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ALLEN, GILES & BLAIN,

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The Shoulder to the Wheel.

The shoulder to the wheel,
Fellow mortal, faint and low!
Children may set down and weep,
But man must up and do.
In thy mind are idly lying
Powers that all thy foes outnumber;
For a purpose never dying,
Thou canst rouse them from their slumber,
Rouse thee, then, begin to-day—
Man who rules, or man who delves,
Upward look, but ever say,
God helps those who help themselves.

Then, thy shoulder to the wheel.
For there's work enough to do,
For thy country, for thyself,
For the child that loveth you.
Nought the drooping heart obtaineth;
All the active spirit gaineth:
In his trial strength he heapeth,
Runs the race another creepeth.
Rouse thee, then, begin to-day,
Man who rules, or man who delves,
Upward look, and ever say,
God helps those who help themselves.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

THE POOR COUSIN.

BY WM. CARPENTER.

CHAPTER I.

'I have good news for you, girls!' said Mrs. Montell, a portly, matronly lady, as she entered the breakfast room one fine summer morning, with an opened letter in her hand.

There were three young ladies in the room, two of whom were daughters of Mrs. Montell; and to these she addressed herself.—Of these we shall speak more particularly presently.

First of all, let us introduce the Misses Montell to the reader.

Agathe, the eldest, was a tall, thin, spinster-like young lady, with a sharp, oval, and rather pretty face; very flaxen hair, and very light blue eyes. As she had read in books that a pensive, and languishing air, was exceedingly becoming to a certain style of beauty, she had adapted it as peculiar to her own; and as she had likewise heard that it was very feminine, and very fashionable, to appear nervous on every occasion of the slightest noise; and as it afforded also frequent opportunities of starting suddenly, with a pretty timidity, and of throwing herself into a variety of exqusitely studied, and amazingly graceful attitudes, she became feminine, and fashionable, and nervous accordingly.

Emeline Montell was the very reverse of her sister both in appearance and manners. She was short, plump and indolent; loved her ease above all things, and cared nothing for either airs or graces. The dress of Agathe was always in the beighth of fashion, with every fold in its exact place. Emeline contented herself with huddling on her clothes carelessly, and to the great horror of her sister, was continually mixing up the antiquated and the new, with the most provoking good nature and stupidity.

Ease was what Emeline loved; and to do nothing her supreme delight; and so she passed her time, either lounging listlessly about the house, lolling sleepily in a rocking chair, or yawning over a book upon the sofa.

The third young lady, whom we must now introduce, was as different from her two companions, in features as in fortune. In years, they were all three pretty nearly equal, as neither of them had seen twenty summers; but in positive beauty, Hester Russell was far superior to either. She was lovely both in mind and person, and as modest and retiring as she was beautiful and accomplished. Her form was perfect, and her face classic in its outline, and full of expression; her eyes were of a dark rich hazel, and her hair of a glossy brown, was parted simply in natural waves over a fair white forehead, whose fine proportions harmonized well with the womanly, yet intellectual character of her face.

Her dress was plain; much plainer than the Misses Montell; but it was neatly made, and fitted her figure admirably. She wore no ornament of any kind; indeed, Mrs. Montell would have thought the simplest jewel improper for a young girl in her circumstances, and perhaps the world would have said Mrs. Montell was right; for alas! Hester Russell was only—a poor cousin!

Let us now return to Mrs. Montell.

'I have good news for you, girls!' said she, 'Mr. Wentworth will be here in the course of the day.'

'Mr. Wentworth!' replied Agathe, starting very prettily, and putting on an expression of timid alarm. 'Oh, Mamma! oh dear, how my poor heart beats. Why did you not break the news more cautiously, you know how nervous I am. Cousin Hester, I wish you would reach me the sal volatile, do, there's dear.'

With a faint smile, Hester arose and obeyed the request, and then returned quietly to her seat.

'Now he is coming,' drawled Emeline, sleepily, 'I suppose there will be nothing but dressing and visiting, and these things put one to so much trouble.'

'Why Emeline!' said her mother, with a reproving frown, 'I am astonished at you! Recollect, Mr. Wentwort is young and handsome, and unmarried, and very wealthy. Who knows but—' she glanced from one to the other of her daughters, and giving each a significant look, added, 'well, well, we shall see! Agathe, remember I shall expect you to make yourself as agreeable as possible.'

