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AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
**Jeffersonian Republican.**

From Gleason's Pictorial.  
**ROSE ADDISON;  
Or, The Mock Suitor.**  
BY MRS. E. C. LOVING.

Mr Frederick Grandison, on leaving college with high honors, took up his abode with his Uncle Philip, and for five years led the most quiet and studious life imaginable. Uncle Philip, who was a wealthy old bachelor, proposed making Frederick his heir—Relying on the bounty of his excellent relation, the young man neglected to make himself master of any profession—preferring to devote his time and talents to the gratification of his literary tastes, which induced him to explore the dusky realms of the classics, as well as the brighter regions of modern poetry and philosophy. Yet Frederick was not so much a book-worm, as to be altogether dead to the pleasures of society. As an ardent lover of beauty, he sought it, and admired it when found, whether in books, in nature, or in the human mind.

Frederick required that others should sympathize in the enthusiasm of his soul. This necessity it was, rather than his love of natural beauty, which first interested him in the character of little Rose Addison, the only child of a poor widow, who occupied, rent free, one of his uncle's cottages.

Rose, at that time, was only fourteen; simple in manners, pure minded as an infant, full of vitality; mirthful, sympathetic, a perfect charm of feminine beauty.

Frederick observed her scrupulous neatness; her cheerful morning songs, which soared to Heaven like the lark's, thrilled his soul; her taste in the cultivation of flowers delighted him; and surprising her one day, as she swept and laughed over the pages of a favorite poem of his own, he was drawn towards her irresistibly. Of course, her bewitching beauty had nothing to do with the interest with which he was inspired!

Rose's beautifully simple nature spread out before our hero, like a pure and spotless page, inviting his hand to write. Frederick saw his power. He trembled even whilst he rejected it. Well was it for Rose, that the handsome, engaging man whom she so much admired, had a soul of noblest aspirations, a heart of truest honor.

Frederick resolved to devote himself to the development of all that was pure and bright and good in her nature. He became too deeply engaged in his task to care for other society than hers. As her teacher, her guide, her friend, he obtained the most perfect influence over her; he moulded her character at his will; he saw her grow up a beautiful, noble-minded woman; of all his studies, it was in her that he took the most interest and delight. He selected her books; he taught her music, French and Italian; and more than all, he instructed her in the actualities and the highest duties of life.

Uncle Philip was by no means displeased to see his nephew thus engaged. He still looked upon Rose as a pretty "little girl," even when she had arrived at the maturity of eighteen. He thought it very kind in Frederick to lend her books, and be her teacher. Uncle Philip was a benevolent man himself and he was glad to see his nephew benevolent also.

But Uncle Philip had not the most distant suspicion that Frederick could design to make his protegee his wife. Even when the old gentleman was contemplating the array of female beauties and charms with which the village and vicinity abounded, and wondering within himself, who would make Frederick the best companion, poor Rose never once entered his calculations.

Now Uncle Philip was a man of strange notions; and as withal an old fellow, withal, as you may meet in a twelvemonth. Somehow he took it into his head that the noble old mansion of his fathers needed a star of female beauty, to make it the sunny abode of perfect happiness. The old bachelor should have felt this necessity forty years before!—He might have had a complete constellation of fair daughters around him, in his old age.

But Uncle Philip could look out for others much better than for himself. He was determined to do the "right thing" for Frederick. Accordingly, one fine morning, he said to his promising nephew:

"What a life this is, Fred!"

Fred was thinking about Rose.

"Peaceful, happy, dear uncle—  
"Peaceful! happy!" echoed Uncle Philip, making a very bad face. "I say, Fred look at me!"

"You are looking finely this morning, uncle. Your countenance is smooth and fresh as sixteen! I believe, uncle, 'it is your habitual good humor, and continual flow of benevolent feelings—"

"Bah! I say, look at me! Haven't you eyes?" demanded the old gentleman. Don't you see how withered I am before my time?"

"Withered, uncle?" repeated Frederick, surveying the old bachelor's goodly proportions, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "I'll wager you weigh more to-day than you ever did before in your life! Two hundred, if you way a pound."

