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## The Lehigh Register.

ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 16, 1869.

THE HOLLY TREE. A PENNSYLVANIAN IDYL. BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The corn was in the ground, and the fences all were made, And the garden-beds, as smooth as a counterpane is laid, Were dotted and striped with green where the peas and We have good news for our readers this week. Due of the celebrated Foster Brothers, the great inty goods merchants of New York City, is coming to do business among us. They promise us a New York stock of goods at New York prices. Yead their advertisement. It has the true ring With elecampane at the foot, and comfrey, and sage, and

where,
And comfort smiled from the earth, and rest was felt in Actual their newtlessment. At his who was a should it. We believe they mean what they say. We welcome them among us, and promise them our hearty thanks if they will persist in the war they have declared upon high prices.—Allentown the air,
When a Saturday afternoon at such a time comes round,

ground.

III.
'Twas so with Gabriel Parke: he stood by the holly-tre
That came, in the time of Penn, with his fathers over the Twas so with Gauriet Parke: he stood by the holly-tree That came, in the time of Penn, with his fathers over the sea:

A hundred and eighty years it had grown where it first was set. And the thorny leaves were thick and the trunk was stur-

they have declared upon high prices.—Allentown Democrat.

Foster had a big rush at his opening on Monday. The whole population seemed to be there to secure the greatest bargains were before offered. Enterprise is stamped everywhere and he is sure to succeed, though he sells goods at smaller profits than they do anywhere this side of New York. The rush still continued yesterday, continues to-day, and will ever continue so long as people have a chance to get so much for their money. Every thought is of Foster, and no man in Allentown is more talked of by the fair sex. Goods sold for greenbacks at gold prices.—Lehigh Register.

We advise our readers to go to Foster's for their dry goods. They are New York men and will sell you goods at New York prices.—Allentown Friedenbotte. From the knoll where stood the house the fair fields pleas-antly rolled
To dolls where the laurels hung, and meadows of butter-cup-gold:
He looked on them all by turns, with joy in his acres free,
But over his thoughts came back to the tale of the holly-tree.

you gooss a very density of the same way. The density of the same a lady saying recently.—Lehigh Patriot.

Henry Ward Beecher once told a gentleman to "follow the crowd" if he desired to find his way to his (Beecher's) church. The way to Foster's New York Store is found in the same way.—Inde-canden! Republican. In beautiful Warwickshire, beside the Avon stream,
John Parke, in his English home, bad dreamed a singular
dream.

He went with a sorrowful heart, for love of a bashful
maid,
And a vision came as he slept one day in a helly's shade.

New York Store is found in the same way.—Independent Republican.
Fosten.—Foster has made good his promises. He has most decidedly "revolutionized the Allentown Dry Goods trade." We are just flading out what exorbitant prices we have been paying for dry goods in Alientown. Foster actually sells many goods for half the price we have been paying for them. The crowd at his store is as great as ever, and of all who have been there to trade we have yet to hear of a single person in any way disappointed with his purchase.—Allentown Democrat.

vitt.
In beautiful Warwick shire the life of the two began—
A slip of the tree of the dream, a far-off child of the man;
And it seemed to Gabriel Parke, as the leaves above him
stirred,
That the secret dream of his heart the soul of the holly
heard.

We wish to say to our readers that they need have no fear of being deceived by the advertisements of Foster's New York Store at Allentown. They will always sell as they advertise.—Statington Year. on News.
We don't wish to flatter Mr. Foster. We have

We don't wish to flatter Mr. Foster. We have no "axe to grind," for he advertless with us already. But we cannot help saying that he is benefiting every kind of business in Allentown. He is bringing the people in from every direction. His store is literally packed much of the time.—Lehigh Register.

On our own account we wish simply to say that every article we sell we warrant to be at low, and in ninetynine cases out of a hundred lower than it can be bought for elsewhere.

