# Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT ACAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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## AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

All day, from shrubs by our Summer dwelling, The Easter-sparrow repeats his song; A merry warbler, he chides the blossoms The idle blossoms, that sleep so long.

The blue-bird chants, from the clu's long branches. A brinn to welcome the budding year; be south-wind wanders from field to forest And softly whispers, The Spring is here!

Come, daughter mine, from the gloomy city, Before these lays from the elm have ceased The violet breathes by our door as sweetly

As in the air of her native East. Though many a flower in the wood is waking.

The daffodil is our door-side queen; She pushes upward the sward already, To spot with sunshine the early green. No lars so joyous as these are warbled

From wiry prison in maiden's bower; No pampered bloom of the green-bouse chamber Has half the charm of the lawn's first flower. Yet these sweet lays of the early season. And these fair sights of its sunny days.

There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon by a loving eye; There is no fragrance in April breezes Till breathed with joy as they wander by.

And only fair when we fondly gaze.

Come, Julia dear, for the sprouting willows, The open flowers, and the gleaming brooks and hollows green in the sun are waiting Their dower of beauty from thy glad looks.

### From Household Words. THE PAINTER'S PET.

CLAUDE LAFONT was a painter-an artist in the fullest and completest sense of the word; for he lived, as it were, in the centre of a circle of art, and it was through this medium that the perception of all outward things came to him; it was under the influence of this atmosphere that all thoughts were presented to

He lived, therefore, in a world of his own: realities were to him the things the most unreal; he mixed as little as possible in the society of other men, because he found their presence and conversation disturbed the beautiful phantoms that, when he was alone, held him such sweet and genial company. He cared nothing for the subjects that interested them; they might barter and traffic, marry and give in marriage, dupe and be dupedall these things it only confused and unsettled him to hear of; the relation of them conveyed thoughts and dreams. Alone, he was never quivered with pain and excitement. chair, with his pipe, he saw through his halfclosed eyes the gracious company that surrounded him: women lovelier than angelsnow gorgeous, proud, queen-like-now soft and holy as the Madonna; now tearful as Niobe-now young and radiant as Aurora .-Cleopatra passed before him many times as he sat there: Helen, Clytemnestra, Guenevere, sad Œnone, frail Rosamond, murdered Iphigenia, Jephtha's daughter, bending, ar unmurmuring sacrifice, to a mad oath; Ruth and Griselda, Judith and Jael,-all great, or good, or beauteous, or fated, or terrible women named in Scripture, or history, or fable, visited him at his call. So did all heroes, all knights, all men of old renown or later fame, and other visions, beings begot by his own teeming brain, born of his own bright fancy, grew into form and maturity, to be later fixed on the canvas.

In summer-time, with a knapsack, a staff, and a sketch-book, he would wander forth wherever the fancy led him: now over the mountains, now by the sea-shore, now through woods and valleys, collecting everywhere fresh ideas, fresh experiences of that nature without which true art cannot exist; that nature of which she is born, and nursed, and nourished, and inspired; that nature, that is she seeks to let go its hand and walk alone, her creations become monsters or pigmies, which struggle through a weak and ridiculous existence, and then fall away into an ignoble

High up, on the eternal hills, he listened

to the voice of God in the winds that swept around him. It seemed to him that it was but the clouds which capped their summits that veiled from him the glory of His throne. Lying on a cliff that overhung the ocean, far and near were sights and sounds, costly, and strange, and beautiful. The low immovable horizon, over whose barrier no mortal ken might reach; the water that might not rest day or night, but dashed passionately, or heaved in slow, unbroken undulations; indented coves, with fringes of yellow sand; cliffs with pale, stern, hard faces looking out to sea, sometimes brightening into a bright rosy smile, in answer to the spu's ardent good-morning, or good-night; little valleys in their laps, with trees, and white cottages, and silver threads of streams, hurrying to throw themselves into the bosom of the deep. And there, about him, beneath him, within reach of his hand, what minute miracles in the tiny 'tangles of the close short grass and mosses, leaves and stems, buds and blossoms, roots and seed-vessels, of the unknown, unnamed plants, hundreds of which went through all the phases of their existences, completely and perfectly, in the space of each inch of ground; while hosts of as minute and perfect insects. gauge winged, rainbow-tinted, burnished, and speckled, roved through them as through

The woods-Ah, let us not open the volume, for its leaves are as many as those of the trees, and its last page may never be read

To Claude Lafont sensualism was a word that conveyed no meaning. He had passed through the stages of youth and early manabout untempted by any of the desires or ambitions, natural or artificial, that seem almost inseparable from man's career in society.-He worshipped beauty in whatever form it came to him, but only through the soul. and its purest essence.

