# The Independent Republican.

and right against slavery and wrong."

CHARLES F, READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS.

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### "Poets' Corner."

# The moon in silent brightness Rides o'er the mountain's brow,

Above the woodbine bower Dark waves the trysting-tree; The dews of night have wet me,

While wand ing lonelily;
Thy father's bands beset me only feared for thee. I crept beneath thy tower,
I climbed the ivy tree;
And blessed be the hour That brings my love to me

I left my chosen numbers In yonder copse below;

Each warrior lightly slumbers
His hand upon his bow;
From forth a tyrant's power They wait to set thee free

### SONG.

Oh come, my love, to me!

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT. "A weary lot is thine, fair maid, To pull the thorn thy brow to braid, And press the rue for wine! A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien, A feather of the blue, A doublet of the Lincoln green, No more of me you knew,

No more of me you knew. This morn is merry June, I trow, But she shall bloom in winter sno He turned his charger as he spake, Upon the river shore, He gave his bridle-reins a shake, Said-"Adieu for evermore,

### Jales and Sketches.

And adjeu for evermore

From Paluam's Monthly for March

quires several other talents for its support, otherwise it soon degenerates into sillinesswhence it sour, into Kulgar ill-nature in the country girl -in the lady of society into sar-

Cynthia was pretty, in the freshness of her doubt; for whilst she encouraged the atten- to many grasshoppers. tions of many "beaux," who, in the language of her society, " went to see her" evening

took place a very desirable match for her. an approaching assault upon the Malakoff of its cell. herself what a fool Seth Taggart was, and If you will allow me, I will turn round and wondered how he would get out of the fix in | walk with you.' which he found himself, and how he could dare to think she had given him encouragement-and looked-very bewitching. Poor Seth sat on the verge of his chair, and gazed through the window, which was open, into the woods, but his was a mind like that of Words-

worth's Peter, "A primrose, on the river's brim. A vellow primrose was to him,

He did not find any inspiration in the woods, so he began to look into the ashes. 'Miss Cynthia,' said he, at length, 'did you

ever see a crow? Yes, Mr. Seth,' said she, folding her gusset, and looking down at it demurely as a

'Black-ain't it?' said Seth.

Verv. Then came a pause. Darn it-I wish she'd help me out,' said Seth in his own, thought. The little minx knows what I

What man has not thought this before now, at courting time-and wished to borrow feminine tact, and the larger experience of women, to help him out of the slough of de progress. spond he is beginning to sink into? What man would not give the world to know how the last man, who offered himself to her; got through with it?

\*Ever see an owl? said Seth, at length, falling back on his own resources. 'Often, Mr. Seth,' lisped pretty Cynthia. 'It's not hig eyes-ain't it, now?'

'Very big eyes,' said she. Seth grew angry. 'Angry with himself. no doubt; but anger, like Phœbus Apollo at sunset, glows brightest in reflection. He thought it a' mean shame,' she wouldn't 'help was sticking so assiduously. He stirred up the answered with an air of preoccupation.—
his shird that 'he warn't going to give her another chance at him; but Cynthia dropped her conton-ball, and Set, not rising from his long, lank arm, and picked it up. He touched her hand, as she chair, stretched out his long, lank arm, and picked it up. He touched her hand, as she thought, he might woo her heart, and an and made him selectic shock thrilled him several questions, which had a right to think about his own discriminate. Seth claimed the privilege of her hastily, and not be glad, as he was now, discriminate. Seth claimed the privilege of her hastily, and not be glad, as he was now, which had rejected him. At least several questions, which had rejected him. At least several questions, which had a right to think about his own discriminate. Seth claimed the privilege of her hastily, and not be glad, as he was now, hoofs are minute to his discriminate. Seth claimed the privilege of her hastily, and not be glad, as he was now, which the stirred up he missing of her hastily, and of course he kissed that eight him. At least rejected him had of course he kissed of think about his own discriminate. Seth claimed the privilege of her hastily, and of course he kissed him. At least rejected him. At least took it back, and an electric shock thrilled made her answers more soft and natural.

The course of the party.

She heard voices in the passages. The any other good quality. They are he are he any other good quality. They are he are he any other good quality. They are he are he are he are he are he any other good quality. They are he are

'Miss Cynthy, may be you are fond of maple candy ?

