THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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Chapter on Misses.

The dear little Misses we meet with in life,
What hopes and what fears they awaken,
And when a man's taking a Miss for a Wife,
He is Miss-led as well as Mis-taken.
When I courted Miss Kidd and obtained the kiss,
I thought in the warmth of my passion,
That I'd make a great Hit in thus gaining a Miss,
But it was only a Miss-calculation.

For so many Misses surrounded Miss Kidd,
With me and my love interfering,
A jealous Miss-trust put it into her head,
That she ought not to give me a hearing, [day,
There's a certain Miss-chance that I met with one
Almost sent my hopes to destruction,
And she felt a suspicion of all I might say—
All owing to one Miss-construction.

Deceived by a Miss-information, I wrote,
The cause of her anger demanding,
Miss-direction prevented her getting the note,
And introduced Miss-understanding.
When to make her my wife I exultingly swore,
Miss-belief made her doubt my intention,
And I nearly got wed to Miss-fortune before
I could wean her from Miss-apprehension.

But when she no longer would yield to Miss-doubt
Nor be led by Miss-representation,
She had with Miss-like a most serious fall out,
And to wed had no more hesitation.
But when at the church to be married we met,
Miss-take made the parson to linger,
And I got so annoyed at an awkward Miss-fit,
I could not get the ring on her finger.

Having been so Miss-used, I kept a strict watch,
Though I still lived in fear of Miss-carriage,
And I found, when too late, an unlucky Miss-match,
Interfered with the joys of my marriage.
Miss-rule in my dwelling put every thing wrong,
Miss-management here took her station,
Till my cash, like the time I take singing my song,
Was all wasted by Miss-application.

Plank Roads.

What has become of the plank *fever* that raged so violently in our midst a few days ago! Has it carried off all our enterprising individuals that it visited! It is fair to presume that it is of the "intermittent" kind. We see no movements of late, and the subject is well worthy immediate attention. We learn that the Plank road from Binghamton to Montrose by the way of Snake Creek, has been surveyed by Mr. Wentz some time ago; but no further proceedings have been had.

These roads are now being made in various parts of the Union, and not one has failed to prove a profitable investment. A few of the most judicious in contemplation in this county, would give a stimulus to the trade and growth of our village that would surprise, we venture to assert, our most intelligent citizens. What road will be the pioneer? The business once started would find, like all other business, many competitors.—*Broome Repub.*

SUSQUEHANNA LUMBER TRADE.—The Columbia Spy says that that borough has been unusually busy the past week, caused by the arrival from the head waters of the river of an immense army of lumbermen; and as we looked out upon the broad waters from our office window the other day, we were almost persuaded that *another bridge was in course of construction*—so well lined was the shore, and even to a great distance out, was the river filled with lumber and rafts, that one might "*walk the waters* like a *thing* of life." The river is in excellent running order at present, with fair prospects of remaining so for some time. Although millions of feet have landed here, a great quantity has passed down the river, seeking other markets. The retail rates have not been affected in consequence of this arrival—prices remain firm at our former quotations.

In former days there was a professor in one of our New England colleges who was remarkable for moderation in all that he said or did. One of the quizzical students, in order to caricature this characteristic, so far as words can caricature, told the following story:—The professor walked one day very deliberately from his house to the president's, a distance of some thirty rods. He there knocked, as was customary, at the president's study door; was bidden to come in; went in, shutting the door after him. The usual salutations passed alternately between the president and professor—such as, "How do you do, sir! How is your family, sir!" With the usual replies, "Pretty well, I thank you." Then says the president, "Please to take a chair, Mr. Professor." "I thank you, sir, I cannot conveniently stay to be seated; I called to inform you that my house is on fire, and it is expected you will let me have the key which opens the door which leads to the water engine for extinguishing the fire."

The Portland Bulletin tells a story of a certain good Deacon, whose hat blew off and led him a long chace after it through the street. At length the Deacon became exhausted in the race, and pulled up against a post by the side walk. A gentleman came along, to whom the Deacon addressed himself thus—"My friend! I am a Deacon of the church, and it is very wrong for me swear; you will, therefore, greatly oblige me, if you will just damn that hat for me."

LOVE SIMPLICITY.—A young woman alighted from a stage coach, when a piece of ribbon from her bonnet fell into the coach.