Now that his life was midway spent—that the stamp of full maturity was marked on his brow—that the time was approaching when the sun of his existence would be declithing from its zenith, there were moments when a vague want was felt, hints that came, he knew not whence, of a yearning for some more warm and real sympathy than that shadows of great men and women could afford him. These longings came and passed away, but not for long; and their stay was, at each

One still October day, Claude was pursuing his desultory rambles through the autumn forest, when the sight of a thin blue smoke, wavering upward through the stirless air, attracted his attention. He advanced with a weigned on mm in the care of her, in the propagation of the bivouse of one of those gangs of strollers, he had set or der, that wander about France, stopping to display their performances only at out-of-thety were absent with the exception of a wo- tions. man, the speaker-whose hardened features given by her voice—and a little girl of about cious example, uncontrolled passion of every tured, but with limbs firm and faultless in sence of all manliness, of all womanliness in their slight proportions, and wondrous wild those she lived with; the absence of all tendark eyes, almost excessive in size, flashing derness, of all instruction,—such was the morfrom beneath the masses of black hair that al atmosphere in which she had grown to girloverhung her face. To her the woman was hood, such was the soil in which were sown

words, the woman sprung at the girl, and, culiar grace. ere she could escape or parry the blow, struck

the child uttered no cry. girl writhed in silence, then, pain and passion head, with one of her bright smiles, and an into wild ringing shrieks of rage and agony, sometimes talking to her, sometimes in a si-that thrilled through every fibre, of Claude's lence which lasted for hours, and which she

Springing forward, he grasped the astonshed tormentor, and, with a voice tremulous with generous emotion, indignantly reproached her cruelty. Her wrath, for a moment checked by surprise, now only directed itself dled his baggage into his knapsack, armed into a new channel, and with fierce abuse she turned on the child's defender.

Claude had no arms to meet such an attack, and, after a fresh protest against the woman's Beaujon to vitalise their fruits.
brutality, he turned and left the spot, throwto him no clear or definite idea, while, at the ing a glance of pity and a word of sympathy same time, it disturbed and troubled his own to the sobbing child, whose slight frame still

Claude returned to the village inn, which was his temporary abode. He dined, lighted his pipe, and sat down to the enjoyment of his customary reveries. But the shapes he was wont to invoke came not; one face-a wild elfin face, with heavy black hair and great lustrous eyes; one form—a slight, agle, nervous one always stood before him. He took a pencil and sketched them in various positions and attitudes, and formed plans of pictures in which this little figure was to orm the conspicuous object.

"I must get that child to sit to me," said Jaude to himself; and he resolved to go on the morrow to the stroller's camp, and offer the virago a few francs to obtain this purpose. The sound of a cracked drum and wheezy hand-organ came along the village street; anon, a boyish voice proclaimed that on the following evening, at seven o'clock, would be given by Signor Pandolfo, the celebrated Sorcerer of the South, a series of experiments in magic and prestidigitation; that Madame Mondolfieri and Mademoiselle Edmee would perform le pas des Diinns, aided "by figuates of the locality;" that Signor Pandolfo would further consent to execute various gymnastic exercises with the brothers Zinga-: after which a variety of entertainments, followed by "une piece qui a pour intitule Guillaume Tell, Deliberateur de la Suisse," with all the strength of the company, would

complete the pleasures of the evening. Claude was sitting by the window. He opened his eyes and looked out languidly; a ean lad, of about fifteen, with a large shock head and very conspicuous hands, feet, knees, and elbows, scantily attired in dirty flesh-colored cotton hosiery and short spangled drawers, was beating the drum to fill up the pauses of his programme; behind him with the organ and a monkey, came the wild-eyed child whose image had, for the last hour or He got up, went into the street and joined the top of which the monkey perched himself, and the village idlers, seeing the artists retire itude. into private life, and consequently cease to be objects of interest, dropped off in pairs and groups and returned to talk of the morrow's

Not so, Claude. When the last of the idlers had turned away, he addressed himself lowed: at some distance, and unperceived, for laugh of joy and triumph. she had walked along looking neither to the right nor left, but with the spiritless, apathetic air of one performing a task whose dull routine afforded no shadow of interest or ex-

She looked up. What a change came over the listless face !—every feature became instinct with earnest life; the eyes gleamed, the line broke into a radiant smile over dazzling little teeth, and a warm glow spread itself beneath the dark, sallow, but transpa-

"Ah! Monsieur!" "You are glad to see me, little one?" It was very pleasant, Claude felt, to see any face light up so at his presence.

