—Herbert Bellenden was entirely deceived by the devices of Lillias.—He fancied that the sensitive girl was cherishing a hopeless passion which she vainly struggled to hide, and when he compared her ill-concealed agitation of manner with the stern, cold indifference of her sister, he could not wonder at his waywardness in thus humbling himself before the contemner, while he turned from the worshipping.

One evening—it was the dusk hour of twilight, and the shadow of the broad and gnarled oaks threw a deeper gloom over the pathway, as Herbert encountered the lady of his love.—She was treading with quick step a narrow walk which traversed the lawn, and lost itself in the darkest woodland. A closed bonnet partly hid her features, but the proud curve of those smiling lips, the stately tread of that tall form was not to be mistaken. He little knew what thoughts of coming triumph had lent that haughty look and that proud step to the maiden who now stood beside him. Day after day had he brooded over his preference for the cold beauty, and pondered on the belief that he was the object of her sister's love. Sometimes he was tempted to banish himself from the presence of both—sometimes he was upon the point of devoting himself to the gentle and loving Lillias—yet his vacillating temper led him still to defer the moment of explanation. Now, however, he was moved by a courage heretofore unknown to him. They were alone—no witnesses but the silent stars could behold his agitation—his voice would reach no ears save hers—and yielding to an impulse which he could not understand nor control, he poured forth the long repressed tide of deep affection. Silently did the lady listen to the burning words of passion—silently did she suffer him to draw her toward him—silently did she hide her face upon his bosom, as he prayed her to forget rank and fortune, and parental anger, for the strong and abiding love of a husband's heart. Did no mingling seize him when he found the haughty and frank Rosamond listening calmly to such a proposition? Did he believe that passion had so subdued her proud temper, that she would not only wed the untitled younger son, but even degrade herself by a clandestine marriage. On the night following this unlooked-for interview, a veiled and muffled figure stole silently from a postern gate, which opened upon a by-path through Folkstone park. The clock was striking midnight as the disguised lady approached the trying place. Herbert Bellenden was already there—the carriage was in waiting, and, with a silent embrace, the lovers hurried to enter it. Ere the next day's sun had set, the whole neighborhood knew that Herbert Bellenden had robbed Folkstone of one of its fairest ornaments. The story was widely diffused, but, strange to say, half the world made Rosamond the partner of his flight, while others said that Lillias was the bride. The gossipers were only satisfied when Rosamond, looking pale and sorrowful, but still as proud and quietly as ever, was seen accompanying her father in his daily ride. It was strange, passing strange.

Time passed on, and wrought his usual changes as he winged his silent way. Five years had elapsed since the eventful night which had thus far decided the fate of the sister. The old lord of Folkstone was gathered to his fathers—the stately and beautiful Rosamond dwelt alone in the ancient hall, for, excepting her sister, there were none of her near kindred left upon earth. Herbert Bellenden had inherited the title which had once belonged to his elder brother, who had recently died childless, and the beautiful Lillias, who, to the eyes of the world had sacrificed ambition to love when she wedded, now reaped her reward in her newly acquired rank and fortune. At the death bed of their aged father, a reconciliation had taken place between the estranged family. The old man, who could not forgive his daughter's clandestine marriage with a younger son, was induced to bestow his blessing on the richly dowered countess, and Rosamond, whose cold, proud demeanor had now become habitual, did not refuse to accede to the proffered peace. But though there might be peace between them, there could be no affection. Rosamond's heart had received a wound which was yet unhealed, and Lillias was biding within her bosom a secret which she dreaded lest her very thoughts should reveal. Jealous of every look and word which her husband bestowed upon another, pining for the kindness and affection which Herbert neither would nor could bestow, and continually trembling lest something should occur to break the frail bonds which seemed to hold her husband to her side, she had indeed reaped her reward in utter disappointment and misery.

But her punishment was not yet come. Lillias was preparing for her first winter in London, when she had resolved to appear in all the splendors of her beauty and her fortune, when a fearful accident overthrew all her hopes. While in the act of stepping out of her carriage, the horses took fright, and the fair countess was thrown violently to the ground, while her dress

becoming entangled in the steps, she was dragged some distance over the rugged road before assistance could be afforded. She was taken up apparently lifeless, and so frightfully disfigured that she was scarcely to be recognized. Medical skill was immediately procured, but for many hours she lay between life and death, and it was not until the second day that the doctor pronounced the crisis to be past.

"Every thing depends upon care now," said the man of wisdom; "the slightest neglect may prove fatal to her, the most trivial neglect is death."

Then leaving a draught, to be taken at regular intervals, the doctor sought the repose which, during her most imminent danger, he had denied himself.

That very night, as Rosamond watched beside the bed of her unconscious sister, in the very presence of the helpless sufferer, who knew not of what was passing around her—that very night, from the lips of him whom the still loved better than sight else on earth, did Rosamond listen to a tale which almost maddened her. It was her love that Herbert Bellenden had sought—  
"It was her hand he had tried to win—it was her whom he fancied he was bearing to a clandestine marriage, and not until the hurried and confused ceremony was over—not until the veil was removed from the face of her who he believed as his wife, did he learn that Lillias, and not Rosamond, was his companion."

"From that hour, Rosamond," said he, "I have loathed the very air she breathed, and the very earth she trod. She has been as a serpent in my path, and yet her tears, her agony, her blushes, have won me to treat her sometimes with a tenderness that has seemed almost like love." Yes," he added bitterly, "she has been as a serpent in my path, as a deadly adder, whose stings I feel in my very heart of hearts; and now she lies like a crushed worm before me—thus to drag out perhaps years of misery—  
"A fearful and humble sight to all—a heavy and wretched burden to my existence."

What were the feelings of Rosamond when she listened to this strange tale? The flood-gates of passion were thrown down—the barriers of pride and principle gave way, and in that fearful hour the secret of her long hoarded passion was revealed to the weak and vacillating husband of another. From that moment Rosamond never re-entered her sister's apartment, and never again met Herbert Bellenden save in the presence of others of the household. But it was observed, and mentioned long afterwards, when circumstances awakened fearful suspicions, that the charge of the helpless sufferer now devolved entirely on a superannuated old woman, who had long been regarded with an evil eye for her malice and ill-omened power of mischief.

Though crushed nearly out of all semblance to humanity, Lillias seemed to cling to life with wonderful tenacity, and the physician reiterated his opinion that care alone was necessary to restore her to comparative health.

"She will never walk again, poor thing," said he, gravely, "and she will scarcely be able to recover the use of her hands; her features, too, must always be terribly distorted, and I doubt whether her eye-sight will be fully restored,—but no vital function is seriously injured, and she may yet live many years."

That very night, or rather at dawn of the following day, Lillias was found stark and stiff in death, while the old woman, whose business it was to watch the sufferer, lay in a deep sleep on the floor beside her. The physician seemed thunderstruck when he beheld the lifeless body of her whom he had left but a few hours before in comparative safety; but he could not take it upon himself to assert that some sudden change had not occurred, some rapid and violent attack of disease whose symptoms were unmarked, and the general disorganization of her whole frame. In consequence of her disfigured appearance, her body was not allowed to lie in state, although a pompous funeral graced the obsequies of the once beautiful Countess of Moreland.—The lady Rosamond assumed the decent habiliments of woe—and yet, it was observed, that the old watcher, whose carelessness has in all probability shortened the days of the unhappy countess, was taken into the household, and honored with the confidence of the lady of Folkstone.

Three months had scarcely elapsed, after the frightful events just narrated, when a marriage was solemnized, secretly and by torch-light, in the chapel at Folkstone. The bride the beautiful Rosamond, and her voice rang out through the dark aisles of the lonely church with almost unnatural clearness, as she uttered the solemn responses. But the tones of the bridegroom were hollow and 'ow, and his frame quivered with strong emotion, for his weak and timid nature shrunk from the thought of that which he had done, and that which he was now doing.—He had yielded to the bolder wickedness of the woman at his side, but he was appalled by the shadows which conscience called up before his bewildered sight. Rosamond was revenged, alike upon the sister who had wronged, and the dastard lover who had watered when derision would have afforded happiness to both. Lillias was laid in an unhonored grave. Herbert Bellenden was her wedded husband, and the long cherished bitterness of her wayward heart had at last poured out its venom, and was relieved.

Did she not fear the anger of an avenging Providence? Did she not know that retributive justice, sooner or later, must overtake the guilty? She was allowed just time enough to learn that the husband for whom she had perilled her soul was rendered utterly contemptible by his vacillating character, and his low vices—and then the hour of reckoning came. A child was born to the euldame of Moreland—a son to inherit the name and honors of an ancient race—but a cry of irrepressible horror from all who looked upon him, was his only welcome to a world of suffering. The stamp of a mother's evil passions was upon the innocent babe—his marred and crippled limbs, his fearful distorted face, bore the awful semblance of the unhappy dead. It was the face of the buried Lillias.

For twenty years Rosamond was managed and bound like a wild beast, chained to the walls of her own apartment, on object of terror and pity to all who looked upon her raving madness.

or listened to the wild howlings of her insanity. The child, a helpless, crippled idiot, outlived its miserable parents, and by its death in 17—, the line of two of England's noblest families became extinct, while the estates fell to distant collateral heirs.