XII. He lifted up from the grass the feeble, chittering thing, And warmed its breast at his lips, and smoothed its stumpy

Together with a full aupply of goods in their line just received at Lumaistic & Hoss.
Plain, Flaid and Stripted ORGANDIES.
NAINSOOKS.
NAINSOOKS.
Tarlatans, Tucked Nainsooks, and French Muslins.
Soft and hard finished Cambrics and Jaconots, Boblinets, Wash Blonds, Illusions for Bridai Veils.
Lace and Embrodered Gurtakns, and Cartain lace from Avery select and full saardment of Lines Handkerchiefe. \*\*Twas like a sudden bliss,

The full sweet measured music of her tongue--the hen; And the tongues of the two were loosed; there seemed a wonderful charm s In talk of the hatching fowls and spring-work done on the

> tree; 'Have you heard,'' he said, ''how it came with the fam-Ill row you heart.
> Ily over the sea!
> He told the story again, though he knew she knew it well,
> And a spark of thought, as he spake, like fire in his bosom

Xvi.
He paused, and looked at the maid: her flushing cheek was bent,
And, under her chin, the chick was cheeping its warm
content;
But naught she answered—then he: "O Patience! 1
"Tood on!" \_\_ thought of you! Tell me you take the dream, and help me to make it true!"

XVII.

The mother looked from the house, concealed by the window-pane,
And she felt that the holly's spell had fallen upon the twain, o guessed from Gabriel's face what the words he had spoken were, And blushed in the malden's stead, as if they were spoken

xviii. She blushed, and she turned away, ere the trembling man and maid Silently hand in hand had kissed in the holly's shade, And Patience whispered at last, her sweet eyes dim with dow:
'O Gabriel! could you dream as much as I've dreamed

The mother said to herself, as she sat in her straight old The mother said to mother, and the chair:

"Ho's got the pick of the flock, so tidy and kind and fair!
At first I shall flud it hard, to alt and be still, and see
How the house is kept to rights by somebody clae than me

\*But the home must be theirs alone: I'll do by her, if I can, As Gabriel's grandmother did, when I as a wife began: Bo good and faithful he's been, from the hour when I gave him life,

He shall master be in the house, and mistress shall be his Hearth and Home.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM CALI-FORNIA.

BY N. P. DARLING.

for managing men and their affairs, and their doubt if she would marry me." wives' affairs, and everybody's affairs-her own included—is positively astonishing. Her executive ability is immense. Although she is five years my junior, she has managed me and my household for years. She managed my wife, too (I am a widower of five years' growth), and she managed my little daughter Molly until her place was supplied by a gov-

It was my sister who first proposed that Molly should have a governess, and it was she who wrote out the advertisement for insertion in The Morning Scintillater; and it was that remarkable woman, who, from the score of applicants, selected Miss Fadilla Durang to act in the aforesaid capacity.

Miss Durang made her first appearance before us, arrayed in deep mourning. She had just lost her mother by the cruel hand of death -her father was lost at sea several years before, and one brother had been lost in company with the "Lost Cause," of which he was a defender—she informed us. She had a sad, sorrowful looking face, though there was something exceedingly charming about it not-withstanding. Her hair was of a pale brown, you that he was the only relative I had in the creature so soon to take my family name upon and so were her eyes; but there was a pensive,

impression upon me at once, and I fancy that Molly was not altogether unaffected. But my You are master of the house; what answer late to expend to-morrow, in New York, and sister is a woman who never allows her feel

ings to overcome her. Not but what she has eelings—O no; but she never means to waste her sympathy upon any unworthy object, something that I am always doing, simply, as Molly says, because I can't read character. Now, reading character is Molly's forte

She is a physiognomist. She don't care to examine the "bumps" on a person's head to know what that person is. Only let her see your face, and you are a marked man : she'll have your "chart" all made out in her own mind before you can wink twice. I admit that I have sometimes thought that she made slight mistakes, but as she declares she never did, it is very probable that I misunderstood her statements in regard to the principal char-

acteristics of some persons I have known. But for my sister, Miss Durang would probably never have become an inmate of my household, as it would have been just like me to have engaged the first respectable-looking lady that applied for the situation. Therefore I was obliged to acknowledge the superior wisdom of Molly in selecting such a very modest and loveable young lady for my daughter's governess.

And so Miss Durang was duly installed, to the entire satisfaction of both Molly and myself; and even my little daughter was pleased with her governess, and the two became the best of friends at once.

Noting the affection that Miss Durang vinced for little Molly, it was but natural that I should entertain a great regard for her. Her simple, modest ways, so different from my sister's, fostered that regard, and I soon became as fond of her society as I had once been averse to the idea of having a governess at all.