"Blasted, boy, blasted! that's it! I am a miserable old fellow!"

"Miserable! you—"

"All the consequence, you see of living an old bachelor," said Uncle Philip, trying to look unusually grave. "You see how bitterly I am repenting, don't you? Of course you do; and I advise you to take warning from my wretched fate."

Frederick held his sides with laughter.— Uncle Philip scowled.

"It is no laughing matter, and I desire you will be serious," said the old bachelor. "Look you, boy, I have taken it into my head, to marry you off."

"Ho!"

"You needn't open your eyes so! It's time you bettered your condition—"

"Dear uncle," said Fred, "I do not know how I can. Living in the sunshine of your beauty, I am perfectly contented!"

"Are you! I am not though! Look you here—what comfort are you to me! What do I get for indulging you in laziness?"

Frederick winced; Uncle Philip had touched a tender point.

"You are no comfort to me at all! But I mean you shall be, if I keep you. You shall get married. You shall bring here a lady, young and handsome, that I can look at some times, to take the edge off my teeth, after enduring the sight of our cross housekeeper! We want some one to cheer this old house with the melody of a sweet, silvery voice—some one to make it light and bright with the radiance of her smiles—"

Frederick laughed again. He had never known his relative so eloquent and poetic before.

"Now what! growled the old bachelor.

"You—ha! ha! you are romantic, dear uncle!"

"Romantic! I don't know that I was ever so sensible in my life! I am in good earnest any how. I say you shall get married!"

Fred smiled; he thought of Rose. He gave his uncle his hand, with a just-as-lie-as-not sort of look, which changed, with remarkable suddenness, when the bachelor added:

"And I've picked you out a wife—"

"No!"

"Yes I have."

"Now, uncle, I think by good rights—"

"I ought to choose for you!" said Uncle Philip. You are no more for one woman than another. Then let my experience and taste dictate for you. You will admire my choice. In the first place I have looked for beauty. Of course you desire a wife to be beautiful!"

"Yes," faltered Frederick, "but—"

"And spirited?"

"Certainly, provided—"

"And intelligent?"

"Undoubtedly; yet—"

"And accomplished?"

"Of course; but sir—"

"And rich!"

"O, as to that," cried Frederick, whose mind was on Rose, "I think wealth of no consequence whatever."

"Then leave my house this instant!" exclaimed the bachelor. "If wealth is of no consequence to you, I will make somebody else my heir, who can appreciate benefits."

"But in a wife—" began Fred.

"Riches never come amiss. You must get a rich wife, if you can; if you cannot, that alters the case. Now I have picked out for you a lady who possesses all the excellent qualities I have named. Beautiful, spirited, intelligent, accomplished, rich—what more could you wish?"

"To love her at least—"

"If you cannot love Miss Pendleton, you are not capable of loving any fine woman!"

"Miss Pendleton!" echoed Frederick, aghast.

"She is the woman to make you a good wife!" pursued Uncle Philip, rubbing his hands. "Go and offer yourself to her as soon as you please. She will have you. Despatch!"

And the old gentleman turned on his heel, leaving Frederick overwhelmed with amazement and dismay. Frederick knew his uncle too well, to hope for an easy escape from the consequences of his decision.

"Marriage! Miss Pendleton!" he said to himself. Fearful to contemplate! no! no! I'll elope with Rose! That won't do though! Uncle would never forgive me. If I had

the least bit of property to call my own, it would be different; but to disobey the old gentleman in so outrageous a manner, would be to turn myself out of doors penniless—Miss Pendleton! ugh!"

Now the bride Mr. Grandison had chosen for his nephew, was actually a very beautiful and accomplished lady. Frederick ought to have been able to love her, no doubt; but he did not, he could not, he would not!—However, had not uncle Philip ordained that he should lay siege to her heart, and offer her his hand!

Frederick thought about it two days. Uncle Philip supposed he was waiting for a new suit from the tailor. Rose saw him plunged in trouble and was very unhappy. Fred had never concealed from her anything before. It was impossible for him now to keep her long in ignorance of the cause of his perplexity.

Two sleepless nights the young man passed, revolving in his mind what course to pursue to satisfy his uncle, without sacrificing his own feelings. The third night, the young man—who, as we shall see, had some knowledge of human nature—conceived a luminous idea. Long before morning, his plans were laid and he was sleeping soundly, dreaming of Rose.

On the following day, Frederick made an early visit to the cottage of the Widow Addison.

"My dear Rose," said he, "I am a going away; I shall not see you again—until to-morrow."

Rose looked sad; then she smiled.

"Ah, how you startled me!" she said. "It sounds solemn: 'I am going away; I shall not see you again'—but—until to-morrow!" makes another thing of it. You will tell where you are going, of course?"

"Would you believe it?" replied Frederick, "I am going to court Miss Laura Pendleton. You have heard of her! She comes to our church sometimes, and you may have seen her!"

Rose looked very seriously at Uncle Philip's nephew.

"What jest is this?" she asked smiling again.

"What jest! Do you think there is anything out of the way in my courting Miss Pendleton! I shall pay her my addresses, and offer her my hand. Ha! what is the matter with my Rose! Tears!"

"Oh," said she in a trembling voice, hiding her face, "you have been very kind—like a brother to me—and when you are married, I shall have—no teacher any longer!"

"Dear rose," said Frederick, in the tenderest tone, "is this all?"

No reply. Rose was a red Rose; her face was burning.

"Say you love me Rose; and that you would die of jealousy, if I should marry Miss Pendleton," exclaimed Frederick, passionately.

He pressed her hand. She withdrew it, and turned away to conceal her emotion.— Frederick's arm glided about her waist.

"Mr. Frederick," she said, bursting into tears; "I never thought you could trifle with anybody's feelings in this way!"

"Rose, dearest Rose!" said the young man, in the most tender and earnest manner, "forgive me. I had no intention to trifle with your feelings—for I love you! My whole heart is yours!"

The "shock of pleasure exquisite" this confession produced, brought another flood of tears to the bright blue eyes of Rose.

"Ah," said she, timidly, "what can I believe! You contradict yourself! If you love me, how can you contradict yourself to Miss Pendleton?"

"I love you to please myself," replied Frederick. "I offer myself to Miss Pendleton to please my uncle."

Rose shrank from him, with a reproachful look, and rejoined:

"I thought you were a man of principle and honor!"

"You misunderstand me, Rose. I shall offer myself to Miss Pendleton. I must obey my uncle."

Rose cast down her eyes sadly.

"But I swear never to marry unless—" Frederick invaded her lap, and made a conquest of her beautiful hand—this is the reward of my true love! You or nobody, Rose, shall be my wife!"

Rose raised her eyes hopefully.

"You speak in riddles," she murmured.

"To be plain, then, my uncle's will is a mountain of adamant. He ordains that I shall offer myself to Miss Pendleton. I shall obey him; she will refuse me. Then I am free, and by degrees I can bring him to think favorably of you."

Rose was very thoughtful. Frederick kissed her eyes.

"But if Miss Pendleton should not refuse you?" she said.

"Depend upon it, she will!"

"But—if you should forget that you were courting her in fun, and fall in love with her in earnest—"

"Ha! ha! jealous already, my Rose! But fear nothing. I have known you too long and too well; you are too much in my heart for me to forget you."

Then Frederick told Rose all about Miss Pendleton, to convince her how utterly impossible it was for him to fall in love with her; and then consoling and assuring his protegee, he bade her an affectionate adieu, and set out half an hour after to pay his first visit to Miss Laura Pendleton. Mr. Frederick did not for some reason make his appearance in as good style as he might have done, although he knew the fine lady his uncle had selected for his bride was the very pink of country aristocracy and fashion. Indeed, Frederick had said to his uncle's ostler:

"Harness me the black pony in the old chaise. Don't stop to curry him, for I am in a hurry. And mind you don't hint to the old gentleman that I have gone off in this style; and here is something for you to buy tobacco with."

