

# JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
Jeffersonian Republican.

For the Jeffersonian Republican.

**Lines**

O no, it never cross'd my heart  
To think of thee with love,  
For we are sever'd far apart  
As earth and the arch above.

Though in many a mid night dream  
You've prompted fancy's brightest theme,  
I never thought that thou would'st be  
More than that mid-night dream to me.

A something bright and beautiful,  
Which I must teach me to forget,  
Ere I can turn to meet the dull  
Realities that linger yet.

A something girt with summer flowers,  
And laughing eyes and sunny hours,  
While I, too well I know, will be  
Not ev'n a mid-night dream to thee.

**The Bachelor's Lament.**

I am monarch and have my own way,  
My bed there is none to dispute;  
It's night after night here I lay,  
Just like some unfeeling, selfish brute.

Ah! to smother Love, nor know its charms,  
This bliss, the bachelor's part!  
Better list'n to children's alarms  
Than the beating of this aching heart!

**Avarice.**

The sick man had laid at the point of death, or at least in a very critical condition, for many weary days. One day a small debtor called to pay him some money: "Well, really," says the sick man, "you are the best friend who has called to see me to-day." A kind and sympathizing neighbor being present, who had watched by the sick man's bed, and sought to gratify his every want, through arose and departed.

The invalid had plenty of this world's goods—he had dropped the I from his gold—and who could blame a sick man for expressing pleasure at the visits of his god.

**BY REQUEST.**

**Dr. Rodrock's cure for Love.**  
The following cure for Love, is taken from the Diary of Dr. Rodrock.

Take a grain of Sense, half a grain of Patience, one Doanem of Understanding, one ounce of Disdain, a pound of Resolution, and a handful of Dislike. Mix them together, fold them up in the Jimbeck of your brains twenty-four hours, then, set it on the slow fire of Hatred, strain it clear of the Dross of Melancholy, put it in the bottle of Discretion, stop it down with the Cork of strong Judgment, and let it stand ten days in the water of cold Affection—this rightly made and freely applied is the most effectual cure. You may get it at the House of Understanding in Content Street, going up the hill of Self-denial, county of Forgetfulness, in the State of Peace.

Meek shade farewell! I seek that quiet shore,  
Where an' shall vex and sorrow wound no more;  
Thy lowly wot obtains that final bliss,  
Which prides disdain to seek and wit must miss.  
That path thou'st found which science cannot teach,  
But faith and goodness never fail to reach:  
Then share the joy the worlds of life impart;  
The vision promised to the pure in heart.      1b.

**Lord Byron, a Prophet.**  
In a Journal kept by Byron, in January, 1821, are the following remarkable sentences.

"The Powers mean to war with the People—the intelligence seems positive—let it be so. The King-times are fast finishing. There will be blood shed like water, and tears like milk. But the People will conquer in the end. I will not live to see it, but I foresee it; there will be a universal Republic and there ought to be."

**The Bachelor's Vow.**

Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief—*Othello*

A snug bachelor's domicile was the neat two-story dwelling where lived Jonathan Everleigh, Esq., a hale, hearty bachelor, on the shady side of forty. With him lived his nephew, Walter Lincoln, and a faithful old African, rejoicing in the name of Tunis, as black and shining as Day and Martin's best, and who, in his own individual capacity, constituted the factotum of the establishment—namely, cook, scullion, chambermaid, and waiter—for Mr. Everleigh never employed any of the "woman-kind" about his stronghold of Bachelor-dom; even his clothes were regularly forwarded to his washerwoman by the milkman, as he passed her door every Monday morning, and as regularly returned on Saturday by the same conveyance. Indeed, the "oldest inhabitant" could not remember ever seeing a female either ascend the nicely-swept steps to the front door or descend into the basement below. There was, to be sure, one poor old decrepit woman, who for a time spread her unseemly garments upon the pavement in front; but even she soon deputed a dirty little urchin, "all tattered and torn," to receive her daily dole from the well-spread table of the bachelor.

Yet, notwithstanding this more than monkish exclusion of the softer sex, Mr. Everleigh was by no means of the *genus morose* and crabbed—attributes supposed to belong to the bachelor class of bipeds—but, on the con-

trary, was of a cheerful, generous nature, rejoicing in the happiness and prosperity of others, which he was ever ready to promote as far as he was able. He was not, however, a wealthy man, in the worldly acceptance of the term, but had enough for all his own wants, and to spare, if need required, for the necessities of a friend.