'Very,' said she. Well, now, said Seth, rising, the next time I come, I'll try and bring you a great

But as he rode home, behind his old farm mare, he said to himself, 'I reckon I am't going back to court a gal who sees a feller in a fix, and never helps him.' And sure enough. he never did return. Miss Cynthia lost her richest lover, and many folks, even to this day, believe she wished him back again. It is the way of women to want the thing that times. can't be had. At least, so men say (if not in practice, in theory,) and Cynthin's mouth watered, I dare say, for many a week after,

for that gob of maple candy. THE MORAL. Let every man, oh! pretty girl, pay court to you in his own way, and not in your way, and help him out at thatbeing sure, however, that you are in harmony with his mode of procedure. Never disturb ice-cream when it is going to freeze; nor lift the pot as it begins to boil; nor make a false step and get out of time, when your partner is meditating a revers in the deux temps, or the polka. Many a declaration of affection has been frightened off by some wrong note sung in the treble of the dust.

which put it out of harmony. Cynthia though so pretty a girl, and so experienced in the art of saying 'no, to an offer of marriage, had yet a good deal to learn in her own craft; and, indeed, no experience ever primes a woman for the decisive moment. Each case must be met on principle, and not on precedent. It is our business to discover, in this story of 'Snip Snap,' how far pretty Cynthia profited by the experience the prided herself upon in the rejection of her

It was a mellow autumn morning, and a russet glow had tinged the woods at the back of 'Squire Simpson's homestead. It was Seth Taggart's wedding day. He was to marry, that evening, Susie Chase a smiling little rose-bud of a wife, to whom he found to me. plenty of things to say, as sweet to Susie's She drew her hand away, but he took it cars as to her lips his maple candy. Cyn again, and resumed. You must let me feel the acknowledged belle of the little Marrow-the harvest-fields were quiet and the yoked thia. I have loved you against hope—at Squash Valley.

This little talent of pleasing men is some oxen stood relieved from labor, leisurely times against my better reason. I have hestimes given by nature as a compensation for chewing the sweet morsel reserved for that stated to tell you this, because encumbrances the lack of every other accomplishment, or soft; sunny hour of rest, as men of business on my farm made my position less than that the means of procuring any; but this was use to do the thought of the last letter writ- which I thought ought to be offered to you.

of yellow letters lying on their desk-offerings upon the shrine of Jupiter Mammon. Our pretty Cynthia tripped along her path, scattering a cloud of grasshoppers and crickets, as she stepped; and in her silly little age. American beauty comes forth like a pride of bellehood her heart field, though she flower, and is cut down. The loveliness of would not have confessed the thought, that girlhood rarely ripens in the matron. And her relative value to her crowd of beaux was ciprocated or understood. It is not alone my Cynthin was afraid to risk her leveliness, no in the same proportion as that of one woman heart, it is my very nature—heart and soul,

ble fancies.) pure from the contact of the pile

father, whenever any of these swains took the of her when she surprised him-thinking of Cynthia. It has waited patiently until the opportunity to press upon her notice the na- her all that day and through a sleepless night: ture of his case, and urge the necessity of its and in those hours the Cynthia of his fancy. speedy cure, she cut the matter short with had smiled on him, and laid her gentle hand in his, and had been gathered to his heart-Truth must be said, that amongst all her it was a shock to come thus suddenly upon will etrengthen you, and elevate you, and admirers there was not one who was a priori so different a reality. At the moment he enthat is, before a reciprocation of his love countered her, he was indulging himself in an rank (as God ranks woman,) for your union imaginary love scene, in which he was calling | with a man's stronger, steadier, and more sin-The richest was Seth Taggart, who paid her, in heart, 'My Cynthia, my love,' and at gle-minded nature; and, Cynthia, your influhis last visit to her one afternoon, in a brand the sudden sight of her, all such presumptu- ence for good on me will be incalculable. new suit of glossy, fine, black broad-cloth.— ous fancies fled in haste, and hid themselves, Who can estimate what a man owes to the

her affections. She pursed her pretty little 'I beg your pardon, Miss Cynthia,' he mouth, and sewed, with nimble-glancing fin- said, stainmering before he gathered self-posgers, on the sleeve of one of the old squire's session, and accustomed himself to her pres shirts, of unbleached cotton; and thought to ence. 'I was on my way to make you a call.

