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## Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

**VOL.** 5. }

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1859.

and rose colored crape disposed at the back of her

uriant dark hair. By the time that had reached

their places near the foot of the table, the informa-

tion had circulated half way down from the upper

The entrance of the two ledies was immediately

followed by that of a gentleman, also a newcomer,

the table was exactly opposite to that of Mrs. Cripps,

CHAPTER II.

may have been in that of Mr. James Thompson.-

Their arrival was, therefore, particularly welcome

Mrs. Cripps found several acquaintances amongst

the habitues of longest standing, and the morning

vas spent by her and her niece in receiving intro-

uctions, during which golden opinions were won

rom all sorts of people, by the sprightly, accomplish-

ed, bright-eyed and sweet-mannered Miss Burney .-

Among the candidates for notice, however, was not

enough with him to call upon his services.

"I'll trouble you, sir, for a veal pattie," said she

"They are potatoes, ma'am," said the stranger

ravely, taking up the knife on the dish before him

"Potatoes!-perhaps you are near sighted sir.".

"They are yeal patties-you had better try them,

Mrs. Cripps looked at him earnestly, and her in

unconsciously allowed a smile of self-congratulation

on her and her niece, after they had retired from the

dinner table: "I knew this morning that he was one

to be examined into; but I didn't suppose he could

"I don't know what to think of that, aunt, but

" Little head, little wit,

"I don't mean the size of the head, dear nunt,"

shape of my husband Cripps' head that he would

to see if it would swell the liver ! tell me that! In

great meaning in the way their hair grew out-that

whoever had it growing down in a point in the mid-

dle of the forehead, and high up at the sides, was

am I, a widow the third time, and mine grows low

down all the way across. Another sign was, that

whoever had it growing in two twirls on top of their

a double crown, as they called it, and he never anw

any kingdom at all, for he never set foot, out of his

country, and as your geography must have told you,

America has never been a kingdom since the Royo-

lution. That ought to be enough to convince voi

oredoomed to be a widow or a widower; now, here

"Then you mean the shape I suppose,

patties from potatoes. What do you think in

man with such a kind can hardly be a fool."

monstrated Clara, laughing.

-you'll relish them more than potatoes."

to rest on her face.

"All the same to me, ma'am," was the reply.

Lines for a Village Pestival.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIKE. The Persian to his altars bore Eweet blossoms fresh with morning dew, And veiled the old false worship o'er, With beauty borrowed from the true.

Around Palemon's flowery shrine Their maze of grace the maidens wound, And wove the wreaths of Isthmian pine Wherewith the victors' brows were crowned.

And fruits, have come to own again The blessings of the summer hours, The darly and the latter rain. With manhood's strength and maiden's glance, To lend our Christian holiday life beauty of the Persian dance, The vigor of the Grecian play.

To ce our Father's hand once more Of intume, filled and running o'er 'Y ith fruit and flowers and golden corn. Once more the liberal year laughs out Ger richer stores than gems or gold; Once more with harvest-ong and shout la Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings
Like Ruth among the garnered sheaves;
Heelap is full of goodly things,
Lier forehead gay with autumn leaves! Oh favors old, yet ever new! The bounty overruns our due,

The fullness shames our discontent. We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on ; We murmur, but the corn-cars fill Weichoose the shado s, but the sun That casts it shines behind us still. God gives us with our rugged soil

The power to make it Eden-fair. Than summer-wedded islands bear. Who murmurs at his lot to-day? Who scorns his native fruit and bloom ! Or sights for dainties far away.

Biside the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm, Can change a recky soil to gold.

That hrave and generous lives can warm
Agilime with northern ices cold! And his these altars, wreathed with flowers And piled with fruits, awake again Thanksgiving for the golden hours, The early and the latter rain.