"Glad, yes!" "What is your name?" 4 "Edmee, Monsieur."

"Should von like me to make a portrait

growing in his heart, wider and deeper each | that's an ugly customer-old hag!" thing?"

"Ah, then, perhaps."
It was settled that on the morrow Claude should make the requisite advances to the " hag," and giving the forty sous to the chilfeeling of vague curiosity, and soon perceived dren, by way of earnest-money, each party a sparkling fire, and distinguished amid its took their separate way, -one to the forest,

way villages and country fairs. All the par- ed in her domestic and professional occupa-

She was to Claude a curious study, in her and unsympathetic aspect kept the promise moral as well as her physical nature. Vithirteen or fourteen, small, dark, sharp-fea- bad sort,-brutal usage, fraud, force, the abaddressing herself in harsh and bitter re- a warm heart, an intense sensibility, a bright proaches, to which the child listened in the intelligence, and a keen sense of all grace and silence that becomes almost apathy in chil- beauty. Not a tint of vulgarity was in the dren who from their infancy are little used to child's nature; not a word passed her lips any other tone. that had not a meaning, not a movement of Finding how slight was the effect of her her limbs but was replete with a strange pethat had not a meaning, not a movement of

Claude was fascinated by the elfin child, her severely with a faggot on the naked who, as she sat or stood before him, seemed houlders. The stroke was a heavy one, yet | not only to guess all his slightest intentions, but constantly suggested new ideas of form "Ah! little wretch! You don't care !- and symmetry beautiful beyond description. We'll see—take that!' and, seizing her, the He sketched and painted her in every atti-virage poured on the half-clothed body of tude; he sometimes feared to weary her, but per victim a shower of blows. At first the when he expressed the fear, she shook her overcoming her enforced stoicism, she burst emphatic "Jamais!" so he went on painting, never aftempted to brak.

At length, after the fifth positive last appearance of the froupe, they prepared to collect their scanty properties and decamp, and with more than one heavy sigh, Claude bunhimself with his stick, and started on the road to Paris: for his summer wanderings were over, and he was going back to his quartier

His way lay through woods,-s part of the forest where he had first met Edmee, but quite in the opposite direction. At first he with many conjectures as to the future fate of so strange a nature so strangely placed.

Then, by degrees, the artist again came uppermost. He thought of the pictures he would paint, in all of which some hint, some movement, some expression taken from her, could be introduced with precious effect. He opened his sketch-book, and as he walked slowly on, he contemplated the innumerable studies of her with which it was filled. He looked up at last: before him stood the original,-trembling, her great eyes rivetted on his face, with a look at once fearful, so carnest, so beseeching.

"You, Edmee!" Her breath came fast and thick, and her voice was hardly intelligible; but, as she went on, it strengthened.

"Yes! it is me; let me go with you-any where, I will be your servant,-I'll do anything on earth for you; don't be angrycould not stay with them any longer-she beat me worse than ever, because she knew I was happy with you, and you were kind to me. Oh, let me go with you-let me go with

"But, child-your mother, I have no right to take you from her." "She's not my mother, she's only my stepmother; and my father is dead. I belong to nobody-nobody cares for me. Even what I do for them, they only curse me for, and beat me when I can't do the work they put me to. Oh! let me go with you-let me go

with you!" Claude's hesitation was gone, and taking her little trembling hand in his, he led her

At the next town they approached, he gave her money and sent her to a shop to purchase some decent clothes; then he went to a little out-of-the-way inn, stopped to give her rest and food, and made her go and pertwo, been floating through Claude's dreams. form her toilette. In half an hour, down she came; all traces of poverty, fatigue, and ecrowd of urchins and idlers that followed the motion vanished; her neat dress sitting on strollers. Soon they got beyond the limits her so gracefully, her wild hair parted in shiof the village, then the boy slung the drum ning wavy bandeaux beneath her trim cap, behind him, and flung over his histrionic cos- her little Arab feet and firm slender ancles tume, a ragged loose coat; he helped the girl | so symmetrical in high shoes and well-drawn to lade her shoulders with the organ, on the striped stockings, and, above all, her oval face, so radiant with beautiful joy and grat-

> Claude felt very proud and happy. "So there you are, little one, you think yourself smart do you, hein? Weil, so do .—I think you look charming." She stood before him, smiling, holding out

her skirts, as children do when their dress is to the little girl, whom he had hitherto fol- admired. She broke into a short gleeful "So you're happy now?"