> 'I am not going far, Mr. Frank, only into the village, for some ribbon for my hair, and gentlemen dislike shopping,' (knowing perfectly well that he would go with her.)

'I know where a wild hop-vine grows,' said he, 'it would make a much prettier ornament for your hair than any ribbons you could buy

in the village.' 'And will you get me some?'

'Turn this way into the woods, and spare me half an hour while I twist it into a wreath. am going away from here to-morrow, perhaps. I have been offered a professorship in a school of agriculture.' 'Indeed, Mr. Handy.'

There was a pause, and Cynthia resumed, little hurriedly: I should think you would like going away from here. There is nothing

'I shall like it, in some respects, better than my present life, said Handy. 'This want to say, and she might help me to say farmer's life, when there are no higher interests to accompany it, does not draw out the best energies of a man. His nature, like his thoughts, goes round and round in the rou-

ogress,
This man thinks higher things than I think, was Cynthia's thought as he said this, and for a moment, she felt humbled in his presence: but she rallied her pretensions, remembered her bellehood and her conquests, and the light | singles her out from the whole world as his in which she always had been looked upon by all her lovers, and was almost disposed to that in her before which he bows down, doing dy, and-strange !- that though it seemed revenge upon Frank Handy the passing feel-homage to the woman's nature within her.—to her he had the good word and good opining of inferiority. Frank stood in silence, But this does not imply unconsciousness of her ion of every man that knew him, no one had twining the hop-wreath for her head. He did faults. He may see where she comes short ever quite seemed to appreciate him, to his that she began to feel her own unworthiness, not speak. His thoughts were busied with of her own capability. And that marriage is full value. Perhaps he had never shown his and to mistrust her power.

She cast her eyes down during the service, the words that he would say to her when he true union in which the husband, up to whom immost heart to other people as he had to her. broke silence. He was satisfied to have her she looks, and on whom she should lean, him out, while she sat there, looking good waiting at the side-waiting for the hop- strengthens her better in its struggle against she found in such a thought. Frank was not a man to put forth his protensions. She nad the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the pair some day, when they both grew old. Frank the bride. Everybody came round the bride. Everybody cam

the point of her foot had produced in an ant-

'Is it finished?' she said, quickly.
'Not the garland—but the struggle in my breast is finished. I have been questioning with myself whether I should say to you what I am about to say.'

Cynthia gathered a leaf, and began slowly

o tear apart its delicate veins and fibres. 'Miss Cynthia, is if pleasant to you to have man say he loves you?'
'I don't know, Mr. Handy. I suppose so.

That is, I think it very embarrassing some-Why embarrassing, Miss Cynthia? He was taking her on a new tack. It was

different from anything she had ever before experienced. She did not like this way of having his offer. 'It is embarrassing when I know that my only answer can be No,' she said, looking him in the face a moment, and then easting Frank but known it,) if she had been entire-

her eyes upon the lime leaf she was dissect-'It would be more embarrassing, I think, ook the matter into consideration.'

'It never wants any consideration with me, she answered.
'What! did you never place before your belle? And did you never look beyond, to

see what the happy duties of a wife, and the sweet ties of home might be?' Cynthia laughed, but the laugh was affected and constrained. 'What nonsense, Mr. Handy!

'Its is not nonsense,' he replied; 'such thoughts are lit for maiden meditation—they are womanly and womanly, above everything else, I should wish my wife to be. 'I hope she may be all you wish her, Mr. Handy. We will go now, it you please, if you have finished my garland.

