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The End of a Woman's Caprices.

A LOVE STORY.

"Men are never so awkward, never so ungraceful, never so disagreeable as when they are making love. A friend is a luxury, a husband ditto, I suppose; but that intermittent class of human beings denominated 'lovers' are terrible bores. It does very well for women to blush and look flu-tered now and then, when occasion makes it desirable, but to see a man with his face as red as a ripe cherry, and a real parcel of strong-mindedness, self-reliance and ma-culine dignity, done up in broadcloth and starched linen, quaking from the toe of his boot to the top of his shirt collar, his mouth awry, and his tongue twisted into convulsions, if the vain attempt to say something sweet—O gracious!"

So said saucy Sophie Lynn aloud to herself, as she was swinging backwards and forwards before the window, half burried in the cushions of a luxurious arm-chair, and playing with a delicate ivory fan which lay upon her lap.

"It also seems so strange, not to say tiresome" she continued, with a running musical laugh, "after one has waltzed and sung, quoted poetry and talked nonsense with anybody till one is puzzled to know which one of the two is most heartless, one's self, or one's companion, to hear him come down plump on the subject of matrimony, as though that were the legitimate result of every such insipid acquaintance. For my part I never had a lover (here Sophia pattered her fan and looked pleased for she had more than one) that I wasn't sick after he proposed.—There was Capt. Morris—I thought him the handsomest man in the whole circle of my acquaintance, until he went on his knees to me and swore he should die if I didn't take pity on him. Somehow he always looked like a fright to me afterwards. Then there was Dr. Wilkins—he was really agreeable, and people said very learned. I was delighted with him for a time; but he spoiled it all with that offer of his—what long winded adjectives! and how the poor fellow blushed, puffed and perspired! He calls me an adorable creature, and hic-coughed in the middle of 'adorable.' Horrors! I have hated him ever since. Then there was a——"

Here Sophia started. She heard the door bell ring. With a nervous spring she stood before her mirror smoothing down her hair with a taste truly comical.

"It won't do to seem interesting," she said, as she took a finishing survey of her person in the glass, and shook out with her plump jewelled fingers, the folds of her airy muslin dress.

The moment afterwards, when a servant entered to announce Mr. Harry Ainslee, she was back to her old seat by the window, rocking and playing with her fan, apparently as unconcerned and listless as though that name had not sent a quicker thrill to her heart, or the betraying crimson all over her pretty face—"Tell him I will be down presently," she said.

The girl disappeared and Sophie flung open the window, that the cool fresh air might fan away the extra rosiness from her complexion. Then she went again to the mirror, and after composing her bright, eager, happy face into an expression of demureness, descended to the parlor. A smile broke over her features, and she reached out both hands to the guest; but as if suddenly recollecting herself, she drew them back again, and with a formal bow of recognition, she passed him and seated herself in a further corner of the room.

It was very evident that something was wrong with Sophie; that she had made up her mind either not to be pleased, or not to please. Could it be that she had foreseen what was coming?—that a presentiment of that visit and its result had dictated the merry speeches in her chamber? Be that as it may, a half hour had not elapsed before Harry Ainslee's hand and fortune, (which latter by the way was nothing wonderful,) were in the same place where Capt. Morris' and Dr. Wilkin's had been before them.

"The first man that I ever heard say such things without making a fool of himself," muttered Sophie emphatically from behind her fan, as she sat blushing and evidently gratified, yet without deigning any reply to the gallant straight-forward speech in which her lover had risked his all of hope.

"He ought to do penance for the pretty way he managed his tongue. He's altogether too calm to suit me." And Sophie shook her curly head meaningly, holding her fan before her for a screen—did she forget what she had been saying. "I wonder if I could snore the way Uncle Jones used to in Church!" she soliloquized. "Wouldn't it be fun!—and wouldn't it plague Harry if he thought I had been asleep while he was talking!"

