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Deferred Articles.

MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE IN THE METROPOLIS. being True Narratives of Strange Adventures in New York and Startling Facts in City Life. By a Reporter of the New York Press. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson, No. 528 Broadway (St. Nicholas Hotel.) 1859.

Among the multitude of publications that are constantly emanating from the press, there are few that possess more absorbing interest and practical every-day information than this. It is a complete *expose* of one of the most dangerous traps of the metropolis. Mr. HILLS, the city editor of the N. Y. *Evening Post*, is the author, and has carefully collated the facts, withholding in most cases the real names of the parties that figure in the various chapters. Two or three weeks ago we took occasion to publish a chapter from the forthcoming work, and understand that it was read with great interest by many of our patrons. The work is well written and gotten up in a highly creditable manner.

ABOLISHMENT OF GRAND JURIES.—The State of Michigan has taken a step in the right direction. It has abolished the useless and expensive *system of* Grand Juries. There is wisdom in this as well as public economy. Of what really practical use is a Grand Jury?—After a man has been committed by a magistrate or held to bail for his appearance, why not at once bring him before the courts for trial? Why expend time and money to have him indicted before a grand jury, when the evidence already elicited before a magistrate has been deemed sufficient to hold him for trial? If the evidence is sufficient to commit him, it certainly is presumptive of the justice and necessity of a trial.

The Grand Jury system is not only expensive and useless, but often productive of evil A corrupt District Attorney, of two or three leading, influential and shrewd jurors, may prevent the indictment of criminals, by refusing to call important witnesses or evading the drawing out of material evidence. This is often done, as all are aware who are conversant with the *modus operandi* of conducting proceedings.

We believe it to be sound and healthy public policy and economy to dispense with grand juries The business of the courts would be conducted with greater dispatch, and the ends of justice would be maintained fully as well if not better, than by the present system The legislators who will introduce a reform in this respect in our own State, will perform an act of sober wisdom, and be entitled to the thanks of the people for all coming time The subject is worthy the careful consideration of every citizen of the Commonwealth, and the reasons for dispensing with the needless number of grand juries must be apparent to every discerning mind.

☞ In a recent lecture in Philadelphia delivered by F. C. BREWSTER, Esq., he spoke among other things of the evils of office seeking, and gave some good advice to young men, which they would do well to lay to heart. He says:

"Another evil, due, perhaps, to our peculiar institutions, is the love of political honors It *matters not how small the office, how contemptible the position, the great masses of our young men are longing, striving after it. So far as this feeling has any true love of country* in it, it is commendable enough. But the proportion of the *amor patræ*, is very homœopathic. What human arithmetic will compute for us the loss financially of what is called a political campaign. Beyond all this waste of dollars, is there not something more important? The waste of time, of health, of talents misapplied. Who shall cipher this up, and tell us the sum total of this loss constantly re-enacted in our midst? On the threshold of life, you should sternly resolve to turn a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely Let those who give you different counsel, point out the young man who has been advanced by the pursuit of politics. One step on the highway to honest fame; and for one such—if produced—you will be able to array a score who have lost all their stake, and with it, perchance, that which is beyond price—*their fair name* The experience of one is the experience of all—Whoever shall *write the history of this age*, will tell of one who early in life devoted himself, his hard-earned means, his untiring zeal, his varied talents, to the advancement of his idol. The very core of existence spent upon this pursuit—time, life, genius, all that man can give his fellow—all lavished, to find himself supplanted in the hour of triumph."

STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Executive Committee, composed of all the Vice Presidents of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, met in Harrisburg on the 16th. Every section of the State was well represented. The Committee appointed at the last meeting, of which President TAGGART is Chairman, to receive proposals and decide upon the place of holding the next Annual Exhibition, was continued, and the Secretary and Treasurer added to the Committee. An election for officers to serve for the ensuing year was held. GEORGE H. BUCHER, of Cumberland county, was elected Treasurer, and A. O. HIESTER, of Dauphin county, Recording Secretary.

☞ They have just had a domestic tragedy—almost—in Chicago. Elder D. G. Lett, formerly a colored professor of the art tonsorial, and preacher by turns, came near being the unfortunate hero The long and short of the story is that one of his colored parishioners, Carey by name, had a touch of the green-eyed disorder—He hid in his parlor; saw the Elder enter to pay a visit to his wife, saw, or thought he saw, too great familiarity between the two, and rushed out upon the astonished Elder pistol in hand. Two shots were fired, but in the excitement of the moment neither perforated the Elder. The police interfered about this time, and all parties were locked up to await examination.

☞ We find in the Venango *Spectator* the following:

Gen. E. C. Wilson is about removing to Erie, where he intends practising his profession, the law. He is a good lawyer, and we shall be pleased to hear of his success in his new home. Two of the Erie lawyers formerly of this place, are now on the bench—Judges Thompson and Galbraith.