'It is not ready for you yet,' said Handy passing it over one arm while he took her 'Cynthia, beloved! you must listen

not the case with Cynthia, who had good Yan- ten by the hand they love, till the burden of I have watched you with your other admircomposition, which latter, as I take it, re- all its woman's nonsense, and half unreasona- that any other had your preference, so that other men have taken their chance before me. This offer of a professorship, which adds a thousand dollars to my income, makes it possible for me to address you. Cynthia! there are depths of tenderness which no human eye heart-depths which, perhaps, are never, by the shallower nature of your sex, entirely re-At a turn in the path, she came suddenly on one of these admirers—Frank Handy.—

Frank's face flushed. He had been suddenly similate into their own growth has been suddenly sud

moment came when it might be offered to your acceptance. Cynthia, if you will lay this little hand in mine (and he let it fall, but stretched out his hand towards her,) 'I guide you. You shall be a woman of higher Pretty Cynthia was alone, and prepared by shrinking like vari-tinted coral polypes when affection of a woman? All that I have in me previous experience to discern symptoms of danger approaches—each into the recesses of that is good will be doubled by your influence. You must draw forth perhaps create—the gentleness, delicacies, and the tendernesses that complete the manly character." He paused, and Canthia stood with he

hand hidden in the folds of her mantle. 'No,' she replied slowly; 'I am sorry, Mr. Handy, but I cannot be what you wish to There was an embarrassed silence between

them for a few moments, and then Cynthia, gathering courage with her rising pride, con-"I am not good enough to answer your ex-

Handy started, and his face flushed, eager ly. He was about to speak. Cynthia caught | great deal more pains to win me.' the lightning of his eyes; but when they rest-

not wholly sincere, and the look faded. ... said, a little bitterly. You are not con-vinced of what you said this moment. You to tempt a young gentleman to remain among think in your heart I am a foolish fellow, and of your capabilities you have never attainthat I ask too much. You do not think that | ed.

ideal of any man. 'I don't know why you should say such things,' said Cynthia, growing angry and neartine, like a squirrel in its cage, and makes no left behind it a self-satisfied feeling of triumph; ber, and shutting out the light from her eyes, and yet here was Frank Handy, as incomparably superior to any other suiter she had ever had as .... Well no matter.

Miss Cynthia, said Frank, when a man loves a woman, as I have long loved you, he representative of womanhood; and there is the good she had ever heard of Frank Han-

said he did, she knew her power was great, sway. He should bring his homage not coldly to the womanhood within her, but to herself- pride and wrath. She had half a mind not to Cynthia Susan Simpson, in spite of the full to go to the wedding. No, she could not do frauded of her triumph, and it would be a if she staid away. It was delicate ground great one, indeed, if she forced him, by her with her, this matter of Seth Taggart's be-

which led on to the highway. In their path Cynthia in her thoughts, summing up all her lay a disabled grasshopper. Frank set his wrongs at once, as she sat at the tea-table, foot on it and crushed it firmly. 'Miss Cynthia,' said he, 'few women have the courage ness before which she felt her courage giving to treat rejected suitors thus. It is the true wav.

have treated him with more courtesy (had stand up with Sue.'

ly indifferent to his admiration. 'Miss Cynthia,' said he, now in a grave and measured tone, which, in spite of herself, imif you were not so sure, 'he said, 'and if you pressed her with a sense of the powerlessness of her little arts when brought into conflict with his self-possession and sincerity, 'I know, than he stands up with to be married to.' spect an offering even to you. And if you he took her so by surprise, and all her evil have the feelings of true nobleness, which I feelings had got uppermost at the moment. have always funcied I discerned in you, you It would be very cruel of him-very-not to would respect me, esteem me, love me less, try her again. for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer my-

passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, doubt, and its trembling green bells mixed weet queenliness upon the lonely darkness I your old father. Who loves t

has ever fathomed, in many a strong man's the conviction, that for the present rejection of my suit I ought to be much obliged to you. Nor shall I say Snip! more than once. In

this uncertainty I leave the matter to your sideration.'
'What impertinence!' thought Cynthia.— I never heard of such a thing!' And she way, holding her hop-wreath in her hand. 'I don't know what I had better do. wish he had taken some other way of speaking to me. Oh! why should he be so very

you had better not say Snap! too readily.' wanted to say Snap!-and why! It was not adjust this sensitiveness to suffering in the would try to be.' possible that the tables of her pride were turned upon her; that she was in Frank Han-

dy's power, to refuse or to take, that she loved him! 'I don't care for him at all,' had taste, and Cynthia among her 'girls' had was the suggestion of the bad angel. - I on a reputation for good-nature. Her fingers ly want to teach him for the future to behave. failed her as she pinned the wedding wreath, He is a presuming, exacting, self-conceited felperience, said the good angel, seen any other man like Frank? Has not the conversa-

tion of this very day raised him to a height in your esteem ... which is ... which must be....almost....That is, he stands before pectations Mr. Handy. You must look you in a light which no other man has ever elsewhere for the kind of woman who will stood before?