"Oh! Monsieur!" She seized his hand and covered it with kisses. The tears sprang to Claude's eyes: he drew her towards him, and, resting his chin on her head, he began, in a voice of deep and

quiet emotion. "Edmee, I do not know if I have done right in taking thee; at all events, it is done now; never, child, give me cause to think have acted wrongly—even foolishly, and with God's help I will be a father and a protector to thee as long as I live. Kiss me, my

She flung her arms round his neck and clung to him long and in silence, and he felt it was very sweet to hold such communion. -to claim such love, and trust, and gratitude from a human creature—sweeter than to bold imaginary unloving converse with the shadows of dead heroes and heroines. Claude Lafont was once more installed his painting-room. As of old he dreamed and painted-painted and dreamed; but when ous."

the shadowy company was not sufficient to fill
A pained expression crossed the child's his heart and brain, he half woke up from his A pained expression crossed the child's his heart and brain, he half woke up from his reverse and went to the little sitting-room at "Yes," said Claude to himself, "they are above all, on a bove all, on think your poor child "Yes," said Claude to himself, "they are above all, on, above all, on the point young, they are happy in themselves, happy in the sense, happy in each other's according to the country of the painty of t

hat's an ugly customer—old hag!"

On a stool at his feet, thought aloud in her But the thought that had struck into his own wild, suggestive, conjectural way, hitting brain, stayed there, and his took it and hand-on singular glimpses of great truths that led and examined it and familiarized himself able, and willing to work, and God will not desert able, and willing to work, and God will not desert could only come to her intuitively.

> had become something more than a child and his hand! Yes; it was the thing of all other plaything, and that a certain responsibility ers to suit. If the father would but approve, studying with a puzzled air.
> "What are you reading there, child!" he

enquired, carelessly.
She held up the book. It was a volume of

book? But you don't understand is?" She shook her head. "Mind this: when you want to read anything, you must show it to me first—do you hear, little one?"

She arranged his chair, lighted his pipe. and sat down at his feet in silence. Claude's eyes were wide open, and full of earnest reflection. Once or twice she looked up timidly, but, meeting no reply to her glance, she dropped her eyes again.
She said at last, "You're not angry with

"With you? Never!" "You see, I am afraid of nothing on earth but vexing you. I care for nothing on earth but pleasing you. Between these two tho'ts lie all the cares of my life."

Strange! the pain and the pleasure Claude felt. He stroked her shining hair, kissed her forehead, and fell to thinking harder than

Next day, instead of putting on his dressing gown, cap, and slippers, and retiring to his steller, he for the first time for many a long year at such an bour, donned coat, boots, and bat, sallied forth, and returned with a small library—books of history, biography, religion, and some poetry; all works the most perfectly suited to the purpose they were intended for. "There! you want to read-there are

books enough for you. What do you say to that, hein?" She bounded round him and the books laughing, skipping, clapping her hands, in wild, beautiful delight.

For months, between her light household duties, so quickly and happily performed, and the frequent sittings she still continued to give him, the books were studied with earest attention. Some of them Claude already knew : the rest he now read, and constantly of an evening questioned his pupil, drawing out and correcting her impressions with a pride and interest strangely new and pleasant

to him.
As he had anticipated, Edmee grew before his eyes into striking and remarkable beauty. this; how he felt the loneliness of the life He noted the progress with a mingling of she led; how little a man like him was fitted pleasure and uneasiness, and watched over to be the sole instructor, and guide, and to his painting-room; but, at the sound of a that day might come—must come, when, if strange footstep, a look warned Edmee to she were not married, he would have to leave like a mouse into its hole.

Edmee was seventeen. this cannot go on for ever. I am not im- for her; of all his good qualities; of what mortal, and if some day a misfortune happens to me, what becomes of the child? I must find a husband for her!"

This is the French mode of settling all such kissed her, bid her think of all he had said, affairs, which are conducted as any other matters purely of business might be.