'I am sure,' said Agathe, turning to survey her thin face in the mirror, 'I am sure Mr. Wentworth will have no fault to find with me on that score, provided he is not too boisterous. My poor nerves are so easily discomposed, that a quiet, gentle manner is positively necessary to my comfort. I was ill for a week, you know, after Sarah let the China vase fall; the horrid crash rings in my ears yet.'

'Did you say, mamma, that he was handsome?' enquired Emeline, rousing herself to exhibit some show of interest.

'Handsome! a perfect model of a man. But that is nothing; it is his great wealth, my dears, that makes him so desirable for a son-in-law. Besides, have I not frequently told you that a wealthy gentleman may be considered handsome?'

Cousin Hester again smiled faintly in her far-off corner, and while she plied her needle busily, she wondered to herself how it was that her aunt always considered wealth, and personal beauty as synonymous terms. Poor, simple Hester, she knew but very little of the world!

Mrs. Montell continued. 'As Agathe is the eldest, you will, of course, Emeline, allow her more particularly, to receive the attentions of Mr. Wentworth; and though I do not wish you to be instructive, yet if you can advance your sister's interests, by any delicate and well-timed allusion to her affectionate disposition, and her proficiency in all lady-like accomplishments, it will be your duty to do so.' Mrs. Montell here paused for a moment, as if to give weight and impression to her instructions; and then, as another important thought struck her, she added gravely:

'You need not say anything about her nervousness; gentlemen are rather shy of such maladies. Agathe, my dear, you had better ride out this morning and order a couple of new dresses for the occasion, and be sure you select such colors as are most becoming to the complexion.'

'Thank you, mamma, but the carriage jolts so, over the rough stones, that one is discomposed afterwards the whole day. As the weather is fine, I think I would prefer walking, if Hester will accompany me.'

'Certainly, with pleasure,' replied Hester, rising immediately, and carefully putting her needlework away.

'There! there!' cried Agathe, attitudingly, 'pray, don't speak so quick, cousin Hester; you cannot tell how it jars my whole frame. I declare! I am trembling like a leaf.'

'You are too rough, child,' said Mrs. Montell to Hester in a tone of grave reproof. 'Emeline, perhaps you had better accompany your sister?'

'Me!' mamma. Did you say me?' exclaimed Emeline, opening her eyes wide. 'Pray, let Hester go; it is so much trouble.'

'Well, settle it as you please, but get ready as soon as you can Agathe, my dear, you need not stir; Hester will bring your bonnet and shawl.'

CHAPTER II.

On the evening of the same day Mr. Henry Wentworth arrived. After changing his traveling apparel, he was ushered, with no little parade of ceremony, into the drawing room, where Mrs. Montell received him graciously, and her two daughters, forgetting for a time both nervousness and indolence, assisted each other in paying him the utmost attention.

The first appearance of their guest interested them. He was manly looking and intellectual; and they seemed to understand, intuitively, that the affectations in which they usually indulged, would find no favor in his sight.

Hester was also in the room when Wentworth made his appearance. She bowed, and blushed slightly, on being introduced, and then leaving the field to her cousin, she retired to her usual quiet corner.

After some preliminary conversation had set all parties at their ease, Mr. Wentworth ventured to take up a portfolio that lay on the centre-table, and its contents surprised and delighted him.

'These sketches,' said he, turning round to Agathe, and pointing with his hand to some exquisite water color drawings, 'are very beautiful, some of yours, I presume, Miss Agathe.'

Agathe colored, and then said coldly, that she believed they were her cousin Hester's.

'Indeed!' said he, with an animated glance towards Hester, to whom he said—'You must permit me, Miss Russell, to compliment you on your skill. I have rarely seen the pencil of an amateur produce bolder and more spirited effects.'

Hester was about to murmur, that she feared the merits of her sketches were over estimated, when Emeline interrupted her.

'Oh, sister Agathe draws too, sometimes; only—' Only it is so much trouble she was going to say, but her mother anticipated her.

'Only she has been so engaged of late, that she has lost that facility with her pencil which constant practice alone can give.'

Gentle reader, Agathe did oriental tinting.

'It is a delightful art,' said Mr. Wentworth, bowing first to Agathe, and then looking with considerable interest at Hester.