'I don't believe he loves me, said her perverse heart, or else he would have taken a

'Ah!' said the good angel, 'what better ed on her face, he said that her words were love can a man give, than that which sees your faults and strengthens you against them? You are not dealing fairly with me, Miss True, he has set his ideal of womanhood so Cynthia, por yet with your own heart, he high, that you do not come up to it; but he sees in your capabilities for good beyond those of other women, though to the height were caged, with an air in which assumed in-

Oh! I shall be a worse woman, and an Cynthia Simpson falls short of the reasonable unhappy woman, if I do not love Frank Handy, and if Frank Handy does not love the, said her heart, now turning to its better in ly ready to cry. It was the first time any stincts, as she threw herself upon her little, offer had been made to her which had not white, dimity covered bed, in her own chamthought what life would be if Frank never ing in the fields, trying to think all the harm he could of her.

Here she lay, and cried, and disquieted to her he had the good word and good opinshe found in such a thought. Frank was not a man to put forth his protensions. She had minister had blessed them both, and kissed should learn to love her. And then perhaps, Her wounded feeling seized upon the balm

So Cynthia went down stairs towering in tled to.' display of her faults, and even in opposition that. People would certainly say things she had been brought by some of the guests. She to his better reason. She was not to be de would not like about her and Seth Taggart, had no other acquaintances, and Frank seemed

faults themselves, to surrender at discretion. cause he had never made her any offer. 'I They reached the steps over the stone fence think men treat women shamefully, said

Cynthy, I reckon you'd best go and dress He helped her over the steps, and paused. you, said her mother, as she was clearing He took the hop-wreath carefully from his away the table after ten you leave the and gave it into her hands. She took it with things, and I'll wash up and put away. It an indifferent air, and, as she took it, crushed will take you some time to fix yourself, and been the sweet, unwholesome smell of wedsome of the green blossoms. She would you ought to be there early, if you going to ding cake which made her head ache violent-

' Who's the groomsman, Miss Bridesmaid? said her father. 'Frank Handy, sir,' said Cynthia, with

toss of her head. 'Ha, Handy?' said her father, 'a right clever fellow is Frank. It'll be a lucky wovery well how you have dealt by many men, and I cynthia escaped to her own room, and she and I am not disposed to fall into the ranks, began to cry again. There! her father spoke mind the subject of marriage? Have you and take my chance among your many other well of Frank; but nobody could know him been satisfied with the vain triumphs of a patient suitors. It is true, that the wound as well as she knew him. Oh! if he only belle? And did you never look beyond, to that you would inflict on me, will leave its would come back. Why hadn't she known the scar for life; but I cannot make my self-re- state of her own heart that morning? But

> Thus she thought, until she was sufficiently self again to you.' Cynthia started. Slight advanced in her toilet to put her wreath on. and rapid as her movement was, he saw it, Should she wear it? Would it not be, conand repeated, 'I shall never offer myself fessing too much, if he were to see it in her again to you. And I leave this place to- hair? She looked for some rilbons in her morrow, never to return to it, till I have drawer, but at this moment her father called subdued this love for you. To-night I shall her, and said, if she came quick he would be at the wedding. I am groomsman to drive her over to Susie's before he unharnes-Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you.— sed his old mare. So she put on the hop-

love. I do not know what I shall think. - round a pretty girl just like my flock of sheep were going about, she could not but perceive amuse their leisure moments at the hotels in To-day has shaken my confidence in you.— out youder, one following because another is that Frank seemed not to remember her.

As I said before, I shall make you no further making up to her.'