☞ Slavery exists in Cuba in a mitigated form. A slave can buy himself, or an "undivided portion of himself," whenever he demands it, making a tender of the money. If he acquires a fractional independence, he becomes entitled to a proportionate share of his time and earnings. If he is maltreated he is allowed a certain number of days in each year to find a new purchaser. He can have his children legally declared free by paying twenty-five dollars in court, at the birth of each.

☞ The Salem *Register* says that in a town near the city of witches there lives a very mean man, name unfortunately not given. A domestic in his family recently lost her father by death, and was obliged to defray the expenses of his burial. Her employer, the mean man aforesaid, who is of course wealthy, advanced her fifteen dollars for this pious purpose; her wages were one dollar per week, and, at the end of fifteen weeks, her employer settled with her and charged her interest on the sum advanced. It is to be hoped that this is not true.

Poetical.

Angels Guard the Sainted Dead.

BY CHARLES WILLIAM BUTLER

Angels guard the sainted dead!
Let them rest from toil and care:
With the blue sky overhead,
And the breath of God's free air,
Let them rest where light and shade,
And earth's changes come and go;
They have seen its vision's fade,
They have left its pomp and show

Angels guard the sainted dead!
Not alone from heavenly skies,
But the souls they comforted
In this world of sacrifice
Grateful hands plant willows there;
Buds that spring-time gave, shall bloom,
And the summer noontide fair,
Glorifies their peaceful tomb

Angels guard the sainted dead!
Memory loves to view the spot
Where their living presence shed
Blessings on our earthly lot
Then the graves wherein they rest
Shall no more the spirit view
From the mansions of the blest
Gleam the faces old and true

Angels guard the sainted dead!
This the voice that sounds for aye
When our tears of grief are shed
O'er earth's loved ones passed away.
This with time nor change departs,
Blessed the dying with the Lord!
Blessed are they who leave on hearts
Love's eternal written word

Angels guard the sainted dead!
Then the deep Cimmerian glooms
Cannot fill our souls with dread,
There are watchers round the tombs
And they beckon us to come,
When the chilling death wind blows
When we make our journey home,
They will guard our sweet repose

Choice Literature.

MARRIETTE GERVAIS.

A STORY OF LOVES AND SACRIFICES.

Our story opens during the Reign of Terror. A young girl, whom it was easy to recognize by her dress as a peasant girl of the Lower Normandy, was walking with a certain hesitation through one of the most populous faubourgs of the Capitol. Evidently she was much embarrassed; she walked slowly, and looked at every window as if with the hope of seeing some one whom she sought; occasionally she stopped, drew from her bosom a small paper, consulted it, and then resumed her course.—And thus she went to the end of the faubourg. Useless to proceed further, for her address designated a place within its limits. Wearied at last, she sank upon a stone seat and murmured—

"Have I come so far and not found her who sought me?"

She remained so absorbed in her grief that she did not notice the curious looks her country dress and pretty face excited. And she looked not more than seventeen. Two men of unprepossessing appearance came and seated themselves at the other end of the stone.

"Is it for this evening?" asked one gruffly.

"Yes," answered the other, with a sinister look; "wait for me before the door with the men: you know—in the faubourg—No. 37."

"37? Are you not mistaken?"

"No," said the first, showing a dirty bit of paper; "here is the order; see here—The citizen Madame Boisroger, No. 37."

At these words the young girl was much moved. The two men did not remark her emotion and soon left for the nearest carbaret. As for the young girl, her eyes sparkled with joy, a triumph of joy animated her lips, and she said, with accents of profound gratitude:

"Thanks, my God! At the very moment when I begged Thee to throw light on my pathway, Thou hast replied to me in the voices of those two men."

She walked hastily towards No. 37, entered the house, mounted to the fifth story, and knocked at a door.

In that room sat a young girl, pale and tearful. By the aristocratic elegance she preserved under her simple toilette, and the profound grief on her face, she was easily seen to be a poor young girl, whose nobility was her only crime. She was the daughter of the Count de Boisroger, whose head had rolled on the scaffold six months before. Emmeline, in order to live, was obliged to work, while waiting for means to cross the frontier. This could only come from two persons. The first was her betrothed, the Viscount Ernest de Brecourt. To him she was betrothed in infancy, and in childhood they played together. But when misfortunes came upon the family of De Brecourt, the father of Ernest established himself in Brittany; and since then they had not seen each other. But they had continued to write, and such was the friendship of the two families that in each letter the betrothals were renewed, so to speak. Just before going to execution, the father of Emmeline had written to the Viscount Ernest: "I leave you my daughter, she awaits you at Paris. Quit the land where war is no longer possible; take you wife, and depart with her to Germany.—Adieu, my son; at the moment of death I embrace my children."

On the next day the letter was sent, but no reply had yet been received, and Emmeline thought herself abandoned by Ernest.

The second hope rested upon a certain Mariette Gervais, niece of an old farmer of the Count de Boisroger's. She was the foster sister of Emmeline, the companion and friend of her youth.