'It is indeed,' said Mrs. Montell. 'Hester, my dear,' she added blandly, 'will you oblige me by enquiring whether Mr. Montell left word at what time he would return.'

'A poor orphan niece of mine, Mr. Wentworth,' the matron continued, when Hester left the room; 'an amiable girl, sir, in some things, but—' Hester here entered with the tidings that Mr. Montell would return in an hour.

'Thank you, my dear, you are very kind,' said Mrs. Montell, smiling graciously; while Wentworth, glancing more curiously at the fair young girl, was so struck with her beauty, and modest sweetness of her deportment, that he would have given worlds if Mrs. Montell had finished her ambiguous sentence.

'What did she mean,' thought he, 'by an amiable girl, *but?*'

Gentle reader, that little insinuative word '*but*,' with its usually accompanied shrug, has crushed the prospects of thousands.

The topic of music was shortly afterward introduced, and Agathe, forgetting her nervousness, sat down to the piano, determined to exert all her art to please; nor was she altogether unsuccessful, for music was a passion with Mr. Wentworth, and Agathe was really an accomplished pianist.

Mrs. Montell's eyes sparkled with delight as she noticed the effect it produced upon her guest, and when he had retired for the night, she exclaimed exultingly:

'Well, I declare, I am proud of you, dear Agathe! Only persevere in the way you have done this evening, and my word for it he is yours.'

'Persevere, mamma!' replied Agathe, sinking languidly on the sofa. 'Ah, you little know what agony I have endured all this evening long. That horrid music has almost racked me to pieces. Hester, shall I trouble you for a glass of water?'

No sooner had Hester disappeared than Mrs. Montell quickly asked:

'How came that portfolio on the centre-table? One of your blunders, Emeline, I am afraid. I told you this morning to take it up into your room.'

'Yes, mamma, I know you did,' replied Emeline. 'I did think about it, it is so very wearisome, going up and down stairs, that I concluded to leave it where it was. I am sure I do not see any harm in it, the drawings are very pretty.'

'Rash girl! it was the worst thing you could have done! Mr. Wentworth would never have bestowed a thought upon your simple minded cousin, had he not seen those drawings. For my own part, I wonder why her foolish father gave her an education so much above his means, and so improper for one of her station in life.'

'You forget ma. Uncle was very rich at that time. I have heard papa often say that uncle Edward lost the most of his property by the failure of a person whom he had befriended.'

'The greater simpleton he. I am only sorry I offered his daughter a home.'

'La! How can you say so? You know Hester makes herself very useful.'

'And what if she does? Have I not a right to expect it of her? Have I not been a mother to her, and treated her as one of my own daughters? Useful, indeed! Could she think for a moment of being otherwise?'

'Well, I don't want to take any more,' said Emeline, yawning, 'it is so troulesome.'

'Emeline,' said Agathe, languidly. 'I wish you would sprinkle a little Cologne on my handkerchief.'

'Me!' exclaimed Emeline. 'Cannot you do it yourself? I am so tired. But here comes Hester, she will get you anything you wish.'

CHAPTER III.

For several days after this, Hester was not seen by Mr. Wentworth. The politic Mrs. Montell keeping her closely engaged while assiduous court was paid to the handsome and wealthy guest, in all the various ways wherein a woman's tact shines most conspicuous. This opinions on various subject were eagerly sought after, and his taste frequently consulted. Means of enjoyment were multiplied, visits were paid, and excursions planned. Would he ride? a carriage was at his service. Did he prefer equitation? a horse was at his command. Perhaps he would like company? Agathe would be pleased to go with him. Would he walk? Agathe would show him the lions of the place. Agathe could do this, and Agathe could do that; Agathe in short, was the very phœnix of daughters, and would make one of the best wives in the world. It was astonishing how many offers she has rejected—Oh Mrs. Montell! fie! How could you fib so? but her taste was so very fastidious.—Some day or other, however, Agathe would doubtless marry, and though it almost breaks Mrs. Montell's heart to give her up, yet she would be the last person in the world to stand in the way of her daughter's happiness.

All this, and much more, was made known in confidence to Wentworth at different times, until he began almost seriously to think that Agathe must be a paragon of a maiden.

