

The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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

MONROSE, THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1856.

FRAZIER & SMITH, PUBLISHERS—VOL. 2. NO. 11

Poets' Corner.

SONG.
The moon in silent brightness
Rides o'er the mountain's brow,
The mist in theory whitens
The vale the vale below.
Above the woodbine bower
Dark waves the trying tree;
It is the hour,
Oh come, my love, to me!

The dew of night have wet me,
While wand'ring lonely;
Thy father's hands best love—
I only feared for thee.
I crept beneath thy cover,
I clung to the ivy tree,
And blessed be the hour
That brings my love to me.

I left my chosen number
In yonder corner below;
Each warrior lightly slung,
His hand upon his bow;
From forth a tyrant's power
They wait to set thee free;
It is the hour,
Oh come, my love, to me!

SONG.
BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.
A weary lot is mine, fair maid,
A weary lot is mine,
To pull the thorn the brow for bread,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a summer's mien,
A feather in thy hair,
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,
The sun is budding fair;
But she shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again.
He turned his shoulder as he spoke,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his little-rose a shake,
Said—'Adieu for evermore,
And adieu for evermore.'

Tales and Sketches.

SNIP-SNAP.

From Putnam's Monthly for March.

CYNTHIA STAN SIMPSON, age eighteen, with the pretty talent of a young poet, was the acknowledged belle of the little Marrow-Squash Valley.

This little bit of pleasing poetry is sometimes given by nature as a compensation for the lack of every other accomplishment, or the means of procuring any; but this was not the case with Cynthia, who had good Yankee sense, and a vein of sprightliness in her composition, which latter, as I take it, requires several other talents for its support, otherwise it soon degenerates into silliness—whence it soon runs vulgarly into the country girl—in the lady of society into sarcasm.

Cynthia was pretty, in the freshness of her age. American beauty comes forth like a flower, and is cut down. The loveliness of childhood rarely ripens in the matron. And Cynthia was afraid to risk her loveliness, no doubt, for whilst she encouraged the attentions of many "beaux," who, in the language of her society, "went to see her," evening after evening, at the snug farm-house of her father, whenever any of these swains took the opportunity to press upon her notice the nature of his case, and urge the necessity of its speedy cure, she cut the matter short with him.

Truth must be said, that amongst all her admirers there was not one who was a *priori*—that is, before a disproof of his love took place—a very desirable match for her.

The richest was Seth Taggart, who paid his last visit to her one afternoon, in a brand new suit of glossy, fine, black broad-cloth. Pretty Cynthia was alone, and prepared by previous experience to discern symptoms of an approaching assault upon the Malakoff of her affections. She pursued her pretty little comb, and sewed, with nimble-fingered fingers, on the sleeve of one of the old squire's shirts, of unbleached cotton; and thought to herself what a fool Seth Taggart was, and wondered how he would get out of the fix in which he found himself, and how he could dare to think she had given him encouragement—and looked—very bewitching. 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 Wordsworth's Peter.

"A primrose, on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And nothing more."

He did not find an inspiration in the woods, so he began to look into the village.

"Miss Cynthia," said he, "did you ever see a row?"

"Yes, Mr. Seth," said she, folding her gusset, and looking down at it demurely as a mouse.

"Black—ain't it?" said Seth.

"Very."

Then came a pause. "Darn it—I wish she'd help me out," said Seth in his own thought. "The little mouse knows what I want to say, and she might help me to say it."

What man has not thought this before now, at courtship time—and wished to borrow feminine tact, and the larger experience of women, to help him out of the slough of despond he is beginning to sink into? What man would not give the world to know how the last man, who an owl's self to her, got through with it?

"Ever see an owl?" said Seth, at length, falling back on his own resources.

"Often, Mr. Seth," replied pretty Cynthia.

"It's got big eyes—ain't it, now?"

"Very big eyes," said Seth.

Seth grew angry. "Angry with himself, no doubt; but anger, like Phobus Apollo at sunset, glows brightest in reflection. He thought it a mean shame, he wouldn't help him out, while she sat there, looking 'good enough to eat'—and laughing at him, as even his blimp perception told him, while her attention was apparently bestowed upon the shirt-sleeve. He wished it were his shirt she was stitching so assiduously. He stirred up the ashes on the hearth, and almost made up his mind that he would go to give her another chance at him; but Cynthia dropped her cotton ball, and Seth, not rising, from his chair, stretched out his long, lank arm, and picked it up. He touched her hand, and she took it back, and an electric shock thrilled through his veins, and made him feel 'all

over—ever so," as he some time afterwards expressed the sensation to me.

"Miss Cynthia, 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 good."