To his nephew he was fondly attached, deeming no expense too great for his education. Young Lincoln graduated with honor from his College; and Mr. Everleigh, averse to his studying a profession, had then admitted him as a partner in the house of Everleigh and Co.

"Well, Walter," he would often say, "when we have made a little more money we will wind up business, and enjoy ourselves; yes, yes, my boy, we will see a little more of the world, and not spend all our days cramped within the walls of this modern Babel! I am rich enough for both of us; and thank, God, Walter, when we travel forth we shall neither of us be encumbered with a *woman!*"

Now, our bachelor reckoned a little too confidently upon this latter point; for, during all these conversations with his uncle, Walter had very pleasing visions of a pair of soft blue eyes, which, somehow or other, whenever this journey was spoken of, seemed to be fixed upon him with such a sweet, confiding look—may, he almost felt, as it were, the pressure of a dear little head upon his shoulder, and saw, or fancied he saw, long ringlets of the most beautiful golden hair floating around him. But he took very good care not to reveal these visions to his uncle.

After business hours, Mr. Everleigh and Walter regularly walked home together, where the skill of Tunis had meanwhile prepared the only meal in which Mr. Everleigh indulged, save breakfast; for, at such a woman's fol-derol drink as tea, the bachelor turned up his nose, although he greatly relished the cup of excellent coffee which Tunis was wont to bring him after dinner, when, throwing off his boots and donning his dressing-gown and slippers, he yielded himself to the indulgence of back-gammon, or a game at all-fours, with his nephew.

Assuming the privilege of an old servant, Tunis usually stood by upon these occasions, marking the progress of the game with much apparent interest, and displaying his shining rows of ivory to great advantage. Sometimes he would break out with—"Hi—Massa Everleigh, take care—Young Massa he get eberything!" or, "Golly, Massa Walter, you not get off dis time—hi—dere go de Jack!"

Sometimes Walter would venture to express his surprise, that one so fond of domestic life as his uncle appeared to be, should have omitted that choicest blessing—a wife; but such a remark never failed to draw down, not only a shower of invectives upon the sex, but also to put Mr. Everleigh into such an exceeding bad humour, that Walter was always glad to withdraw from the scene. Fond of reading, the centre-table was always well supplied with the new publications and files of daily papers. They also dipped a little into politics, always, however, espousing different sides, for the sake of the argument.

Thus it will be seen, that for a season our two friends lived very cosy and comfortable; but it will also be seen that such happy times could not last. Pity they should! for we should like to know, in the name of woman-kind, whom he so much affected to despise, what a bachelor like Mr. Everleigh has to do with comfort!

Walter began gradually to estrange himself from these *tele-a-teles*, and, after allowing himself to be handsomely beaten by his uncle at his favorite games, would plead some trifling errand or engagement to absent himself, leaving his respective relative to while away the hours alone. These absences grew more and more frequent; still Mr. Everleigh contented himself with remarking—"You were out late last night, Walter;" or, "I waited until ten for you, boy!" to which Walter would answer hurriedly, and in much confusion, that he was very sorry, but he had a particular engagement, or was unavoidably detained; while Tunis, chuckling and grinning as he descended into the obscure regions of the kitchen, would remark, for his own especial edification—"Hi! young Massa Walter give old Massa the slip one of these days—see if he don't!"

Noting, at length, the increasing abstraction of his nephew—that he was more given to the perusal of poetry—that he sighed often, and moreover, carried about him very suspicious missives, in the shape of delicately-folded notes, Mr. Everleigh grew uneasy, and resolved to question Walter upon the subject—a resolution which was perhaps the more speedily carried into effect, by observing one evening, upon the little finger of the delinquent, a small gold ring: This was enough.

"Puppy!" he muttered; "it is just as I thought! Yes, yes, I'll wager he is playing the fool!" Then working himself up to the degree of wrath required for the purpose, he began: "Put down your light, sir; you are not going off in this way; put down your light, I say, young man; we must have a little talk together before we separate!"

Blushing like a girl, Walter placed the lamp upon the table. He saw the hour had come, and the storm he had so long dreaded was about to burst upon his head.

"Now tell me, sir," continued Mr. Everleigh, "where you have been, and where you spend your evenings—hey, Walter, tell me that! You shan't run blindfolded into ruin, if I can stop you—speak, sir!—I asked you where you had been!"

"I have been visiting at Mrs. Nesmeth's this evening, uncle," answered Walter, dutifully.

"And who the deuce is Mrs. Nesmeth?" asked the bachelor, seizing the poker, and thrusting it into the grate.

"A—A particular friend of mine, whom I often call upon," said Walter.

"The deuce you do! Hey—what—and why have you not told me this before, you scamp? How old is she, I say!" cried Mr. Everleigh.

"I should judge her to be nearly forty, uncle, although it is difficult to decide upon a lady's age," answered Walter.

"Difficult to decide upon a fiddlestick!—Forty, is she—wh-e-w! she has a daughter, then, I suppose, also a particular friend of yours?"

"Yes, sir; a most charming, amiable girl, sir; only about seventeen," replied Walter.

With a vigorous poke between the bars of the grate, Mr. Everleigh now fixed his gaze upon the countenance of his nephew.

"Well, why don't you speak, you young jack-anapes!"

"What shall I say?" said Walter, smiling.

"Say! Why, that you are in love with a girl—that you mean to make a fool of yourself—that you mean to marry her."

"Well, my dear uncle," replied Walter, firmly, "then I do say that I love Miss Nesmeth most tenderly—that our faith stands plighted to one another, and that, please heaven, I shall marry her!"

"Please heaven, you shall marry her!" repeated Mr. Everleigh, in a tone of cutting contempt—"I say, please heaven, you shall do no such thing! A pretty fool you'd make of yourself, eh! What business had you to fall in love, I should like to know, without my consent! Your faith stands plighted, does it? Oh, you puppy! Well, I'll find a way to un-plight it, that's all! Don't speak—go to bed, sir—go to bed—married—wh-e-w!"

Then seizing a lamp, the excited bachelor bounced out of the room.

When he reached his chamber, Mr. Everleigh for some moments paced the floor with rapid strides, giving full vent to the passion which agitated him—now bestowing all sorts of invective epithets upon his nephew, now upon the arts of woman-kind. At length, throwing himself into a chair, he gradually suffered his anger to abate—his features relaxed—a shade of melancholy stole over them, and finally burying his face in his hands, he remained for a long time in deep, and as it would appear, painful thought. Then slowly rising, he opened a small escritoire which stood upon a table, at the head of his bed, and drew forth the miniature of a young girl, upon which he gazed long and sorrowfully. A hot tear rolled down his cheek, and fell upon his hand. This aroused him, and, as if angry for allowing himself to be thus overcome, he thrusts the picture back into its case, turned the key of the desk, and hurriedly brushing his hands across his eyes, exclaimed, "Fool, fool that I am! Well, God grant that poor Walter may not be made the dupe I was!"

Several days passed, and no further allusion was made to the subject so near the hearts of both uncle and nephew. Walter, it is true, would gladly have introduced this most interesting topic, and essayed at various times to do so; but Mr. Everleigh, perfectly comprehending his object, and willing to punish him, invariably walked off, leaving the lover to his own not very pleasant reflections: for the thought of his uncle's displeasure, who had ever been to him as a father, even the love of his charming Emily could not entirely overbalance.

Now, the truth must be owned, that Mr. Everleigh was quite as unhappy at this state of affairs as Walter; and when he noticed the pale cheek and sunken eye, betokening a sleepless night, and the dejected, almost penitent air of his nephew, he could hold out no longer. Pity took the place of resentment, and, much to the astonishment of Walter, he was the first to introduce the forbidden subject, and expressed his readiness to hear what the "silly boy," as he termed him, had to say for himself.

Thus encouraged, Walter opened his heart freely—Mr. Everleigh listening at first quietly and silently—then, as Walter proceeded, he gradually grew more restless—fidgeted upon his seat—kicked the fender—muttered, like Squire Burchell, "Fudge!" and "Pshaw!" and finally, in the midst of a most glowing description of his fair innamorata, which Walter was pouring forth, he bade the ardent young lover hold his tongue, and not be such a fool.

"But uncle," persisted Walter, "I am sure,

if you once saw Emily, you would no longer rail at my love, but acknowledge how very inferior to her real charms are all the descriptions I would fain give you."

"Pshaw! beauty is but skin deep you silly fellow; and, for the rest, she is just like all her sex, false and fickle as the wind!" said Mr. Everleigh. "She will jilt you depend upon it."

"I would stake my life upon her truth!" replied Walter warmly. "If you knew her, you would be ashamed of such injustice to an angel!"