Marrying A fool.

that has a chance, and I wouldn't pay you so poor a complined as to suppose that you couldn't have, any time, just anch a chance as you hight choose. But when you'do marry, dailing, be sure to marry a

out as that can't possibly be for a good while, and forehand. II am not so silly as most people, to think that if a girl merely gets a man with a good fortune good connections, good appearance, and good man ners, she is marrying well. To be married well she must have a husband who will make her perfectly happy, and if he hasn't the faculty for that, where's the value of the other things? If he has a fortune, he may manage it in his own way; if he has a fami ly to be proud of, he may expect her to do just as they do: if he has a fine person, he may look for her ing to her own; and if he sets himself up on hi

to be admiring it, when she would rather be attendanners, why she must never make a curtsy if he iesn't think proper to make a bow. No, no-a hu nan being especially a woman, can't be perfectly happy unless she has her own way in everything. and no man is likely to give a woman her own way, unless he is a fool." I Therefore, to be perfectly happy, a woman mus marry a fool! My dear aunt, you are so delight

"Hush, Clara! don't be so giddy-it is no laugh ing matter, I assure you. If a man has any sense, or what's pretty much the same thing, fancies he has, t gives him such a conceit of himself, that he is quite blind to his wife's, though ten to one she has a creat deal more than he has-as you would have. Clara, if you were married to any one I know of. I have bought this experience dearly enough, for, of my three husbands, none was exactly of the right sort. I had my choice, too, out of a dozen each ime, which was natural, as I was a woman of property, but I hadn't learned to see deeply into such hings. My knowledge came too late for myself. for bree trials of married life ought to be enough for any asonable goman, which, you know, I am, but I intend that you shall have the benefit of it-it is your right, as I have adopted you for my daughter. My husbands had the name of being uncommonly sensible, and though each showed his sense in a different way from the others, none of them was any advantage to me. There was your uncle Crumpsey i you would have thought that the world went by the war of his tongue. It was nothing but philanthropy, patriotisur, general improvements, public good, grand sysens, and important suggestions, with him. All sorts of people came to him for advice, from the candilates for Mayor, down to the inventors of patent washing machines, and discoverers of infallible ratlestructives, and after he had harangued and dictared, and laid down the law, of course he must put his hand into his pocket to pay the expense of carrying out his sentiments, and it was my money that was

nuch longer than the honey-moon-"The honey-moon, aunty!" "Yes, child, the honey-moon sometimes does last our or five gears; when there's no children or any other serious dispensation of Providence; if he had lived much longer, as I was going to say, I should certainly have let him hear my mind about it. Nevr marry a smart talking man for the world." "And what sort of sense had my next-uncle,

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orthcoming. I couldn't help seeing how the money

went, though I never complained except by hints-I

was too good a wife for that-but if he had lived

unty !" "Your uncle Didentioover-why, his ran altogethcared a fig for the public good, which was one virtue in him, but instead of that he had a provoking turn for enlightening me. Whenever I sat down beside fairs, he was sure to branch off to the Greeks, Romans Troinns and wild Indians. You might have understood, thin my dear, for, after going through all can soon be settled, for the arts and sciences at Doctor Drumgood's, like a have our own wanterver of good girl, you can talk like a book, and are pretty

The scene of sewing manuach of a pullosopher yourself; but to me it was as the chamblited. We may be to be the bad been saying grammars and English Readers by heart. Though he had all the learning of the Egyptians and King Solomon I never of Maine Vermont, New
could make him remember how to give a receiption. Indiana, Illinois, and suand the only time I could persuade him to aux. At the U. 5. This beld at rent for me, he lost it before he got how

pocket picked at a second hand book auction, while the far stretching line of chair backs with the air of Mrs. Cripps did accordingly question old Mr. Dyer, against the current, or dive very deep into things. portly, fine-looking man, or I wouldn't have fancied and false curls surrounding it, and still ruddler from coveries. him—as likely as not he made his appearance with a the reflection of the pink cap ribbons mingled among ing by its strings round his neck. The very serthe impudence to fill his snuff-box with coffee grounds, instead of seeing into the trick and rating. them for it as they deserved, he expressed his aston shment, in their presence, of the curious chemical phenomenon presented by his Macaboy. There was a sensible man for you! He was kind hearted and peaceable, though, and I wouldn't be recalling his aults, if I had not your good so much at heart-but between you and me, Clara Burney, the only real satisfaction I had of that marriage was in receiving the ten thousand dollars paid me as his life insur-

