

VOL. LX.

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1860.

FOR THE

"mouths but that he is a Penmeroy! who-But I do not believe ydu;" midded Guy, in a different tone, as he ran over in his mind the probabilities of her avowal, and could not re-member that Rupert and she, had been suffi-ciently intimate for love to have supervised ; or that they had may if have had come. "I It TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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m the Home Journal THE SONGS OF HOME. AS SUNG BY MADAME ANNA BISHOP. Wonds BY ORO. P. MORRIS-MUSIC BY J. G. MARDER.

Oh, sing once more those dear, familiar lays, Whose tuneful measure overy bosom thrills ! They take my heart back to the happy days When first I sing them on my native hills ! With the fresh foelings of the olden times, I hear them now upon a foreign sliore-The simple music and the artless rhymes!

Oh, sing those dear, familiar lays once more! Those cheerful lays of other days-

Oh, sing those cheerful lays once more i

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Oh, sing once more these joy-proveking strains, Which, half forgettan, in my memory dwell! They send the life-blood bounding through my veins, And circle round mo like an airy spil. Our native molecules a thrill impart More deep than notes the fraction'd warhlers pour! Four webs of song birth woren with the heart?— Then aing those dear familiar lays once more!

POMMEROY ABBEY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR TO ASHLEY."

CHAPTER II.

A lovely spring day. The hedges were olethed in their luxuriant green, the sky was darkly blue with an earnest of returning sum-mer, and the grass, growing long, was inter-mixed with cowslips and blue-bells, and the hinked with cowsnips and blue-beils, and the long, deep-pink flowers that the childene call cookoss. Alice Wylde sat on a low stile near her home, looking at the wild flowers, and thinking ponsively of the happy years of her childhood, when her greatest delight had been to go into the fields and gather such, delights in that never would return. t never would return.

that nover would return. She was deeply unhappy. Loving Rupert Pormercy with all the intensity of an impas-sioned and not well-disciplined heart, this absence from him had seemed like a separa-tion of years. About six weeks subsequent to Mr. Pommercy's death, Rupert left the ab-beguest death, Rupert left the ab-beguest death in the state of the section of the source of the section of the section

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ove for her was indeed as a volcano raging

within him; he could not give her up-far rather would he have given up life and all its benefits. His she should, she must be.

"Alice, your love is worse than wasted if it be given to Rupert Pommeroy." He had none to waste, or to give to you." Again the rich red flush of remembrance dyed her checks, and her lips were parted with the same sweet smile. Guy kept down

"I say Rupert Pommeroy had no love to give to you. He deceived you—he was only aquesing himself." "You shall not traduce him to me." she in-

terrupted, with spirit. "I will not listen to it. You know the motive which has obliged me to confide this to you —that you may fix. your hopes elsewhere. Keep my secret, duy, and be generous—I shall be your sister some-

"Walk with mo a little way, Alice," he suded, ior chained. And nicehanically she obey-ed, for his tone was importative. Guy offered, his arm, but she bowed a refusal. "You would take Rupert's," clafed he. "It is not the custom for, young ladies to do so. And I am quite alive to the exactions of clastom," she added, throwing back her head.

of chstom," sho added, throwing back her head.
"Custom!" retorted Gay, "t between two who are to form the closest tio on earth."
"Did you speak of yourself, or of Rupert?" she returned, in a spirit of diggrivation. And the lord of Pommeroy, after a look that must have betrayed the bitterness of his heart, walked by her side in silence.
They emerged from the fields; and a few steps along the road, towards the village, broughts them in front of Gaunt, the game-keeper's. The cottage appeared shut up_it-figuently was so, now Sybilla had left. Guy Pommeroy stopped, and hali his foreinger on Allice's arm, and caused her to turn towards it.
"You see that place, Allice?"
"Look at it, my dear. "Study it well."
"It is gaunt's cottage," she said, wondersingly. "Why am I to look at it?"
"It was well that you should see it. Because there was where Ruper's love was given."

bey. A very slouder provision indeed was bequeathed to him, only a few thousanids, but an appointment had long been promised him under government. Guy had gracionsly inti-mated that he was welcome to make the abbey his home until it was given, but Rupert plead ed business, and left. Guy suspected his mo-tives that he had some debts, and that at

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PAPER

ie asked it.