"You have left your bow behind," said a lady passenger.

"Oh, no, I haven't, he's gone a-fishing," innocently rejoined the damsel, proceeding on her way.

A FRIENDLY RECOGNITION.—A coarse looking fellow went up to an old gentleman, and holding out his hand, remarked with a smile—

"My dear sir, I cannot call you by name, but I am sure we have been together somewhere."

"We may have," said the old gentleman, "for I have been in some very bad company in my day."

FASHION.—The Philadelphia Despatch, noticing the spring style of pantaloons, says, the hue is a cross between that of pea-soup and dirty water, with a strong touch of the green scum of a frog pond; and the proud wearers go up and down Chestnut street like so many bull-frogs out on a pleasure excursion.

COOL.—The keeper of a grog establishment in Georgia has made known by an advertisement that he will not in future sell any spirituous liquors to *temperance* men, unless they bring a written permission from their wives.

A country editor tells his subscribers that he has been compelled to adopt the cash system, but will continue to receive potatoes at par. So will we.

THE MISTAKES OF LOVE.

BY DOUGLAS GERROLD.

Love sees not with the eyes, but with the mind;
Therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
[Shakespeare.

Concluded.

VIII.—THE SHADOW.

Scarcely dad Dribble and Wyntoun descended to the parlor, before Beatrice ran breathless into Florimel's room, exclaiming:

"Oh, my dear! this suspense will kill me—Sir Patrick O'Reilly—(he is my lover—did I tell you?) well—he was here to-night—uncle overheard voices—came up—we hid him in my bedroom—when uncle entered it he found the bird flown—they are now in hot pursuit—Oh! what will become of me if they discover him?"

Sir Patrick put his head from under the clothes.

"Devil a bit will they be doing that, I take it—is all still?"

"Here!" cried Beatrice.

"The same. I bobbed in upon Mistress Ruffhead, whom I haven't had the pleasure of seeing for some time—she in the kindest manner imaginable offered me an asylum, which my modesty would not allow me to refuse. Allow me to offer you my thanks."

"Sir Patrick," said Florimel, firmly, "it is in your power to do me a signal service."

"It is! On, name it."

"It is a simple act of justice I require from you. You will remember on the last occasion of our meeting—"

"I was signally misplaced; but upon my honor, Miss Ruff head, I had no hand in the matter; I was dragged into a garden—I groped my way into a house, and then into a room, where I saw a light. There I found you and the gentleman who—"

"That gentleman, sir, is to be my husband."

"A very lucky dog, too; I felicitate him."

"But he has conceived the most outrageous suspicions touching your presence on that night; and although he is now willing to believe my word, it would greatly assist me if you would add yours."

"With a mighty deal of pleasure!"

"Call on him, then—his name is Master Charles Wyntoun—there is his address. Call on him, and explain to him the reason of your interruption, and assure him of the manner I always received your—"

She was going to say "attentions," but the presence of Beatrice arrested her; she did not wish to pain her friend by further allusions to her lover's inconstancy.

"I understand you entirely," replied he, "and believe me, I will fulfil your instructions to the letter."

"Now," said Beatrice, "you must think of your escape. Uncle has retired to his room. Master Wyntoun has left the house."

"Oh, I'll let myself out by the window."

"Impossible! the heighth is too great; you would kill yourself."

Charles Wyntoun was prowling about the garden gate, sometimes listening to detect any sounds that might proceed from the house; sometimes gazing at the moon, that "with so wan and sad a face," clomb the silent sky. All was still around, except the leaves and branches as the night breeze rustled among them. The scene invited contemplation, and Charles yielded to its temptations. He thought of Florimel, of her love and his suspicions. He reproached himself for ever having harbored a thought against her purity; at that minute his eye rested on her window, and caught her shadow on the blind.