"But my uncle Cripps?". "Well, he was altogether another sort of a man, and he got his credit for smartness from another sort of people. His faculty was for eating, and he had as the same lobby with their own, and who passed down much learning on that subject as Mr. Didenhoover the eating room simultaneously with themselves, tho' Crumpsey about steam wind mills. I never knew it, pearance to denote either the dignitary, the dandy, though, before we were married, for he had appear or the nabob, he was allowed to make his way withed a nice, quiet young man, though rather too fleshy; out a second look from any one. He was rather but when we were preparing for our first dinner par- young than middle-aged, was of the medium size, and ty, the way the long words rolled from his tongue nothing about him looked beyond the common mediwas bewildering. After a while I got used to them, um, though a very little more attention to his person, and at last could even go through with them tolera- air and dress might have fendered him, rather handbly well myself. What do you think, Clara, can be some, instead of merely "well enough." His scat at the meaning of such words as Marcobrunner, Broneburg, Hinterhausen, Hottenheim, and Rudesheim-

"What do they mean, aunty. ?" "Why, nothing but your Dutch wines, to be sure, have bent al! his thoughts upon his bread and butter. and to try you in French, what's the meaning of Clara had met his eyes, and received an indistinct cotellettes en papillotes ?" "Cutlets in curl-papers, isn't it?"

"Curl-papers ?--you are out there-pshaw! what giggler you are, Clara, but I see you know well after seating herself, examined him as far as she enough; and do you know the meaning of brioche | could above an egg steamer, and mentally resolved and friand and pate? and what is potage a madrie to look again. While waiting for her second cup of d hotel? I hope you may never learn by experi- coffee, the old lady raised her glasses and began her ence as I did! I had determined never to marry a predetermined survey of the company. It was unbook-worm again, but I found that Mr. Cripps had a satisfactory until it returned to her neighbor opposite, single book-shelf that caused me greater trouble than and then the expected nudge was given accompahusband Didenhoover's whole library. Every vol- nied by a very peculiar and perceptible movement of ume was about eating, from the Cook's Oracle down the head. The gentleman seemed, at that moment, to the Cook's Almanac, and every day your uncle to be examining the table cloth, and there was a rumaged it from beginning to end, to find something strange duiver of the eyelids, with an awkward new to tickle his appetite. Then there were dinners | twisting of the corners of his mouth, which certainly to be given this week and suppers the next, and if to others, beside Mrs. Cripps, might have made him our cook happened to be none of the best, why I look very much like a fool. must have a finger in every pie myself. 'My' dear,' he would say, 'such an exquisite compound requires 'Certainly, child. By the time you have been the delicate hand of a lady,' or, 'my love, it can have fortunate enough, like myself, to have had three no flavor unless your excellent judgment is exercised beauty who had appeared at the hotel during the usbands, you will need no explanation of my advice; upon it. That's the way I was a beedled into went- season that is the very first preser season that ing myself to skin and bone. I must not only find the wherewithal, but I must sacrifice myself into the

bargain. It aggravates me yet to think of it." "But I suppose, aunt, you found his company and conversation rather more congenial than those of my

"I can't say that I did, child. I was always too tired, pottering about the kitchen and pantry and store-room, and scouring the market houses in search of tit bits, to have much inclination for company any kind, and as to his conversation, as it was always for fear it would lead to further toil and trouble .-There were plenty, though, that did, find him more congenial and agreeable enough, for the house was from his lips, there was always some one ready to catch it up, and call it capital. At first, as T said, he was a nice, quiet sort of man-would let me talk away a whole hour without disturbing me-but when he began to entertain company, and found how his speeches were received, with, 'Ah, Cripps, you are a droll wag!'- that was a good thing of yours Cripps, about the sliced tongue, or, 'that joke of yours, Cripps, about the deviled kidneys was richlet's hear it again-glorious!'- after he had been complimented that way during three or four hours he came to have a wonderful opinion of himself .-Nothing, in a reasonable way, could be found good enough for his delicate palate, as his friends called it, and at last he got to such a point that he must have a ham boiled in champagne. It was the death o him, poor man-he took sick the night after, and died in three days. I believed then, and shall always believe, that it was a judgment for such a sinful waste of wine. It's too awful a thing to laugh at,

"I was not laughing, my dear aunt." "Weren't you-I surely heard somebody laugh."

"So did I, but it must have been in the next oom. Shall I pin your collar ?". "There, that will do-now I'm ready

breakfast bell-but to return-' "Not to interrupt you, aunty, I was going to say that there are so many sorts of sensible men, it would be strange if there was not an equal variety of fools How shall I know from which to choose?"