Pommeroy's wedding day. To BE CONTINUED.

CHRCLIE

Alice, her eyes strained on Joan with a wild oxpectancy that it was not pleasant to look upon. Joan Pommeroy bowed her head. "I bo-lieve it was. I ask, Alice, if you are ill?" "Oh, ho," she answered, with a harsh laugh, "I am very well." "Un, ho," she answered, with a harsh laugh, "I am very well." "I am very well." "I be judgment you hold against Rupert Pommeroy proceed upon atonce, and look him yn. Listen to no terms for a compromise, with this affair. Pomsenov, of Pomsneov Abber."

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Gaunt, 'to do good. 'I have seen plenty of women in a faint, and they feel nothing, un-less it is done hard.' 'I shall hurt her hand, with these rings on it.' 'Take them off, sir.' I twas not bad advice—she was wearing three or four, and the lord took them off, and dropped them into his waiscoat pocket. But the rubbing and the water did not re store her to consciousness. The 'reattrees

What dost say to that?' said, Mr. Poyser, throwing himself back and looking merrily at

But the rubbing and the water did not re store her to consciousness. The mattress was brought and she was borne to the abbey, and still she did not revive. The surgeon of the place entered it as they did, and he and Guy remained alone with her. She was placed upon a table and the gargeon bent over, touching her in various parts, touching her head and face, and bending down his ear to her mouth and heart. Lis wife 'Say!' answered Mrs. Poyser, with danger-ous fire kludling in her eye: , 'why I say as some folks' tongues 'are like the oloks as run on strikin', not to tell you'the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside.' And here we leave them, being fully satis-fied that Mrs. Poyser is, first best in the con-test, and that Bartle Massey has trespassed upon ticklish ground. Yours truly. REX.

'She is not dead, is she?' gasped Guy, striving to still his pulses to calmness while 'No, she is not dead,' was the reply. But I fear concussion of the brain.' And, throughout the whole of the evening and night, she never revived to conscious

ENGLISH ARISTOCRATIC LADIES. ENGLISH ARISTOCRATIC LADIES. The following extract from a recent letter of an English traveller, who has had the best opportunities of observation in the first circles of the United Slates, may surprise some of our idlofine ladies, if any such there be among our readers. It were well if a noble emulation could he resided empagication in the state in the state in the state of the ness. The doctor and attendants remained round her bed, and Guy paced the rooms of the abbey, one room after another, now steal-ing in to the chamber and gazing on her, and now departing on his restless walk again.

And that was the ending of the lord of It were well if a noble emulation could be excited among our women to imitate what is worthy of imitation in the privileged classes abroad. They would then flood their country... with light and happiness, instead of dégrad-ing it with poor copies from English and French novels, and reproducing from parcents of Paris society foreign idlesse and its concom-itanis-gessip, flirtation and extravagance. "I can assure you that, having lived all my life about in the different castles and manor-houses of Great Britain, and been acoustomed to the Industrious habits of Duchesses and Countessos, I was utterly netonishied at the idleness of, American fine ladies! No English woman of Fank (with the exception of a few Correspondence of the Herald LETTER FROM WASHINGTON. WASHINGTON, January 21, 1860. DEAU HERARD — The principal party of the senson, thus far, was given on Wednesday last, at Chavalier Hulsoman's, the Austrian Minister. The Chovalier is a bachelor of the old school, hale, hearty, active, and exceed-ingly foud of ladies' society.' This ball is a new feature in Washington circles, and ro-verses the usual method of turning night into day. The company assembled' at 3, and the greater part retired before 9 o'clock. The blinds were all closed, and the parlors bril-liantly illuminated. By five o'clock, it is esti-mated that five hundred persons were present, and such a jam has been exceeded here only WASHINGTON, January 21, 1860. woman of rank (with the exception of a few parvenus,) from the Queen downwards, would remain for one half hour unemployed, or sit in a rooking-chair, unless seriously ill. They almost all (with hardly an exception,) copy-the letters of business of their husbands, fa-thers, or brothers: binds were all closed, and the partor ball. We hands duck a jum has been exceeded here only by an inauguration and the Napier ball. We managed, after great excerted has of fashion-ably uncomfortable human beings. The dig-nitarise of the part in their amusements, and sympathize whats of the poor around them, and evan take part in their amusements, and sympathize what so it here are some discussed the billows; brave- men and fair women slowly moved around, howing and scraping, treading tion. We stood on one foot-then on the other-then on both, until the hungry mas swayed toward the suppor-room. After this was disagreeable-sitting was out of the quez-ring. About 8, the eiderly folks went home, and they young ones wound up the evening with the "Gorman." Every one void the party to be a magnificent affair, and all, of course, onjoyed themselves splendidly. Bahl this is happiness with a vengenineel. To be jammed into jelly for four hours, and get up with the "Gorman." Every one void the party to be a magnificent affair, and all, of yourse, onjoyed themselves splendidly. Bahl this is happiness with a vengenineel. To be jammed into jelly for four hours, and get up with the "Gorman." Every one void the party to be a magnificent affair, and all, of yourse (allow with an aching head and wearied body. I do not wouder that people sigh for a "lodge in some vast wilderness." One feature of this party deserves partion.