The transition from a very great regard for a person whose excellent qualities you are fully aware of, to love, is very often accomplished in so short a time, and so imprecept ably, that it is as impossible to tell the exact noment when you cross the line, as it would from New York to Rio Janeiro, to tell when he crossed the equator. Therefore I shall not attempt to tell you when I first began to love Miss Durang. When I did come to a know-ledge of that fact, I found by a careful calculation that I was in latitude ten degrees south, and my heart was (figuratively speaking) fry-

ing on the hot gridiron of my flaming passions. It is a serious thing to fall in love with any woman at the mature age of forty-two, but when that woman is young and pretty it is positively mournful. The doubts that every lover feels in this case are so intensified tha they become peculiarly agonizing. Besides, as we are a very democratic people in Gilgal, Miss Durang was received in the best society of our town as an equal, and consequently she had scores of beaux buzzing around her before she had been in my house a month, and I confess that their attentions were very painful to me, although our governess bore up

with wonderful fortitude. It wasn't her beauty that charmed, for I cannot call her beautiful, but she had such But the eyes of both were shy, and the checks of both were and such a pleasing smile, red.

"Twas like a sudden bliss, that it was almost imposible for a sentimenta young man to remain unmoved in the witching presence of our modest appearing govcrness.

Meantime, that very remarkable woman my sister, grew more fond of Miss Durang every day. It seemed as though she could not say enough in her praise.

"My dear Molly," said I-she had just run in to look after us, as she usually did as often as once a day—"my dear Molly, although I think you're somewhat given to hyperbole; as a general thing apt to exalt your friends too uow,"

le said; and Patience felt the warmth of his eyes on her high, and sink your enemies as much too low; brow:

in this instance I believe you have not said brow:

If dreamed, like the English Parke; already the farm I in this instance I believe you have not said "I dreamed, like the English Parke; already the farm I one word too much in commendation of the own.

But the rest of the dream is best—the land is little, alone." sweet, patient creature who has charge of my

daughter's education." "Joe Rose," returned my sister, "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, when taken extended her hand, expressing in beautiful language her happiness in meeting the brothe

"Lead on to glory, my love." "Yes. You are at the flood-"

"But I object to going on to glory just yet, my dear." I said. "Joe Rose, will you let this chance slip

through your fingers. Are you not a widower? Do I understand you to say that you are? I meeting of "The Society for the Elevation of and for once he "let natur' caper" until bed do. Then, sir, I ask, what is your first duty in the present criscs ?" Here my sister paused, but as she discover

in the following strain: "I see you realize, Joseph, that Miss Du rang, your daughter's governess, is possessed of excellent qualities both of mind and heart. She will grace whatever position she may be called to occupy. But she is scarcely twenty-

five years of age, and is surrounded by lovers. Do you know, Joseph, that if only for your daughter's sake, I consider it your duty to marry her? Do you know that I should consider it very wrong in you to allow her to marry out of this family?" I had thought until this moment, that my love for Miss Durang was unknown to every

one but myself. Now I discovered my mistake. Molly had penetrated to the innermos recesses of my heart, clutched the secret that I would have concealed so closely, and now held it up, dangling it before my face.

"Molly," said I, "remember my age. I am seventeen years her senior. I admit that I love her as man never loved, a love without My sister, Mrs. Mollie Calierton, is called a decay, and my heart, my heart is breaking very remarkable woman in Gilgal. She is Molly; but notwithstanding, I doubt if she decidedly "strong-minded," and her talent loves me, I doubt if she ever could love me, I

"'Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
And fearing to attempt."

quoted Molly. There is hardly anything that will relieve gentleman in distress so quickly (except he is istressed for breath) as an apt quotation. Molly knew this, and she awaited the result. It seemed to me that those words had already given me a new lease of life. Molly saw the light of hope beaming from my dark and liquid orbs. I felt it coursing like a courser along my azure veins. I heard it in the songs of the birds and the murmer of the breeze 'Twas blissful—'twas ecstatic.

"Molly," I murmured, "I will attempt," "Then you will succeed." She might have said more-I dare say she yould, had not Miss Durang entered the room at this moment, with an open letter in her hand, when Molly immediately arose and

withdrew. "Mr. Rose," Fadilla began, "I have a letter here from my brother Roderick, whom you world. He has been in California for the last her. I consider no jewels, the purchase of

shall I make him ?"

I looked up into her sweet face while she Fadilla." was speaking, and then, as a wave of emotion swept across my breast, I took her hand in said Durang. mine. I do not know what impelled me to do so, but the impulse was irresistible. She made no attempt to draw her hand away.