'Who is that lady in blue, Mr. Handy is

key sense, and a vein of sprightliness in her the day is laid aside, putting it apart (with ers; and, in some moments, have not thought Snip! during the evening; and, if you answer them. Frank had never followed in her train Snap! I shall understand it is favorably re- sufficiently to be accounted one of her suit- ject the old familiarity. ceived by you. Mind, he added, 'I think it ors. It was this very 'foolish' flock, whose doubtful whether, not with standing my love, ranks he scorned to enter. All that her fathfor you, I shall think it right to say it. I am er said, seemed to justify her nascent feeling, going into the fields to 'meditate till even. She kissed the old man's ruddy cheek, and

> approbation. What time shall I come for you, Cyntha? said he, as she alighted at Susy's door. Oh! not till late, father, she said, hurriedly Stay-not at all. Some of the young men will walk home with me; or, if they began to cry, standing alone upon the tight don't, I'll come with Tommy Chase's He's only eleven, but he's tall of his age.'

> bride's chamber. The pretty little rose-bud, blushing in her wedding muslin, and going unkind? I don't care. It is his loss a great to be very happy, because ... well, it takes deal more than mine, if he is really in love a good deal more sense than Susie had to be

highest natures? Cynthia was waited for to put the finishand she trembled more than the bride did when the buggy that had been sent for the 'Have you ever, in the course of your ex- minister stopped at the end of the brick path which led up to the homestead. She saw Frank Handy in his bridal suit going down

> to receive the minister. 'Cynthia, you go and tell the gentlemen they may come in.
>
> Cynthia shrank back. But as bridesmaid it was her office, and the others pushed her

to the door. 'She didn't want to see Seth Taggart, I reckon,' said one of the girls in a half whis-

per. 'Don't you see how pale she has grown.' Cynthia falsified this speech by looking scarlet before the girl addressed could turn her head; and she opened the door of the sadly and quietly.

The animation faded from the young room, where the bridegroom and his men

Gentlemen, we are ready,' with a toss that sent the hop-bells dancing in her head. ding suit, as a snake in a new skin, took little Susie on his awkward arm; Frank Handy, quite collected, and self-possessed, offered his to the bridesmaid, and they followed the looked. It was a woe, however, to which Seth, long and lean, and shiny, in his wedbride and bridegroom into the best parlor. Cynthia and Frank were parted, when they said Snip!-Frank, who was even then walk- took their places for the ceremony. It was only a moment that she leaned upon his arm; its lesson, she said, as every weed has a an districts. Sir Francis Head states that but that moment gave her a new sensation. drop of honey in its cup. Blessed are they many of the horses of the Panama are pie-It was a pride, such as no woman need be herself in vain. And she thought over all ashamed of, in resting upon manly strength. uses. the good she had ever heard of Frank Han. His arm did not tremble, though all her She nerves seemed twittering like wires stretched.

tried to bring her rebel nerves under control She would have her dear old father's love, be the color of defect.

and suddenly let loose. He seemed so strong,

so calm, so self-collected, and so dignified,

over—ever so, as he some time afterwards to him, as she stood watching the stir which he should woo her. If he loved her as he man. And the evil spirits resumed their ing, and I declare, I don't believe you have ning to go. Oh! why had she staid alone so taken the privilege of the kiss you are enti-

Frank was called away from the side of a lady in blue, a stranger from the city, who to be attentive to her.

I beg your pardon, Miss Cynthia, said he turning from the lady, and taking no notice of the latter part of the speech that was addressed to him, 'let us do all that is expected of us.'

They went together into the pantry, and were there alone. Cynthia thought, if he intends to say Ship! now is the moment.'-But Frank was intent on arranging the cake on plates, and disposing them on a large waiter. Cynthia felt ready to cry. She took refuge in silence, and the cake. It may have

'It is a foolish custom,' said Frank, as they arranged the cake. 'Foolish, that persons, because they are happy, should want to make other folks sick. But there is a great deal of selfishness in the display of newly-married happiness, as that essay by Elia tells us."

Frank sighed, and that sigh revived the courage of Cynthia. Now she thought he will say 'Snip!' Can I say 'Snap!' Oh!

She put on a little coquetry. You will not have any cake at your wedding, Mr. Frank, she said. 'Everything about that will be the perfection of good sense and rea-

She had not intended to be sarcastic, but as the speech fell from her lips, it sounded so. It was triffing unworthy. She wished she had not said it. Its tone was out of harmony with what she felt.