"Leave that to me child. The one you want is o he quiet, good-natured sort, one who will have sense enough to make, or take care of, a living, but in oth er matters will do just as you say: who will not know one dish from another, will only be able to tell a large book from a small one, and will never speak more than a dozen words at a time.

"But is there any probability that I shall ever meet

"Why not? It was to give you an opportunity that I brought you here, instead of taking you to want his ham boiled in champagne?" or that he Cape May or Saratoga. Among the one or two hundred people here it would be strange if almost any taste could not be suited; and there will be a much better chance to find people out than if there were a thousand coming one day and going the next. You, of course, will be introduced to everybody, for the I say it myself, there's not many like you to be found anywhere, and you will be at no loss-you have un common discernment-it runs in the family. Still you might possibly be imposed upon, and the best r in the way of books and philosophy. He never plan will be for me to look around among the gentle men, and fix upon one that comes nearest the mark. I can tell him at a giance, so don't give yourself any concern. I'll begin at once during breakfast, and if him, thinking to have a comfortable chat about my you feel me nudge you just watch my eyes, and I'll neighbors, my property, or my in-doors domestic at. give you a sign with my head-so-that you may

"Then, heads out of the question, aunty, how you know that he is single?" "Of course he is has he got the don't care Silver Lake - Z. B. Sali lips of a married man?" . I have too much ex-Robert Gage, J. Craik, all manner of men not to be able to judge to satisfy you, I'll ask old Mr. Dyer,

that heads don't signify anything.

FRESH lot of BLACK and GREEN It forget to ask his name, aunt-we to know the name of the person, over

he was bidding against himself on an old Dictionary. one habituated to the movement. Her person was and learned the gentleman was a Mr. Page, that he We who are prudent enough to keep the anonymous I had the honor of having a philosopher for a hus stout and heavy, and appeared still more so from the was unmarried, and that in the words of the informs have the weather gage of you there. But between band, but honor and happiness are two different voluminous folds of an exuberantly trimmed black ant, he was a "worthy, respectable, orderly man." things. If I wished him to spruce up a little and silk dress. Her face was broad and ruddy, looking Further than that she did not inquire, being satisfied templation," and as the man of letters began to give you permission to withdraw your proposal." come out of his study to see company—he was a still broader from the redundancy of the thread lace that her own sagacity was sufficient for all other dis-speak low and look mysterious. Clara thought it a

The next morning Clara was promenading, among boot on one foot and a slipper on the other, his wig them; but its features were agreeable, and its ex- other people, on a shaded piazza, attended by a midturned hind side before, or a woolien skull-cap hang- pression one of cheerful good nature. Her young shipman by the name of Westover, whose warrant companion followed a few steps behind her, simply was of very recent date, and who was much admired vants made a but of him, and once when they had attired in a neat cambric morning dress. She was an by the extremely young ladies, on account of his unielegantly formed girl of eighteen, with a modest but form, which he wore upon all occasions. Being the self-possessed demeanor, an intelligent and amiable only officer of the day, he had attached himself to countenance, and a complexion which bore admirably Miss Burney, as the only suitable beau for the only well the trying contiguity of a semi-wreath of white beauty, and was indulging her with very vociferous discourse, when Mrs. Cripps, who had been watching well formed head, above the glossy plats of her lux- with some anxiety the arch smiles of her niece, exclaimed to a lady near her, "Just listen to that swaggering young boatswain! It is easy to tell that he has never been on shipboard by the way he talks end, that they were the rich Mrs. Cripps and her to everybody," and she stepped forward to put. beautiful niece, and heiress presumptive, Miss Clara | check to his dangerous cloquence.

"Dear me, Mr. Westover," said she, "don't you feel very much smothered, this roasting weather,: with having that thick blue cloth coat buttoned up to who had emerged from an apartment opening into your chin? It seems hard that you officers can't be allowed to make yourselves comfortable like commo cople. Don't you envy that gentleman that they had about pyramids and hieroglyphics, and Mr. on the other side. As there was nothing in his ap- call Mr. Page, sitting there on a settee, looking so cool in his suit of white linen? Do you know him? "He had an introduction to me this morning; må'am—he seems a dry, poor creature."