body. I do not wonder that people sigh for a "lodge in some vast wilderness." One feature of this party deserves particu-lar notice. The foreign ministers, attaches, and their secretaries and fellow-citizens turn-ed out en masse. French, Spinish, Dutch, and Danish minglod in one musical (1) con-glomeration. It is a passport to the ladies' hearts to be a foreigner. There must be an and then, as he wrote his own letters of busi-title to the addicately combed or these she conied tham, and they came down

How to Pop the Question.

FAMILY

112.

ed business, and icht. Guy suspected instatt stances imperatively compel it." tives : that he had some dobts, and that at stances imperatively compel it." present it was convenient his place of resi. Alice Wylde turned her wondering eyes

about not be so decidedly known.-Rupert's secret plea to Alice was, that unless he went to London to look after the promised appointment, it might never come, and in se-geret they took their leave. But that was last September; and now it was April, nearly May, and he had never come back again. There had been another desertion from Ab-There had been another desertion from Ab-tion a low, deep tone; "you has been obliged to leave it. She is with Ru-pert." Silence ensued. Guy glanced round. Al-

September; and now it was april, nearly may, and he had nover come block again. There had been another desertion from Ab-beyland, and the deserter was Sybilla Gaunt. She also did not come block; and she had been benets—do"listen, hadies fair !—were worn barge then. gone nearly as long as Rupert. It was known large then. that the gamekeeper received letters from her, and he seemed tolerably easy in mind; no one bills Gaunt was Rupert. Poimeroy," contin-

and he seemed tolerably easy in mind; no one darod to speak to him of his loss, for he could put down imperimence, whether from rich-or poor, with as high a hand as the old lord him-self had done in his haughtiest days. Captain Form what quarter, brought is upon her. He Pommeroy had come down at his failed a heariless man; and while he must have put down impersionence, " poor, with as high a hand as the old lard him-solf had done in his haughtiest days.' Captain Pommeroy had come down at his father's death, and had gone again when the funeral was over; and Leolin was abrond still. Miss Pommeroy lived at the abbey with Guy; and Pommeroy lived at the abbey with Guy; and Pommeroy lived at the abbey with Guy and have field. As a blast of lightning falls upon a tree, the low field

Pommeroy and death, and had gone again when was over; and Leolin was abrond still. Miss Pommeroy lived at the abbey with Guy; and Alice Wylde is sitting on the low field stile there, looking at the flowers with oyes that see them not. Alice wylde is sitting and leans against it, ing Sybilla Gaunt had been too popular a end. theme in the village to escape her knowledge; She steps on the stile and leans against it, ing Sybills Gaunt had been too popular a for she hears footsteps approaching; and, theme in the village to escape her knowledge; though the hedge hides the intruder, she knows them to be the lord of Pommeroy's. "Good morning, Alice." They came to the fields and Guy held the

acws them to be the ford of i obtained. They came to the fields and Guy new the "Good morning," she returned, proparing o move away. wher:

her; "I cannot go on like this; I cannot be shunned forever, as you are shunning me. If white with agony, and her steps tottered. "Is it true ?" she gasped. "It is true as that you and I are here, liv-

Blumnod forever, as you are summing me. if is it true ?" sue gasped. I come up with you out of doors, you walk away; if I call at the While House, you will not remain in the room. I have been there now, talking to your mother, and she, and I, say that matters should be brought to an is-

tone. "So you have said: and so I have asked pert standing just behind the corner of the

"So you have shat: and so I have naked you, as I ask you now, why ?!" "It is not a thing that can be called up at will; or bought and sold, as you would barter a jewel." "Sufficient of, it will come at will, if there

will; or bought and sold, as you would barter a jewel." "Sufficient of it will come at will, if there be no bar. I am'ready to take you, and chance it. Je there a bar?" he continued, in a mean-ing tone. "Alice Wylde hesitated. The persecution---for so she looked upon it--of Guy Pommeroy had become intolerable to her; when she wokd in the morning, the consciousness that she should meet him in the day; and possibly be forced to listen to 'his love-making, would in wo again the thought, what if she told him there was a bar? it might put an oud to his hopes and his tormentings. So she spoke out; but, in the confusion and doubt of her is hopes and his tormentings. So she spoke in the confusion and doubt of her his hopes and his tormentings. So she spoke in the confusion and doubt of her his hopes and his tormentings. Ho she spoke in the confusion and doubt of her his hopes and his tormentings. Ho she spoke in the confusion and doubt of her is done and her words: at the thought of how he must have laughed her tore seemed to be throw head to be throw has a laughed the thought of how he must have laughed

and not confusion and doubt of her isdas, she did not weigh her words:
"If I were to impart to you that there is a bar, would it convince you that your wish is bar, would it convince you that your wish is uscless?"
"A bar?" he ejaculated. "Not that of love of for another?. Alice, do not say it?"
"I must say it, if I am to speak the truth," she whispered. "I do love another."
"Rupert."
A minute elapsed before he took in the sones of the words. And then he spassion broke forth.

oko forth: "Rupert | the ill-dóing spoudthrift ! Ru-

lage." And, in good truth, the village would proof uperti the disgrace to the name of Pommeroyl bably have said as Guy did, for their suspi-who is now hiding himself, leet his reckless dobts should be visited upon him—whose mis-conduct, here would be a by word in men's he not a Pommeroyl and amongst the simple

POMMEROY, OF POMMEROY ABBEY." This was the signature of the lords of Pom-meroy. And just two days after that was penned, was Mr Ruport Pommeroy inside he walls of a debtoris prison, and likely to

emain there. TCIFAPTER III. Gayly went on the proparations for the f welding, for Alice Wylde had at length con-tented to be Guy Pommeroy's wife. The vil-

CIFAPTER III. Gayly went on the proparations for the sentel to be Guy Pommeroy's wife. The viri-lagers said how happy she would be with the lord; the gentry how lacky she was to have obtained him, a prize for which (though no-body would acknowledge it) many had striverd, and the reader, who is in the secred, will say what misery she was carving out for herself. Misery indeed: but to be revenged on Ruport Abbeyland that dared hint at ill luck for a. "And f turned the storen. It's come, and there, "And uown ne sat again, Abbeyland that dared hint at ill luck for a. "There's noboly here but ourselves," ro-turned the girl, in a subdued tone. "And f on the no harm in saying that it is." "The same thing have been in my mind all what misery she was carving out for herself. Misery indeed: but to be revenged a far less desirable position than that of rushing in hot haste to be somebody's wife—at least, it ap-perred the only one likely to tell upon that The day previous to the nuptinla arrived, and Albe sat in her room, her heart braving out its anguish. Her maid was kneeling be

also Ruport. The day previous to the nuptials arrived, and Alice sat in her room, her heart braving but its anguish. Her maid was knoeling be ore a half packed trunk. "And, 1 just ask ye," rourned the given "did yo eyer see such lightning, or hear such thunder? Aurik knows it, though she snubs me Hark to that peal !" "fi's strange the lord didn't have his broth-it's strange the lord didn't have his broth-

"Are these flowers to go in, Miss ?" "Flowers," was the abstracted answer-what flowers.?"

"These, miss, that were betweed the paper in the little drawer. Here's a rose, and a-what is it? -- a white geranium I think, miss,

don't care for the feating that is to come but they are dried up beyond knowing." Alice turned her head to see the flowers-she had overlooked them in casting away the rest-and the tide of memory came rushing over her. They were the last he had ever given her, and too well she remembered how-they were given : bis wordth and his looker. to come, and the lord and the lady are to top

be feasting tables. 'I wish Mr. Rupert had been the heir,' exhey were given ; his words and his looks of love. She buried her face in her hands, and gave vent to a groan of pain, not to be supchaimed the girl, enthusiastically; he's a rare brave man to speak to, with a merry cyc; but the lord's as cold as a stone.

pressed. pressed. The maid heard footsteps outside, and then, stretched up her head. "Here's the lord of "ommeroy." Alice knew she must go to him.' And why

Alice knew she must go to him.' And why should she not.--was he not to be her husband ere many hours had passed? But the current of her thoughts had been turned to the events which she had latterly striven to bury, and an impulse arose-long afterwards she used to wonder why it should have arisen-- to speak of them to Guy. She went down to him--she stopped his words of greeting, and put away his hand.--

She went down to lim-she stopped his words of greeting, and put away his hand.-'fGuy, did you deceive me when you told me that-that of Rupert?" The lord of Pommeroy turned his eyes up on her. "Why do you ask that now?" "Wore I to find, later, that you had deceiv-ed me, it would be had for us both; for your and for me." she dreamily asid.

and for me, 'I she dreamily said. "The lords of Pommeroy disdain deceit," was the reply. "The fact of Rupert's remain-ing away so long might convince you that he is with her, without any other proof." "True, true," she murmured, "forgive me, Guy,"

Guy," Guy, and towards her, and Guy, "Pommeroy bent towards her, and would have scaled his forgiveness, but was met by a gesture of aversion. "Don't, please," she fuintly said, as she drew away. A nasty secowl contracted Guy's face. When these would, have sented his torgiveness, our way. met by a gesture of aversion. "Don't, please," she faintly said, as she draw away. for a make her home where she likes. little episodes peeped out, showing how uttorly she disilked him, he fett at war with her, with Rupert, with the world, and with Heaven. But the morrow came, like other days come, in their turn, and the long train of bridal guests sympt into the chapel, the bride the lowing and faithful wife. CH on his interact, but than he, lay sense-lists. "She has fainted from terror,' said the low." Holy Virgin I did you see that flash?" "Here's something else to sde,' cried the man, putting his head, round the door post again ; 'they be coming at last." In spite of the wind and pelting, rain, in guests sympt into the chapel, the bride the he resconding flunnder, out pressed the wo-a lowing and faithful wife. But not in their bridal the world, for the world in they had seen hundred of times before. But not in they were now. It had not been put off. The month by the calcuder was June; look-ing at the weather, it might have been pro-ing at the weather

ing it pass, also ran, many of them; Jeffs "Aunt," screamed out a girl of nineteen. had lost all command, and the horses were "I wouldn't be married on such a day as this, as furies. if I had to stay single all'my life. It bodes The lord of Pommercy put his head out

at the front window, and called aloud : 'Jeffs take care-tighten the left rein, or they'll ill luck " "Hush-sh-sh!" came the prolonged caution from several lips. It was a bold tongue in pass the turning.' And down he sat again, Abbeyland, that dared hint at ill luck for a

shadowed this day for the barrier of the girl, "And, I just ask yo," roturned the girl, "did yo ever see such lightning, or hear such thunder? Auft knows it, though she snubs chips; if Jeffs can keep them on the read, ed tips; if Jeffs can keep them on the road, and tips; the will stop at the hill. Don't

we are safe, they will stop at the hill. Don't secram so Alice, it may increase their terror.' Her voice died away, and she remained 'quict as a lamb, hiding her face in his breast id clasping him with a tight nervous clasp in that strong form, although she did not love it, there seemed to be protection; but shook so that she caused him to shake. traying how expressive was her alarm. The storm raged in its fury, and the horses raged in theirs; now kicking, now forming, now bolt upright. Jeffs was flung from the box, and the next moment, horses, carriage, and inmates had rolled down the precipice on to An unlucky remark-The girl got nearly

buffeted. The gay Rupert was not held in the favor that the lord was, for his faults the grass. The fall had not been great, not more than twelve or fifteen feet; had the horses gone were certainly not those of being cold or sto-ny; and so the village had found; and though it did not praise him, it would not blaire. twelve of fitteen feet; had the norses gone further, it would have been much greater, for the hill gradually ascended to a height, where it overlooked the sea. The shouting runners their shouts died away into horror stricken Harsh tongues were let loose upon the girl. Thee'd better not get within ken o' Mr. Rupert's merry eye, I can tell thee that, girl, or may be thee dst find thy own the sadder for it. silence, came up; they passed the dead body of Jeffs—dead it looked—and gazed over the side. Carriage and horses lay in a heap for it.' 'The girl looked as though she would like to rebel. 'I don't care,' criëd she, 'you are all, ready to lie down and let the lord step an appalling mass, the latter, plunging, and one shricking. Did you ever hear the shrick of a wounded and frightened horse, reader? It is not pleasant to listen to. Down jumped the men by the steps a few

over you as he walks, but he's not half the pleasant lord that his father was, not that Mr. Rupert would have made; I said no more than that, and where's the ill of it? yards further on. Gaunt, the gamekeeper, had now joined them, and he took out his more than that, and where's the ill of it r had now joint the traces. Two of the horses Tother day he was riding out of the bean-field, none of the grooms after him, and I would never rise again; the other two dash-pulled the gate back for him and held it wide, ed away in their freedom; and then the spec-He rode through, as stiff as a log of wood, takes climbed up and looked in at the car-He roae through, as still as a log of wood, never saying so much as thank you/or turn-ing his eye to see who was holding it? 'He is the lord of Pommeroy, and we are his vassals,' cried the sunt. 'They say Miss Pommeroy leaves the abbey when the nine riage window, the carriage lying on its side. 'Get me out,' said the lord of Pommeroy. He was not dead, at any rate-he was bruised and shaken, and there was an bgly cut on his forehead; but his poor young bride, apparently less hurt than he, lay sense-less. 'She has fainted from ferror,' said the

hearts to be a foreigner. There must be an and then, as he wrote his own letters of busi-irresistible charm in the delicately combed or ness, she copied them, and they came down twisted moustacher; and who, but a foreigner, oan give just the right finish to this all-impor-tant auxiliary! They excel, for they give their whole mind to it. And then, too, the volumes of flattery glide so smoothy off their voluble tongues! How easily the heads of our giddy, silly, weak-minded girls are turn-ed! Poor creatures, they are subjects for sympathy.

cd! Poor creatures, they are subjects for sympathy. Many of the foreign representatives are high-minded, noble men; some are otherwise. It is unfortunate that our ladies do not care to make a proper distinction. Is he a for-eigner? decides the question of propriety in making an acquaintance. The subject of the foreign and the subject of the

eigner's decides the question of propriety in making an acquaintance. By way of pastime, we read "Adam Bede." and found it really *novel* and interesting. We annex an extract which deserves to be heral-'Gracious l' says I, 'I'm twenty one past, and its time to look arter Nance. ded in the newspapers. Mrs. Poyser is a sharp, talkative woman, Next day down I went. Nancy was alone, and I axed her if the 'Squire was in. She (what woman isn't talkative 1) and as full of quaint similes as Dow, Jr. Bartle Massey is a genuine, crabbed, and unyielding old bach-olor. The diamond cut-diamond conversation said he wasn't. Cause,' said I, making believe I wanted

Cause,' said I, making believe I wanted to see him, 'our colt has sprained his foot, and I cause to see 'if the 'Squire wouldn't comment: 'Come, now,' said Mr. Poyser, 'you canna draw back; you said once as women wouldna ha' been a bad invention if they'd all been 'I meant her voice, man-I meant her voice, that was all,' said Bartlo. 'I can bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool hear her speak without wanting to put wool

"I mean her voice, man-I meant her voice, 'I meant her voice, man-I meant her voice, that was all,' said Bartlo. 'I can bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in my cars. As for other things, I dare say she's like the rest o' the women-thinks two and two'll come to make five, if she lives and bothers couch shout i.' Sez I, 'I mought, and then again I moughtand two it come to make nyo, it such types and bothers enough about it.' .'Ay, ay,' said Mrs. Poyser, 'one 'id think an hear some folks talk, as the men war cute enough to count the corns in a bag of wheat euí't.' married. Sez I, 'I wouldn't wonder a bit.' I looked at her and seed the tears com-

maid

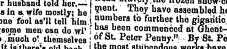
onough to count the corns in a bag of wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn door, they can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little o' this side on't.' Martin Poysor shook with delighted laugh-ter, and winked at Adam, as much as to say the schoolmaster was in for it now. 'Ah l' said Bartle, sneeringly, 'the women are quick enough—they're, quick enough.— They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself.' 'Like enough,' said Mrs. Poyser: 'for the

'Like enough,' said Mrs. Poyser; 'for the meh are möstly so slow, their thoughts over-run them, and they only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking top while a man's get-ting his tongue ready; and when ha outs wi' his speech at last; there's little broth to be made ou't. It's your dead chicks takes the longest hatchin'. However, I'm not denying the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'an to match the men.' 'Like enough,' said Mrs. Poyser ; ' for the

matches one's toeth. If a man says a word, his wife'll match it with a contradiction; if he's a mind for hot meat, his wife'll match it ber of barefooted Monks and Friars who

he's a mind for hot meat, his wife'll match it with whimpering. She's such a match as the horse-fly is to the horse; 's he's got the right venom to sting him with—the right venom to sting him with. Yes,' said Mrs. Poyser, 'I know what the mon like—a poor soft, as 'td simper at 'em like the picture of the sun, whether they did right or wrong, and say thank you for a klok, and pretend she didna' know which end she stood uppermost, till her hueband told her,— That's what a man wants in a wife mostly; he wants to make sure o' one fool as'll tell him he's wise. Bût there's some men can do wit' out that—they think so much o' themselves a'roady; and that's how it is there's old bach-elors.

elors. 'taken and completed, and the "work" of to-'come, Graig,' said Mr. Poyser, jocosely, 'you mun get married pratty quick, else you'll est down for an old bachelor; and you see what the women'll think of you.' 'Well,' said Mr. Graig, willing to conciliato Wrs. Power, and satting a bightering a bightering the index and Eriars' of the two great beg-ing orders, the Franciscans and Capitching. 'Well,' said mr. Graig, willing to conciliato



Sez she, ' I heard you was a going to get

ng. Sez I, 'may be she'll ax you to be brides- .

She riz up, she did, her face as red as a

thing more, she was so full. Wouldn't you be bridesmuid, Nance ?' sez

'Yes,' sez she. 'That's the sort,' sez I, and give her a kiss

and a hug. We soon hitched traces to trot in double harness for life, and I never had

'Yes or no,' sez I, right off.'

in double harness for life, a ' Match !' said Bartle ; 'aye, as vinegar cause to repent my bargain.

1. 'No,' sez she, and bust right out. 'Well, then, sez I, 'if you won't be the bridesmaid, will you be the bride?' She looked up to me. I swan to man I never saw anything so awful puty. I took right hold of her hand. 'You no 'sec I winth of'

ad brought water and aprintize it over ner ace, another had taken off her gloves. Guy ook the left one in his. 'You don't rub hard enough, sir,' said '-a.woman o'sperret-a managing woman.' sist in this mighty work.-London Star.