"Wh-e-w! we are in a passion, are we—eh, Mr. Firebrand! Now, Walter, take my advice, and don't get married. What the—do you want with a wife, I should like to know! Have you not got a pleasant home, you dog, and an old uncle that humours you like a pet monkey! and what on earth do you want to bring a woman into the concern for?"

"Uncle," replied Walter, "so long as I was not in the condition to support a wife, marriage, of course, would have been highly injudicious; but as, thanks to your kindness, my dearest uncle, I am now established in a good business, with all reasonable prospect of success, why should I longer delay my happiness! No, my dear sir, do not ask it—nothing but your consent is now wanting to make me the happiest of men."

"The silliest of fools, you mean!" interrupted Mr. Everleigh, impatiently. "Now, depend upon it, Walter, the moment you put yourself in the power of a woman, you are ruined, body and soul. I would not give—no, I would not give a straw for you—a mere puppet, pushed hither and thither, at the will of an artful little hussy! Just looked at me, Walter—here I stand six feet in my shoes—a happy, hearty bachelor of five-and-forty—look at my head, not a gray hair in it—my teeth, sound as a roach; think you I should be what I am, had I saddled myself with a wife and a brood of squalling fat babies!—no, no!"

"But, uncle," said Walter, rather mischievously, "if report says true, you were once in a fair way for such a misfortune: for I have heard you were at one time engaged to be married."

"Hey—what! nonsense—nonsense!" answered the bachelor, stooping suddenly to pick up something from the carpet; to be sure, I was a fool once, a deuced fool—but I was never caught again; ha, ha, ha—never again; and, Walter, it is precisely because I know the deceitful sex that I so urgently warn you against them."

"Then you do admit that you were once in love?" said Walter. "Therefore, how can you blame me for the passion which a lovely and amiable girl has inspired?"

Mr. Everleigh arose, and walked several times hurriedly around the room; then approaching Walter, he regarded him seriously, and said, "Walter, you shall now hear from my lips that of which no other person has heard me speak. To you I will confess my folly. Yes, Walter," he continued, seating himself, and nervously playing with his watch-guard—"when I was of your age, I was silly enough to fall in love with as arrant a piece of coquetry and mischief as ever nature turned out. She was a schoolmate and intimate friend of your poor mother, Walter, and came home with her to pass the holidays at the Grange. This was our first meeting. She was then only fifteen—as gay and wild as a young deer, and the most beautiful creature I had ever beheld—nay, that I have ever yet seen. It was my fate to be spending the holidays at the Grange also, and a most fortunate circumstance I felicitated myself that it was; but it proved otherwise, as you will see. Those six happy weeks flew by as moments—the remembrance even now causes my blood to course rapidly—and then we parted, with mutual regret, and with mutual wishes that we might soon meet again. And I was such a ninny, Walter, as to think and dream of nothing else but—but—ah! I cannot speak her name, boy!" said Mr. Everleigh, his voice trembling with agitation. No matter; she was my star—my idol. All I did, all I hoped, was in reference to her, and I penned more sonnets to her praise than would fill a folio. At length we met again. She was once more at the Grange. My love became idolatry, Walter; nor had I any reason to complain of her coldness. She read with me, sang to me, walked with me, and rode with me—indeed, we were scarcely for a moment separated. Thus encouraged, I at length declared my passion, and she—false and prodigious as she proved—she, Walter, fell on my bosom, and wept her love!" Mr. Everleigh paused, and wrung the hand of Walter: "Boy, boy, may you never be deceived as I have been! My happiness was brief as woman's love! A few weeks after our engagement witnessed the arrival of a gay, dashing lieutenant—her cousin, she said—and from that moment my happiness declined. Her attentions were no longer given to me—her smiles were for another; walking or riding, at home or abroad, the puppy never left her side. If remonstrated, she laughed in my face, or turned angrily away from me. He called her by the most endearing names; and one