Sophie's blue eyes danced with suppressed merriment as she gave two or three heavy breathings, and followed them up with a nasal explosion worthy of an orthodox deacon. It was well done—theatrically done—and poor Harry sprang bolt upright—surpassed, mortified, chagrinned. Human nature could stand it no longer, and Sophie gave vent to her mirth in a burst of triumphant laughter."

"Y-o-u little witch—you mischief—you spirit of evil!" exclaimed the relieved Harry, as he sprang to her side and caught her by the arm with a grip that made her scream. "You deserve a shaking for your behavior!" Then lowering his voice, he added gravely:

"Will you never have done tormenting me! If you love me, can you not be generous enough to tell me so! and if you do not, am I not at least worthy of a candid refusal!"

Words sprang to Sophie's lips that would have done credit to her womanly nature, and made her lover's heart bound with rapture, for the whole depths of her being were stirred and drawn towards him as they never had been towards any man.

But she could not quite give up her railery then. She would go one step further from him ere she laid her hand in his and told he was dearer than all the world beside. So she checked the tender response that trembled on her tongue and flinging off his grasp, with a mocking gesture and a ringing laugh, danced across the room to the piano.

She seated herself, she ran her fingers gracefully over the keys, and broke out in a wild, brilliant, defiant song, that made her listener's ears tingle as he stood watching her, and choking back the indignant words that came crowding to his lips for utterance.

"Sophie, listen to me!" he said at length as she paused from sheer exhaustion—"Is it generous—is it just, to trifle with me so! to turn into ridicule the emotion of a heart that offers to you the most revcrent affections!

"I have loved you, because beneath this volatile surface character of yours, I thought I saw truthfulness and simplicity, purity of soul, and a warm current of tender, womanly feelings, that would bathe with blessings the whole life of him whose hand was so fortunate as to touch its secret springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if that is the reason why you treat my suit so scornfully, you are less the noble woman than I thought you."

Sophie's head was averted, and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes as Harry ceased speaking. Ah! why is it that we sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly—carrying it carelessly in our hands as though it were but dross, staking it all upon an idle caprice!

When she turned her countenance towards him again, the same mocking light was in her eyes, the same coquettish smile breathed from her red lips.

"Speaking of heiresses," said Sophie, "there is Helen Myrtle, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better tranfer your attention to her, Mr. Ainslee. The difference in our dowries would no doubt be quite an inducement, and possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done."

"Like an insulted prince, Harry Ainslee stood up before her—the hot, fiery, indignant blood dashed in a fierce torrent over his face—his arms crossed tightly upon his breast as if to keep his heart from bursting with uprising indignation—his compressed lips, and his dark eyes flashing. Sophie, cruel Sophie! You added one drop too much to your cruel sarcasm. You trespassed upon his forbearance one little step further than you would have dared, had you known his proud and sensitive nature.

Not till he had gone—gone without a single word of expostulation, leaving only a grave "good-bye," and the memory of his pale face to plead for him—did the thoughtless girl wake to a realization of what she had done. Then a quick, terrible fear shot through her heart, and she would have given every curl of her brown head to have had him beside her one short moment longer.

"Pshaw! what am I afraid of! He will back within twenty-four hours, and as importunate as ever," she muttered to herself as the street door closed after him: yet a sigh that was half a sob, followed the words, and could Harry have seen the beautiful pair of eyes that watched him so eagerly as he went down the long street or the bright face that leaned away out through the parted blinds, with such a wistful look, as he disappeared, it might have been his turn to triumph.

In spite of Sophie's propheey, twenty-four hours did not bring back Harry,—Days matured into weeks, and still he did not come, nor in all that time did she see him. And now she began to think herself quite a martyr, and acted accordingly. In fact she did as almost any heroine would have done under the circumstances—grew pale and interesting. Marianna began to suggest the delicacies to tempt Sophie's palate. "The poor dear child was getting so thin." In vain Sophie protested that she had no appetite.

In vain papa brought dainty gifts and piled up costly dresses before his pet.—A faint smile, or abstracted "thank you," was the only recompense. If sister Kate suggested that Harry's absence was in any manner connected with her altered demeanor, Sophie would toss her ringleted head with an air of supreme indifference, and go away and cry over it, hours at a time. Everybody thought something was the matter with Sophie. Sophie among the rest.