"She is not yet abed," he said. "I wonder whether she is thinking of me. Perhaps she has been sitting up to read my letter, or to con over what I said this evening. S'death! what is that? A shadow—yes—of a man—and in her bedroom! O heart, do not burst! Yes, yes—there they are! It was *his* voice, then, we heard—it was him we sought! O infamy! O wretched girl! And she said he was not there,—that she had not heard, not seen him! But of course she would say it; what would she not swear? What has she not sworn to me! Now I remember, her voice trembled as she spoke, and she did not answer for some time—he was with her then! We thought it fear of robbers! What shall I do? Good God! the window opens—and they look out! Is he mad enough to drop from that height! Ha! he fastens a sheet—he is letting himself down! But the sheet will not reach half-way—he will be smashed if he drops! He reaches the second balcony! He descends—if he should fall, my vengeance is cheated! He clings to the pipe—the pipe yields—bends—God! it breaks! Well done! bravely ventured! he has dropped to the third balcony! Bravo! he is a worthy rival! Here will he descend now! Ah! he is going to drop—he is down!"

"Now to attend him here!"

Charles drew his sword, and awaited. The garden gate opened swiftly, and a man sprang out.—The moon shone full upon his face, and revealed to the astonished Charles the remarkable features of Sir Patrick O'Reilly. So completely staggered was Wyntoun by this sight, that Sir Patrick was some distance from him before he could recover himself; and then his feelings were too painful, and he was too humiliated to think of pursuit.

"She loves him, and plays with me!" he said gloomily. "There can now be no vestige of doubt. Escape from her window!—Pshaw! she is not worthy of my anger!"

IX.—CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.

Hyacinth Dribble watched that night, and watched of course in vain. Early the next morning the doors were opened, and the house again explored: of course without a vestige of him they sought. The broken pipe was at length discovered, and that plainly told the history of the escape.

It told more to Hyacinth Dribble, who, observing that the pipe was immediatly beside Florimel's bedroom window, although broken much lower down, and remembering her silence and confusion over night, he jumped at once to the conclusion that it was *her* lover who had disturbed them the night before, and overjoyed at this prospect of success, he hastened to Sir John Ruffhead, who had been very impatient, and wanted to take his daughter, and let her lover go to the devil.

"I have him, Sir John: I have him. My plan has succeeded, as I told you."

"What! have you caught the other bird! Who is the villain!"

"Gently, gently! I have not absolutely *caught* the bird, but he has answered the decoy—in other words, he has already had an interview with his mistress."

"He has! and you permitted it!"

"No: I could not help it. He did not ask my permission, but took it."

"Well!"

"Well—why, he has been once, he will be sure to come again; now I know that he is here, and in communication with her, I shall be on the watch."

"On the watch, indeed! Call you this catching a bird? You have got the cabbage-leaf and the salt all ready to be dropped on his tail—when he lets you."

"Ha! ha! very good, very, good, indeed! But have patience, and you shall acknowledge that my finesse is equal to greater difficulties than that of entrapping a lover. If you don't care to have him, then take away your daughter—"

"But I *do* want to catch him: if he is a proper match, to make him marry her, and no fiddle-faddle; if he is not a proper match, to punish him for his insolence."

"Very well, then, leave the matter to me—have confidence in my schemes, and you shall be satisfied."

"Well, but be speedy."

"I expect to satisfy you to-night. Directly I perceive any symptoms, I will pretend that business calls me out for some time. This will overjoy them. They will believe the coast clear, and act in consequence. The lover will come. I shall fetch you. We can enter by the garden, and into the kitchen, where a back staircase will conduct us to the first floor. There we will cover our shoes with list to deaden the sound of our footsteps, and pounce in upon the unsuspecting lovers. Does the plan strike you?"

"Admirable! admirable!"

"Ingenious head, mine, eh! Long practice has fitted it for every scheme."

Meanwhile Florimel received this note from her lover—

"I did not think hypocrisy could go so far as yours has gone! I did not think woman could be so vile, so cruel—unnecessarily cruel as you have been. Florimel! I shut my heart against you, and for ever. I have discovered all. The man who escaped from your bedroom last night, was no doubt there by the same accident as at Gloucester—how strange, too, that he should have also been the same man! Enough that I have discovered you. Adieu for ever!"

Florimel was thunderstruck. Again had Sir Patrick O'Reilly awakened those suspicions, by still more deceitful appearances. She forgave Charles almost, for his suspicions, when she recalled the events of lost night, and how they must have appeared to him. She showed the letter to Beatrice, who told her to be under no uneasiness, as Sir Patrick had promised to call upon Charles, and explain everything, so that the night's adventures would necessarily be included.