Not hearing of Earnest, Emmeline had written to Mariette the week before. After speaking of her sad situation, she finished thus: "I fear, Mariette, that I must depart. Ask money from your uncle; find means to send it to me. I put all my hope in you, my dear Mariette; but I beg of you, not to delay your answer, for I shall die shortly, if I am compelled to live as I have done."

The letter sent, Emmeline counted the hours till an answer should arrive. Mariette, she was confident, would obtain the money, and would send it. But how? No matter. It would come. Emmeline was sure of it—the moment would come.

The moment had come—the door opened, and the two sisters fell into each other's arms.

"It is you, my dear and good mistress!" said Mariette. "Who would recognize you in this poor workwoman's dress? And how pale you are! How you must have suffered?"

"Call me your sister, nothing but your sister," answered Emmeline. "We are equalled by the law to-day, but we have always been by the heart, my sister."

"Let others forget the past—I will not. You have rendered me so many services—have been so good to me."

"Had we not the same nurse?"

"Yes, but that was no reason for your giving me the farm when you were of age to do it. When the house was burned, who rebuilt it? When my poor mother was a widow, who came constantly to her aid? Who shared everything with me like a true sister, and gave me, the peasant girl, an education equal to that of my mistress? So that your letter was not a request to me—it was an order. You asked me for money, but I knew that you needed consolation, devotion, and I am here."

"Alone?"

"Yes. I am only a peasant, and am not afraid."

"Did Gervais consent?

"I did not ask his permission."

"How?"

"Doubtless he would not have refused me. But my poor uncle is so timorous, that, though he would have consented, he would not have slept for a week. So I told him that I was going to pass a few days with my cousins at Rouen. I went at night to a certain box he knew not I was aware of, and took all the gold I found."

But should Gervais discover—"

"He'll think it stolen, and be angry. If he knew the truth, he'd die of fear."

"But I know not if I ought to accept—"

"It all came from you, and it is yours. My uncle is not a miser, and when I tell him all, he will bless me for what I have done without giving him cause to fear."

"Dear Mariette!"

"This is not all—I will follow you to Germany, if you insist on going there, and it not, will take you to Normandy, to our house."

"Do you forget them who killed my father?"

"They will not harm an innocent girl like you."

"Learn the truth. While my father was in captivity, I was his messenger to his companions in misfortune. It has been discovered, and why I am in such haste to fly is because a terrible accusation menaces me now."

Mariette suddenly remembered the two ill looking men she had seen, and related the circumstances to Emmeline, who exclaimed:

"They will come to-night, and I am lost!"

"Am I not with you?" asked Mariette.

"And what can you do?"

Save you, Emmeline. I came for nothing else. Let us fly!"

"Hark!"

There was a tremendous knocking at the door. A sudden inspiration was manifest in Mariette's eyes. She opened the door.

"The Citoyenne Emmeline Boisroger?"

"I am she!" answered Mariette.

* * * * * * *

A crowd of prisoners, of all ages, sexes and conditions, filled the rotunda of a prison of that day, and formed here and there groups where anger, debasement and despair played each their terrible drama. Mariette was seated alone, full of her grand idea—to die for her who had been her sister and her protectress.

From time to time a man entered and called those whose turns had come to appear before the tribunal. At last the fatal voice cried:

"The Citoyenne Emmeline Boisroger!"

"I am ready," cried Mariette, rising.

A young man jumped from his seat and approached her.

"How you who have just been on the point of death!" he asked with anxiety. "Did you reply to the name of Emmeline de Boisroger?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mariette, after a short hesitation. "But what interest—"

"I am the Viscount Ernest de Brecourt."

"You?"

Mariette now understood all.

"I had obeyed the last wishes of your dying father," resumed the young man sadly. "I arrived at Paris to see my betrothed there. I was arrested and condemned. But one day still remains to me, and I thank God for it since it allows me to do my duty to you."

"Sir!"

Mariette was perhaps about to explain all.

"The Citoyenne Emmeline Boisroger!" was called for the second time.

"Take my hand, Madamoiselle," said the Viscount. "I am your betrothed and claim the right to defend you."

Mariette could not speak now, and followed M. de Brecourt in silence. Some moments afterwards they appeared together before the revolution tribunal. There Mariette Gervais was asked if she was Emmeline Boisroger. There, more than ever, was she constrained to answer affirmatively.

To all the other interrogations of the judges the reply was the same, and in less than five minutes she was sentenced to death. In vain did Ernest endeavor to defend her whom he thought his betrothed. The judges would not hear him. Hand in hand, they returned to the prison rotunda together.

However intrepid the heart may be, however resolved one may be upon death, it is impossible to hear the terrible word, especially at the age of seventeen, without being overcome.

Silent and walking as if in a dream, Mariette placed herself on the seat she had formerly occupied. The Viscount placed himself beside her.