Her suspense and penitence became insupportable at last. Sister Kate who had come so near the solution of the true mystery, should know all—so said Sophie.—Perhaps she could advise me what to do, for to give Harry up forever seemed every day more of an impossibility.

"Will you come into the garden with me, Kate?" she asked, in a trembling voice, of her sister one day, about a month after her trouble with Harry, I have something of importance to tell you."

"Go away, darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied Kate, casting a searching glance at Sophie's flushed cheeks and swollen eyes.

Running swiftly along the garden paths as if from fear of pursuit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and flinging herself down on a low seat, burried her head among the cool vines, and gave herself up to a paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard steps approaching, and an arm was twined tenderly about her waist, and a warm hand was laid caressingly on her drooped head.

"O, Kate, Kate!" she cried in the agony of her repentence, "I am perfectly wretched. You don't know why, though you have come very near guessing two or three times. Harry and I"——

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her, and the hands upon her head passed over her disordered curls with a gentle smoothing motion.

"Harry and I"—another sob—"quarrelled two or three weeks ago. I was willful and rude, just as it was natural for me to be, and he got angry. I don't think he is going to forgive, for he hasn't been here since.

"Sophie felt herself drawn in a tighter embrace and was sure Kate pitied her.

"I would not have owned it to anybody if tt had not been just as it is," she continued rubbing her little white hands into her eyes; "but I think I love him almost as I do you and father and mother."

A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head, and tighter was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still kept her face hidden in the vines.

"He asked me to be his wife," she continued "asked me as nobody else ever did—in such a manly way, that he made me feel as though I ought to have been the one to plead instead of him. I could not bear that, and I answered him as I should not. He thought it was because he was poor and I was rich; and all the time I was thinking I'd rather live in a cottage with him than in the grandest palace in the world with any other man, only I was too proud to tell him so to his face.—What can I do! Tell me, Kate, you are much better than I am, and you never get into trouble. I am sure I shall die if you don't." And poor Sophie wept anew.

"Look up, dear, and I'll tell you."

Sophie did look up, with a start, and the next moment, with a little scream, leaped into the arms—not of sister Kate; but Harry Ainslee!

Sophie declares to this day that she has never forgiven either of them, though she has been Mrs. Ainslee nearly two years.

Hams---A Good Pickel.

Having recently tried, proved and approved the excellent quality of a ham obtained of Haight and Emens, 226 Front street, in this city, we solicitated from them the best directions for pickling hams, and they have consented to give their method to the readers of the *Agriculturist* though the process has hitherto been a private matter.

FOR 100 LBS. OF HAMS.—Pack them in a barrel or cask, and pour water, enough to cover them. Pour off the water, and add good rock, or Turk's Island salt enough to make a brine that will just float potatoes. Two or three kinds of potatoes should be dropped in, as some varieties are much heavier (of greater specific gravity) than others; about the average weight is desirable. The brine for the hundred pounds thus prepared, add one pint of good molasses, and six to seven ounces of saltpeter, using the large clear crystals, as being the purest. Make and use the pickle cold. Then pour the liquid back upon the hams, and let them stand six weeks, when they will be ready for smoking, though they may stand as much longer as may be desired, as they will in the first six weeks take up all the salt that they will absorb. When removed finally for smoking, that they should be thrown into fresh water and stand 24 hours.

Take notice that the position of the hams in the barrel should be changed once in 10 or 12 days, to let them lie upon each other at new points, and allow the brine to come in contact with the parts which had previously lain together. This is an important hint in pickling hams, whatever kind of pickle may be used.

An editor down South reports himself *son struck*, but is recovering, though the blow was a 11 pounder.

A lady out West brags that none of her relations were ever sent to the State Prison or—Congress.

KENNETH RAYNER.