"Fadilla," said I, in my falsetto voice (my natural voice is so grum that I should as soon gotten. think of singing a madrigal in the tune of Old Grimes, as using it in a declaration of affection.) "Fadilla, I am, indeed the master of this house; but, did you ever think that the house needed a mistress ?" "For an lustant throbs her bosom, For an lustant beam her eyes."

and then her countenance assumed the sad, sorrowful expression that I had noted at our first meeting. In an instant the light of hope went out, leaving my fond heart groping in the darkness. Then she spoke: "O my friend, do not trifle with my feel-

ings !'' Her voice being severely cracked by emotions, it sounded like the wail of a lost spirit, but it restored my hopes.

"Trifle, Fadilla?" I cried. "No, never! Believe me, my dear girl, I love you truly, sincerely, and would make you my wife." "Can I trust you, Mr. Rose ?" she asked, looking down into my face so longingly, so

lovingly. "Only do trust me-only say you will be mine, Fadilla, it is all I ask," I returned, drawing her towards me. "O, I do love you, Mr. Rose," she murm

ed, falling upon my bosom, "Call me pet names, darling-call me Joey," l whispered.

"Joey, Joey, my own-my own!" (I have always been sorry that I could not ave had this scene photographed.) When the first delirium of the moment was

over, we returned to the subject of her "Send for Roderick immediately, my had been married privately the night before darling," I said. "You might have known that any friend of yours, much more a brother,

would always be welcome here." She was sitting on my knee, with one little and laid caressingly on my shoulder, while her dear head was pillowed against my cheek. "I know a great deal more now than I did

when I brought this letter to you," she anwered, with charming naivete. Thereupon I gave her a kiss, as in duty heart. bound, and releasing my birdling, she went way to write an answer to brother Roderick. Within a week he was will us, and a capital fellow he seemed too. I remember he found her not. ame into Gilgal on the night train, and sister Molly did not hear of his arrival until next who had followed me. morning. As she lives directly opposite our ouse, she often "runs in" at the most unreasonable hours. This morning she burst it up-on us while at breakfast. Fadilla was filling a cup of coffee for me, and Don Roderick, as

at my right hand. "O, excuse me," cried Molly, "I wasn't aware that---' "Never mind, my dear," I broke in ; "it's

one of the family, or at least soon to be." And | said Molly. then Fadilla blushed so sweetly that I wonder didn't kiss her on the spot-just above the dimple in her chin. Don Roderick looked up from his toast at

this remark of mine, and Molly "fixed him" with her eagle eye. I knew she was weighing him, I knew she was peering into the depths of his soul, and I trembled for the result. "Mrs. Callerton," said I, "I know you will be pleased to make the acquaintance of Fadilla's brother, Mr. Roderick Durang, from

"Indeed it is a pleasure," murmured Molly, with a smile that told me that all was well.

"Mr. Durang, my sister, Mrs. Callerton." The gentleman arose from the table, and greeted that remarkable woman with a bow and a smile, saying something about how hon ored he felt in making the acquaintance of one so well known to fame; and then my sister

of the dear young friend in whom she ha taken such a motherly interest. Upon invitation, she sat down and took cup of coffee with us, engaging Don Roderick in conversation, and in the meantime giving him an account of the proceedings of the last gravity but for the strictness of the father, the Feminine Gender." of which she was pres

ident. Don Roderick was evidently a good listener ed that I was unable to reply, she continued and that advanced him in my sister's good graces. Morcover, he was quite a handsome man, though if he had been satisfied with wearing his whiskers twelve inches long in tend of twenty-four, I think he would have looked quite as well, if no better. Then he was quite tail and well formed; and he had a fine eye, and a very intellectual-looking forehead that quite carried the day with Molly. Before he had been with us two days he had ecome as great a favorite with our family as

Fadilla had been beforehim. The third day after his arrival, I took occasion to speak with him upon the subject of my contemplated marriage with her sister. It was directly after dinner, and Roderick and I were eated on the veranda, he with his meerschaun

and I with my cigar.
"My dear fellow," said I, laying my hand on his shoulder, "I suppose you are aware that I am about to espouse your sister?" "Happy girl !" cried he.