"Emmeline," said he with tenderness,—"Emmeline, have courage! It is frightful to die alone, but to die with one who loves you is almost a consolation. For my part, I feel it already. But now I was sad and despairing—I almost feared. Since I have providentially found you, now that the same destiny is common to us, now that I have to encourage you, to sustain you, I feel myself calm once more; I am again strong. Emmeline, You will die with me! I feel myself almost happy to die."

And he pressed her hand with affection. She looked at him steadily. He was a handsome young man, somewhat over twenty years of age. His dark eyes had rather a melancholy expression, his smile had in it something irresistibly attractive, and in his face one could easily see that, despite his extreme youth, he had already suffered much. He was already prepared for the scaffold, and the heroism he evinced was well calculated to excite the admiration of a young girl.

He still held her hand and continued:

"Why do you not answer me, Emmeline? Are you not my betrothed? Are you not my wife? True, many years have passed since we last saw each other; our faces may have changed, but not our hearts. Emmeline, you have always dwelt in my heart, you have grown there. I still loved you—to prove it, I hastened immediately at the call of your father. If you knew what beautiful dreams went with me on my way—what a future! You shudder at my words, Emmeline—you fear. Well, let us take refuge together in the past—let us again become children. Ah! why have we not always remained so? Do you remember, Emmeline, that valley which lay between your father's chateau and mine? Do you not still hear the joyous songs of the birds? Do you not see the lake by which we sat, the meadows over which we roamed, the flowers we plucked, the stars which looked down on us at night? Emmeline, Emmeline, do you remember all these?"

Mariette could not answer no, for all these were her own souvenirs.

"Emmeline," he went on, "believe what I say to you, for as much as this one I cannot lie. I had planned a charming reminiscence of them, during our own Brittany, in the midst of the strife war, often I thought of you; and the thought was for me a joy. When your father's letter arrived, I quitted everything to fly to you, and on my way it seemed to me that it would be easy for me to love you, that I almost loved you already. Do not smile—you are the only image I have worshipped in my dreams—you are my love, Emmeline, I love you!"

And he fell on his knees before her.—She raised him quickly, made him sit down, and looked round her anxiously. No one had observed his rash act. She said to the Viscount:

"I am not the one you think me—I am not Emmeline."

"O, I beg of you, let me believe you to be the Emmeline I love, let me think that you would have loved me—that you do love me! The ordinary sentiments of life do not exist for us. Think of it, Emmeline—to-morrow, maybe, the scaffold will be our nuptial couch. This night, this last night, is for us a bridal fete—this must be the ball which death gives to our chaste loves. The wind does are not gay—what matter it? They will not trouble the pure breathings of our hearts, the holy communion of our souls. Oh, if it be necessary for me to renounce all these hopes, I will die in despair. Emmeline, let me die happy!"

"Ernest!"

And she thought in herself, "Why undeceive him? I would not be guilty to leave him in his error—it would be so sweet to share it. No, no, I do not—however, I do not wish—"

Ernest spoke again. Mariette let her eyes rest upon him. She herself charmed, and she dreamed a dream of happiness till she was awakened by being summoned to the terrible cart.

Five minutes after they arrived at the place of execution. For the last time Mariette was on the point of telling Ernest all, but she thought to herself, "I have a right to let him die happy and to die beloved. Do I not pay for my happiness with my blood?"

Suddenly a hoarse cry arose in the distance—it swelled louder—louder—louder! A crowd seized the cart and dragged it away from the scaffold, and fifty thousand voices cried out:

"Enough of victims! Enough of blood!" Robespierre had just fallen!

A moment, and Ernest and Mariette were free.

"Emmeline—dear Emmeline!"

"Monsieur le Vicomte," interrupted Mariette, "say not one word, but follow me."

Astonished, but obedient, he offered his arm, and together they proceeded to the house of Emmeline.

* * * * * * *

Some months have elapsed.

The bells are pealing merrily, the people of the village of Boisroger seem to be preparing for a fete, and the farm of the good man Gervais is alive with preparations.

They were about to celebrate the marriage of Emmeline de Boisroger with the Vicomte de Brecourt.

After the fall of Robespierre, there was no need of exile for Mariette's foster-sister. According to the wish of Mariette, Emmeline went to live with her foster-sister, and Ernest at first no one spoke of marriage, but one day Mariette broached the subject.

"M. le Vicomte," said she, "you have an engagement with Mlle. de Boisroger. Let us both have the courage to fulfil our duty."

Then she took Emmeline aside in her turn.

The same evening Emmeline said to the Vicomte—

"My foster-sister has transmitted to me your request, Ernest; you wish me to be your wife on Sunday next. So be it. I consent."

What could Ernest answer?

But during the week he was very sad, and it was easy to perceive that the smile Mariette put on was forced. They avoided each other, but looks and tears betrayed them. Emmeline appeared to have no suspicion; she was silent and sad, however, and often wept.

The eve of marriage come. Ernest had been absent since the morning. Mariette was extremely pale, but had the courage to say to Emmeline:

"Madame la Vicomtesse Brecourt, it is time, I think, to try on your wedding dress."