Florimel was somewhat calmed by this advice; but nevertheless exhibited various symptoms of uneasiness all the day, which were not lost upon Hyacinth Dribble. The postman nrought a letter from Sir Patrick to Florimel. Dribble pretended to be reading a book while she perused it; but he lost no sight of her countenance, which turned very rapidly from pale to red, and from red to pale.—Dribble felt sure there was another assignation on foot.

The next day, at dinner, Florimel seemed much pre-occupied, and feigned a headache. Dribble chuckled.

"Had you not better retire earlier—much earlier to rest to-night?" said the cunning old courtier.

"I think I will do so," she replied; "and as I have a letter to write, I will ask you to excuse my taking tea with you this evening."

"Make no excuses, I beg," said Dribble, tolerably sure that his suspicions were correct.

"Fortunately I shall not have to regret the loss of your society," said he, after a while, "as some affairs call me out this evening—and will detain me till midnight, at least, fear. So that you see I can recommend your retiring early, without pain to myself."

Dribble chuckled inwardly: he saw a bright flash in Florimel's eye as he spoke of his being detained: he saw she was pleased at the facility it afforded her lover for fulfilling his assignation. It only remained for him now to discover if she was anxious for him to be gone.

"It must be getting late," he observed.

"That it must," she replied. "What time do you leave us?"

"About eight. But if you are going to retire, I may as well make it half-past seven."

"Oh! pray do not stay at home on my account, I beg."

"Nay, gallantry commands, and pleasure backs the command. I must stay as long as I *can* enjoy your society."

"You are very good," she replied, uneasily.

Dribble remarked that Florimel's eyes were very often directed to the lock, and that she complained more and more of her headache.

"I think I must beg you to excuse me now," she said, at length, rising from her chair and wishing him good evening.

"I trust you will be better to-morrow," said Dribble.

Florimel left the room. Dribble shortly left the house.

Directly after he was gone, Florimel, who had made up a small parcel of necessaries, took an affectionate leave of Beatrice, and set off in search of her lover, determined not to rest until she had eradicated her suspicions.

Sir Patrick's letter informed her that he had called upon Mr. Wyntoun to have the desired explanation, but was told that he had "left London that morning." This was the intelligence which caused her color to come and go as she read therein the frustration of her hopes. Her plan was soon decided on: it was dangerous, unmaidenly, and romantic. She pardoned him his suspicions, because she felt that appearances were against her; but she loved him too sincerely to endure the thought of being able to remove those doubts, and not remove them. She determined to follow him and bring him to Sir Patrick.

Beatrice in vain endeavored to combat her resolution: all she could succeed in was that Florimel should take with her one of their servants as a protection; this, by means of a little bribe, was accomplished, and the two set forth on their romantic journey.

Hyacinth Dribble accosted Sir John with a face radiant with triumph.

"Well, Sir John, I think you will admit that I have done something more than provide myself with the salt. The bird is ready—his tail is at hand."

"What! is the villain there!"

"By this time, doubtless, chuckling over my convenient absence. I watched your daughter, discovered symptoms—trust me for discovering such matters!—threw out a bait—saw a nibble—played with my prize—let it float down the stream—and now it may be landed when you please."

"You're a deep one, Dribble!"

"Ha! ha! yes, a little in that way. A hint is never thrown away on me: fidgettiness in a woman never betokens good, and always rouses my suspicions. Saw your daughter was fidgetty, and guessed the cause. If you could have seen her anxiety to get me fairly gone!"

"Let us proceed at once."

"No: stay awhile. I am not sure at what hour *he* is expected. They will not expect *me* before twelve, a I think if we go at half-past ten or eleven, we shall just manage to take them in the fullness of their security."

This was agreed to; and the two worthies sat down to discuss a bottle of wine together, over which Dribble recounted sundry extraordinary instances of his sagacity and finesse, and proved to the entire satisfaction of himself, if not of Sir John, that there was but one man who understood the ways of woman—and that *modesty* prevented his naming him!

The clock struck ten, and they rose to depart.—Having taken every precaution, they reached the garden—entered the kitchen—got up stairs—listed their shoes—noiselessly creeped towards Florimel's bedroom, and there listened for a while. All was silent. They opened the door: the room was empty. Could she be elsewhere! They searched: in vain!