I fancy that when Mr. Frederick arrived at Mr. Pendleton's elegant residence, he created a sensation. A curly black pony, that looked although he had never known the taste of curry-comb or card; an ancient harness, that showed the industry, economy and ingenuity of some queer old save-penny, and stood still in need of repair; a dilapidated chaise, which might have served any practising country; a hairless whip stock and knotted lines. Such was the establishment which moved slowly up the magnificent avenue, in full view from the drawing room windows of the Pendleton mansion!

Very slowly and awkwardly, Fred got out of the old chaise. You can imagine Miss Laura's dismay when her visitor was announced. In company with a couple of friends—a young gentleman and lady of fashion—she had been laughing at the ludicrousness of Frederick's "equipage," as she called it, as it moved up the avenue!

The young man entered the parlor with the most perfect nonchalance in the world; neglecting to remove his hat until he had saluted Miss Pendleton and her friends. Then he threw himself on an elegant sofa, in a rather careless manner, and declining to trouble any body with his hat, placed it on the floor. Without appearing to observe the confusion of Miss Pendleton, or the emotion of her friends, he then offered a few observations about the weather, and made a bugle of his nose, muffling its sonorous tones in the folds of a flaming red handkerchief, which he afterwards tossed into his hat.

Meanwhile the accomplished and aristocratic Miss Laura had enjoyed a survey of Mr. Frederick's style of dress. His coat was of fine material, and graceful cut; but it had evidently come in contact with the uncurried hide of the little black pony twice or thrice too often for its beauty. His waistcoat was of rich satin; but by some carelessness, the lowest or first button was mated with the second button-hole; thus producing a sad disarrangement in the tailor's design. The cleanliness of Frederick's linen indicated scrupulous care in his uncle's household; but one wing of the dicky drooped sadly, whilst the other side stood proudly erect, in all the majesty of starch. His cravat was awkwardly twisted into a bow-knot; and imagine, in addition to these beauties of costume, one extremity of a pair of very fine pantaloons lodged on the top of a 'lackluster' boot, and you may have some idea of Frederick's appearance.

Now our hero—thanks to Rose, his protegee—was little known in society; and enjoying the reputation of being a student and a man of talent, he could act with success the part he had undertaken, sooner than any other man. His carelessness of personal appearance was looked upon as the result of studious habits. Having foreseen this he had not been mistaken in judging that he would be treated with more deference than any mere clown. His uncle's wealth and influence might also have had some effect in causing Miss Laura to tolerate in him what she could not have endured from any other person. In perfect keeping with the character he had assumed was Fred's conversation. Instead of indulging in fashionable small talk, he discoursed learnedly on old books by obscure authors, whose names not one modern reader in a thousand ever heard! In short, he played the role of a slipshod philosopher to a degree of perfection which argued an imitative talent, and a knowledge of human nature no one suspected him of possessing.

Frederick dined with the Pendletons that day, and having inspired Miss Laura with an utter abhorrence of all studies, rode home in the evening, well satisfied with the sensation he had produced—as he candidly assured his uncle.

"Ah, Fred," exclaimed the delighted bachelor, "you are a boy after my own heart! Persevere—and we'll snap our fingers then at fortune!"

After four similar visits at Pendleton house, which occupied as many weeks—Frederick residing too far from his lady-love, to drive the little black pony to see oftener than once in seven days—he resolved, with the advice and consent of his uncle, to make her an offer of his hand.

"But I feel a kind of bashfulness in introducing the subject," said Frederick; "she is such a degraded lady! Suppose I should write her a letter? She knows I am a fellow more conversant with books than the graces of society; and she will appreciate my delicacy."

"I don't see anything out of the way in that," replied the old gentleman, who little suspected Fred's motives. "An offer is an offer, whether made on paper, or by word of mouth. Draw up the document, and let me see it."

Fred had three reasons for this step—First, although he had audacity enough to act his part thus far, he felt some diffidence about making a proposal where he was confident of being coolly rejected. In the next place, he thought it might be in keeping with the character he had assumed, to write Laura

on the subject. The main reason which induced him to take this step, however, was a desire to convince his uncle that he had made a formal and bona fide proposal for Miss Pendleton's hand, and to lay before him her positive evidence of his refusal.