"So be it," said Emmeline, after a pause.

They entered her room, but the dress was not there. They heard a laugh behind them, and turning round, saw Farmer Gervais.

"Uncle, said Mariette, "are you going to explain to us this mystery?"

"Very simply. I should have been proud if Mademoiselle had made her toilette at the farm, but each one to their place, and I have ordered the dress to be taken to the chateau, where the daughter of our master shall find it."

"The chateau? You know it has been sold."

"And bought by me. I owe everything to your father, Mademoiselle Emmeline, and you would render Gervais very happy if you would accept from him this little wedding present."

"Good, uncle, good!" cried Mariette, kissing him.

"Well," said the peasant, smiling, but with tears in his eyes, "one may be a poor groom in times of terror, and one may hide his money box, but one may hide his heart as well."

Emmeline shook his hand gratefully, and turning to Mariette, said:

"Let us go to the chateau."

They went, and entered the room Emmeline had occupied in the time of her father's prosperity. Everything was as she left it. She wept.

"Emmeline," said Mariette, "a Norman proverb says that a white dress fills a young girl's heart with joy. Here is your wedding dress."

"Yes, yes. Mariette, we are of the same size. Try on this dress; that I may see how it looks."

"Emmeline!"

"I beg of you—I wish it."

When the dress was adjusted, Emmeline placed the white veil upon Mariette's head, the wreath of orange flowers over it, and the bouquet in her girdle.

"You are charming now," she said, kissing her.

"Emmeline!" stammered Mariette, more and more astonished.

"Mariette, I allowed you to take my place at the moment of death. I would have let you die—do not interrupt me. I was base—very base. I will not be so to-day. The heart of Ernest belongs to you; you love him; take my place for a second time. It is now without remorse; it is with happiness that I ask you to do so."

"Emmeline!"

"Dare then to deny your love before him."

The Viscount was standing upon the threshold of the door.

Mariette uttered a cry. But far from being disarmed by the unexpected presence of him she loved, she felt herself fitted for the sacrifice, and found courage to refuse him. Ernest also wished to follow this heroic example.

"Look at her," said Emmeline, "how beautiful she is."

"Never!" exclaimed Mariette, snatching the wreath from her head. "He does not love me—I do not love him. You deceive yourself, my sister; he will be your husband to-morrow."

"To-morrow," added the young man, "to-morrow, Mlle. de Broisroger, you shall be the Viscountess de Brecourt."

"Be it so," said Emmeline. "To-morrow!"

The bells tolled merrily on the morrow's morn. But in vain was the bride sought for everywhere. She could not be found. Ernest and Mariette exchanged a look; they understood all.

For a year they waited, and then came two letters. The first was to Gervais, enclosing the deed of the chateau, with these words, without signature: "That was to be the dowry of the Viscountess; let it be that of Mariette."

The second letter was to Mariette, and read thus:

"CONVENT OF KILMORE, IRELAND.

"Dear Sister—I can now never be the wife of Ernest. Hesitate no longer to wear the white dress which so becomes you.

"EMMELINE DE BOISROGER,
In the church, Sister Angella.")

The following week the wedding bells rang anew.

And this is how the good man Gervais had, for grand nephews and grand-nieces, viscounts and viscountesses.

THE COBBLER'S TEMPTATION.

Jareb Gropp sat in his little shop upon his low bench, and he pegged and tapped away merrily upon his well worn knees.—He was a jolly fellow, this Jareb. Poor, 'tis true, but just poor enough to be free of care. He owned the roofed box in which he worked, and so he owned the little thatched cot joining it. In the cot he lived with his wife and seven children, and in the shop he worked cheerfully all the day long. He was not afraid of robbers, for he had nothing worth carrying off; and he feared no man, for he never did man a wrong.

A merry fellow was Jareb Gropp. He sang as he pegged, and his joyous notes lacked only musical sound to make them attractive. He was built after the same pattern as were his cot and shop. He was short and dumpy, with a round, shiny good natured face, and with a bald pate, though he was five and forty years old.

"Trolldе-roll de lol-lardo!" sang Jareb.

"Fol-de-rol-de-riddle-de-rol-rinetum!" sounded a voice from the inner door.

Jareb looked up and saw his wife.

Just a match for Jareb, for all the world. Short, fat, clean, good-natured and happy as a queen. She was dressed neatly for all her poverty, and the flush of health glowed upon her plump cheeks.

"Duck," said Jareb, "the likes of this never happened afore."

"What is it, my own sugar plump?" asked Hepsebath.

Hepsebath was her name, though she hadn't heard it pronounced in full for yet.

"D'ye see this shoe, delight?"

"Yes, my love."

"'Tis the last work in the castle. Not another place to put a peg here I put in me. We'll shut the gates; lower the drawbridge, put the warder on guard, and call up our coach, eh?"

"Ye mean, we'll go and walk, peppermint?"

"I do, my treasure."

"Shall I put on my silk, or satin? or my velvet?"