The frank and manly letter, addressed to a committee of the People's party, in Wilmington, which we give below, will be read with general interest. Mr. Rayner has long occupied a prominent position in the politcs of the country; and his opinions, as those of a conservative southern man, are full of significance. It will be seen that, on the two great questions of the day—the tariff and the Kansas outrage—he occupies the same ground that is held by national men in the north; and it is very certain that the views he expresses are shared by a party already large and constantly growing, at the south:

RALEIGH, N. C., October 26, 1858.

Gentlemen: I have received your complimentary communication of the 21st inst. expressing the "earnest desire of the people's party of your city that I may visit and address them upon the political topics of the day," &c., &c.

Allow me, gentlemen, in the first place to express my grateful appreciation of the kind and flattering terms of your invitation; and, in the second place, my unaffected regret that a pressure of business, which I cannot and ought not to neglect, must deprive me of the pleasure of meeting, conferring with, and publicly announcing my views to the People's party of your State, who are now struggling so manfully with the hosts of Locofoco corruption and misrule. I deeply regret that I cannot be with you to witness your ardor and enthusiasm (of which I have been informed) in the contest you are now waging, and to rejoice with you over the victory which I have faith to believe awaits you on the night of the 2d November next.

There are no people in the broad Union who have stronger inducements to resist tyranny—none whose efforts should be strengthened by more heart-stirring associations than the people of Delaware. No portion of our territory, *of equal area*, contributed so many and heroic men in our revolutionary struggle—none whose early history is adorned by so many illustrious names—none that has continued to furnish our country's service more men of might both in council and in action.—Inspired by reflections such as these—situated as you are on the border between the north and the south. Where the waves of sectional strife must expand themselves in their progress hither and thither—how can you fail to conquer with the glorious examples lately set you in Pennsylvania and the States of the northwest, in which locofocoism has been made so ignobly to "bite the dust," in the last two months."

Although I cannot be with you in person, yet I assure you that I entirely concur with you, and heartily sympathise with you in the conflict in which you are engaged. Yours is the cause of constitutional liberty against a heartless despotism; of freedom of opinon against a ruthless proscripsion; of economy in public expenditures against profligate extravagance; of honest and accountability in public functionaries, against the prostitution of official patronage for party ends; of the protection and thrift of American labor and American enterprise, against monopoly of our market by foreign countries; of the employment and relief of suffering laborers, who are dependent on their toil, against the heartless cruelty which laughs at their calamities; of the precious metals in our country, as the basis of a sound and stable currency, against the ruinous fluctuations caused by their exportation in paying off free trade balances; of the fostering of commerce, in the improvement of rivers and harbors, against the unfeeling sacrifice of thousands of lives and millions of products; of the great principle of representative government underlying our institutions, that the people of each State have the right to frame their domestic institutions to suit themselves against the wicked attempt, first by force and then by bribery, to compel the people of Kansas to receive a constitution repugnant to their feelings; of peace and harmony between the different sections of the Union, against the continued and systematic agitation of the question of slavery, merely to subserve party purposes; of the maintenance and support of the Union against sectional strife and discord, which are encouraged and fostered with an eye to the perpetuation of power.