A number of dinner parties, excursions, pic-nics, was the consequence of Mr. Wentworth's visit to the Montell's; to all of which, Hester, was as a matter of course, invited; but it seemed to be singularly unfortunate, that, almost always, when the particular day came, Mrs. Montell had some pressing matter for Hester to attend to, that compelled her to remain at home. These repeated disappointments were enough to try the patience of even the best ballanced miud; and yet, in the exercises of these acts of self-denial, Hester never exhibited any petulence, or sullenness, but surrendered her inclinations cheerfully, and readily; although she could not help feeling that the reasons given by her aunt for wishing her to remain at home were oftentimes weak, and frivolous in the extreme.

Agathe, by the stratagems of her politic mother, having thus secured Mr. Wentworth to herself, began after a little while, to relapse into her old habits; and as the constraint of his presence gradually wore off, believing him to be more interested in her than he really was, she thought it might be as well to presume a little upon her conquest, and so suffered herself to be less guarded than she had hitherto been.

One day after a little exhibition of her nervousness, at which Mr. Wentworth, to whom the thing was new, looked up with pained surprise, her mother took her aside on his departure, and said—

'Agathe, my child, how *could* you do so? I am very angry with you, indeed I am. If you go on in this way you will spoil all. Mr. Wentworth does not like nervous people.

'I don't care whether he likes them or not," she answered, pettishly. 'But I can tell you mamma, I am not going to put a constraint upon my feelings any longer. It was all your fault to permitting Joseph to slam the door so loud. I am not made of cast iron.'

Mr. Montell was present during this colloquy. He was one of those specimens, sometimes seen, of men who are considered by their wives as of no earthly account whatever except to furnish the funds necessary for the support of an elegant establishment without daring to have a voice in the outlay—a silent banker who must honor drafts but ask no questions. On the present occasion, however, he thought he might venture to say—'You of cast iron? Oh, no, that you are not. You are made of aspen leaves, and quiver at the lightest breath. Ah, my dear girl, if in the course of things I should happen to be unfortunate in business, and you were thrown upon your own resources, these whimsies would have to be speedily abandoned. You would then have to think less of your nerves, and more of your fingers.'

'Mr. Montell!' exclaimed his wife, elevating her hands, and her eyebrows, in the utmost astonishment. 'Did you speak?'

'Why—ahem—yes—' replied Mr. Montell, bashfully. 'I believe I did say a few words. Just a few, my dear.'

'One thing, girls, I wish you particularly to remember:' said Mrs. Montell, addressing apparently her daughters, but in fact speaking *at* her husband, "and that is, when you are married, to immpress strictly upon your husbands the ridiculousness of their interference in feminine matters. The world gives them privileges enough as it is, without their seeking to encroach upon our already circumscribed province."

'My dear,' began Mr. Montell, apologetically, 'I only—Agathe is—'

'I beg you will not say anything more to distress her, Mr. Montell. She is already too much agitated. Will you oblige me by leaving us together a little while; a mother's soothing influence is sometimes the best of medicine for a wounded mind.'

Glad to escape so easily, Mr. Montell quietly withdrew.

Henry Wentworth, though quite a young man, had seen much of the world, and was consequently was not near so blind to faults of character as Mrs. Montell imagined. He seldom saw Hester now, and yet the more sedulously Mrs. Montell, endeavored to keep the fair orphan in the back-ground, the more Wentworth's thoughts felt drawn towards her. Interested from the first by her beauty, he was not long in discovering, that to the charm of a fair face, she united a disposition of singular cheerfulness, with a serene force of mind that enabled her to bear up under the many vexations to which, from her dependent position, she was constantly subjected.

The ambiguous remarks of Mrs. Montell when he first met Hester, led him to make inquiries concerning the latter from other, and less interested sources, and the result was that he began to dream quite a number of very pleasant dreams, both by day and by night, in which, somehow or other—tho' he never could tell exactly how—Hester constantly occupied a prominent place.

The fine old mansion of the Montells was on the skirts of the city, the streets of which, although they were paved close up to its gates, had not yet intruded beyond the edge of its sloping and well-wooded lawn. The garden in the rear too, still retained, by means of its high walls and ancient shrubbery, a shady exclusivess, that was really delightful in contrast with the glare, and bustle, and hubbub, of the city beyond.