"Put on all of them, my dear. We'll make an appearance. Hefold-de-rol derido! there (tap) that's the last peg, and old Smith's shoes are done. *Sacre—Smith*—didn't you ever feel thankful your name warn't Smith. Heppy, eh? There was a Smith put in jail only last week for robbin' somebody. But ye never heard tell of a Gropp's bein' put in jail, never! Now, my maple sugar, we'll be off. Bring up the little Groppses."

Hardly had Heppy departed when a man made his appearance at the shop door. He was an old man, very well dressed in black throughout, carrying a gold-headed cane, and wearing a watch chain of the same precious material."

"Are you a cobbler?" he asked, as he entered.

"I was, two minutes ago, sir, but I'm an old feudal baron now, sir! Lady Gropp is going to ride out, sir, and I'm to attend her."

"Eh—are you the man that does mending? mending of boots and shoes?" asked the visitor, moving back a pace, as though he feared the strange fellow before him was crazy.

"Yes, sir," answered Jareb, "I'm the man. But ye see, my wife hasn't walked out for more'n a month. I just tossed off the last of work I had in the shop. I'd hurried it amazingly, and was just again' to take a run down by the river with her and the little ones."

"Aha—I see," said the old gentleman, smiling. "Now you just run and tell your lady to wait for you half an hour, and I'll satisfy her for it. I am in a hurry. The stage leaves in an hour, and my boot has given out. Come, you won't refuse to assist me under such circumstances?"

"Hi-dum-de-tol-lol! Well, I s'pose I must stick to my business!"

Thus speaking Jareb left the boy and when he returned he put on his apron again and settled into his low seat. The old man took off his cloak and sat down, and the cobbler pulled off the fractured boot. It was ripped badly. Jareb made him a stout waxed end, singing merrily the while and when 'twas ready he took up the boot.

"You seem to be a happy fellow," remarked the visitor, after he had watched Jareb's good natured face awhile.

"Why shouldn't I be? I owe no man anything—have my health—and love to do my work. Tol-derol-lol-de-lardo."

"You've laid by something, I suppose, for a rainy day?" pursued the stranger.

"Ay, thousands upon thousands of dollars, sir!" cried Jareb, giving his awl a furious punch.

"What! So much as that?"

"Ha! I'd like to show 'em to ye, sir, they might have dirty faces. Seven of 'em, sir! Seven of the best natured children you ever saw, sir, and stout and rugged too."

"Ah! I meant to ask you if you had not managed to lay by a little money, my good man. You seem steady and industrious."

"Money!" repeated Jareb, with a comical leer. "Does a man lay by money, when he's building himself houses and gardens? No, sir. Nor does a man lay by money when he makes half a crown a day, and rears seven children. Them feet de'uns will take care of me when I am old, never fear, No, No—

"Money or gold, in hoarded store—
I have none of it—I have none;
I leave and breathe and do no more—
To-day its a curse, tomorrow a horne.
Fol de rol lol de lido,
And I'm the happiest man alive—
Fol de rol lol de lido."

"Then you live contented on your scanty store?" said the old man, regarding the cobbler rather enviously.

"Just as contented as the day is long, sir. And why shouldn't I? I won't starve while there's a crust of bread in the house, or a ripped shoe in the village. I should like money if I could have it; but I wouldn't pass one day or night of discontent for all the money in the world."

"And if you had money what would you do with it?"

For the first time Jareb looked sober.—His awl was stopped in the puncture it had made, and his eye rested vacantly on the floor. When he spoke all his lightness of manner was gone, and his voice was tremulous.

"Well, I'll tell ye," he said, while the twitching of his nether lip told that he felt deeply. "I can't help thinkin' that my little ones are'nt comin' up as some folks' little ones are. They are good, and honest, and happy; but if they could have a chance to get a leetle more larnin' than their poor old father's got, I shouldn't mind. I can't help thinkin' as how't there might be a bright mind or two amongst them, that might make a doctor, or a lawyer, or may be a minister. But never mind—they're in God's hands. I don't complain!" repeated Jareb, thrusting his awl through, and then pulling it out; "why should I? How many a rich father would give all he's worth if his children could only be different from *what they are?* Sickly and weakly, may be, or perhaps bad and wicked. Hi!

"There's no such thing as complain,
For by it we nothing can gain,
Save trouble and all mental pain.
With a fol-de-rol-de-dido."

"No, sir. I've got enough, and that's more'n everybody's got."

The boot was finished, and the old man took out a golden guinea.

"I've no change for such a piece, sir!" said Jacob.

"I don't want any change. Take it all. A shilling is to pay you for mending my boot; and the rest is for your wife and children to pay them for the loss of their walk. Come, don't disappoint me."

Jacob took the coin, and though his thankfulness was deep, its expression was simple and polite.

The old man put on his boot and went away. The wife came in and Jareb showed his treasure. They were as rich as monarchs, now. They danced, and sang, and then each called the other a fool.