They returned to the parlor to deliberate; and there they found a note from Florimel, thanking him for his kind hospitality, and regretting that circumstances forced her to seek instant flight, for she had heard that her father was in town, and doubted not he would speedily call on Dribble, and thus detect her. No hint was dropped of her being aware of Dribble's communication with her father, which she had learned through one of the servants the evening before, and which was one powerful motive to the step she had taken. No trace of her destination was given.

Sir John was furious. He upbraided Dribble; d—d his finesse; heaped sarcasms on his boasted schemes; swore that had he not been fool enough to listen to them, this would never have happened; and he would have had his daughter safe at home. Dribble expostulated—appealed to past experience—represented how logical were his deductions, and how every sane man must have concluded she had made an assignation.

"Yet," said Sir John, with a sneer, "in spite of all this, she had none."

"Then she *ought* to have had," retorted the diplomatist.

Sir John left the house in a transport of bewildered rage; abusing all daughters, and damning diplomatists.

X.—THE PURSUIT.

Florimel's first step was to ascertain whither Charles had gone. To effect this, they had recourse to stratagem: believing it very possible the servants knew his destination, but had received orders not to reveal it upon ordinary occasions, or to strangers, she told William (the servant who accompanied her) to proceed to Wyntoun's house, as if in a great hurry, and assuming an air of breathless anxiety, ask for Mr. Wyntoun, as he was wanted for a most important matter.

This plan succeeded. They denied all knowledge of their master's whereabouts, until William's well-feigned consternation, and the hints he let fall, induced them to acknowledge Mr. Wyntoun had proceeded to Southampton, and was to be found at the "Golden Lion."

"To Southampton, then!" said Florimel, as she heard this information; and they bought two stout and excellent horses for the journey.

Merrily they rode onwards, for her heart was light: she had discovered Charles's address, and felt assured that could she find him, all her troubles and anxieties would cease. Night drew on. William entreated her to alight at the first inn and there repose herself from the fatigues of the day by a good night's rest; but she would not listen to the least delay, beyond that necessary for some refreshment. She feared to lose this trace of her lover: he might leave Southampton before she arrived there, if she tarried on the road. William suggested the perils of a night journey, and the chances of falling in with highwaymen; but she replied, that having little to lose, she had nothing to fear from highwaymen, but everything to fear from delay.

It was about ten o'clock when they resumed their journey, after a hearty supper. The moon was at her full, and streamed down upon them with a splendor almost like that of the sun. It was a lovely night for a ride; the ground was hard, and rung with the echoes of the horses' feet; the sky was cloudless, and the stars peered kindly from the blue deep; the trees and shrubs stood out in sharp outlines in the soft moonlight; and sometimes gave the errant fancy spur, and alarmed them by representing trees upon the way-side as robbers awaiting their arrival, with pistols presented at them; the owl was heard to hoot in the distance, and the deep bay of house-dogs answered the clatter of their hoofs.

"Those lights yonder," said Florimel, pointing to a few scattered lights that twinkled in the distance, "look very comfortable."

"And suggest the value of good homes at night," observed William.

"And add to the picturesqueness of our ride," added Florimel, gaily.

"Hark!" interrupted William, "I hear—yes—yes, there is a clatter of horses' hoofs—"

"Very possibly," calmly replied Florimel.—"There is nothing strange in that. Some travellers, like ourselves."

"No, no, no," said he, trembling, "they are behind us—"

"Well, and suppose we were behind them, would *they* have cause to fear?"

"Hark! they approach—oh! quicken your pace, Miss, pray—now do."

"You do not suppose them to be highwaymen?"

"I do—I do—this neighborhood is infested.—Pray, Miss, let us gallop. Ha! they have turned the sweep of the road—I see them now—there are two men—in cloaks—"

"Halloo! halloo-oo-oo!" shouted a voice behind.

"There!" exclaimed William, "I said so—they see us—they hail us to stop—they are galloping after us."

Florimel shared his fears, and spurred her horse into a gallop. The two horsemen behind did the same; and now a desperate chase began. Away, away, flew trees and shrubs, as our heroine and her servant scampered along with all the speed that fear could urge their horses to. The pursuers continued their *halloos*, and goaded on their horses with rage and recklessness. The four horses were quickly bathed in foam, and snorted fear and energy from their fiery nostrils. The clanking of a sword against the stirrup of one of the pursuers, filled Florimel with alarm, while the obstinacy of the pursuit convinced her that her worst fears were true.