Frederick accordingly produced an elaborate document, full of sound sense, nicely turned compliments, and a formal offer of his hand; which, although it contained scarcely *love* enough to meet the old gentleman's ideas of ardent courtship, obtained his general approbation.

This letter was sealed and despatched under Uncle Philip's immediate supervision; and on the very same day, there was received a reply. Frederick opened the letter in presence of his uncle.

"Lucky boy!" cried the latter, in high glee. "I am sure she will have you.—Read! read!"

"You are sure?" said Frederick, forcing a smile: "I have fears about it!"

I need not state what the fears were.—Notwithstanding all his precautions, Fred was a little anxious. What a predicament he would be in, should such a miracle occur, as his uncle confidently expected!

"Respected sir," began Fred.

"Rather cool, that," suggested his uncle.

"Cool, but polite," said Fred, who really appeared well pleased. "I do not dislike the expression. A woman should respect the man she intends to marry.—"Allow me to thank you for the high honor you have conferred upon me by the offer of your hand; and rest assured that, although I cannot accept it, I remain, with sentiments of esteem, your obliged and gratified friend—"

"I do not believe it!" interrupted Uncle Philip, snatching the letter. "She never would refuse—it is impossible—as good looking a fellow as you—"

He glanced his eye over the neatly written billet, and uttering a groan, dropped his hands in mute dismay.

"A previous attachment," sighed Fred.

"I declare, that *must* be it!" muttered the old gentleman. "Yes, you labored under a disadvantage, and I pity you."

Fred put his handkerchief to his eyes.

"But don't feel bad about it, my boy," said his uncle, consolingly. "Miss Pendleton is not the last woman. Don't think of her any more!"

Fred left the room. He hastened to Rose. To her great joy he related the success of his stratagem. Only one thing remained to make them happy.

But while Fred was waiting for a favorable opportunity to speak to his uncle about Rose, another storm was brewing for the discomfiture of his hopes. Determined to marry off his nephew, to make him happy, and himself comfortable, the old gentleman had the kindness to select for him another bride. Miss Paulina Clifton, a second cousin of our hero's who resided at a distance of some fifteen miles from him, and of whom he knew comparatively nothing.

Uncle Philip's will was absolute; there was no hope of safety in evading obedience; and accordingly Fred, somewhat encouraged by the success of his first stratagem, placed confidence in his ability to invent and prosecute a second; and having taken affectionate leave of disconsolate Rose, he set out on a visit to his distant relative.

As Mr. Grandison was careful to see that his excellent nephew was well provided and equipped for his journey, Frederick could not but choose to make his first appearance before Miss Pauline in a certain sort of style; besides, from what he could gather concerning the character of his cousin, he despaired being able to make successful use of the same stratagem which had already served him so well.

Frederick was well dressed, and he drove a handsome horse. He was two hours performing the journey. He arrived at his destination one fine afternoon and met with a hearty reception from his friends. Pauline, in particular, expressed great joy at seeing him, and shook his hand with almost masculine heartiness. For she was a "dashing woman"—Miss Pauline! None of your dainty belles, who never speak without simpering and mincing their words; but a frank, bold, merry-hearted girl, who cared not a straw for ceremony, and loved a harty laugh, and a gay horseback ride, better than anything.

She was a beauty, too, in her way; no black eyes brighter, no brow more noble, no form more stately than hers. Fred could not help admiring her, so full of vigor and the love of life. But she thought of Rose.

The Cliftons were rich; but there was a carelessness in their style of living, strongly in contrast with what Fred had witnessed at Pendleton House.

Our hero was vexing his brain to invent some means of bringing his second *suit* to the same successful issue as the first, when Pauline exclaimed:

"I am so glad you are come, cousin!—It has been so dull here lately, that I have almost died with *ennui*. Since Cousin Harry left, three weeks ago, I have suffered the very extremity of homesickness. Ah, you should know Harry!—He is the companion for a foxhunt, or a chase in the woods, or a race anywhere! He isn't afraid to ride over fences! He

mounted a Colt that had thrown every man before him—broken one shoulder and two arms—but the high-mettled chestnut couldn't play his tricks with Harry. An ape couldn't have stuck closer. Father made him a present of the colt, for taming him; and he deserved it; though I could have rode him as well as he did, if every-body had not opposed me."