"Happy man, you mean." "Both, my dear Rose. My sister Fadilla, dthough I say it who should not, is worthy of the best man in the world, and you my friend are worthy of her. What can I say more?" "Nothing. I thank you for your good opinion," I returned, "which I fear I do not

deserve. 17 "But when is the wedding to take place?" inquired Durang. "We have not yet decided upon the day but I wish it to take place soon."

"Of course-quite natural that you should "It was, ch? Mary! you are Jake's youngirs sure."
"To-morrow I intend to go to Ngw York
where I shall purchase a few presents for my
wife that is to be—a diamond or so, perhaps a
necklace of them. I am not a connoisseur of
precious stones, and? as I dare say you are, if
you will accompany me upon this expedition I
shall esteem it a great favor."
"I know, thir—it ill, it ith the art of making a noith, and hearing a noith."
"You will nearing a noith."
"You me right—explain it."
"You mouth, and then pull it out thuddenly,
the cold air ruthell into the vakkium and produffield air ruthell into the vakkium and produffield purang, grasping my hand: "but re-

plied Durang, grasping my hand; "but remembering my sister's and my own humble origin, I hope you will be as modest, in your outlay as you can consistently, considering your position in society."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Durang, but owmembering my sister's and my own humble

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Durang, but ow-

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"Next! What are the properties of heat?"
"The properties of heat is to warm your
toes when they gets cold by holding them to
the fire—and—so—forth." "Next! What are the properties of heat?"
"Heat expands bodies, while cold contracts

them."
"Jess so. Can you give an example?"
"Yes, sir. In summer, when it is hot, the
days is long; in winter it is cold, and the day
is short." "William! can you tell me what time it is,"

said the master, as one of the "young ideas' came in behind time. came in behind time.
"No, sir. I left my watch at home on the

With thoughts of the great happiness in store for me, I found it almost impossible to

clam."
"Thirty-two. Can you box the compass?"

"Squat yourself down! John Brown! how s the United States bounded?" By America principally, and the rest by

"Fadilla! Isn't she in her room?" I asked. "In what does it abound?"
"In what does it abound?"
"States, counties, towns, office-seekers, ostmasters, and Grecian bends." "No; and she did not sleep there last

"A state of sin and misery."
"Speaking of Alaska, George Studley, what do you think of this Canadian annexation. into the room sacred to the beloved of m

annexation to a man.

"Exactly. What is longitude?"
"A clothes-line, sir."
"Prove it."
"Because it stretches from pole to pole."

root?"

"And faith God knows I ain't."

"Keep quiet, then, and—"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed an urchin who was munching a very bad apple, "I've swallowed an oddfollow."

"Yes, sir. He's given me the grip."
"Silence! Lavinia Tuttle! have you done that sum I gave you?"

"No, sir. I can't do it.
"Can't do it. I'm ashamed of you. Why, at your age I could do any sum that was given me. I hate the word can't. For there is no sum that can't be done, I can tell you."
"I thick, sir, that I kdows a sub you cad't

'Ha! well, well, let's hear it." "It is this, sir. If ode apple caused the ruid of the whole humad race, how bady such will take to bake a barrel of sweet cider, sir?"

"Miss Lavinia Tuttle, you may turn to your prefer lesson."

oarsing lesson.
"Yes, sir."

you ask ine?"
"Order! Peter, what does g-1-a-ss spell?"
"Well, I knew once, but I'm darned if I don't forget now."
"Forget! well, what is in your mother's window-sashes?"

waterfall in another; dad's old—"
"That will do, Peter; you may go out and play a little while. Swaim! what are you engaged on?"

gaged on?"
"My composition, sir."
"What is the subject?"
"The resumption of specie payments, sir.
But really I shall be unable to concentrate my ideas and give them a logical relation, if I amto be constantly interrupted in this manner by irrelevant inquiries."

"Julia Manson! will you parse butter?"

"Julia Manson! will you parse butter?"

"Thertainly, thir—it takthes me to parth butther. Butther is a thubthantive, neuter gender, agreeth with hot buckwheat cakths, and ith governed by thugar, with molathea understhead." "Bobby Clarke! do you recollect the story of David and Goliah?"

of David and Goliah?"
"Yes, sir. David was a hotel-heeper and
Goliah was an intemperate man."
"Who told you that?"
"Nobody! I read it, and it is said that
David fixed a sling for Goliah, who got slewed

Wasn't Goliali a strong man?'' "Yes, he was strong; but he had a weak

r.'' ''That's sufficient—you can pocket your harp. French. Clara Palmer I answer questions in h. What is the meaning of requirescal

"French; it means that time flies; and how can time, if it flies, be anything else than somecan time, it it mes, be anything esse than some-thing that flies?"