"They gain upon us!" exclaimed William. "I hear it plainly—the clanking of that sword is a sure test. My beast pants and snorts. Ha! brute! he stumbles. Had he fallen, we should have been lost. Keep your reins slack, Miss—give him his head—but be ready in case the beast stumbles. In vain! in vain—they are gaining ground. Steady! steady! old fellow—now then—hark away! hie! Ah! my horse is done up—see how he pants! he'll never—. Oh, Miss, fly—fly—don't wait for me—I can't keep up—save yourself—your beast is good yet—you'll reach a turnpike soon—take heart—fly! Fly before it is too late—"

Florimel saw that his counsel was just, and that his horse could not longer sustain the pursuit; so bidding him take courage, and assuring him that she would return to his rescue as soon as she met with a human being, she urged her horse onwards at a spanking rate.

She had not headed William fifty yards before his beast fell, and lay panting on the ground. William was fortunately unhurt. Florimel saw him on his legs—and then saw their pursuers come up with him. After a rapid interchange of words, one of the horsemen set off on her traces at a still greater speed than before. She comprehended the meaning of this but too well; and now it became a chase of life and death.

Bravely did her steed bear her along that hard and even road; but swiftly in her rear came dashing along the steed of her pursuer, his sword clanking against his stirrup almost every instant, with a clear sharp ring. The horseman called out to her, and seemed to wish to speak; but fear made her almost deaf. She could only distinguish certain sounds, and among those she fancied she heard, "Stop! on your life!"

Away, away, she fled, and after her the desperate horseman. On, on, she continued, encouraging with words and pattings the beast that panted under her: her eyes dim with the rapidity of the objects that passed across them—her ears filled with that horrible clanking and that wild halloo—her brain dizzy with fear. Yet she kept up her presence of mind. All her thoughts and energies were concentrated in one object: that was her horse.—She cheered him, patted him, flogged him. And yet her pursuer gained ground—he was hard upon her—she could hear the snort of his horse behind her—she could hear a diabolical laugh—the clatter of hoofs grew horribly distinct, the clanking of the sword cut upon her sense—the laugh of her pursuer told her that he was close at hand—she cast round a furtive glance—he was within a few yards!

"It's no use," said he, laughing; "you're caught."

Her brain grew dizzy—a film spread over her eyes—she closed them with a soft low sigh, and the reins fell from her hands. The hand of her pursuer was on the bridle at once—her horse was stopped—an arm was thrown around her, and the words "Miss Ruffhead" were murmured in her ear.

She opened her eyes—it was Sir Patrick O'Reilly that supported her in the saddle! She closed her eyes again, overwhelmed with the strange feelings which crowded on her, and sick with the fear she had been subject to.

XI.—THE DENOUEMENT.

"And how came you to be in search of me?" said Florimel, as she trotted slowly by the side of Sir Patrick, awaiting the coming up of Brag and William.

"Faith, Miss Ruffhead, it's a long story; but the short of it is just this;—Beatrice ordered me to seek you out, and to personally explain to Mr. Wyntoun the little matter that disturbs his mind. I heard from a servant that William had taken this road in search of Wyntoun; so I ordered Brag to saddle at once. We espied a man and a lady on horseback; and thinking they could be none other than yourselves, we hailed you: you answered this by setting off at a hand-gallop; we did the same. The rest you know. Now, with your permission, we will escort you to Southampton; or rather, if you will take my advice, do you alight at Winchester. We will proceed to Southampton, and bring the young gentleman repentant to your feet."

This was soon done. Everything was explained. Charles was repentant, and was easily forgiven.—The lovers were married secretly, and then informed Sir John of the fact. Sir John stormed and swore; vowed he would never see his child again: but feeling very lonely down at Gloucester, and thinking that forgiveness might much better answer his purpose, he recalled his oaths and his child: forgave her, and promised to leave her all his money.

But Sir John never forgave Hyacinth Dribble; and always showered sarcasms on that gentleman's finesse. Dribble smiled upon him with ineffable contempt, and persisted that the only way ever to deal with woman was by subtle cunning: he had tried it, and had never been deceived before.