"Then do introduce Clara and me to him-we wish to be acquainted with him for that very reason. We'll go with you now." " My dear aunt !" said Clara, drawing back, " sure-

y you would not-" "Hush, child ke won't know any better," returned and as she slid quietly into it, he cast a single glance the old lady, and holding with one hand, she seized

at her, and another at her graceful charge, and then the arm of the midshipman with the other, and drew looked neither to the right nor left, but seemed to them up to the confused looking Mr Page.
"Mr. Page, Mrs. Cripps-Miss Burney," said the nidshipman, and then, as no one else spoke, Mrs. impression that they were dark and fine, though she ripps even being at a nonplus for the moment, she was not sufficiently struck by them to question roceeded. "Any political news in your papers, Mr. whether they were gray or brown, but Mrs. Cripps, Page? pray what's your opinion of the Oregon ques-

> "That is a-a-quodlibet," answered Mr. Page, looking up over his broad brows into the face of the questioner, without raising his head. He had resumed his seat after making his bows.

The midshipman looked as much posed as Mrs. Cripps, and then responded turbulently, "I think it a humbug, sir-a decided humbug-a pretty story that Uncle Sam must be kicking up a dust about a few miles of Rocky Mountains, barren dried up Rocky Mountains, sir. only fit to starve cows and wither frogs to mummics. I could let him into one secret-that rather than fight about such a mean concern, some of his officers would back out of the terrice."

"Would you?" asked Mr. Page, solicitously. Mrs. Cripps was an oddity, and Clara was the first "I am one, sir" replied the naval hero, "that don't want to fight unless laurels are to be gained. car off my epaulettes and hand in my sword first." would be imperatively necessary to the most beauti-"Then you don't subscribe to the sentiment, ful woman in the world. "Beauty when unadorned untry, right or wrong," observed Clara. (is not) adorned the most," in our day, whatever it

" All humbug Miss: We owe one duty to our elves, and another to our country; number one the first law of nature. It is no gentleman's duty to fight unless he can fight like a gentleman. That con haded Florida war comes in point. Would it have my duty, sir, or could it have been, had I been in the service at the time, to provi about those swamps and be shot by the rascally savages, without seeing anything to fight but mosquitoes, alligators, and moccasin snakes?"

the quiet gentleman of the breakfast table. Mrs. As the midshipman threw forward the well-nadded Cripps, much to her impatience, did not see him breast of his blue coat, and struck the perpendicular igain until dinner, when he was again her vis aris, frontlet of his cap into a still straighter line with his ooking as modest and harmless as she could have nose, the laughing eves of Clara were met by thos desired. She was gratified to observe that he eat of Mr. Page, with a comic expression of a mock an eparingly and of the dishes most convenient to his peal that at once placed him on a more definite point hand—a proof that he was free from one of her three n her estimation. Mrs. Cripps observed the glance cardinal failings. She kept him so closely in her and construed it in her own fashion. mind all the morning that she now felt familiar "Don't worry Mr. Page with any hard question

Mr. Westover," interposed she, in a tone of protect ing kindness: "he's not one to puzzle his brain about politics or anything else, I'll venture to give my word, are you, Mr. Page ?" "No. ma'am," answered Mr. Page, meckly, and to

Clara's apprehension, his countenance grew still more With a contemptuous look at Mr. Page. Westove

eminded himself of an engagement, and Clara also made a move, proposing to retreat to the saloon, but Mrs. Cripps was resolved not to lose the vantage she redulousness was exhaled before the serenity of his had gained. She therefore placed herself beside Mr. countenance. She jogged Clara with her clbow, and Page, ejecting from the settee a young man of unresemberable appearance, with whom he had been exchanging newspapers. "That's the very man for you, my dear?" said Mrs. Cripps, searcely waiting till the door had closed up-

"I think all the better of you that you are not in clined to politics, Mr. Page," said the old lady, where's the use of it ?- a nuck of nonsense just co up to help the elections, and empty people's pockets, But, I suppose Mr. Westover thinks he had, better come so very near the mark as not to know yeal get himself excited about it now, for when lie's sent away where they catch whales, he'll have no chance-You don't go to sea, do you?" 🔻

" No, ma'am." "Pshaw! there's nothing in heads, child," said the "Then pray what may your occupation be?" old lady, doguntically: "that's just a romantic no-Clara Started, but Mr. Page, though his eyes snap tion you got into you at boarding school. I know it's a common saying, and always has been-

ed very rapidly, answered gravely, "I am the editr of the \_\_\_\_ Magazine." "Oh, dear !-that's a poor business, isn't it?" "It suits me very well, ma'am."

"You are not hard to please, I dare say," slie reurned, when to the great relief of Clara, the newsequally nonsensical. Who could have told by the paper reader, who had been hovering near, advanced, exclaiming, "I am happy to find that I had the honor of conversing with a congenial spirit-let me would be so hard hearted as to roast a goose alive, grasp your hand, sir-I do something in the literary my young days, some people had a notion there was presume it is not new to you." Mr. Page submissively yielded his hand,

"Glorious places these public rendezvouses are for ersons of our calibre," pursued Mr. Twiggs, "to study human nature and shoot folly as it flies; there may be too much of a good thing, and I always carry the Beauties of Shakespeare in my pocket, to pore over when I graw wenty of the dull realheads would see two kingdoms; Mr. Crumpsey had lities of life. Confidentially speaking, Mr. Page, what do you really think of Shakespeare's Plays?" That-there's a good many of them," said Mr

> "Exactly-I understand," responded Mr. Twiggs. vinking and nodding significantly, " not quite so great for quality as for quantity; I am glad I have such good authority to agree with me. In a paper I penned fifteen months ago for a magazine, bu which, as the editor informs me, is still held in abey ance- for want of room, no doubt-I have demon strated that to a fraction. I suppose you wouldn't object, for the good of literature, to the me of your name, if I should resume the subject in a more lengthy essay on

"I would-rather-" replied Mr. Page. "Ou consideration, you may be right. Editor durst not let their subscribers know that they swim ! "I'm giad to see you ladge, down Miss Burney-

ourselves, I have now a series of papers under con-

good opportunity to draw her aunt away. "There, now, the matter's as good as settled," said the triumphant Mrs. Cripps, when she had followed the hurried steps of her plece to their room; placed in his arm. 'you don't find me long hemming and hawing about mything I take in hand. I've managed to get you senses," said Aunt Cripps, swelling with dignity, acquainted and all you'll have to do will be to talk a when Clara, all blushes and confusion, came into her little kind to Mr. Page, and rouse a bit of courage from; do you intend to have Mr. Page, or are you in him, and you'll have just the husband you want." "My dear aunt, you are entirely mistaken in Mr. 1 have agreed to take him myself, aunt," replied

Page," said Clara, drawing her hands over her burn- Clara, not certain that she durst venture to smile." ing cheeks, and then she stopped, for she knew that | "Very well, I'm glad you've got over your nonit would be in vain to try to make the old lady compensed. Mr. Page is a man in a thousand, and I had prehend the force of what was very clear to her memon no notion that he should be lost to the family. Now ory, the moment she heard his succinct account of we'll have to be off to-morrow, and begin preparahimself, that he was celebrated as one of the rarest tions forthwith. There's no end to the sewing and humorists of the day.
Why, what under the sun is the matter with you,

Clara ?" exclaimed Mrs. Cripps in much surprise,—
"Pve not made a shadow of mistake.; Mr. Page is cares nothing about talking and eating, as you have seen with your own eyes, and heard with your own ears, and as to books, could you have desired anytongued, dirty-collared little fellow about them, and tried to cut the subject short? If you had ever listened to husband Didenhoover you'd known how to value it. If the name of a book was broached to him, he would tell what this critic thought, what that one said, and how so and so differed, and then he would spend his own opinion, the longest, most do you lodge in that room? I didn't know is bemixed up rigmarole of all. No, no! Clara, Mr. Page
fore! It's well you are to be one of the family, for
is the man—and he's right good looking, too better
you have no doubt heard plenty of our little conis the man—and he's right good-looking, too—better than might have been expected of him." "Aunt Cripps," said Clara, solemuly, "I don't think that Mr. Page will have any desire to pursue the acquaint-

ance into which you have so strangely forced him."
Then hell be even more of a fool than I think of him, and the proper person to follow up—so you needn't cryabont it. I thought you had a better conceit of yourself." Clara for a moment was in despair at the impracti-

cability of her aunt, and then she thought as she had often done before, that it would be wiser to take a hearty laugh at it, which she did, though with tears in her eyes. .