I have by no means exhausted the catalogue of sins that lie at this door of the Buchanan administration and the faction that sustains it. Have I not fairly stated the issues involved in the pending struggle? How can any fair minded and candid man, if free from party influence, pretend to deny it? What man is allowed to hold the most insignificant public employment, who dares to question the truth of any dogma, promulgated by the sanhedrim at Washington, as a test of partizan orthodoxy? Whose character is secure against the ribald and vituperative abuse of the editorial slander mongers in the pay of the powers that be—in case he dares to censure their policy?—Who can deny that our expenditures have reached eighty odd millions of dollars a year? If this enormous sum were expended in providing for the common defence and promoting the general welfare of our whole country, we might be willing to submit without murmuring. But official documents prove that millions are given away in jobs and contracts, to reward party favorites. Vast sums are expended in the transporting and quartering of voters in the public work yards, to control the result of local elections. Immense amounts are squandered in supporting a set of lazy drones and clamorous partizans in the custom houses; where the amount paid into the treasury is not a tithe of what is paid to these greedy officials, doing nothing. The public lands are lavished by millions of acres, in building up mammoth corporations and enriching millionaire speculators, merely to gratify party advocates in Congress, and to enable them to re-establish their waning political fortunes at home; and whilst this wasteful extravagance is sanctioned and encouraged for such nefarious purposes by the party in power, objects of paramount importance, involving national safety and national honor, are scouted and neglected. Instead of providing and maintaining a navy commensurate with the growth of our commerce, an appropriation of a few hundred thousands to build a sloop-of-war is higgled over for months—whilst millions are voted in as many hours in jobs and contracts for party friends. The army entirely too small for our frontier defences, is neglected, instead of being cherished with pride, as it should be. An appropriation for an additional regiment is bitterly opposed, whilst hundreds of thousands are voted to pay an army of partizan printers for books which are not worth opening. Our fortifications are left incomplete and to go to ruin, whilst millions are voted to build marble palaces for custom houses, to benefit favorites who have sites to sell, party contractors who wish to do the work, and sinecure officials who have nothing to do. Not a dollar can be obtained for the improvement of harbors and rivers, involving so much not only of commercial property but of human life, whilst the most exorbitant sums are paid to partisan contractors for carrying the mails on these very rivers, whose profits amount to tens and hundreds of thousands, on nominal engagements with which they do not comply.

The utter prostitution of the functions of government—both executive and legislative—by the party in power, seems at last to have excited the indignation of the people. The late elections show that the people in their might, without respect to old party affiliations are determined to rebuke such barefaced contempt of popular right, and disregard of the public good.

I am well aware that, in addition to this, there were two other potent causes at work in producing the result exhibited in the late elections. I refer to the subject of protection to American labor and enterprise, and the Kansas embroglio. I am pleased to see the people of Pennsylvania and of the northwest awakening to a sense of their own and their country's interests, as involved in protection to American labor and capital—whilst I do not regard protection as a northern question, or as in any sense a sectional question. For I have long felt convinced that protection is as necessary to the prosperity and well being of the south, as of the north. Mind you, I do not say "protection to northern manufacturers;" that is the language in which adroit politicians and stump orators state the proposition. I mean protection to every branch of labor and industry—whether of the field, the pasture or the workshop—whether of the plow, loom, or the anvil. What I mean is, that our policy should be so shaped as to *ultimately* secure to American capital and American labor every branch of operative industry, necessary towards the preparation of every article for human consumption, from the crudest condition of the raw materials, till it has reached its last stage of adaptability to human use. Of course I refer to what only is *practicable* under our natural capabilities of climate, &c.

As an American citizen, I am in favor of protection, because protection will, in the end, make us independent of foreign nations for those articles indispensable to our national safety and defence; because the more employment we give to labor in its diversified pursuits, the more we enhance the national wealth and resources and the means of human happiness; and because, further, any system which tends to prevent the constant and regular efflux of the precious metals (a result inevitable in adjusting international balances of trade) must secure to us a more stable basis for our currency, and, in a measure prevent the fluctuations and derangements of our banking system. *As a Southern man*, I am in favor of protection, because, with the raw material at hand, with labor as cheap, and natural advantages greater, there is nothing wanting but temporary support from the government to manufacturing enterprise in its infancy to enable the south to manufacture for herself. Besides, by the concentration of all our capital and labor in one industrial pursuit only, there certainly is a prospect of our finally reaching production beyond the remunerative point. When this is the case, we shall be the less able to buy of others; whereas, by consulting the harmony of interests in the distribution of capital and labor among various industrial pursuits, we should obtain better prices for our farm products; and thus be the better able to pay the manufacturer and mechanic for their labor. But, as a southern man, I take stronger ground than this. If it be, as asserted by many southern men, that the natural pursuit of the south is agriculture, and manufacturing industry that of the north, still I would prefer trading with my northern countrymen, rather than with foreigners; and would willingly proteet them in their peculiar pursuits, until they were, at least, able to compete with foreign capital and labor in our own markets. After being thus "placed beyond contingency, (to use the language of Mr. Calhoun, in 1816,) the northern manufacturer, in consequence of the avoidance of the dangers and expense of transhipment between this and other countries, both of the raw material and the manufactured goods, would soon be able to pay to the southern producer a better price for his raw material; and to sell him manufactured fabrics cheaper in return. This has been the experience of the past in regard to *cotton*. The same principle apply to every other article, the quality and cost of which is changed, by the application of another and different species of labor.