Shortly after, Beatrice eloped with Sir Patrick, and returned to kiss her uncle, as Lady O'Reilly; but he refused her offer; he refused to see her; and to his dying day never thought without disgust of the woman who had outwitted him—whom he had intended for a Marquis, and had in spite of him, married a poor Irish Baronet.

Charles and Florimel lived as happily as people do in moral tales; had a fine family of bouncing boys and girls; and never once had their felicity disturbed by any jealousy.

XII.—MORAL.

Trust not your eyes in love. However strong "appearances" may be against your mistress, never reason from them alone; for they are at least to be counterbalanced by "appearances" of affection you have received: if the latter are open to suspicion, as easily "put on," no less are the former open as being easily misinterpreted. Above all, O most jealous lover! think of this when you suspect. If your suspicions could *possibly* be true—if they are consistent with the nature of your Donna—do not torment yourself with jealousy: *for either she is unworthy of you, or you are unworthy of her!*

The Minister and his Barber.

A certain Monarch, not very long ago deceased, a man very much respected by those under his government, had a minister in whom he placed entire confidence, and who was distinguished for his great business qualities, sprightliness, and prudence, but who perhaps in order not to belie the proverb, had one failing, which sometimes obscures his better qualities; he was apt to be somewhat headstrong.

It was probably in consequence of this quality becoming too apparent upon some occasion, that the minister received an order not to put his foot over the door-sill of the Palace for the future; but in spite of this severe expression of displeasure, the monarch continued to employ him as heretofore, without depriving him of any of the titles or honors he had conferred upon him.

Meanwhile, the king continued his customary walks, which generally led him past the minister's house.

One morning, going that way, he happened to look up, and he was not a little astonished to see a ladder placed at one of the windows; and upon the ladder a barber, who razor in hand, was busily employed in taking the stubble from off the minister's chin.

Forgetting for the moment the feelings which had prompted his order to the minister, the king enquired with an exclamation, what he was doing in that strange position.

"May it please your Majesty," replied the minister, "the man has incurred my serious displeasure lately, and I have ordered him not to cross my threshold again, but as I cannot very well get along without him, I have adopted this method of having him shave me from outside."

The monarch burst into a hearty laugh, and it was not long before the minister was again inside the palace walls.

"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you do to day?" "O, dear, doctor, I enjoy very bad health, intirely. This rheumatis is very disthressing, indade. When I go to sleep, I lay awake all night; and my toe is swelled as big as a goose's hen's egg; so whin I stand up I fall down directly."

SAILOR VERACITY.—A son of Neptune said the other day to a brother tar: "Jack you never caught me in a lie in your life."

"Very true," replied Jack, "but I have chased you from one lie to another all day."

"I say, Jim, are you goin to see that man hung to-morrow?"

"Vot for is he to be hung?"

"Vy, bless you, for 'orse stealing."

"For stealing a 'orse! Vot a fool! Vy didn't he buy von on trust, and never pay for him?"

A Good Wife.

A story, under this head, is going the rounds, shorn of its most important features, the sequel to which is appended:

Mr. ——, a merchant, now residing in Philadelphia, who formerly lived in an extravagant style, was in the habit of giving his wife, every Monday morning, a certain sum of money, for the table and other household expenses of the week. He never mentioned his business to his wife, and she, deeming him capable of attending to his own affairs, never inquired into them.

About five years after their marriage, through some mismanagement, and the rascality of his confidential clerk, Mr. —— suddenly broke, and his fall was mentioned "sympathisingly" on 'change, and, like all such matters, their sympathy all ended. The merchant kept the affair secret, and the first intimation his lady had of it was a mere paragraph in the *Ledger*. Shortly after dinner was over, on the discovery of the startling fact, Mrs. —— requested her husband to remain in the parlor a few moments, as she had something to say to him. She then left the room, hurried up stairs, and shortly after returned with a splendidly bound Bible in her hand. Handing it to her husband, she said,

"George, the day after our marriage you gave me this precious book, as a token of your love, and as a rich fountain to look to in the day of trouble.—Its passages have been precious to me, and as your brow looks sad to-day, I return it to you, that you may glean from it some consolation in this hour of gloom." She then left the room.