Wentworth's watchfulness of Hester's movements had not altogether escaped the penetrating eyes of Mrs. Montell. The latter sought, therefore, by every means in her power, to divert his evident admiration of the fair orphan from growing into a warmer feeling. She paraded before him the dependent condition of her neice whenever she could do so without irrelevancy. She had excuses for Hester's non-appearance in the drawing-room as usual; and she became suddenly exceedingly timid of Hester's walking out alone; and at length, the garden—over whose high walls not even the tempted youths of the city had ventured to climb—was pronounced dangerous to stroll in without the presence of a companion.

But even Argus sometimes slept, and one day, when both Mrs. Montell and her daughters were in the city, and Hester's time being heavy on her hands—a rare thing with Hester—she ventured to disregard the awful interdict of Mrs. Montell and wander, companioned by her own pure thoughts, along the mazy walks so pleasantly hemmed about by hedges of roses, and altheas, and shadowed by think clumps of evergeens.

Companioned by her own pure thoughts, we have said, and though they are very cheerful company for Hester, she blushed a little, but did not appear at all sorry, when Wentworth added his voice to the voice of her own heart, and they wandered to and fro along the green alleys together. How Wentworth happened to be there just at that time, Love only knows! Mrs. Montell certainly thought he had gone on an excursion that day with some intimate acquaintances, or her own visit to the city would most assuredly have been put off.

So it was, however, and when Wentworth joined Hester, they walked up one path and down another—turned this way and then that—doubled on their own footsteps, and treaded the maze of evergreens—until, quite fatigued with their wanderings—that is, it is to be supposed they were fatigued—they sat down in a little arbor, and he went on talking very low, and very earnestly; while she cast her eyes trembling upon the ground, and pulled to pieces the corner of her white handkerchief. It was a pity to unravel the corner of so excellent a handkerchief, but we are sorry to record of gentle Hester that she did not seem to feel any remorse at the act. As he continued to speak, she blushed still more deeply, and her tremulous fingers picked out more rapidly than ever the fine cambric threads. Only to think of spoiling that excellent handkerchief! But now, as he says something with passionate earnestness, she lifts her head and looks timidly in his eyes, and smiles; and then how could she do so?—her little white hand slid gently into his, and nestled there; and then—they both rose and went by different ways towards the house.

Mrs. Montell was just returned home as Wentworth entered. As she looked up to welcome him, his face was radiant with happiness.

Agathe, whose nerves she imagined were yet unstrung, reclined languidly on the sofa; while Emeline—whom it was always a task to move—drowsily occupied the large rocking chair. Mrs. Montell alone, was busy and bustling.

'Just returned from your excursion I presume,' said she smiling.

'Oh, no!' he replied, carelessly, 'Herbert could not go, so it was postponed. I have been taking a pleasant walk in your garden, and a very charming one it is.''

Now it was not at all strange that Mr. Wentworth should have had a pleasant walk, but it was a little singular that he, who had so often been in the garden before, should never, until this time, have discovered its beautics. Mrs. Montell thought so too, but she kept her thoughts to herself; although it was very evident, during the rest of the evening, that she was maturing someting in her mind.

The first gleam of satisfaction she exhibited was in the shape of a mocking smile, about half an hour before Mr. Montell made his customary appearance.

'Mr. Montell!' said she, when they were quite alone, 'don't you think that Hester is growing very thin?'

Mr. Montell almost lifted the wig off his head with astonishment to hear his wife speak so tenderly of his niece.

'Why—a—yes! I do think so, my dear; and it's my opinion she has had too much work, and too litttle exercise, since she has been in this house.'

'Indeed I'm afraid so!' said Mrs. Montell, looking very penitently at her husband.—What can we do to make amends? I wonder if a little country air would not be of service to her?'

'To be sure it would,' said Mr. Montell, positively.

'Then she shall go to Oaklands to-morrow, and for a couple of months,' said Mrs. Montell, in an equally positive manner.

And shortly afterwards wondering what it was that had affected Mrs. Montell with so sudden a fit of tenderness, Mr. Montell fell asleep.

On the morrow, Hester was despatched to Oaklands, and as soon as the carriage disappeared Mrs. Montell returned into the house with triumph written on her brow. Two months soon slipped away.

CHAPTER IV.

'Montell' in a raised voice, 'Mr. Montel!'

'Ahem! Did—did you speak, my dear?'

'Was there ever such a man?' soliloquized Mrs. Montell. 'He sees nothing—he knows nothing—he notices nobody. If it was not for my remarkable power of observation, I do not know what would become of him.'

'That is very true, my dear,' said Mr. Montell, meekly.