However, after this they went and took their walk—they and their children. The oldest child was only twelve years old, and the youngest was two. Tommy and Johnny were twins. They were a jolly looking family.

When Jareb returned and entered his shop, the first thing he saw was a green silk purse. He picked it up and found it full of gold. Quick as thought he put on his hat again, and ran from the shop. He reached the hotel, but the stage had gone, and the old gentleman had gone in it. So the cobbler returned to his cot and there sat down with the purse in his hand.

"What shall we do with it?" he said, uneasily.

The wife pondered a long while and finally replied:

"Let's take it down cellar and hide it. Then we shan't be robbed of it, nor we shan't lose it, and when he comes we shall have it for him."

"But supposing he should never come Heppy?"

"Then we will leave it for our children, and they may use it."

"Heppy, my delight, you are right."

So they went down into their narrow cellar, and having looked all around they finally removed a stone from the wall, put the purse in—having first rolled it up in many thicknesses of stout paper—and then put the stone back as it was before.

On the following day the cobbler watched for the stage, and when it came he went to see if the old gentleman had come back.—This he did every day for two months, but no old man came.

At the end of that time, Jareb was taken sick. He was very, very sick, and for a long time the doctor despaired of his life. And Jareb was very poor, too. Many a night the children went supperless to bed.

"Jareb," whispered Heppy, with frightened look, "*there is gold in the cellar!*"

"Don't! don't! Oh! never speak of it again!" gasped Jareb, in agony. "I've thought of it! Ay—there's gold there; but 'tisn't ours, 'tisn't ours, Heppy!"

"I didn't mean we'd take it, Jareb; I didn't mean we'd take it!" cried the wife. "I only thought you mustn't die."

"I shan't die, soul's delight. But I should die if we took *that*. 'Tisn't ours, Heppy!"

After many days, Jareb Gropp was able to walk out. One pleasant autumn day, as he hobbled along on a crutch and a staff, he saw the stage coach coming. It passed him, and he saw that same white haired old man upon the box with the driver. The poor cobbler hurried on and when he reached the tavern, he found the old man standing in the hall.

"Ah! this is the merry cobbler," asked the stranger.

"I am the cobbler who mended your boot last spring, sir," said Jareb.

"Yes, I know," added the old man, "and the driver tells me you have been very sick."

"I have been sick, sir. Ah I was made nervous first, and then I caught cold Yes, I've been very sick."

"He drives well me your family suffered much during your illness?"

"Some, some sir. But that isn't the thing now. Didn't you lose something the day you came to my shop?"

"Lose—repeated the old man, starting. "Did you find anything?"

"Yes, sir.

"Was it a purse?"

"Yes, sir.

"Of green silk?"

"Yes, sir.

"With fifty gold guineas in it?"

"I don't know what was in it. I found it; and if you will go down with me, you shall have it."

The stranger regarded the cobbler for some moment in silence and finally said he would go. So Jareb led the way to his little cot.

"Here, my love," said the cobbler, addressing his wife, "let us have a candle the gentleman has come for his purse."

"We haven't got a candle, Jareb, but I have something that will answer."

And thus speaking, Heppy went out, and when she returned she brought with her a pine knot, which she lighted by the fire.—Jareb took this, and turned towards the cellar, and the stranger followed him.

"I can get it, sir."

"Go on—I'll follow you."

The cobbler said no more, but hobbled down the narrow steps, and when he came to that part of the wall where the purse had been concealed he asked his companion to hold the torch. The latter did so, and then Jareb removed the stone and drew forth a paper parcel all damp and mildewed. They returned to the upper room, where Jareb unfolded the stout paper and produced the purse uninjured.

"Here, sir: here is your purse, just as I found it."

The old man emptied out the broad gold pieces and counted them—just fifty of them. He returned them to their purse, and looked into Jareb's face.

"Have you suffered for want of money during your sickness?" he asked.

"Much, much," was the answer.

"And you had this gold by you all the while?"

"It wasn't ours, sir. Oh, I may have suffered, but not as I would have suffered had I taken that. It wasn't mine, it was yours. Take it, sir; and when you remember poor old Jacob Gropp and his seven children, and his own wife, you will say they weren't very larned, but you'll say they were honest."

"Gropp!—*Gropp!*—Gropp?" repeated the old man, fixing his gaze, not upon Jareb, but upon his wife. "You are not from England, are you?" turning to Jareb.

"Yes, sir," answered the cobbler.

"From what part?"

"From Daventry, among the hills of Northampton."

"And what was your name before you was married?" the old man asked of the good wife.

"My maiden name was Hepsebath Munson, sir."

"Were you from Daventry?"

"No, sir. I was from Kibworth, in Leicester. I went to Daventry to live when I was sixteen."

"You never had a brother?"

"Yes, sir. I had one—George—he went off to India, and there he died. Poor George! He was a good boy—he was very good to me. He was a smart young man when he went away."

"*How do you know he is dead?*"

"Because we never heard from him, sir."