It is to be hoped that the great State of Pennsylvania, which has lately achieved such a victory over those who have triffled with her interests, will be true to herself in regard to this question. Perhaps no other State has suffered so much from the vacillating policy of the government on this subject of the tariff. Hundreds of her forges have been silenced; thousands of acres of her coal-beds have been abandoned; and thousands of her laborers are now seeking employment for bread, and cannot find it. Her great interests of iron and coal need protection, and ought to have it. She should not, however, ungenerously demand protection for *her* interests alone; but in the spirit of an enlarged and patriotic liberality, let her take the lead in securing protection to all the great interests of the whole country—north, south, east and west.

By protection, I do not mean an additional duty of a small *per cent* on coal and iron for the benefit of Pennsylvania—on cottons and woolens for the benefit of New England—on sugar and molasses for the benefit of Louisiana, &c., &c. This would, in effect, be "a tariff for the benefit of capitalists," sure enough. It would probably be just such a tariff as would most please the large manufacturers of the north and the wealthy sugar planters of the south. Having their capital already invested in some particular branch of business, with fixtures, complete, laborers at work, routine established, skill acquired, financial embarrassments surmounted—they have probably passed the crisis of their fate. The imposition of a slight duty on articles coming in competition with theirs, would probably enable them to augment their profits in a similar ratio. They *can get along* without any additional duty. But how will this benefit the hundreds of smaller operators, who have perhaps been compelled to abandon their forges, mines, and, workshops? *Their* fixtures are out of order, their hands have been discharged, their routine is disarranged, their credit has been impaired. The slightly augmented duty will not afford profit enough to enable them to commence operations anew, consequently they derive no benefit from it. The laborer derives no benefit, because their is no competition to increase the demand for his labor, and thereby to enhance his wages. If the small operators and those who have been compelled to suspend business, derive no benefit from small increase of duty, how much more does it apply to those who have to embark in business from the start? Consequently, the south, in order to succeed in manufacturing, needs protection more than any other section of the country.—A small increase of duty, whilst it benefits to that extent the large and well established manufacturer of the north, to the same extent renders the incipient manufacturers of the south less able to compete for the trade in their own markets. But the chief blessing of protection—looking at it in its moral and social as well as its financial results—is not so much in the benefits accruing to capital as those accruing to labor; whilst, at the same time, it creates a mutual dependence, and harmonizes the relations between the two. In its distribution of labor, *it puts every body to work*; it creates demand for a variety of talent; it feeds the hungry; clothes the poor; as competition is stimulated, it enhances the wages of labor, and thus affords to the frugal and industrious the means of providing a pittance for their wives and children after they are gone.

If the friends of protection intend making a stand for an increase of duties, let them take bold and manly ground in favor of the *principle* of protection. Let them stop the silly palaver about *incidental* protection, and fight the battle upon the merits of their cause. Let them contend for full and ample protection to all industrial pursuits alike, in proportion to their value and importanee, and the amount of capital and labor invested in the same.

Of course, the locofoco presses and orators all over the south will proclaim the late victories of the People's party as *abolition* triumphs. True to their vocation of agitating the question of slavery for party purposes, they will endeavor to smother their mortification by the use of hard words and abusive epithets. Having lately been on a visit to Pennsylvania, it affords me pleasure to say that I did not meet the first man who claimed the triumph of the People's party in that State as an anti slavery or anti-southern victory. So far from it, those with whom