"Excellent! At French you are an fail, which means perfect y awful. It is a Dutch phrase from the classics, and applicable to this class in particular. You may now return to

your seats." After a few uninteresting exercises, and hav-

As the displayed was ended we took our,

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all for the benefit and pleasure of my little "You will be a generous husband at least,

"Would that my means would allow me t be more so," I returned. That evening I spent with Fadilla alone In her sweet society all earthly cares were for-

"In the warm present bliss alone Seemed I of actual life to taste." I had been married before, but our family-

perhaps—are rather peculiar in this, that they are incapable of loving but once, and I had never really loved till now; and Fadilla assur ed me that she was troubled the same way, only worse—she never could marry one whom she did not love with her whole soul. "Then am I that one, dearest ?" I asked,

Don Roderick came in soon after, and at his equest Fadilla favored us with some music. At ten o'clock we all retired, Fadilla linger ng on the stairs to give me a good-night kiss, remember, after her brother was out of sight and hearing.

"Yes, Joey, thou art the man."

n my falsetto voice.

We embraced.

close my eyes, and I think it was long after nidnight before sleep visited my pillow. Consequently I slept late the next morning. When at last I did awake, the bright god of day was glaring fiercely in at my chamber window, and some one was calling Fadilia. Dressing myself as hurrically as possible, nastened down stairs, and there in the hall I

found that remarkable woman, my sister, with little Molly and all our servants collected about them. "Where's Fadilla?" inquired Mrs. Caller ton, with an expression of virtuous indigna tion upon his face; for it seems -as she afterwards told me-she had a suspician that we

night," returned Molly, her eagle eye boring into the depths of my soul. · " Not in her room?" I cried. " No." With a cry of anguish-delivered in my falsetto voice-I bounded up stairs and sprang

"Fadilla!" I called, but no answer came. I looked into the bed, under the bed, into the

"Where is Mr. Durang?" asked my sister, "What, Roderick? Is he missing?" "I haven't seen him," answered Molly.

I ran to his room, flung open the door and went in, but he was not there. "What's this?" cried my sister. She had his pretty little sister called him, was seated taken something from the dressing-table, and now held it up before my eyes. I gazed upon it fondly, but tearfully. It was a set of false whiskers, long and heavy, and there was a note attached to them. "Read the note,"

I grasped the paper. It was in Don Rodrick's handwriting. I read :

"MR. JOE ROSE :-Beloved friend, I take this opportunity to inform you that my wife, Fadilla, hearing that it was your design to present her with some valuable diamonds concluded she would much rather have the money than such useless baubles, and conse quently she has taken it. "I regret, very much, that our pressing en-

gagements will not allow us to stop to bid you adleu, but I have left my whiskers for your very remarkable sister to wear in remem Yours truly, "RODERICK DURANG."

Dropping the sheet of paper from my nerve less grasp I fell into Molly's arms, fainting in two beautiful tableaux. -An irrepressible boy of five years, who was always compelled to keep quiet on Sunday, having grown weary toward the close of a Sabbath day, frankly and honestly approached his excellent but rather strict father, and gravely said : 4. Pa, let's have a little spiritual This was too much, not only for the

[From the Yankee Blade. ] RURAL CLASSICS.

BY HORATIO. "Our school is an institution, I tell ye, stranger," was the closing remark of a very lengthy harangue on schools, and schooling in general, made by one of the natives to the writer, while sojourning for a few days in a small country town in the Eastern section of

AN AFTERNOON VISIT TO A MODEL SCHOOL.

the Union.
The remark in question somewhat interested The remark in question somewhat interested me; and on learning that a sort of examination was to be held, preparatory to closing, I at once determined to forego all other engagements and accept the invitation of the native with whom I had been in conversation, to be present at the afore-mentioned examination. The afternoon found me scaled at "our school" in the august presence of the town officials; and a great many were who were not officials. and a great many more who were not officials and without more ado I will narrate the events of that afternoon. "First class of vagabones, rise!" thundered

"First class of vagationes, rise!" intundered the pedagogue.
The vagationes rose.
"Now answer every question correctly, or I'll break every bone in your bodies!" was the next pronunciamento of the autocrat of the old red school-house.
"Jake Smith! what do you understand by treattless!"