The graces of Miss Burney were by no means impaired by the exhibitanting breezes of her beautiful retreat, yet before the month was half out, it was ques tloned, particularly by certain young gentlemen, whether she was really a beauty after all. A strong proof in favor of the doubt was, that she quite forore to exact the tribute, which, as a beauty, was her prerogative, notwithstanding each of them had sumaoned resignation to yield it, and appeared satisfied

simply to walk and talk with that quiet, plain Mr. he had too much taste not to be an admirer of loveliness, such as was exemplified in the person of our young heroine. Therefore he had no unwillingness to second the advances of Mrs. Cripps, and he did it with a tact that gratified Clara, by assuring her that he placed her attractions quite apart from the old ady's manœuverings. Then, when afterward he ound by reading the most expressive of fair faces his delicate humor was rewarded by the sweetes apprehend that it was all over with him. And Clara

t was strangely unaccountable to her how she ha missed discovering at the very first, how handson he was, as sho often, by way of extenuation, repeated to herself that she had done justice to his eyes. As o his conversation, she could not pretend to do i justice; she regretted he did not talk more, but what he did say she considered all the more striking for being so condensed, and the manner of, it—tha at all comparable in play of fancy, in droll humor, i quiet, simple natural wittiness, to the charming My

paragon of her imagination hitherto, could have been Page. But she kept all this to herself. Aunt Cripps soon grew impatient, and began t alk about going home, especially in the presence of Mr. Page, and to Clara she became more and more urgent in her charge to "hurry, hurry, and make good sise of her time," which charge was now heard with blushes instead of smiles. Though Clara niways insisted upon her matronly supervision over her rambles with Mr. Page, the old lady showed an increase

ing proneness to loitering behind, hurrying ahead nd diverging to opposite directions, and one day near the termination of the period to which she had actually limited her stay, after inveigling them to shady bench between two sycamores, with a tall creen of young locusts separating them from all oth loungers, she entirely disappeared. The two had entured on a perilous undertaking of analyzing each n cloquent disquisition by remarking that there were imes when she had observed her companion to as ume an air and expression of countenance which nade him look as if he possessed not an onnce eithe of sense or spirit. "I have more than once suspected that the manner was put on voluntarily," addeshe, "and would think so still, if I could see any ossible reason for your doing it."

Mr. Page merely smiled, and then approaching hei nore closely, he said, coloring and stammering, "I day or two, and I have been anxiously waiting for privilege of going to church once each Sunday having an opportunity like the present to express myself on scubbort nearly connected with my happiness. Yet not willing to allow her but half a day once a fortline myself. My name is O. Goldsmith Twiggs-I now that I have it I cannot summon words for my night. Wages satisfactory-if under \$10.a week. purpose. I believe that I am a fool in reality!" and then he stopped until Clara had tied six or seven ladies in general to comply with the present demands knots in her bonnet strings.

Oripps, appearing from the further side of the thicket, | given; also, a good recommend from ,one which has where she had stopped, unable to resist her desire now loft her to the fate of many housekeepers, Apto listen to the result of her strategem: "Clara and ply before the hour of 6'A. M." I won't think any the less of you for being a little foolish. If you wish to pop the question just go on and don't mind me-I'm used to such things." "Oh, aunt faltered Clara, growing pale, and leaning her face in her hands.

allow me to offer my hand also?"

torily: "don't be ashamed; who'd have thought you ty to correct it, some and the same same such a baby !- If you don't say yes, I'll take Mr. Page myself;" and frowning with a severity she had never before shown to Clara in her life, she flouriced away. Clara had not seen the frown, but she heard the threat, which appeared to her so supremely fudicrous, even beyond the usual devices of her aunt's

imagination, that, in spite of her mortification, she burst into an irrepressible fit of laughter.

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Bluss ks. Justices' and Constables' Blanks, chool Blanks, Notes, Derds, Leiser, Land Contracts, &c., kept, on and and for sale at the Inverseporar Revisarcan office.

that is if you are not laughing at me," said Mr. Page; ne, at least, with good humor."