day—yes, boy, one day I found her in his arms—her head resting dove-like upon his glittering epaulette, her little soft hand clasped in his. I saw—yes, I who had never yet dared to press my lips upon her snowy brow—I saw it and survived! I could have shot the fellow dead upon the spot; but, to save soul from the sin of another's blood, there was providentially no weapon at hand. That evening I sought an interview with the false one. I accused her of her perfidy, and bade her explain, if she could, her conduct. This she positively refused to do. Angry and bitter words ensued between us, until with consummate boldness she bade me mind my own concerns, and not trouble myself any further about her movements! I then asked her if she loved young Marchmont. Never shall I forget the look she cast upon me. 'Love him!' she exclaimed: 'love him!—yes, with my whole heart do I love him!' 'It is enough,' I answered; and although my brain was on fire, every vein swollen with jealous rage, I coldly bowed, and turning my on my heel, walked leisurely away, humming the air of a fashionable song. I then mounted my horse, and rode over to the house of a relative, some six or eight miles distant, where I remained for near a week, racked, it seemed to me, by all the torments of the lower regions. When I returned to the Grange she had gone—yes, gone with the lieutenant. I never saw her after! Now, Walter, I ask you, have I not reason to heap maledictions upon the faithless sex!"

"No, uncle," answered Walter; "with all due deference to you, and with all the sympathy I feel for you, pardon me for saying that, if what you have just told me is all you have to allege against them, your argument is a poor one."

"Hey—what!—why, what the deuce would you have more?" exclaimed Mr. Everleigh.

"I would have the calmness and deliberation of an uncle," returned Walter. "Allow me to say, that judging from your own words, I consider you were too hasty in condemning the young lady. There may have been reasons—strong palliative reasons—why—"

"Pshaw, Walter! stuff—stuff!" interrupted the bachelor; "reasons! there were no reasons but those to be traced to the fickle nature of woman. And this I will convince you—your folly, Walter, did not end here. Time cooled my resentment, and caused me to doubt my proceedings; and the more I reasoned upon the subject, the more I blamed my rashness. At last I resolved to write to her—to acknowledge my error—entreat her forgiveness, and once more offer her my love. Yes, fool, dolt that I was, I penned one of your piling, sighing, *lack-a-daisical* love-letters, and sent it to her address. Well the answer came, and it was such as my egregious folly deserved—saucy, spirited, insulting, and unbecoming! A few days previous I had been offered a situation in a West India house, and I now gladly and without the least hesitation accepted it. I embarked for Porto-Rico. Yes, Walter, that bad, heartless girl drove me an exile from my friends and country! I was absent twelve years. When I returned I casually learned she was married; but I never made any further inquiries about her—Your poor mother, too, dear Walter, had paid the debt of nature, leaving you a mere child; and soon after my return your father died also. I vowed to be both father and mother to the child of my only treasured sister; and although but a rough nurse, boy I kept my vow!"

"Dearest uncle," interrupted Walter, seizing Mr. Everleigh's hand, and kissing it, while grateful tears filled his eyes, "dearest uncle, I owe you everything. How can I ever repay such kindness and love!"

"Eh! very grateful you are to be sure, you dog—going to bring a woman here to break up our happiness!" exclaimed Mr. Everleigh.

"Not so, uncle," said Walter; believe me, it will only render it more secure. Ah! when you once know Emily, for her sake you will renounce all your prejudices against women."

"Nonsense!" returned Mr. Everleigh. "However, if you will be such a fool as to get married, why I can't help it. I believe I should be doing you a much greater kindness to give you a halter to hang yourself with, than to consent to such folly as you propose. But you never will see your mistake until it is too late; so there's no use wasting any more breath upon you; get married, then, in heaven's name!—poor fellow!"

"Thank you, thank you, my dear uncle!" cried Walter, his countenance expressing all the joy he felt.

"And, Walter," continued Mr. Everleigh, speaking slowly, and as if half ashamed at the concession he was making favour of a woman, "I can't spare you altogether; though, I suppose, at the best I shall have but little of your company; therefore bring your wife home. My house shall be yours—there is room enough for all of us; and for your sake, puppy, I will try to like your—*wife*—*pshaw!*"

Walter smiled, and shook his uncle warmly by the hand: "And now, uncle, you will give me the happiness of introducing my beloved Emily to my more than father. You will go with me and see her, uncle!"

that each should do as he pleased, without question or remark.

Although professing great indifference, it was easy enough to see that Mr. Everleigh was more interested in Walter's movements than he would like to make known; and as the time approached when the "sacrifice of this fine, handsome young fellow to a woman" was to be completed, it seemed to be his chief desire and study to promote the future comfort and happiness of the young couple.

A suite of rooms were newly and handsomely furnished, and the bachelor even endured, uncomplainingly, the fitting and rustling up and down stairs of women's garments; the scrubbing-brushes, white-wash brushes, and window-brushes, wielded by several respected female friends of old Tunis, who by the way, chuckled greatly over this invasion of the bachelor's territories.