Such was the real history of those fair children, whose pictured semblance had so fascinated my gaze in that lonely chamber—such were the fortunes of those for whom I had faced a destiny of innocent happiness.

**TAKING A LOVER AT HIS WORD.**—*Marrying the Mad instead of the Mistress.*—A late lecturer on the life of Oliver Cromwell, declares, in spite of the sternness of his character, that he had an inherent love of fun, which he was prone mischievously to indulge at the expense of those around him. This was a peculiarity of his disposition, and one which exhibited itself ever according to the impulse of the moment. An anecdote to the point is related, which runs to the effect, that Cromwell had a beautiful daughter, at the time he became Protector, to whom one of his attendants took a great liking. One day he went into his daughter's apartments, and was not a little surprised to see his page very humbly prostrated upon the knee, before his daughter, and extending his hand toward her in the most supplicating manner possible.

"What means this?" sternly exclaimed Cromwell.

"May I please your worship," replied the frightened page, "I am in love with your daughter's maid,"—pointing to her as she spoke—"and I have been beseeching your daughter to exert her influence in my behalf."

"Are you willing," said Cromwell to the waiting maid, "to have this fellow for your husband?"

"Yes," replied she.

"Well then," says Cromwell, "we'll have a priest called in forthwith, and you two shall be one flesh," which was not much sooner said than done.

**INTERESTED JEWS.**—On a late occasion the Emperor of Russia was reviewing his fleet, when two sailors particularly exciting his attention, both by the precision with which they performed several difficult manoeuvres, and by the agility and daring which they displayed. The Emperor was so much pleased that he immediately promoted one to be a captain; the other he appointed lieutenant on the spot. The men, however, were Jews, and there is an ukas forbidding Jews to wear an epaulette. The Admiral of the fleet, who stood by, knowing that they were Jews, stated the difficulty to his imperial Majesty. "Pshaw!" cried the Emperor, "that does not signify in the least; they shall immediately embrace the Greek religion, of course." When this determination was communicated to the young men, knowing that remonstrance or refusal would be in vain, they requested the Emperor's permission to exhibit still more of their manœuvres, as he had not seen all they could do. This being granted, they ascended the topmast, unbraided, and locked in each other's arms, threw themselves into the sea and disappeared forever.—*English paper.*

**RECOGNITION.**—How dy'e do, Mr. Jones—how dy'e do?" said a young swell yesterday, with more beard than brains, to an old glossy-faced gentleman, who stood behind a pair of gold-mounted spectacles, and whose locomotion was assisted by a gold headed bamboo cane.

"Excuse me, my good sir—excuse me," said the old man in a falsetto voice—"but you have an advantage of me."

"My name is Kid, sir—Kid," said whisker-and-o, you remember Thomas Kid—Tommy, you used to call him—don't you?"

"Bless my soul, yes, and so I do," said the old man—"I remember little Tommy Kid sure enough, and how do you do now, Mr. Goat?"

"Kid, sir, Kid—not Goat!" said Thomas, peevishly.

"Ah, true, you were a kid then, Tommy," said the old gentleman, "but I perceive by the quantity of hair on your chin, that you since have become a goat!"

Tommy stroked his beard with his fingers, and went off without bidding Mr. Jones "good by."

**THE TREE DOCTRINE.**—A friend thus eloquently speaks: "The true doctrine is this—if any man has ten cents in his pocket, and owes no man anything, he is rich, yes, rich! far above those who, with all the externals of wealth and pomp and hollow-hearted fashion, are in reality poor in purse, poor in pleasure. Just as a man increases in dollars he decreases in the capability of enjoying this life. And I hold it true that the world was made to be enjoyed, and that daily, hourly, every minute, I would not give a fig for such pleasure as springs alone from wealth. A man must have it in him. There is no blood in a turnip—but there is life in the dry pebble to the man that can see it. There is fire in a flint, and powder in a drop of water, if you will only take the pains to bring it out. It is the internals that make the man, not the externals."

**QUAKER'S SUBMISSION TO A KISS.**—The late Mr. Bush used to tell this story of a barrister. As the coach was starting after breakfast the modest limit of the law approached the landlady, a pretty quakeress, who was seated near the fire, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "there must not do it." "Oh, by heavens, I will," replied the barrister. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thou may do it; but thou must not make a practice of it."

**THE HUNTER AND THE SHEPHERD.**—In the time of the seven years war between the Austrians and Prussians, a shepherd, who was tending his sheep on the shore of the Elbe, was accosted by a Prussian hussar with the following question—"Here, countryman, which do you love best, the Austrians or Prussians?" "If I must speak my honest mind," said the shepherd, "I wish the Austrians might be drowned in the Elbe, and that the Prussians might laugh themselves to death at the sight."