

ou a lialter to hang yourself with, than to

msent to such folly as you propose. But you

ever will see your mistake until it is too late:

there's no use wasting any more breath upon

ou; get married, then, in heaven's name!-

or fellow!"

was by no means of the genus morose and crabbed-attributes supposed to belong to the bachelor class of bipeds-but, on the contrary was of a cheerful, generous nature, rejoiding in the happiness and prespericy 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 acceptation 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, deer

ind amiable, girl has inspired ?? -ir; only about seventcen," replied Walter. Mr. Everleigh rose, and walked several With a vigorous poke between the bars of the grate, Mr. Everleigh now fixed his gaze

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

"Well, my dear uncle," replied Walter firmto fall in love with its arrant a piece of coquet ry and mischief as ever nature turned out.

esidence, sir; I will not trouble you further." cumstances. Which we consider this fact, we must of course agree, that it would not have hen, with another smile and bow, she triped up the steps of a small two-story house and rang the bell. been manly to have indulged in any other than Our gallant bachelor waited, hat in hand, the most kindly feelings toward one thus unfor antil he saw his fair charge safely within tunately situated. In short, when at length Mr. doors, and then intended to hail a returning Everleigh rose to depart, he carried the hand mnibus, for his benevolenco had led him a of the widow to his lips, promising he would considerable distance from his original desti- soon call upon her again.

"Thank you, thank you, my dear uncle !" It would be difficult to define the feelings of nation. cried Walter, his countenance expressing all our doughty bachelor, as he bent his steps . Now, dear reader, do not think that Mr. Everjoy he felt. omeward. Such was his abstraction, that speaking slowly, and as if half ashamed at hy because the object of his kindness was although late, he forgot to hail a return omulhe concession he was making in favor of a young and pretty. He would dene the same bus; ce forgot the business, upon which he woman, "I can't spare you altogether; the' for any unprotected female in like circumstan- hail'that morning left his dwelling; he forget ces, no matter her age or condition, whether all about poor Walter's young bride, although suppose, at the best I shall have but little she wore a robe of velvet or the homely garb he passed directly in front of the place where of your company; therefore bring your wife those same beautiful plants, whose possession of a washerwoman. home. My house shall be yours-there is he had so lately coveted for her sake, still Turning, therefore, as I have said, to purcom enough for all of us ; and for your sake, ombalmed the air with their fragrance; he sue his original purpose, the boot of Mr. Evuppy, I will try to like your-wife-pshaw!" forgot everything-even to cry, "Pshaw! erleigh suddenly came in contact with a deli-Walter smiled, and shook his unclo warmly silly boy!" as Walter exhibited a beautiful cate cambric handkerchief. Lifting it up from work-box, which he had just purchased for his v the hand: "And now, uncle, you will give the pavement, a small steel purse dropped from e the happiness of introducing my beloved betrothed. t, which he had remembered to have seen in mily to my more than Father. You will go Never had Walter known his unde so com the hand of his fair charge; and immediatewith me and see her, uncle?" "Eh ! what-I go to see her ? No, no, that ly ascending the steps, in order to restore the plaisant upon the theme of woman; and at length he ventured once more to request the prize to its rightful owner, he rang the bell. asking too much," replied Mr. Everleigh, presence of his uncle at the wedding. While awaiting the answer to his summons, I will do no such thing! I will neither go "Pooh, pooh ! nonsenso boy, nonsense !" e mechanically turned over the handkerchief. vas Mr. Everleigh's reply. " And yet if your o see her, nor will I go to your wedding; so It was one of the finest linen cambric, appalon't ask mo. I will-never-sanction-by-my fair one did but resemble the charming girl-I rently quite old, for it was much worn, and in presence, the sacrifice of a fine handsome saw this morning, then, indeed, I might perseveral places bore the marks of skilful darnoung fellow, like yourself, to a woman-not haps to see you put on the fetters of matrimoing. It was certainly a pardonable curiosity ! Draw as much money as you please-co ny, in our buchelor to cast his eye upon the lefe nd come as you please-get married when "Ah! who was this young lady, uncle?" hand corner of his delicate mouchoir. There ou please-and leave me to do as I please!" naked Walter was a name, although nearly effaced. Why Thus saying, Mr. Everleigh was about to "She was the daughthr of-pshaw-none nounts the blood so swiftly to his countenance? ave the room; already his hand was upon of your business. Don't be asking about oand why does an almost ghastly pallor as sudhe knob of the door, whon suddenly turning ther pretty girls. A pretty husband you'll lenly succeed? Why do his hands tremble, walked up to Walter, seized his hand, and make, to be sure !" said Mr. Everleigh. "Fill and his hands almost refuse to do their office ressing it forvently, cried, "God bless you. your glass, boy I here's to the health of my It is because, in those pale time worn characny dear Walter, and make you a happy man!" Emily!" ters, he traces the name of Myra Grey-of From this night there seemed to be a tacit The next evening saw Mr. Everleigh again Myra Groy, his false, perfidious "first love." nderstanding between uncle and nephew that Ah, the thoughts which swept through his in the little sitting room of Mrs. Nesmeth each should do as he pleased, without question brain, like a rapid rolling river! the years He found the widow alone. Emily having acor remark. that were revived in that one brief moment! companied a friend to the Art-Union Exhibi-Although professing great indifference, it tion. A more confidential and interesting tete-That name-kow came it there? To whom as easy enough to see that Mr. Everleigh a-tete now ensued, in the course of which Mrs. belonged the fatal handkerchief, which thus, vas more interested in Walter's movements Nesmeth informed him that her daughter was like Othello's had "magie in the web of it !" than he would like to make known; and, as on the eve of marriage with a fine young mer "Did you ring the bell, sir ?" 'asked the lithe time approached when the "sacrifice of tle servant maid, who had stood for some mochant, with whom she hoped Mr. Everleigh this fine, handsome young fellow to a woman ' monts holding open the door, yet, until sho would soon become acquainted. was to be completed, it seemed to be his chief spoke, wholly unnoticed by Mr. Everleigh in "She is very young, to be sure-scarcely esire and study to promote the future comfort eighteen," added Mrs. Nosmoth : " but it will the deep absorption of his feelings. and happiness of the young couple. Recovering himself by a violent effort, he be a great relief to know that, should any ac-'A suite of rooms were handsomly furnished cident hefall mc. I shall not leave my dear bade the girl ask her young mistress to come and the bachelor even endured, uncomplain to the door; and the next moment, from a child unprotected." ingly, the flitting and rustling up stairs and back room, with a light stop and a smile of lown stairs of women's garments; the scrub-This was a moving theme undoubtedly, and pleasure, the young lady came tripping through ing brushes, white-wash brushes, and winmperceptibly the conversation reverted back the hall. Mr. Everleigh bowed; he could not ow brushes, wielded by several respected feto olden times, and to the brief season of their trust himself to speak, and tendered the purse ales and old Tunis, who, by the way, chucklove and happiness. Past, injuries, or supd greatly over this invasion of the bachelor's and handkershief. posed injurics, were all explained, and the wrong made right;" all that had appeared "Oh! thank you, thank you !" she exclaim irritories. to the young loyer so heartless and inexcusable ed; "I had just missed them, and was fearful In looking over the morning papers, Mr. in Myra Grey, was made clear; how, I cannot Everloigh one day noticed that a very fine col- I had dropped them in the amnibus, and of say ; but as it was perfectly satisfactory to the ection of plants were to be disposed of by course had little expectation of seeing them person most interested, it is neeless for us to motion, in a certain part of the city; and again. Indeed I am very much obliged to trouble ourselves about it ... thinking a choice little conservatory would be you," she continued artlessly; "for I would It was indeed a lamentable fact, which struck just the thing for Walter's young bride, he not have lost the handkerchief for the world heavily upon the heart of Mr. Everleigh, that umped into the omnibus for the purpose of it is mamma's and one which she highly values through his own rashiness he had cheated him as the gift of a friend, since dead." ttonding the sale. colf out of a charming wife for a period, per-When he first took his seat, there were sev-Still Mr. Everleigh spoke not a word; an haps of twenty years. Just think of it! No the young girl, now for the first time noticing cal passengers. These. however. gradually lighted; one by one, until 'oventually' there his agitation and the pallor of his countenwonder he desired to repair the evil; and ance, said, "You are not well, sir; do walk herefore he once more offered his hand and mained but one person in the vehicle besides in, pray dol" And, hardly knowing what he timself. This was a young man of dashing ir, most fashionably attired, with hair enough licart to the acceptance of the widow. was doing. Mr. Everleigh followed her through At this critical and interesting moment they the hall and into a small parlor, where, at a a his face to have rendered the olippings were interrupted by the entrance of Emily little side-table, sat a lady engaged in writing. quite an object of speculation to an upholstorer. and her lover. She might have passed her fortleth year, but she was stil eminently handsome; and, as she "Why, what doos this mean, my dear Unor a short distance they role on alone; and olo?" exclaimed the surprised Walter. then the driver suddenly reiging up his horses rose to return the salute of the stranger, her "Your Uncle? Oh, Walter! is this gentleo the curbatone, a young girl aprang lightly form and bearing were alike graceful and digwithin, and took her sent in the farthest corn man that doar, kind uncle of whom you have nificd. so often spoken ?" said Emily. er of the stage, but on the same side as the "Mamma," exclaimed the young girl, "this "And is this the sweet girl that is to be xquisite. She was evidently very young, is the gentleman who was so kind to me in the your wife ?". asked Mr. Everleigh. "Then and the slight glance obtained of her counto-

Commissioner-the bill I hold in my hand for £1 198. 6d. Mr. Watt-Not that I know of ir. But I dare say I know 'what's what.'---[Laughter.] Commissioner-I perceive your name, sir, is Whych? Plaintiff, who was some-, what deaf-What, sir? Commissioner angrily-No, sir; I say Whych, sir. [Laughter.] laintiff If you'll he kind enough to hand me_ the paper, Pll tell you what. [Laughter.]-Mr. Watt-Fact is, somebody owes him money, and he doesn't know which. Plaintiff to de---fendant-I ack you, didn't I make you a new frock coat, Mr. Watt ? Defendant-Yes, but which ? I can't tell, among so many, at what ou are driving. [Laughter.] Commissioner -Will you attend to me, sir ? Defendant-What? [Laughter.] @mmissioner-No, sir, tot Watt. I mean Mr. Whych, or I shall disuiss the case immediately, I beg to be listened o either by the plaintiff or the defendant, whych? Mr. Whych-Sir, I'm not the defendant; I'm the plaintiff, and the defendant is Watt, Commissioner-Well, sir! what !---Roars of laughter, amid which the Commisioner grew exceedingly angry.] Now Mr. Whych and Mry Watt, you had better settle this case among yourselves. Call on the next case. Deaf Crier of the Court-What, sir ?---Commissioner-No sir; the next case. Crier. Which, sir? [Roars of Laughter.]

ing no expense too great for his education .---Young Lincoln graduated with honour from his College ; and Mr. Everleigh, averse to his studying a profession, had then admitted him as'n partner in the house of Everleigh & Co. "Woll, Walter," he would often say, "when

, we have made a little more money wo'll 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 !

unuered with a woman! fidently upon this latter point; for during all these conversations with his uncle. Walter had very pleasing visions of a pair of soft blue eves, which somehow or other, whenever this journey was spoken of, seemed to be fixed upon him with such a sweet, confiding look-nay, 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 unclo. 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 ten, 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 backgammon, or a game at all fours, with his neph-

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 Tows of ivory to great advantage. Sometimes he would break out with-" Ili-Massa Everleigh, take care-young Massa ho get chery ting !" or. " Golly, Massa Walter, you not got off dis time-hi-dere go de Jack!"