"Hepsebath!" cried the old man, starting to his feet, "Look at me, I say! I remember now of hearing that you had married a man named Gropp; but I could not find where you had moved. I was negligent—very. But say, do you know me?"

"It ain't George Munson!" gasped Heppy, starting from her chair, and trembling like an aspen.

"Look at that purse! Didn't you see that name?" And as the old man spoke he showed her a name worked in gold thread, but which she had not detected. But she read it now—George Munson.

Then she looked into the time-worn face gradually the features of one she had loved in years long agone were revealed to her. It was her brother—her own dear brother George.

Presently Jareb Gropp saw his wife in the old man's arms, and with one bound he reached the middle of the floor.

"There," he cried, "now see! Suppoin' I'd taken that gold? If I had, we'd never have known George Munson. I tell ye, there's always a sunbeam sure to fall upon a good action. It'll come sometime, ye may depend. George, how d'ye do? Aint I glad now that we didn't touch your gold. How could I ever have looked my delight's brother in the face after it. How d'ye do—how d'ye do?"

The last half of this speech had been made with the old man's hand in his grasp; for even then the thought had not worked itself into Jareb's honest mind that any pecuniary good was to grow out of this.

But it was indeed Heppy's own brother, and one of the chief objects he had in view when he first set out on his travels was to find his sister if possible. He had forgotten her husband's name, having heard it but once in India, and then only casually in conversation with a man who had just come out. The old man was rich; and now that he had found the only living relative he had on earth, he resolved to settle down with her.

A large house on a beautiful eminence, the wealthy owner of which had died, was for sale, and Uncle George bought it; and thither he took his sister's family. And in after times there were some great doings in that great house. The little Groppa had a competent teacher, and they became prodigies of learning. Jareb was utterly astonished at the wondrous intellect they displayed.

But the balance was kept up. As the little ones became more and more advanced, and threw off children's things, Jareb and Uncle George put them on and became children themselves. One day the two old men were caught in the act of jumping leapfrog over each other's shoulders; and had not Heppy come out and stopped them, there is no knowing how many necks might have been broken. It was fortunate for them that the good dame retained all her strong sense, for there were many seasons when, in the height of their childish joy, they might have done much mischief, had she not been ever near to watch over and protect them; and once (I have it from good authority,) when she caught them wrestling at "side long," she took them by the ears and led them into the house.

But they had to indulge in rough sports, for as Uncle George had suddenly become thawed out from the ice of misanthropy and loneliness, and as Jareb had full as suddenly been lifted up from the dark depths of poverty and want, they found themselves moved by a spirit of joy and gratitude that wouldn't be cured. So Heppy had to watch them until some of the children became old enough to reason with them: and then she played with the girls in the house, and let the boys take care of the boys out of doors.

NOISES IN THE SICK ROOM.—It is extraordinary how many persons, unused to the sick room, mistake certain noises for quiet. When such people have to walk across the room they do so with a balancing sort of movement that makes every plank creak uneasily. Their very dress rattles in a way that would make the fortune of a rattlesnake. If anything has to be said, it is spoken in a loud whirring whisper, that conceals the words but makes the most irritating of noises. Now the silence of a sick room must not be labored, it must be natural. Shoes that do not creak must be worn, and in walking the foot must be put down carefully, of course, but with a firm step, that comes gently, yet steadily, on the floor. This will not make the creaking sound caused by the toe-pointed, gingerly mode of movement so much adopted by those whose experience of sick rooms is small. The dress must be made of some noiseless material, wool or cotton; silk must be avoided, for it squeaks with every movement. In speaking, the pitch of the voice must be slightly raised, and the words, instead of being hissed, as in whispering, should be clipped short, and cut distinctly. By this means the person spoken to will hear what is said, while the least possible sound accompanies the word.—*Barwell's Care of the Sick.*

A NEW BILL OF RIGHTS.—A wag has made up a summary of what he calls the "Inalienable Rights of Americans," and which are not enumerated in the Declaration of Independence. There is a vein of pungent sarcasm running through it:

To know any trade or business without apprenticeship or experience.

To marry without regard to fortune, state of health, position, or opinion of parents or friends.

To have wife and children dependent on the contingencies of business, and, in case of sudden death, leave them wholly unprovided for.

To set off upon hireling strangers the literary, moral and religious education of children.

To teach children no good trade, hoping they will have, when grown up, wit enough to live on the industry of other people.

To enjoy the general sympathy when made bankrupt by reckless speculations.

To cheat the government, if possible.

To hold office without being competent to discharge its duties.

To build houses with nine and six inch walls, and go to the funerals of tenants, firemen, and others, killed by their fall, weeping over the mysterious dispensations of Providence.

To build up cities and towns without parks, public squares, broad streets, or ventilated blocks, and call pestilence a visitation of God.

KNOW-NOTHINGISM.—The editor of a Georgia paper overheard the following conversation on the reopening of the slave-trade:

"Clem, I'se tell