"You!" exclaimed Fred.

"I? Why not? I delight in horses! don't you?"

In an instant Frederick's mind was made up for the part he was to act.

"I must say," he replied, shaking his head; "I am no jockey. I never mounted a horse that was not well broke. I—I think I'm a little afraid of horses!"

Pauline's face was all wonder.

"Well, if you are not just like the rest of them, except Harry. Afraid of horses! A person would not think so from your looks. Really, you are *not* sickly, timid, or effeminate. I know you are not; and you only require a taste of the pleasures of horsemanship, to become infatuated. He! ha! I'll teach you! Let me be your companion for a week, and you'll fall in love with horses!"

"With you, I rather think," said Fred, gallantly; "for positively, I have no equestrian tastes. I appreciate an easy chair and a pile of old books, with an addition in winter, of a comfortable fire and a cup of coffee. I appreciate these luxuries too well, to care for horses. By the way, speaking of books, have you a copy of Massinger? I was thinking of a passage in 'The Bondman,' as I was riding, to-day, and for my life, I could not remember the precise language of the poet."

"You may find such stuff in my father's library; I don't know," replied Pauline. "But do try to forget your books for a few days, cousin. Ah, you will! I am sure just the sighs of my *Myrrha* will inspire you with something of my tastes!"

Firm in this conviction, Pauline; at day-break, on the following morning, had her favorite steed prepared for use; and while the dew still sparkled on the grass, she was proudly mounted and riding gaily across the fields, regardless of fences, in order to put a proper degree of life into *Myrrha*, before displaying her beauties to Frederick. At last she dashed up to the door and called to her cousin, who, to her despair, she learned had not yet forsaken his couch!

Pauline took another turn, and once more came up to the house like a thunderbolt. Nobody could lie abed until that time of day, she thought; and being told that Frederick had not yet made his appearance, she wheeled *Myrrha*, with an exclamation of contempt and riding off again, did not return until the family was half through with breakfast.

"O," she said, sarcastically, addressing Frederick, "you have finally got up! But I am really provoked that you care more for breakfast than for *Myrrha*!—You would not get up to see her; and I was particular to train her, expressly to draw forth your admiration!"

"I have no doubt but I should have admired her," said Frederick over his coffee. "I like the name—*Myrrha*—it is classical. *Myrrha* was the daughter of a king of Cyprus, named Cynarus, and according to Ovid in the tenth book of the *Metamorphoses*—"

"I tell you, you must forget your dusty books!" interrupted Pauline. "I will give you no peace until you do. Are you prepared to enjoy yourself after breakfast? What shall we do? Harry's colt is in the stable, and you can ride him if you like."

Frederick shuddered.

"Dear me! I should not dare to mount any horse that was not perfectly gentle. If the colt has already broken two arms and a shoulder, I am afraid he would fall into the temptation of adding a grand climax to his former achievements, by breaking my neck! If you have no objections, I think I will look over your father's library; for he tells me he has got some books there that have not been opened for twenty years, to his knowledge; and I shall delight to sit down in an easy chair and explore those relics of antiquity!"

To be candid with the reader, I must confess that Frederick, notwithstanding his literary tastes would have keenly enjoyed riding the most spirited horse in Mr. Clifton's stable; he admired Pauline, sympathized with her in her invigorating pursuits; and nothing could have pleased him better than to give himself up wholly to her guidance. But he felt the necessity of playing the hypocrite; not that he loved Pauline less, but that he loved Rose more. Since he was to offer his hand to the former, he wished to run no risk of his being accepted.

Accordingly, during the week he passed with his relatives, he denied himself like a self-combusted martyr, and vexed Pauline almost to desperation.

Whenever she wished him to join in her exercises, she found him absorbed in some book which she seemed to prefer to both her and her darling *Myrrha*. He never made her a promise to accompany her, without stipulating the condition, that he should first be permitted to finish a chapter or a page in peace. In the