The idea was a good one, certainly; yet many difficulties presented themselves.— Claude's mode of life, and unworldly, unbusiness-like habits made him the last man in the world to set about match-making. 'He knew nobody who in the least degree suited his notion of the sort of husband to whom he would confide the happiness of his adopted child.— He had a vague consciousness that in matrimonial affairs, there were troublesome details of money matters to be gone through, and on this part of the question he felt dreadfully incompetent to enter. He was quite willing to give Edmee anything and overything he possessed; but how much that might be, or how he was to find it out and get it in train, and what were likely to be the pretensions or arrangements on the other side, it put him into a state of hopeless desperation to think of. All this he admitted to himself; but he did not admit-for the thing was too vague templation—that a little aching jealousy, a numb pain, lay at the bottom of his heart, when he thought of giving to another the treasure that for four years had lightened his life, and given him new and human feelings and a hitherto unknown love and sympathy

Edmee was eighteen, and still Claude had found no husband for her. Hitherto he had worked alone; now, the thought and the care of her, the time he devoted to her education and to her amusement rendered it impossible to him to do all he had been wont to do in his painting room. He resolved, therefore, to look out for a student-a good student-who might never in and purity with which Claude's jealous care had surrounded his pet.

After long search the wonderful student was discovered, and installed in the painting room. Paul was essentially a pattern student. The son of a rich farmer, he found painting the fields infinitely more to his taste than ploughing them—drawing his father's oxen to driving them. The father, another borers might perform the ploughieg and driv-ing work, and that his son would not be wast-

It was the fete at St. Cloud, and Claude went there in the omnibus, with Paul at one side and Edmee at the other. Arrived at the park, the sight of the peo-

"Go on, children-I'll follow you." Arm in arm the joyous children went on,

ple made him shrink a little.

with it. Strange, it had never presented it me. By degrees Claude began to dream less | self to him before! Here was the husband he had been looking for for Edmor during Edmes was now fifteen. He felt that she the last two-three-years. Here, under

ers to suit. If the father would but approve, he saw no obstacle. Paul—Paul! he would be but too happy—who would not?—to marry Edmee; and Edmee—she liked Paul, she certainly liked him; how gay they were, what friends, how happy together! Yes; he would go bravely into the thing, money matters and all, and present the question to the father. He did so, and before the week was out received a reply in the affirmative.— The pattern farmer had looked favorably at the thing from the first. All he heard of Claude and his adopted child perfectly satisfied to suit to south the satisfied now, to insure your father could make this great and terrible sacrifice now, to insure your father could make this great and terrible sacrifice now, to insure your father could make this great and terrible sacrifice now, to insure your father could make this great and terrible sacrifice now, to insure your father could make this great and terrible sacrifice now, to insure your father could make this great and terrible sacrifice now, to insure your father could make this great and terrible sacrifice now, to insure your father could make this great and terrible sacrifice now, to insure your father could make this great and terrible sacrifice now, to insure your father could make this great and terrible sacrifice now, to insure your father could make this great and terrible sacrifice now, to insure your father could make this great and terrible sacrifice now, to insure your father could make this great and terrible sacrifice now, to insure your father could make this great and terrible sacrifice now, to insure your father could make the sacrifice now, to insure your father could make the sacrifice now, to insure your father could make the sacrifice now, to insure your father could make the sacrifice now, to insure your father could make the sacrifice now, to insure your father could make the sacrifice now, to insure your father could make the sacrifice now, to insure your father of work and the father could make the sacrifice now, to insure "The devil! where did you fish out that Claude and his adopted child perfectly satisfied him. He gave the least possible amount of mystification to Claude's brain about the question of finance, and expressed his readiness to the match taking place as soon as

Claude and the young people thought fit. Claude was sitting at work with Paul. There was a long silence; the student had made one or two attempts to break it, but the monosyllabic replies of the master had discouraged these, and they were abandoned. At last Claude opened the matter lying heavy at his heart.

"You have never thought of marrying, Paul ?"

Paul-shifted his position a little, colored very vehemently, and replied that he never had seriously. "You ought to think of it however, my

good boy—why not now?"
Paul replied "That's true." There was a pause; Claude cleared his

"If I found you a wife—a good, nice, charming little wife—would that suit you?" "Well, perhaps so." "Do you know any one you could like?" "Oh, yes!" Claude's heart fluttered.

" Who?" "You don't guess? Who could I like but

"And do you think she likes you?" "Ah! that's what I want to know. Some times I hope so; at other times not."

"We'll find out, my lad." Claude sat by the open door of the garden in the warm summer twilight-Edmee in her old place by his knees.

deal about you. She looked up hastily.

"Do you know that you are of an age to think about being married?"