'Come,' said Frank, 'let us feed them.'-He took-one of the handles of the tray, and the bridesmaid took the other. The room was very merry. The cake was served with plenty of noise, and the wine after it: Frank seemed to be quite self-possessed, and etten-I am going home to consider fully what has wreath in a hurry, giving it the benefit of her tive to everybody. Cynthia's beaux could be respect to convince respect (if I can) calmly doubt and its trembling green bells mixed make nothing of her. She answered their whether my love for you has been an error with the light curls of her pretty sunny hair. questions wrong. A rumor ran that she was in my life, for which my judgment is responwearing the winds for her best friends, was to be bridesmaid; and as she wished to shine that thin, as one of her best friends, was to be bridesmaid; and as she wished to shine that the state of my life, for 1 have always loved you. I loved you when have always loved yo was new ribbons for her head-dress, this want you were a blooming little girl, and we both dim her beauty, and shining forth in her And it's better, my child, to be admired by she feared the motion. Agonized by her of the man who can teach her what it is to crowd of foolish fellows half of whom get left to make head against the reports that

offer; but, if I make up my mind to renew Foolish fellows!' they were 'foolish fellows!' they were 'foolish fellows!' they they was not one of the party of the party of the one I have just made you, I shall say lows.' But Frank Handy was not one of ty. Cynthia had always called him 'Frank' et parts. They tried the effect of a few ex-

Oh! that is somebody very wonderful. Everybody else is afraid to speak to her .- listened to them with much apparent sur-She has written a book. Frank seems to be right down flirting with her-doesn't he? I to have run our and the conversation flagged. tide upon my course, and I may bring back felt as if the callow love, that fluttered at her declare, now, he always wanted somebody heart, had almost been made welcome by his out of the way. Nobody here was good approbation. Have you heard he has

been offered a professorship, and is going away? He is going to live in the same place life as more peculiar the she does. I should't wonder at his courting ed. Said he; her—should you?' 'I don't care,' said Cynthia in her heart,

I don't care. Oh! yes I do. I care that ly eleven, but he's tall of his age.' he should have weighed me in the balance The occupant, a woman, refused it, sayling And now Cynthia found herself in the so calmly this afternoon, and found me so her husband and sons were out hunting, and unworthy, that he takes back the love he has offered me. Has he judged me very cruelly? Or am I quite unworthy of his attachment? Oh! think that this morning I had with me.'

The evil spirit was coming back, and it sweet temper and a good digestion. A sulfire will certainly say Snip! but peradded power of suffering is a proof of an pare any other man with him? And he advance in organization, and we submit the loved me only to-day-and now, to-night, his She walked on thinking, imagining a tri- argument to the skeptic: whether this truth reason says I am not good enough to be his umph, when suddenly the thought came to does not imply the necessity of some power wife; and he is afraid of being unhappy with

> '....lf you would snip it.' It was Frank Handy's voice. She caught ing touches to the bridal toilet, for Cynthia the word, and looked up eagerly. Frank saw her, and stopped embarrassed. He was holding up a torn fold in the dress of his part-

> > If I knew where to find a needle and the bridesmaid.

Cypthia.

Her pride had left her. She felt humbled to the dust: It would be a relief to do somewhom Frank preferred to her. 'Let me do it,' she said earnestly.

'Mr. Handy, I shall depend upon your escort.

He had told her he should go there. Cynthin the disaster. Good night, gentlemen I did in sewed up the hole in the blue dress, very not express an doubt of the truth of your

authoress's face, as she looked down on of Sandusky has not had a full meeting since difference was stronglamarked, and said, Cynthia's quivering lip, and saw a big tear fall upon her sewing. She had heard some one say, she had been the victim of false hopes raised by Seth Taggart; and had in she could not openly allude. But, as Cyn- Central Asia, the dun and greyish brown colthis set the last stitch in her dress, she stoop- ors were most frequent. Bell judges the ed down and kissed her. 'Every sorrow has chestnut to be the most common in Tartari. who suck that drop, and store it for good

> She had gone, and Cynthia was left alone. Yes, she had much to learn. This night's ex- es from milk white to coal black. Some perperience had taught her that her reign was sons are inclined to give preference to dark over, and her career of bellchood run. She, cotors, from the fact that among animals genwho was not good enough to keep a good erally the lighter the skin the weaker the enman's heart when she had won it, would set ergy. Lord Bacon seems to have entertainherself to her newstask of self-improvement. ed the same idea, when he asserted white to

have changed his mind. She had deprived

herself of the opportunity. She started up and hurried out amongst the company. They were all getting their cloaks and shawls on. Rrank, in his great cont, was standing impatiently at the house-

Please to tell her that my buggy lias come up first, he said to some one, as Cynthia presented herself in the passage

I am ready, said the lady in blue, presenting herself.