Sometimes Walter would venture to express his surprise, that one so fond of domestic life , us his ungle appeared to be, should have omittal that choisest blossi ig-a wife; but such a remark never fuiled to draw down, not offly a shower of invectives upon the sex, but also to put Mr. Everleigh into such an exceeding bad hainor, that Walter was always glad to withdraw from the scene. Fond of reading, the contro-table was always well supplied with"the new publications and files-of waity papers .----They also dipped a little into politics, always, however, esponsing different sides, for the sake of the argument. - Thus it will be seen; that for a season our two friends lived 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 family tele-a-teles, and, after allowing himself to be handsomely beaten by His

uncleat his favorite games, would plead some trifling errand or engagement to absent him-م المحافظ المح المحافظ

hen I do say that I love Miss host tenderly-that our faith stands plighted Sho-was a schoolmate and intimate friend of o one another, and that, please heaven, I shall your poor mother, Walter, and came home to pass the holidays at the Grange. This was narry her?"

pon the countenance of his nephew. "Well,

hy don't you speak, you young jackanapes ?'

"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 your-

self-that you mean to marry her."

"Please heaven, you shall marry her !" reour first moeting. She was then only fifteen peated Mr. Everleigh, in a tone of cutting conas gay and wild as a young deer, and the empt-" I say, please heaven, you shall do no most beautiful creature I had ever beheld-nay uch thing! A pretty fool you'd make of yourthat I ever yet saw. It was my fate to be self, ch ! What business had you to fall in spending the holidays at the Grunge also, and a ore, without my consent, I should like to know? most fortunate circumstance I felicitated myour faith stands plighted, does it? Oh. vou self that it was; but it proved otherwise, as uppy! Well, I'll find a way to unplight it, you will see. Those six happy weeks flew by hat's all ! Don't speak- go to bod, sir-go to as moments-the remembrance even now caus ed-married-w-h c-w!" Then seizing a lamp, es my blood to course more rapidly-and then he excited bachelor bounced out of the room. we parted, with mutual regret, and with mu-When he reached his chamber, Mr. Evernal wishes that we might soon meet again .eigh for some moments paced the floor with And I was such a ninny, Walter, as to think. apid strides, giving full vent to the passions and dream of nothing else but-but-ah! I which agitated him-now hestowing all sorts cannot speak her name, boy," snid Mr. Everof invective epithets upon his nephew, now up- leigh, his voice trembling with agitation. "No n the arts of woman-kind. At length. throwmatter; she was my star-my idol. All I did ng himself into the chair, he gradually sufall I hoped, was in reference to her, and I penered his anger to abate-his features relaxed ned more sonnets to her praise than would fill -a shade of melancholy stole over them, and a folio. At length we met again. She was finally burying his face in his hands, he reonce more at the Grange. My love became mained for a long time in deep, as it would apidolatry, Walter; nor had I any reason to com pear, painful thought. Then slowly rising, he plain of her-coldness. She read with me, sang prened a small escritoire which stood upon a to me, walked with me, and rode with me-in able, at the head of his bed, and drew forth deed, we were scarcely for a moment separathe miniature of a young girl, upon' which he ed. Thus encouraged I at length declared my pazed long and sorrowfully. A hot tear rol- passion, and she-false and perfidious as she ed down his cheek, and fell upon his hand .proved-she, Walter, fell on my bosom, and This aroused him, and, as if angry for allowwept her love !" Mr. Everleigh paused and ng himself to be thus overcome, be thrust the wrung the hand of Walter: "Boy, boy, may icture back into its case, turned the key of you never be descived as I have been! My he desk, and hurriedly brushing his hands happiness was "brief as woman's love;" A. cross his eyes, exclaimed, "Fool, fool, that I few weeks after our engagement witnessed am! Well, God grant that poor Walter may the arrival of a gay, dashing lieutenant-her ot be made the dupe I was!"

cousin, she said-and from that moment my Several days passed, and no further alluhappiness declined. Her attentions were no ion was made to the subject so near the longer given to me-her smiles were for anearts of both uncle and nephow. Walter, it other ; walking or riding, at home or abroad. s true, would gladly have introduced this the puppy nover left her side. If I remonnost interesting topic, and essayed at various strated, she laughed in my face, or turned animes to do so; but Mr. Everleigh perfectly grily away from me. He called her by the omprehending his object, and willing to punmost endearing names ; and one day-yes, boy, sh him. invariably walked off, leaving the one day I found her in his arms-her head over to his own not very pleasant reflections; resting dove-like upon his glittering epaulette or the thought of his uncle's displeasure, who and hor little soft hand clasped in his. I saw ad ever been to him as a father; oven the -yes. I who had never yet dared to press my ove of his charming Emily could not entirely. lips upon her snowy brow-I saw it and survived. I could have shot the follow dond up-

verhalance. Now, the truth must be owned, that Mr. on the spot; but, to save my soul from the sin vorleigh was quite as unhappy at this state of another's blood, there was providentially no f affairs as Walter : and when he noticed the weapon at hand. That evening I sought an onle cheek and sunken eye, betokening a sleep- interview with the false one. I accused her less night, and the dejected, almost penitcut of her perfidy, and bade her explain, if she air of his nephew, he could hold out no longcould, her conduct. This she positively reor. Pity took the place of resontinent, and, fused to do. Angry and bitter words ensued much to the astonishment of Walter, he was between us, until with consummate boldness the first to introduce the forbidden subject, and she bade ine mind my own concerns, and not expressed his readiness to hear what the "siltrouble myself any further about her movely boy," as he termed him, had to say for him- ments. I then asked hor if she loved young Marchmont. Never shall I forget the look she Thus encouraged, Walter opened his heart cast upon me. "Love him," she explained ; reely. -Mr. Evorleigh listening at first quietly "love him -yes, with my whole heart do I love

and Bilontly-then, as Walter proceeded, lie him." "It is enough." I answered ; and, alindually grew more readess-fidgeted upon though my brain was on fire, and overy yein is seat-kloked the fender-muttering, like swollen with joalous rage, I coldly bowed, and Iquire Burchell, " Fudgol" and "Pshawl" and turning on my heel, walked leisurely away, inally, in the midst of a most glowing descriphumming the air of a fashionable song. ion of his fair immorata, which. Walter was then mounted my horse, and rode over to the pouring forth, he hade the ardent young lover house of a relative, some eix or eight miles. old his tongue, and not be such a fool. distant, were I remained for near a week, rack-"But, uncle," persisted Walter, "Inm sure, ed, it seemed to me, by all the torments of the

if you once saw Emily, you would no longer lower regions. When Ircturned to the Grange WHO IS OLD ?

A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe, he will be doing something for himself, his neighbor, or for his posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life, Vashington was at work. So were Franklin, and Young, and Howard, and Newton. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die, because we are old. Who is old ? Not the man of energy; nor the day-laborer in science, art, or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the springs of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. Is he old ! should not be asked; but, is he active? can he breathe freely, and move with agility? There are scores of gray-headed men whom we should prefer, in any important enterprise, to those young gentlemen, who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turn pale at a lion in their path,-at a harsh word or frown.

MAJESTT OF THE LAW .- How imposing is the majesty of the law ! how calm her dignity; how vast her power; hew firm and tranquil is her reign! It is not by fleets and arms, by dovastation and wrong, opppression and blood, she mainfains her sway and executes her derees. Sustained by justice, reason, and the great interests of man, she but speaks, and is" beyed. Even those who do not approve, hestate not to support her; and the individual upon whom the judgment fulls, knows that ubmission is not only a duty that he must perorm, but that the scourity and enjoyment of all that is dear to him depends upon it.

CAN'T SHUCK CORN .- At the conclusion of the last concert of Jenny Lind in St. Louis, a worthy farmer of Jackson county, Missouri, thus expressed himself to an acquaintance : "Woll, she's an almighty soreamer, and a darned pretty gal at that. She's the very image of Sally Jones, Parson Jones' daughter, who is counted the best singer in all Jackson. But Sally can beat her shucking corn. I warant you. You never see Sally shuck?" "No, I never did." "Well, you ort'er."

The last mystery the revival of adead