In looking over the morning papers, Mr. Everleigh one day noticed that a very fine collection of plants were to be disposed of by auction, in a certain part of the city; and thinking a choice little conservatory would be just the thing for Walters young bride, he jumped in an omnibus for the purpose of attending the sale.

When he first took his seat, there were several passengers. These, however, gradually alighted one by one, until eventually there remained but one person in the vehicle besides himself. This was a young man of dashing air, most fashionably attired, with hair enough on his face to have rendered the clippings quite an object of speculation to an upholsterer. For a short distance they rode on alone; and then the driver suddenly reining up his horses to the curb-stone, a young girl sprang lightly within, and took her seat in the farthest corner of the same side as the exquisite. She was evidently very young, and the slight glance obtained of her countenance, as she brushed past him, convinced Mr. Everleigh that she was also uncommonly beautiful. Yet this dangerous fact did not in the least disturb his bachelor staidness; and he would, probably, have left the omnibus without bestowing another thought upon her, had not her attention been suddenly drawn to the movements of the fashionable pop, who, changing his seat to the opposite side of the vehicle, seemed intent upon annoying the young girl with his bold rude glances. By degrees he had edged himself into the corner directly facing her, and in such close proximity, that the blushing girl could not raise her eyes without encountering his libertine gaze.

No sooner did Mr. Everleigh note the bearing of this polished blackguard towards the young, unprotected girl, than, with all that kindness which marked his character, he resolved he would not leave the omnibus without her; or, at any rate, that he would retain his place until the presence of other passengers should prove her safeguard from the fellow's boldness. He had previously told the driver where he wished to be set down and accordingly the stage drew up at the given place. He saw the exulting look of the young man, supposing himself about to be rid of his presence, and met at the same time the appalling look of a pair of soft blue eyes which the young girl bent upon him, as, half-rising, she seemed prepared to follow his movements.

"I shall ride further," said Mr. Everleigh to the conductor; "drive on, and I will tell you when to stop."

The exquisite muttered a curse, while as if divining the motives of Mr. Everleigh, the young girl bestowed such a sweet, grateful look upon him, as would have taken captive the heart of any but a voluntary bachelor.

The driver whipped his horses, and the conveyance rattled on furiously through the streets.

"Is this—street!" timidly asked the young girl of Mr. Everleigh.

His reply was cut short by her tormenter, with—"It is, beautiful creature! Allow me the happiness of assisting you to alight, and of seeing you safe home."

"Puppy!" exclaimed Mr. Everleigh, leaning over, and shaking his good-sized fist in the face of the officious scoundrel, "dare to rise from that seat, or intrude your insults further upon this young girl, and I'll pitch you under the horses' hoofs! Do you hear me!" and with another flourish, in the very teeth of the de-comfitted Lothario, he pulled the check-rein, and taking the hand of the trembling girl handed her safely out of the vehicle.

"Thank you, sir; thank you," said the young girl with a sweet smile. "This is my residence, sir; I will not trouble you further." Then, with another smile and bow, she tripped up the steps of a small two-story house, and rang the bell.

Our gallant bachelor waited, hat in hand, until he saw his fair charge safely within doors, and then intended to hail a returning omnibus; for his benevolence had led him a considerable distance from his original destination.

Now dear reader, do not think that Mr. Everleigh had put himself to all this trouble merely because the object of his kindness was young and pretty. He would have done the same for any unprotected female in like circumstances, no matter her age or condition, whether she wore a robe of velvet or the homely garb of a washerwoman.

Turning, therefore, as I have said, to pursue his original purpose, the boot of Mr. Everleigh suddenly came in contact with a delicate cambric handkerchief. Lifting it from the pavement, a small steel purse dropped from it, which he remembered to have seen in the hand of his fair charge; and immediately ascending the steps, in order to restore the prize to its rightful owner, he rang the bell.

While awaiting the answer to his summons he mechanically turned over the handkerchief. It was one of the finest linen cambric, apparently quite old, for it was much worn, and in several places bore the marks of skillful darning. It was certainly a pardonable curiosity in our bachelor to cast his eye upon the left hand corner of this delicate *mauchoir*. There was a name, although nearly effaced. Why mounts the blood so swiftly to his countenance! and why does an

(Concluded on fourth Page.)