Heedless of the start she gave, for Claude's speech was all made up, and he feared that t he stopped it might stick in his throat and he would break down, he went on. He told her how long he had thought of her with a jealous care. Few visitors came companion of a young girl; how he dreaded retreat, and she fled through the back-door her alone and unprotected in the wide world; how dreadfully this thought weighed on him ; Another year and another passed by, and how, until she was thus provided for, he never could feel happy or assured concerning "It is certain," said Claude to himself, her. Then he spoke of Paul: of his affection peace and joy he would feel in seeing her united to him; and then, feeling he could not wait for her answer, he took her to his heart,

and took refuge in his painting-room, where he smoked five pipes without stopping. So the affair was settled, and the prepara tions for the marriage, which was to take place in a fortnight, went on. Claude made himselt very unnecessarily busy; may per feetly fidgetty, when he might have kept quite still, and let other people manage matters infinitely better than he could possibly

It was the night before the wedding .-

As usual, he opened the door with his latchdisappointment; for he had secretly hoped beautiful, modest, and elegantly dressed. that Edmee would have been up to greet He listened, but there was no quick, light step, no sound to indicate her consciousness of his entrance. Claude sighed, took up the dim light that had been left burning against "I bet you wouldn't." his arrival, and instead of going to his room, turned into the studio. How deadly still it was I how deserted! the wan, quivering flame of the little lamp only made the gloom it could not pierce more heavy, and as its wavering light flashed and faded over the pictures, they seemed to shudder on him while | drnl.

And so it was all over, and she was already gone from him, and the old, lonely, loveless life was to be begun again, now that he was so much less able and fitted to lead it than ergies cannot fail to profit thereby. But, will you allow me to take it off?" art is not enough to fill man's life alone,word or deed break on the cloistral strictness | Art will be worshipped as a sovereign, and Art will be worshipped as a sovereign, and if courted in right guise, sometimes condendate with admiration and respect, with which I was surrounded, prompted me scends to let the votary kiss the hem of her a smile. But she gives no more than this, human love, and a little human sympathy.-

rected to himself.

A mist passed over his eyes, as he opened and sought to read the contents, written in a the poor-box here at the door." trembling hand, and here and there blurred and blotted, how,-he knew. " My dear, dear friend; my only friend-Forgive

The poor boy has since been Poster and their stay was, at each of the poor boy has since been Poster and their stay was, at each of the poor boy has since been Poster and their stay was, at each of the poor boy has since been Poster and their stay was, at each of the poor boy has since been Poster and their stay was, at each of the poor boy has since been Poster and their stay was, at each of the poor boy has since been Poster and their stay was, at each of the poor boy has since been Poster and their stay was, at each of the poor boy has since been Poster and the post boy has since been Poster and the poor boy has since been Poster and I so the post boy was and stopped of the United States Senate and the poor boy was at the look of the United States Senate and the poor boy has since been Poster and I so the post been Post and the post and the post and the post been Post and the post an

got used to my way in the world, and learnt to obtain a living, I will come back to you, and we will be happy again in the old way, and you will see that your child only left you for a while, because she loved you so dearly that she could make this great and terrible

His heart, then, had not misgiven him in vain: she was gone, actually and positively. -Whither and to what? The thought nearly drove him wild: that little young, helpless, beautiful creature, unsuspicious and inexperienced as an infant, gone out alone and unprotected into that great wide world of guile, and sin, and suffering, and temptation, under every form and every treacherous disguise! high heart; but, were these enough to guard her alone against the danger whose name is Legion? And would not these very qualities, aided by the wild spirit of independence and adventure her gipsy blood and early training

ry hardship in the pursuit of the aim she had imposed on herself? And now, where to look for her? For three days, Claude Lafont, aided by Paul, sought her, sorrowing, through every the delicate fruits, and when we have said so

had infused into her, tend to induce her to

bear up against every difficulty, to brave eve-

part of the great metropolis; and sought in much that nothing more can be said, why, we vain. The fourth, Paul proceeded on his have come to the end of our tether.

and the hush and dimuess of twilight fell upon to come to the conclusion that we have noththe sick-room, and for the first time since Ed- ing more to say, we cannot cease speaking mee's departure, Claude slept.

awake, and still he was listening—something lieve I have told you all I can pressed his hot brow. Long and silently he demand for it. held her close in his embrace. 🦠

"Thou wilt not leave me again?" "Never, never! Oh forgive meyou knew one half of what I have suffered !not of hardships or misery—I had got abundant means to secure me from that-but from the separation from you! Oh, I could not live longer without seeing you! I though: just to steal back—have one glauce at you. and then—then I knew not, cared not-what might become of me; and I find you—thus!"