"Why, a stick to drive cows with, I s'pose."
"Get out, you young reperbate! Didn't I
just see you reading about the science of
sounds?"
"Guess not. That was about Sylvester
Sound, the somnambulist." Sound, the somnambulist "It was, ch? Mary ! you are Jake's young-

"Exactly so, Mary. Jacob! can you now

"Well, Jake—you do credit to your teacher. heat?".

You may take your books and run home. Ichabod Harn! what are the properties of

come-love-me sort of expression in them that ten years, and has just returned. He writes was quite touching, which made a very strong this from New York, to ask if it will be agree her adornment. I have drawn five thousand bread, bile water, hatch eggs—"

"No, sir. I left my watch at home on the plano."
"Take your seat! Willy Grimes! what is the standard weight of the United States?"
"Scale weight, and wait a little longer."
"Freddy Downen! how many kingdoms are there in the material world?"
"Four, sir."
"Three—only three,"
"Four, I think, sir."
"Well, name them."
"Mineral kingdom, Animal kingdom, Vegetable kingdom, and Kingdom come."
"Now, how many kinds of motion are there?"
"Three."
"Three."
"Three."

"Three."
"Two—only two."
"Georgo says there's three."
"Well, what does Georgo say they are?"
"Yoluntary, involuntary, and wigwag."
"You rascal, you! I've a good mind to wigwag your jacket! Hadn't you better describe the motion of my stick?"
"I can, sir."
"And its effect?"
"I believe you. Up stroke, and down stroke—the up stroke regular and easy; the down stroke, spasmodically electrifying, and its effects are strikingly awful."
"You understand that, I see. Jim Frye! how many points to the compass?"
"One; father broke off the other opening a clam."

"Master I"
"Well, William, what is it?"
"I guess he can box it, for I seen him boxing with Duke Peverly this morning, and he hit him first-rate—blin! right on the nob; he did, I guess he did, he didn't do nothing shorter."

postmasters, and Grecian penus.

"What are its products?"

"Ryo whisky, ossified rocks, religious revivals, and politicians."

"What is it governed by ?"

"Lysses Grant and the skule committee."

"What State do we live in ?"

"A state of sin and misery."

you think of the siness ?"

"It will go, sir."

"How so ?" Because I have made extensive inquiry mong the fair sex, and I find they are all for

"Master, Bill Lang is chewing sna-a-a-ke "Bill Lang, have you got any sna-a-a-ke

'Swallowed an oddfellow ?''

" Les, sr.
" Charley, what letter is that?"
" I don't know."
" It's A. Try and remember it."
" Golly gosh !—if you knowed, what made you sk nee?" "P. S. Fadilla wishes to be remembered."

window-sashes?"
"There's so many things, that gosh darn me if I can remember them all! Let me clucidate. Thar's the hoss blanket in one place; brother Simon's old hat in another; sister Bet's

head."
"How so?"
"Why, to get so easily slewed."
"Yes, Bobby; that was undoubtedly owing to the strength of the sling. Vasn't David a musician?"
"Yes, sir—he played tunes on the harp, a favorite instrument with the Jews, and at the present day is called a Jewsharp. I have one in my pocket—here it is. Place it in your mouth, thus—breathe on the tongue gently, then strike with your fingers this way—and the notes of 'Captain Jinks,' in harmonious corncol, fructify on the ear as rational as thunder."

french. What is the meaning of recompact?"

"Rest quiet, cats, in peace."

"Augusta Sanborn! what is time?"

"Something that files anylow."

"How do you make that out?" ' Why, tempus fugit.'
' What's that?''

tollows:

"You have graduated; which means you have progressed under my care, until you have learned enough to stay away altogether. It is impossible for you to learn any more at this school. Consider yourselves graduated, and don't you come to this school any more after to-day. Pack your rubbish, and ready to leave?"

"Vagabones! tell your folks when you go home; that there is to be a grand fair in aid of the poor in Darlus Towle's shingle barn, and he will admit you all for twenty cents aplece and take his pay in potatoes. Vagabones!

ing to the best of his belief, sufficiently dis-played the knowledge of his charges, the gra-duating class were called up and addressed as follows: