

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

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I. THE STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers), payable half-yearly in advance, or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched
From various gardens culled with care."

FOR THE STAR AND REPUBLICAN BANNER.

TO FAME.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Oh, Fame! how cold thy laurels lie
On woman's faded care-worn brow;
How pale thy garlands to the eye
That sorrow's waters overflow!

Oh! Fame, how joyless is thy tone
To woman's warm and thrilling heart,
Whom weary, desolate, and lone,
It writhes with many a cruel smart.

Oh! Fame, how empty is thy cup
To woman's spirit strong and high,
When on the weary wings of hope
The heavy chains of penury lie!

Oh, Fame! how vain thy record seems
To woman's pure and shrinking soul;
While malice throws her lurid gleam
And breathes her milder o'er the scroll!

Oh! Fame, to woman's trembling breast
The friendly tone, the loving eye,
The clasping hand, are things more blest
Than all thy gorgeous blazonry.

The soul of woman yearns for peace,
Affection is its sweetest food,
And calm domestic happiness,
Its highest gem, its dearest good.

What boots for woman's foot to stand
Upon the rugged hill of Fame?
What boots for woman's nervous hand
To carve in adamant her name?

Oh! more congenial far to her
A bow in some low happy spot,
Where all the dewy atmosphere
Is breathing of "Forget me not."

Where calm content's pure waters flow
And the soft ring-dove builds her nest;
And flow'rs of pure affection blow
And shed their incense o'er her breast.

Oh! why should woman seek to wear
A crown that robs the soul of rest?
Religion's halo meek and clear,
Heaven's own free gift, becomes her best.
LIBERTY, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Lady's Book for December.]

RARE AND FASHION:

OR, THE COUNTERS IN SPIKE OF HENSHEI.

BY MRS. E. C. ENBURY.

"So Mary, you have really given up all intentions of going to Mrs. Malleron's party to-night," said Julia Mordaunt to her sister.

"I never thought of going, Julia."

"It will be a splendid affair."

"I don't doubt it."

"The newly arrived Count Handsforth will be there."

"I dare say he will; Mrs. Malleron likes to form collections of wild animals."

"Mary for shame! your sarcastic temper will be the ruin of you."

"Nay, sister, you misunderstand me, I do not mean to be ill-natured, but I will not go to the party in question, because I most heartily despise the mistress of the feast."

"Why so invertebrate in your dislike of poor Mrs. Malleron, Mary! She has very elegant manners, is highly accomplished, and gives splendid entertainments."

"You well know my objections to her, Julia: after jilting the lover of her youth, she married a decrepit old man, solely for his wealth, and now, leaving her suffering husband to the mercy of hirelings, she is dissipating with a free hand the price at which she sold herself, while she is exposing herself to the world's laugh by her indiscriminate acquiescence. She may be a woman of elegant accomplishments, but I know, and so do you, Julia, that she renders herself contemptible by her pride of purse, dangerous by her love of scandal,

and something more than indiscreet by her desire for notoriety."

"Quite a cabinet picture, Mary, upon my word; I did not think you were so skilful in making sketches, but you must excuse me, sir, if I tell you that such pictures lack the variety of character, which covers many defects, and brings out many beauties."

"It may be so, Julia, but if I were disposed to carry out your figure, I should say that the most hideous portrait that ever was drawn by malice, or colored by slander, would be allowed a place in the saloon of fashion, if it were only decked with a gilded frame. However, there is no use of discussing the subject; I will never visit one whose character I despise, so that question is settled; and now let me help you dress for this splendid party, since papa will soon be waiting for his game of chess."

"You are a strange girl, Mary; I begin to think you are only fit to be the wife of a country parson. To think of your giving up such a party to stay at home and play chess! But perhaps you expect visitors!" and Julia looked archly in her sister's placid face as she spoke.

"I deserve no credit for staying home with papa to-night, for I dare say, if I anticipated as much pleasure as you do, I should be selfish enough to leave him alone again, as I have often done on other occasions."

Julia was silent, for she was busily employed in the arrangement of a stray ringlet, and the engrossing duties of the toilet, put a stop to all conversation save that which related to the important business then in progress.

"There now, you look beautiful, Julia," said Mary, as she kissed her sister's cheek, "pray do not waste your smiles upon any terror-faced count to-night."

"How you do hate foreigners, Mary!"

"You are again mistaken, Julia! I have no such narrow-minded prejudices as would induce me to condemn men because they were born in another country, but I do most heartily detest the affectations and pretence of those who come here with no other gift than impudence and whiskers, to speculate upon the gullibility of us Yankees. I will venture to wager my new bonnet, that Count Handsforth is a tall, staved-looking individual, imprisoned in a tight frock coat, plentifully be-branded and be-frogged—with a face covered with yellow hair, through which peep two little grey eyes—a face, in short, something like that of our old dog Ponto, only without his honest expression."

"Fie, fie, Mary!"

"Well, let me have a more accurate description when you return," said Mary laughing, as she tied on her sister's cloak.

"Pray, Mary, where did you ever see Count Handsforth?" said Julia, as she took her seat at the breakfast table the next morning.

"I have never seen him," replied Mary, with a look of surprise.

"You described him so exactly," said Julia, "that I really thought you must have met with him. I wish you had been with me last night, for you would have found excellent food for your wit among the circle which the title of the illustrious stranger drew around him. Seated on a divan in the centre of one of the rooms, directly under the blaze of an immense chandelier, sat a little shrivelled-up man, such as you described, but with this difference, that if he resembled Ponto, it must have been when the poor dog was very sleepy, for a more stupid, heavy-looking individual, I never beheld. A crowd of ladies were around him, Mrs. Malleron having been careful to take every body up to him as they entered the room, as if he had been a sovereign prince receiving homage, until at last the creature deliberately rose from the midst of them, snatched carelessly round the room, and spying a convenient corner, settled his head against the wall, and actually went to sleep! It required all Mrs. Malleron's tact to cover such a flagrant breach of good manners; but he was a nobleman of sixteen quarters, and so was excused."

"I suppose his armorial bearings lacked supporters, and he was therefore overcome by their weight," said Mary laughing.

"He was overcome with something, but whether it was hereditary honours, Rhenish wine, or native stupidity, I could not discover." Mrs. Malleron tried to make him show off to advantage, but he required as much goading as the poor old lion in the menagerie, and when stirred up, contented himself like the wearied beast, with stretching out his talons and showing his teeth."

"Then you did not dance with him," said Mary.

"Why yes, I could not resist the temptation of being envied by all the belles in the room. He declared he should only waltz once, just to give us an idea of aristocratic dancing I suppose, and he selected me as his partner; but like most other honours, it cost me some pains, as he tripped without mercy upon my poor feet."

"Well, Julia, it may be an honor to have one's toes trodden on by a count, but I assure you I do not envy you the distinction."

"Now tell me, how did you pass the evening?" asked Julia, "I don't believe you were without company."

"No," said Mary with a slight blush, "Frank Merviale came in, and took my place at the chess board, much to papa's satisfaction, as he plays a far better game than I do."

"I marvel at the encouragement you give that young man, Mary; he is good enough in his place, but really it is hardly

consistent with your stratelaced notions of propriety to admit him on such a familiar footing," said Julia.

"Pray, what is your objection to him, my daughter?" said Mr. Mordaunt, speaking now for the first time.

"Oh, I have several, but I should think Mary's prejudice against foreigners would operate unfavorably with respect to the gentleman in question."

"Frank Merviale is an American citizen, Julia," said her father, "although his grandfather and father were born in France; while the virtues which are hereditary in his family, would ennoble any name. I have more than once told you that what you call our prejudice against foreigners, extends only to a certain class—a species distinguished by whiskers, mustachios and pretensions, who with sordid titles, often as empty as their pockets, obtain admission into our best society, and become the special pets of fashionable women."

"Really, papa, for my own part, I should be as much disposed to favor a foreign nobleman as you seem to be to encourage a poor watchmaker's son; I prefer to be a little farther removed from the working classes."

"Let me tell you a story before you go farther, Julia," said Mr. Mordaunt, as he finished his cup of coffee. "There was once a poor little boy, who having lost both his parents by an epidemic fever, was about to be transferred to the city alms-house, when an amiable tailor in the neighborhood, compassionating his forlorn condition, took him into his family. Here he was treated like a son, being fed and clothed and sent to school, just as were the other children. As soon as he was of sufficient age, he learned the trade of his benefactor, and unwilling to remain a burden upon him, set off to seek his fortune. Taking his bundle of cloths on his arm, and throwing over his shoulder the bag containing the implements of his trade, he wandered about the country, going from house to house, making and mending the homely garments of the farmers, and receiving in return, food, lodging, and a pittance of money. Industrious, honest, and economical, always meet with a reward sooner or later, and the poor tailor, who never neglected an opportunity of acquiring knowledge, or of improving his condition, is now a wealthy merchant, living among the treasures of a well filled library, and striving to repair the defects of early education by the researches of his old age."

"I don't doubt there are many such instances, papa," said Julia, a little impatiently, but what are they to us? mamma used to tell us when we were little children, that there were few older families in England than the Mordaunts."

"That may be, my dear; as I know nothing about it, will not dispute the fact, but had I been brought up in the poor house, I doubt whether I should have been allowed any claims to ancient descent."

"You! what do you mean, papa?" asked Julia in a tone of surprise.

"Why I mean that I have been telling my own story, Miss Julia Mordaunt," said the old gentleman, laughing heartily, "and however aristocratic may be your feelings, they cannot be hereditary, since you are in fact, the daughter of a tailor."

Julia bit her lip; "You only say these things to tease me, papa."

"No, my daughter, you have often heard me speak of my early poverty, and though I spared my pride a knowledge of the details, yet when I find you so ready to despise others, I think it proper you should learn to know yourself."

"Well, if it is so," said Julia, "there is the greater reason for our making high alliances; I never see Frank Merviale without thinking of our old clock, with its Ethiop face and rolling eyes, which his grandfather made."

"For shame, Julia!" exclaimed her father; "but since you did not like my plebeian story, let me tell you an aristocratic one. When the insurrection of the negroes in St. Domingo rendered that island a scene of carnage and destruction, many of the whites were, as you well know, glad to escape with their lives, even though obliged to leave behind them all their possessions. Among these was a middle-aged nobleman, who with his wife and infant son, were secreted in an American ship, and arrived in New York in a state almost of destitution, a few jewels being all they were able to save from the wreck of a large estate. But, though educated amid the appliances of wealth, the nobleman possessed an active and enterprising spirit which would not suffer him to sit down in idle lamentation. Turning his jewels into money, so that they might have immediate means of subsistence, he bound himself apprentice to a watch maker; a trade for which his mechanical genius, and scientific acquirements, rendered him peculiarly well fitted. His efforts were rewarded with success, and his business became so flourishing, that he brought up his son to the same employment. The old man lived to see a moderate fortune acquired by himself, and a still more competent one by his son; while his grandson, after receiving the best education that our country affords, has inherited the estate along with the virtues of both. I need scarcely add, that I have been telling the story of the parents of Frank Merviale."

"I did not know he came of such high descent," said Julia, pettishly, "but be that as it may (though I am a little disposed to be as incredulous on that subject as you often are on similar ones,) it should be very

sorry to receive Frank Merviale on any other terms than that of a pleasant acquaintance."

"Then you must make up your mind to be excessively grieved, my dear Julia, for it was only last night that I gave my unqualified consent to his becoming one of our family."

"Well, I suppose I must make the best of it," said Julia, as the blushing Mary hastily left the room, "he is handsome, amiable, clever, and all that, but I think Mary's pretty face might have won a higher prize in the lottery of life."

If Julia was displeased at Mary's humble marriage, as she considered it, she was still more dissatisfied with their moderate ideas of housekeeping. Well knowing that a wife cannot too soon assume the duties of a station, which is never filled well unless its tasks are closely and industriously studied, Mary, soon after her marriage, made preparations for removing to her own home. But Julia found continued cause of complaint against her plebeian sister.

"I don't know how to understand you, Mary," said she, one day, "papa would give you a handsome house, and the richest furniture, yet you prefer only a two story house, and such furniture as would suit a mechanic's wife."

"I will tell you my reasons, sister; if I were to choose a stately house, and fill it with all the costly toys which fashion now requires, I should wish my whole establishment to be in keeping with such display. I should need double the number of servants, and would be expected to entertain a great deal of company. Papa's fortune can supply me with the necessary outfit for such a style of housekeeping, but Frank's means are not adequate to the support of such extravagance. His fortune, though not very small, is all embarked in commerce, and of course is liable to the vicissitudes of mercantile life, therefore, it would be folly for us to venture upon expenses which we might afterwards regret. I am too proud to risk such mortification as has befallen some of our acquaintances; I will not plant myself on the top of the hill only to be afterwards rolled into the mire at the bottom."

With such ideas, Mary could not but find contentment, and while the friends of her girlhood were striving to form ambitious marriages, heedless of the character of those to whom they united them, she was enjoying domestic happiness in her own quiet way. In vain Julia declared she was burying herself alive;—Mary could not be persuaded that her books and her music, together with the performance of all her pleasant duties as a wife, a daughter, and a friend, afforded less gratification than the heartless intercourse of the gay world. Some pitted, many wondered at, and a few approved of Mary's plan of life; but the votaries of fashion were fast losing sight of her, and would soon have forgotten her very existence, when a circumstance occurred, which, while it excited the envy of her contemporaries, made her once more an object of especial interest to the lovers of wealth and rank.

Somewhat more than a year after his marriage, Frank Merviale received letters from France, stating that, during several years, search had been making for the near heir to the estates and title of the ancient house of Merviale; and furthermore informing him that undoubted proof had been received of the fact, that a branch of the family had been living in St. Domingo, from whence they had emigrated to America, where they had borne the name of Merviale. The writer therefore requested the eldest survivor of the family would send certain documentary evidence respecting his descent, and hold himself prepared, in case the testimony should prove satisfactory, to repair to France without delay.

The proofs of lineal descent were easily procured, for Frank's grandfather, amid all the vicissitudes of his fortunes, had preserved the old genealogical parchments, together with a seal bearing the arms of the family; and those Frank sent, as directed, but with little disposition to follow them in to France, unless some more certain benefit could accrue than he at first anticipated. The occurrence was a subject of mirth to his light-hearted wife, and Julia quizzed her unmercifully, telling her that she was renowned upon her, for all her slanders against foreign noblemen, since in spite of herself, she was now only a French countess; while Mary retaliated by reminding her sister of her repugnance to the plebeian alliance with a watchmaker's son.

The affair proved, however, to be more serious than had been expected. In the course of a few months, Frank received a letter from the Count de Merviale, assuring him that he was the undoubted heir, and that a grant had been obtained by which all vexatious law questions were set aside, and permission given to consider him the next in succession, provided he should arrive in France previous to the death of the present possessor. The Count urged the necessity of an immediate visit to France, declaring himself weighed down to the brink of the grave by age and infirmities. Whether there was a little hereditary aristocracy still lurking in the veins of the watchmaker's son, I cannot say, but certain it is, that Frank Merviale showed every disposition to accept the old Count's invitation. That Mary felt indifferent about the matter, is scarcely to be expected; but instead of the station which Julia would have felt in similar circumstances, she was sadly pained and disappointed. She had looked forward to a life of quiet

happiness, and she could not bear the thought of quitting her native land for an empty title and fortune in a distant country. But she knew her first duty was cheerful submission to her husband's will, and she made every arrangement for their departure without a murmur of discontent.

"Tell me honestly, Mary," said Julia, "are you not, in spite of your prejudices, both proud and happy at this change in your fortunes?"

"Honestly, sister, I am neither one nor the other. We have already a fortune sufficient to all our wants, and as we are far too strongly wedded to American habits to find the same degree of enjoyment in a permanent residence in a foreign land, of what use to us is an empty title, which I should certainly be ashamed to bear in this country, even were it possible to retain it here."

"I only wish I were placed in similar circumstances, Mary; indeed I have almost decided to accept the hand of the handsome Baron Wallenstein, my new admirer, as soon as he shall offer it, in order that I may meet you in Paris, and figure as my lady Baroness beside my Countess sister."

"Do not just about so serious a matter, Julia, it would break papa's heart if you were to marry one of those strange gentry whom he so detests. He is unhappy enough at parting from me, though I assure him I shall soon return."

"But you surely will not."

"I have a presentiment that I shall; however, time will show whether my forebodings are true, so I will not dwell on them now; only let me beg you not to entertain the proposals of any one in the hope of meeting me in Paris."

Two years after the occurrences above related, a cheerful family circle were assembled in Mr. Mordaunt's drawing room. Frank Merviale and his pretty wife sat on either side of the happy father, while Julia, with cheerful countenance and simple garb, was busied in fondling a lovely little babe who nestled in her arms. The Merviales had arrived only that very afternoon and of course all was joy and excitement.

"Now tell me the whole story of your inheritance, and why you came back so much sooner than we had hoped," said the old gentleman.

Frank smiled. "I leave Mary to relate the affair," said he, "you know her skill in sketching."

"I shall make a few rough strokes," said Mary. "To begin, then; we found the old Count de Merviale, Frank's great grand uncle, (is not that the relationship?) living in an old chateau some sixty leagues distant from Paris; as you have never seen any thing like an old chateau, I despair of giving you an idea of the utter desolation of the place. Imagine immense apartments hung with moth-eaten tapestry and frightful portraits, uncarpeted, and destitute of fireplaces, casements only half glazed, and flapping on their rusty hinges—bed-rooms furnished with velvet curtains and coverlets of tarnished embroidery, but without a single comfort so commonly found in our neatly appointed chambers—terraces overgrown with weeds, and having their stone steps broken and decayed;—such is a faint outline of the house; as to the grounds, they occupied a space of twenty acres, and produced a luxuriant crop of cabbages and onions!—Don't laugh, Frank; you know it is true; the land was farmed out to save the expense of a gardener. The old count, proud, petulant, and devoted to snuff and cards, was anything but an agreeable host; and, upon the whole, Frank soon made up his mind that *'Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle'*, in other words, that neither title nor estate was worth coming after."

"Nay, Mary, you are a little too severe," said Frank; "the truth was, that the age and embarrassments of the old count had allowed his property to fall into a state of dilapidation, which, with plenty of money, might have been repaired. But I felt no disposition to spend my American dollars upon a tumble-down French castle, and when the count died—I might almost say, went out like a candle, for he seemed to have withered up till there was nothing left of him but snuff—I sold the chateau, and relinquished the title to a forty-fifth cousin of the family, who had made money enough by trade to be willing to purchase a countship at a price far beyond its value."

"Then you came back no richer than you went," said Julia, laughing.

"Oh, you are mistaken, lady fair, I brought back some thousands of francs, and that sturdy boy who clings to his aunt Julia, as if she were not a new acquaintance."

"By the way, Julia," said Mary, "what has become of your elegant lover, Baron Wallenstein? When last you wrote about him, I concluded the whole affair was settled, and almost expected to be obliged to greet you as *'my Lady'*."

Julia's face crimsoned, and she began kissing the baby with such violence, that she set him bawling most lustily. Of course no questions could be answered, until little master was soothed into silence, and before that could be effected, Julia had quitted the room.

"Do not speak to Julia on that subject," said Mr. Mordaunt, smiling, "it is a most delicate matter, I assure you. In spite of all my remonstrances she would, I fear, have married him, had he made definite proposals; but before he could do so, the question was decided by others. Julia was one day walking with him in Broadway, when she noticed a man of rather suspicious appearance dogging their heels, and presuming that it might be some

pickpocket, allured by the Baron's rich display of jewelry, she was several times on the point of warning the noble gentleman to be upon his guard. However, dreading some unpleasant disturbance in the street, she contented herself with watching the man, until she reached home, when she intended to invite the Baron to enter, and there inform him of his danger. But she was saved the trouble, for she was just ascending the hall steps when the individual in question, hastening forward, seized the Baron by the collar, and with the help of an assistant constable, dragged him to jail on a charge of stealing the splendid Spanish cloak in which he was then exhibiting his elegant person. The fact was proved against him, he was discovered to be a miserable adventurer, and his highness is now most honorably accommodated in Sing-Sing prison. Julia was, of course, excessively mortified, and even now, does not like to hear any allusion to the gentleman; but I believe it has cured her of her love for titles, and I should not be surprised if she should be content now to bestow her hand on your old playfellow, Charles Barford, even though she knows his father was in early days only a carpenter. Am I not a most unfortunate father? Surely the curse of plebeianism must cling very closely around me, since, with a countship in possession, and a baronetcy in expectation, my daughters are, after all, destined to be the wives of plain American citizens!"

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"Now tell me the whole story of your inheritance, and why you came back so much sooner than we had hoped," said the old gentleman.

Frank smiled. "I leave Mary to relate the affair," said he, "you know her skill in sketching."