The merchant opened the book carelessly, and a bank bill fell out. He picked it up and glanced at its face—it was a $10 bill. He opened at the first page, and continued to find an X between every two leaves, till he arrived at the book of Revelations. He was saved—could commence business, and had a capital of nine thousand dollars to begin with.

He rang a bell—a servant appeared.

"Request your mistress to come to me immediately."

The lady obeyed, entering the room with something between a smile and a tear.

"Kate! Kate! where did you procure all this money?"

"This is the weekly savings of our household expenses for the last five years," was the modest reply. "Every week I put ten of the twenty dollars which you gave me into this Bible bank, that, when the day of trouble came upon us, we should have something to save us from the wolf."

"You are an angel, Kate!" cried her delighted husband, clasping her to his heart.

And she is. Does any one doubt it?

QUICK IN HER APPLICATION.—"It amuses me ministers don't write better sermons—I am sick of their dull prosy affairs," said a lady in the presence of a parson.

"But it is no easy matter, my good woman to write good sermons," suggested the minister.

"Yes," rejoined the lady, "but you are so long about it: I could write one in half the time, if I only had the text."

"Oh, if a text is all you want," said the parson, "I will furnish that. Take this one from Solomon —'It is better to dwell in a corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house.'"

"Do you mean *me*, sir!" inquired the lady quickly.

"Oh, my good woman," was the grave response, "you will never make a good sermonizer; you are too soon in your application."

DECIDEDLY RICH.—The Jackson Patriot says one of the *parvenues* of our village, was visiting a few days since, at Major G——'s (all known the old Major,) when after tea the following conversation occurred between the Major's excellent old-fashioned lady and the 'top knot,' in consequence of the hired girl occupying a seat at the tea-table.

Mrs.—— Why Mrs. G——, you do not allow the hired girl to eat with you at the table! It is horrible!

Mrs. G——. Most certainly I do. You know this has ever been my practice. It was so when you worked for me—don't you recollect!

This was a 'cooler to silk and satin greatness;' or, as the boys call it 'Codfish Aristocracy,' and after coloring and stammering, she answered 'Yees I-b-l-i-e-v-e-i-t-w-a-s,' and 'sloped.'

A MEAN MAN.—We have heard of mean men in our day, but a correspondent of the St. Louis Reville mentions one to whom must be yielded the palm:—"Talk about mean men! Why there's that Bill Thompson, he's the meanest man I have ever heard on—Bill was a constable there. Why don't you think he had an execution against me for a little matter of groceries, and he came out and levelled on my old 'oman's ducks, and he wanted me to drive 'em up and ketch 'em for him, and I told him to ketch 'em himself; and he chased 'em round and round the house, and every time he'd ketch a duck, he'd set down and wring its head off, and *charge milleage!*"

A metropolitan housekeeper advertised recently for a wet nurse. An Irish girl offered herself.

"How old are you, Bridget?" said the Madame.

"Sixteen, please ma'am."

"Have you ever had a baby?"

"No, ma'am, but I'm very fond of them."

"Then I'm afraid, Bridget, you will not do for me. It is a *wet* nurse I want."

"O, please ma'am, I know I'll do. I'm very easy to teach!"—*Knickerbocker.*

A young prating lawyer, one day boasting to a facetious counsellor that he had received five and twenty guineas for speaking in a certain cause.—"And I," said the counsellor, "received double that sum for holding my tongue in the same cause."

"Ma," said an inquisitive little girl, "will rich and poor people live together when they go to Heaven?" "Yes, my dear, they will all be alike there." "Then, ma, why don't rich and poor Christians associate together here?" The mother did not answer.

An old lady combating the idea of the moon being inhabited, remarked with emphasis that the idea was incredible; "for," saith she, "what becomes of the people in the old moon when there is nothing left of it but a little streak!"

RATHER IMPUDENT.—After having loaned a man money, dunning him for it, and he borrowing your gold pencil to make a memorandum of the fact, and forgetting to return it.

GOING IT STRONG.—The ladies are getting to wear large sack overcoats with big sleeves, and standing linen collars. We thought we saw one the other day with a pair of what-you-call-em's on, and high heeled calf-skin boots; but we are not certain.

A paper down east says, the reader will see some errors on the first page which he will please overlook.

Mrs. Partington says a great many more die now of "suggestion" of the brain than there used to when she was a "gal."