Frank raised his hat to the company; and took her on his arm.
'Shut up that door,' said somebody; 'and

don't let the night air into the house So the door closed with a jar that went to Cynthia's very heart. She turned aside and tried to help some of the girls to find their sllawls and hoods. Every lassic had her laddie, Cynthia only had no one to take her home. She asked Tommy Chase to walk home with her, and he said he would as soon as he had had some more cake and some

more supper. Cynthia went back into the cinpty parlor, and sat down by an open window looking on the yard. She hid her face in her hands.— All sorts of thoughts went singing through her brain; but the one that presented itself oftenest, was an humble resolution that she would try to be such a woman as Frank Handy wisely might have loved. There was a stir among the vines that draped the window-frame. She did not look up. It was the wind. She heard it sigh.—

She felt its warm breath near her checkwarmer, surely, than the night wind. She litted her head quickly.
'Snip!' said Frank's voice at her side. t trembled; and he trembled as he stood with a great hope and a great fear contend ing in his breast. His self-possession was all

gone. The struggle had unnerved him. Oh! Snap! cried Cynthia suddenly .-And then drooping her head, crowned with the hop bells, lower and lower more and more humbly, till it rested on the window sill,—she said in a broken voice; I know I am not worthy, Frank; but you must teach

# A RATHER TOUGH STORY.

The following story was told in Sandusky Ohio, and appears in the Masillon News

drawing a long bow, or telling wonderful Who is that lady in blue, Mr. Handy is yarns for the benefit of those, apparently verbefore, but consciousness made her now re- traordinary wolf stories upon a venerable and sedate customer not long since who had come to spend the night at the best hotel, and he prise and interest until their stock appeared when he remarked that he had been much interested in the news they had given him. relative to the primeval inhabitants of that country: but regarded an event in his early life as more peculiar than any they had nam-

"When a young man, I was traveling in western New York, and late of a stormy night applied at a log cabin for lodging. if they found me there, would murder me I preferred the chance to the storm, and she consented that I might lie down before

the fire. In the night I heard them coming.

and scrambled up the chimney. "Thinking I was safe when at the top, stepped over the roof, and, jumping down at the back of the cabin, jumped plump into a wolf trap. A scream of pain brought the men and boys out, and they declared. I deher, that she was confessing to herself she or influence which shall counterbalance and me. Indeed, I am not good enough but I served a more severe punishment than death, so they kept me (both in the trap and suspense until morning, and then, heading me up in a hogshead, with no air or light but through the bung hole, they put me on a sled and drove me some four miles up a hill, and there rolled me off to starve. This I undoubtedly should have done but for a very singular occurrence. The wolves smelled thread,' said the authoress, with a half look at | me out and gathered around my prison, when he bridesmaid.
one of them, in turning round, happened to throw. Let me sew it up for you, said thrust his tail into the bung-hole. It was my only chance. I caught firm hold, and held on like death to a negro, which frightened the wolt, of course, and he started down thing for this woman-better than herself- the hill, followed by the hogshead and me. It was a very uneasy ride, over the stones and stumps; but I had no idea how long it was, until the bogshead striking a stone fairly, the staves, worn by long travel, were Frank Handy bowed, and the girls went broken in, and I jumped out to find myself away down in the lower end of Cataraugus Escort !- was it his escort to the city !- county, some thirty miles from the scene of stories, and I hope you will not of mine." It is currently reported that the "sell" club that occurred.

> COLOR OF HORSES.—A proverb says, "A good horse cannot be of a bad color." bald. The black is rarely found among the Arabians: The leopard-spotted horse is said to be frequent in China. In England it range A modern writer asks and answers the fol-

lowing question : Why are horses with white legs and feet