"I shall make a few rough strokes," said Mary. "To begin, then; we found the old Count de Merviale, Frank's great grand uncle, (is not that the relationship?) living in an old chateau some sixty leagues distant from Paris; as you have never seen any thing like an old chateau, I despair of giving you an idea of the utter desolation of the place. Imagine immense apartments hung with moth-eaten tapestry and frightful portraits, uncarpeted, and destitute of fireplaces, casements only half glazed, and flapping on their rusty hinges—bed-rooms furnished with velvet curtains and coverlets of tarnished embroidery, but without a single comfort so commonly found in our neatly appointed chambers—terraces overgrown with weeds, and having their stone steps broken and decayed;—such is a faint outline of the house; as to the grounds, they occupied a space of twenty acres, and produced a luxuriant crop of cabbages and onions!—Don't laugh, Frank; you know it is true; the land was farmed out to save the expense of a gardener. The old count, proud, petulant, and devoted to snuff and cards, was anything but an agreeable host; and, upon the whole, Frank soon made up his mind that *'Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle'*, in other words, that neither title nor estate was worth coming after."

"Nay, Mary, you are a little too severe," said Frank; "the truth was, that the age and embarrassments of the old count had allowed his property to fall into a state of dilapidation, which, with plenty of money, might have been repaired. But I felt no disposition to spend my American dollars upon a tumble-down French castle, and when the count died—I might almost say, went out like a candle, for he seemed to have withered up till there was nothing left of him but snuff—I sold the chateau, and relinquished the title to a forty-fifth cousin of the family, who had made money enough by trade to be willing to purchase a countship at a price far beyond its value."

"Then you came back no richer than you went," said Julia, laughing.

"Oh, you are mistaken, lady fair, I brought back some thousands of francs, and that sturdy boy who clings to his aunt Julia, as if she were not a new acquaintance."

"By the way, Julia," said Mary, "what has become of your elegant lover, Baron Wallenstein? When last you wrote about him, I concluded the whole affair was settled, and almost expected to be obliged to greet you as *'my Lady'*."

Julia's face crimsoned, and she began kissing the baby with such violence, that she set him bawling most lustily. Of course no questions could be answered, until little master was soothed into silence, and before that could be effected, Julia had quitted the room.

"Do not speak to Julia on that subject," said Mr. Mordaunt, smiling, "it is a most delicate matter, I assure you. In spite of all my remonstrances she would, I fear, have married him, had he made definite proposals; but before he could do so, the question was decided by others. Julia was one day walking with him in Broadway, when she noticed a man of rather suspicious appearance dogging their heels, and presuming that it might be some

pickpocket, allured by the Baron's rich display of jewelry, she was several times on the point of warning the noble gentleman to be upon his guard. However, dreading some unpleasant disturbance in the street, she contented herself with watching the man, until she reached home, when she intended to invite the Baron to enter, and there inform him of his danger. But she was saved the trouble, for she was just ascending the hall steps when the individual in question, hastening forward, seized the Baron by the collar, and with the help of an assistant constable, dragged him to jail on a charge of stealing the splendid Spanish cloak in which he was then exhibiting his elegant person. The fact was proved against him, he was discovered to be a miserable adventurer, and his highness is now most honorably accommodated in Sing-Sing prison. Julia was, of course, excessively mortified, and even now, does not like to hear any allusion to the gentleman; but I believe it has cured her of her love for titles, and I should not be surprised if she should be content now to bestow her hand on your old playfellow, Charles Barford, even though she knows his father was in early days only a carpenter. Am I not a most unfortunate father? Surely the curse of plebeianism must cling very closely around me, since, with a countship in possession, and a baronetcy in expectation, my daughters are, after all, destined to be the wives of plain American citizens!"

"I have a presentiment that I shall; however, time will show whether my forebodings are true, so I will not dwell on them now; only let me beg you not to entertain the proposals of any one in the hope of meeting me in Paris."

Two years after the occurrences above related, a cheerful family circle were assembled in Mr. Mordaunt's drawing room. Frank Merviale and his pretty wife sat on either side of the happy father, while Julia, with cheerful countenance and simple garb, was busied in fondling a lovely little babe who nestled in her arms. The Merviales had arrived only that very afternoon and of course all was joy and excitement.