But as the road home, behind his old farm mare, he said to himself, "I reckon I ain'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 can't be had. At least, so many say; if not in practice, in theory; and Cynthia's mouth watered, I dare say, for many a week after, for that good of maple candy.

THE MORAULT. Let every man, oh pretty girl, pay court to you in his own way, and not in your way, and help him out at that—being sure, however, that you are in harmony with his mode of procedure. Now, if you disturb him when he is going to freeze, or lift the pot as it begins to boil; nor make a false step, and get out of time, when your partner is meditating a *renvers* 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 thought so pretty a girl, and so experienced in the art of saying 'no,' that she was not to be trifled with. She had learned 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 she gained upon the rejection of her lovers.

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 plenty of things to say, as sweet to Susie's ears as to her lips his maple candy. Cynthia, as one of her best friends, was to be her bridesmaid; and she wished to shine that night, in all her glory, and wanted some new ribbons for her head-dress, this want prompted her abroad, a little after noon, when the harvest-fields were quiet and the yoked oxen stood relieved from labor, leisurely chewing the sweet morsel reserved for that soft, sunny hour of rest, as men of business use to do the thought of the last letter written by the hand they love, in the garden of the day is still aside, putting it apart (with all its woman's nonsense, and half unreasonable fancies) pure from the contact of the pile of yellow letters lying on their desks—offering 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 pride of bellehood, her heart felt, though she would have confessed the thought, that her native value to her crowd of beaux was in the same proportion as that of one woman to many grasshoppers.

At a turn in the path, she came suddenly on one of these admirers—Frank Handy. On Frank's face flushed. He had been thinking of her when she surprised him—thinking of her all that day and through a sleepless night; and in those hours the Cynthia of his fancy had smiled on him, and laid her gentle hand in his, and had been gazing to his heart's content; it was a shock to come thus suddenly upon so different a reality. At the moment he encountered her, he was indulging himself in an imaginary love scene, in which he was calling her, in his heart, "My Cynthia, my love," and at the sudden sight of her, all such presumptuous fancies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinking like varietal coral polypus when danger approaches—each into the recesses of his cell.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Cynthia," he said, stammering before he gathered self-possession, and accustomed himself to her presence. "I was on my way to make you a call. If you will allow me, I will turn round and walk with you."

"I beg your pardon, 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 risk it in the wreath. I 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, a little hurriedly: "I should think you would like going away from here. There is nothing to tempt a young gentleman to remain among us."

"I shall like it, in some respects, better than my present life," said Handy. "This 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 routine, like a squirrel in its cage, and makes no progress."

"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 in which she always had been looked upon by all her lovers, and was almost disposed to revenge upon Frank Handy the passing feeling of inferiority. Frank stood in silence, twining the hop-wreath for her head. He did not speak. His thoughts were busied with the words that he would say to her when he broke silence. He was satisfied to have her waiting in his side, waiting for the hop-wreath, with its pale green bells, that he was twining leisurely; and Cynthia grew impatient as she found he did not speak to her. She addressed him several questions, which he answered with an air of preoccupation.

"She wandered from his side a few yards among the rocks, turning over with her foot some pebbles covered with gray and orange moss, and disturbing all the swarm of busy insect life, which made its home there. The influences of the day, she felt, were soft and made her more soft and natural.

At last Handy broke silence, calling her

to him, as she stood watching the stir which the point of her foot had produced in an ant-hill.

"Miss Cynthia,"

"Is it finished?" she said, quickly.

"Not the wreath—but the struggle in the womanhood within her, but to herself— to Cynthia Susan Simpson, in spite of the full display of her faults, and even in opposition to her better reason. She was not to be defrauded of her triumph, and it would be a great one, indeed, if she forced him, by her faults themselves, to surrender at discretion.

They reached the steps over the stone fence which led on to the highway. In their path lay a dead grasshopper. Frank set his foot on it and crushed it firmly. "Miss Cynthia," said he, "few women have the courage to tread rejected suitors thus. It is the true humanity."

He helped her over the steps, and paused. He took the hop-wreath carefully from his hand and gave it into her hands. She took it with an indifferent air, and as she took it, crushed some of the green blossoms. She could not have treated him with more courtesy (had Frank but known it) if she had been entirely indifferent to his admiration.

"Miss Cynthia," said he, now in a grave and measured tone, which, in spite of herself, impressed her with a sense of the powerlessness of her little arts, when brought into conflict with his self-possession and sincerity. "I know very well how you have dealt by many men, and I am not disposed to judge you more than patient suitors. It is true, that the wreath you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which no judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that you would inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you will respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you."

Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, she said it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place