"I That you may begin fairly," returned Clara, "I "Do you wish to do so?" asked Mr. Page-looking in her face so anxiously that she replied, in great trepidation: "Come, let us go to the house;" she did not, however, draw away the hand which she

"Well, Miss, I hope you have come to you determined to leave him to me?"

keeping part of your education, which you can do at "I've not made a shadow of mistake. Mr. Page is duce. You couldn't have a better time for it, this everything I supposed him to be at first sight. He being the pickling and preserving season. To be sure, you won't have so much to learn as if you were getting another sort of a husband, but I dare say you will like to have nice things yourself sometimes, and thing better than the way he answered that long it would be as well to teach Mr. Page to care a little about them just for the sake of appearing well in company. You'd feel queer if he should make such a blunder at your table as not to know, a hannch of venison from a sirloin of beef!

The old lady opened the door to go down, stairs, and Clara heard her exclaim, " Dear me, Mr. Page,

A new idea struck Clara, and when she met Mr. Page at the foot of the stairs, waiting to conduct her to the tea table, she asked, "Was Aunt Cripps right in her conjecture just now ?-and if so, pray confess all you have ever heard."

"The most important item was a very original piece of advice-"Which you have just been persuading me to folow." added Clara.

"Just so,"answered Mr. Page, smiling; "for by indertaking, for the ambsement of the moment, a novel experiment, without, a single thought as to how far I durat to carry it, I very clearly identified myself with the respectable character I attempted to

" I rhould think you must be disappointed in your sece's match, my dear madam," said an old friend of Mrs Cripps, who met her, for the first time some. months subsequent to Clara's marriage; " after knowing your opinions about a husband, for I confess I was surprised that she had taken a man of so much character as Mr. Page." " Pooh! pooh!" said Mrs. Cripps, elevating her

eyebrows, and lowering her voice almost to a whisanital at a dry joke, but still was, in short alto birst. People have not a preserve man I thought him at of his/wit and wisdom, and it's well enough if he can pass himself off for it-if you were at home in their iouse, as I always am when I co to see them, and had a chance to know how he pets his wife and lets her have her own way in everything, you'd agree with me that if he is not a fook he is so much like one that it would take a wiser person than either you or I to find out the difference." Mrs. Cripps is still in blissful security, for Mr. Page

yet remains a notable evidence in favor of the

Flowers in Autumn.

Trie Autumn sun is shining Gray mists are on the hill:

A vigent rintin on the leaves. The little flowers are smiling. Are saying with a spirit voic

No, though the spring be over; Though Summer's strength be s And Winter cometh on ;

A cheerful ray will cast!

Go forth then, youths and maidens, Be joyful whilst ye may; Go forth then, child and mother,

And tolling men grown gray. Go forth, though ye be humble, And wan with foil and care;

There are no fields so barr But some sweet flower Is there!"

THE LADY OF THE KITCHES. The papers are making light of the demands made by female servants on the mistresses of the house. It is however, a erious subject. An outrage on the finer feelings of this class of individuals is committed by, the New Haven Polladium in the following advertisment: WANTED TO HIRE -A lady, having a pleasant ic, no incumbrances but a husband and one child,

wishes to place herself at the disposal of some servant who can come well recommended from her last place. She would prefer one who would be willing to remain within doors at least five minutes after the work is finished. She would also stipulate for the been compelled to refuse the last applicant, who was She is deeply conscious of the utter inshility of of servants, but she hopes by strict attention to

"Never mind that, Mr. Page!" interposed Aunt please in all respects. The best of reference can be and the state of t Bartanarions -It is one of the' wise besons

taught by experience, that explanations ackious or never do any good. If you have committed an error, either of the head or the tongue, let it pass-say Miss Burney," said Mr. Page, carnestly, "I have nothing about it, In all probability lew will observe given you the entire devotion of my heart-will you it, and those who do will soon forget it. Hy attempt . ing an explanation, you discover your error plainly "Clara, say yes," whispered Mrs. Enpps, peremp- and palually, and therefore have the greater difficul-

LEARNING .- By too much learning many a man has been made mad-but never one from the want of it. Hence some would draw an argument anglest earning; but as well might the advantages of steam be dalled in question, because, when raised too high, n explosion, sometimes takes place and the second