Edmee, tell me what was the reason you would not marry Paul? You did not love him. Did you—do you—love any other ?"
She clung to him, hiding her face and weep-

ing silently. "You will not tell me?"

"I cannot." A wild, trembling, thrilling hope traversed the obscurity of Claude's brain.

" Is it-1? "Who could it be but you!" And so Edmee was married-but not to the pattern student, son of the pattern farm-

# KISSING FOR THE POOR

Some young officers quartered at Metz, Claude had been out, occupied with the last had, for want of something clse to do, watcharrangements, and returned home towards ed, day after day, the fair devotee going to mass at the Cathedral, which happened to be opposite the principal Cafe. Among the la- any other means he can adopt. His advice key, and entered the quiet little dwelling, dies, the one favored with the most admirawhose silence struck upon him with a chill of tion and attention was a young girl at once "I would give a good deal for a kiss on

somewhat over fifty years of age.

" How much?" "Twenty-five Napoleons." "Done," said the Lieutenant. "I take you all as witnesses."

Mass was just over, and the young girl was seen descending the steps of the Cathe-Arranging his stock and sword, with delib-

erate pace the Lieutenant walked across up

to the foot of the steps, and then, as the young lady passed him, with a gallantly executed military salute, he accosted her: formerly. Art is great, and noble, and elevated, and he who pursues it with all his enof twenty-five louis resting on your cheek;

"I do not understand." "For many a week, Mademoiselle, we

your daily visits to the Cathedral; the whole garment, and now and then bestows on him regiment is in love with you, and I have wagered twenty-five louis that I would obtain a as mile. But she gives no more than this, and though for a time it may satisfy him, there comes a day when he would resign all the favor she ever accorded him, for a little blushed deep and her eyes flashed with indignation. The temme de chambre took her ilies already alluded to. He had inherited Claude had felt this before he had attained hands out of her apron pockets, and held more than I had earned, and spent it all; and pattern in his species, considered that his la- these. Now he had known them, and was them up in holy horror. All at ouce, the now his family was reduced to want and his young lady turning to the officer, made him very furniture was that day to be sold for ing his time in spending it as his taste dictated.

The perfume of flowers—the flowers she is profound curtasy. "Sir," said she, "You debt. I went into the court house sullenly, will not lose your bet; you shall take the yet almost glad that I was born poor. I was the fete as St. The perfume of flowers—the flowers she is profound curtasy. "Sir," said she, "You yet almost glad that I was born poor. I was the fete as St. The perfume of flowers—the flowers she is profound curtasy. "Sir," said she, "You yet almost glad that I was born poor. I was the fete as St. The perfume of flowers—the flowers she is profound curtasy. "Sir," said she, "You yet almost glad that I was born poor. I was the fete as St. The perfume of flowers—the flowers she is profound curtasy. "Sir," said she, "You yet almost glad that I was born poor. I was the fete as St. The perfume of flowers—the flowers she is profound curtasy. "Sir," said she, "You yet almost glad that I was born poor. I was the fete as St. The perfume of flowers—the flowers she is profound curtasy. "Sir," said she, "You yet almost glad that I was born poor. I was the fete as St. The perfume of flowers—the flowers she is profound curtasy. "Sir," said she, "You yet almost glad that I was born poor. I was the fete as St. The perfume of flowers—the flowers she is profound curtasy. "Sir," said she, "You yet almost glad that I was born poor. I was the flowers she is profound curtasy. lay on it—a note in her handwriting, and di- condition that you also take the twenty-five One of the first cases called, originated in a

> The young Lieutenant was rather out-generaled. He, however, had too much spirit man referred to, I was overwhelmed alike to retreat, and accordingly won his wager at the change in our relative standthat the laugh was against him.

One of Walker's men who had a

# THE ART OF LEAVING OFF.

It was Charlotte Bronte, I believe, who, when she was urged to write more books, said she thanked God for the sbility to keep silent when she had nothing to say. I wish her beautiful art were more appreciable, for we may have too much, even of a good thing, but as brevity is the only excellency of commonplaces, it seems a pity that the quality should so often be wanting. There is always a right point beyond which to proceed is dangerous and ridiculous—timidity sometimes comes short of it, but confidence oftener overleaps it, and falls on the other side.

"Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play."

Speaking of this good world in which we live, I one day heard a clergyman say, with the simple directness of real eloquence-And our Father made it all. Unfortunately, however, that concise statement failed to satisfy him, and he bodied forth the following: Yes. my friends, the great omniscient and eternal Jehovah, created this mundane planetary sphere, and that, too, without any materials! I was yesterday a good deal amused in witnessing the parting of one of those happy pairs who are likely to forget that there is He knew her courage, her resolution, her snybody except themselves in the world.— God bless you, my dear, God bless you, exclaimed the lover with a fervency of unction almost pathetic, and at the very next moment, becoming aware of my proximity, he added, and you, too: but the vapidness of the addendarendered it perfectly ludicrous.

Many a clever man has lost his sweetheart by saying too much—and making courtship an importunity—a drop more added to the sweet enough makes it nauseating.

Familiar handling rubs off the bloom from

mission alone, for Claude lay on his sick bed, racked with pain, and grief, and fever, but cumbrous load of words, as if poverty of insisting on remaining alone, that the quest thought could be concealed by any such artimight not be for a day interrupted.

thought could be concealed by any such artimight not be for a day interrupted. Slowly the evening reddened and paled, is true wisdom; but even when forced at last without first saying we have nothing more to Presently the door opened, and a shadow stood on the threshold, noiseless and breath-less as shadows are; then it glided across the fine arts, I think, and studied as such, so the room, paused, stood, and finally kneeled that our writing and speaking might be less by the bed-side. The sleeper's Jabored upon the school girl model of "I believe I breathing stopped suddenly, he was not yet have nothing more to say at present I be--a consciousness, a hope, was rising in him, ent-I believe I must draw my letter to a combating the numbress of slumber; he close, as I can think of nothing more to tell started, stretching out of his arms, and pro- you at present." The book called Last Words nouncing Edince's name; it was Edmee's of Baxter, had a remarkable sale, but when voice that answered him; they were Edmee's some poor imitator wrote another and called tears that fell on him, Edmee's kisses that it More Last Words of Baxter, there was no

THE CAUSES OF DEAR BEEF.—The graziers

and drovers have been blamed for combining to keep up the prices of beef and forming monopolies. "A Grazier," in the Germantown Telegraph, who feels that both sides should be heard, defends his brethren from these charges, and says the simple truth is, that the consumption of beef in this country is gradually becoming greater than its capacities of supply, and that it is the same case in France and England. He asserts that the graziers make no more profit at present from cattle than they did several years since, if we consider the enhanced value of everything they themselves have to purchase, for they now procure cattle from the drover at an advance of 50 per cent, over what they then did; and he in turn, from the scarcity and value of cattle everywhere, is compelled to purchase of the breeder at the same increased price. The true remedy then suggests itself, which is, to be less wasteful in the consumption of beef than we have hitherto been, and to cease the slaughter of our calves. "Grazier" contends that, with the wide domain still possessed in each of our States for pasturage, the rearing of cattle should be a portion of every farmer's business, large and small, and that a system of iudicious pasturage will nurture his soil, and increase its powers of production beyond is "to keep our calves and raise them, and let the knights of the cleaver do without veal for their city friends, while in the meantime we may permit the laws of trade to regulate him, after the occupations of his busy day .- that fresh, blooming cheek," said the captain, a matter which they have always done and always will do." There aspears much force n these remarks and as the subject is one that largely interests the general community, we should like to hear a more feasible plan for obtaining cheap beef if it can be devised. THE Two HERS.—"I remember" says a

> late Postmaster General of the United States. "the first time I visited Burlington, Vt., as Judge of the Supreme Court. I had left it many years before a poor boy. At the time I left, there were two families of special note for their standing and wealth. Each of them had a son about my own age. I was very poor, and they very rich. During the long years of hard toil which had passed before my return, I had almost forgotten them. They had already forgotten me. Approaching the court house for the first time, in company with several gentlemen of the bar, I noticed a large pile of old furniture, about to be sold to ask whose it was. I was told that it belonged to Mr. J. I remembered a family of that are on my left cheek, which I now offer low, drunken quarrel between Mr. H. and you, and which I will immediately put into Mr. A. Mr. II., thought I that is a familiar name. Can it be? In short, I found that this indeed was the son of the other wealthy with astonishment and thankagiving-astoning, and thanksgiving that I was not born to inherit wealth without toil." 13

That poor boy has since been Postmeter