'I suppose you *do* know,' she said, 'that Mr. Wentworth has bought a house in Vernon place.'

'Why—a—yes!' he answered, with an odd gleam of humor, and rubbing his knees as he spoke; 'I think, I recollect, something, just a little; of the purchase.'

'Well! what does your wise head imagine he bought it for?'

Mr. Montell looked up sideways with a sudden and momentary keenness, and then recommenced rubbing his knees.

'What do you think he bought it for?' said Mrs. Montell, changing the form of her question.

'Indeed, my dear, how *should* I know? On speculation, I suppose.'

'Has he furnished it magnificently, also, on speculation?' questioned Mrs. Montell, earnestly.

'Why—a—upon second thought—I—I should think not. Decidedly not!'

'What is his reason for furnishing it then?'

'Dear, dear, how should I know? Young men are fanciful sometimes; very fanciful.'

'How stupid you are this morning, Mr. Montell;' said his wife pettishly, 'more than ordinarily so I think.'

'Ahem!' said Mr. Montell.

'You have no penetration.'

'I am sorry to say, I have not—I never had.'

As he said this, Mr. Montell looked pointedly—that is pointedly for him—in his wife's face. She flushed up instantly, and was about to retort, but checked herself, when she saw how quietly he was nursing his knees, so she only said—

'Did you meant anything, Mr. Montell?'

'Oh, no, my dear,' he answered, 'nothing; nothing I assure you!'

'Well, I suppose, I must tell you what I have discovered, or you will never find it out.'

As she spoke, she looked with a significant smile at Agathe, who blushed a little, simpered a little, attitudinized a great deal, and then left the room.

'Mr. Montell! It is a joyful day for our family. I could not say so in the presence of the dear girl, she is so nervous.'

'What is it? What is a joyful day?'

'Oh, what a blind man you are! I did it all! Yes,' she continued, drawing herself up with dignity, 'I may say it was all my doings.'

'I don't doubt it,' said Mr. Montell, 'you are a—yes—a very—very clever woman; but I confess—I—I don't see quite—quite—quite as clearly, as I could wish the—the object of your—may I say my dear—self congratulation?'

Mrs. Montell, with an expression of serene pity, that did her infinite honor, condescended to bend her mouth to her husband's ear, and say in a low exulting tone,

'Mr. Wentworth!' here she paused, as if to note the effect of the name.

'Well!' said Mr. Montell. 'Well!'

'Is going to be married!'

'I should not wonder at it at all,' said Mr. Montell, without evincing the least emotion. 'He is young; handsome; wealthy, and a bachelor. No—I am not at all surprised. No! not the least!'

'Nothing would surprise you, I believe;' said Mrs. Montell, in a disappointed tone, 'though if anything could, I should have thought it would have been Agathe's approaching nuptials.'

'Agathe's,' said he, starting up suddenly and looking Mrs. Montell full in the face; an evidence that he was now fully aroused. 'Agathe! why bless me! Agathe, did you say? To whom?'

'Oh, what a man you are. To Mr. Wentworth to be sure; and you may thank my management for so excellent a son-in-law.'

'It's a mistake—it cannot be!' exclaimed Mr. Montell, in an excited tone.

'You must excuse me, Mr. Montell!' said the matron, drawing herself up in a lofty and dignified manner, 'you must excuse me, Mr. Montell, but I have already settled the matter.'

'You!' said he looking very much bewildered. 'Is it possible? And—and Agathe—is to be—'

'Mrs. Henry Wentworth!'

'He—he has proposed then?' said Mr, Montell.

'I cannot exactly say he has proposed—that is, I mean, not formally.'

'Oh!' said Mr. Montell, drawing a long breath, 'not formally!'

'But, he has hinted that—'

'Ha! hum!'

'Do not interrupt me, Mr. Montell,' said the matron, catching a strange sceptical look in her husband's face. 'I say, he has hinted to me—I may say he confessed to me—no later than this morning, that all those preparations of his are in honor of a member of our family, and he trusted that his choice would meet with my approbation.'

'Good! good!' cried Mr. Montell, bursting into a singular kind of ecstacy. 'He trusted his choice would meet with your approbation! Good, excellent! what a funny man he is!' And Mr. Montell rose from his chair and began to pace the room, chuckling to himself, aud rubbing his hands vigorously.

'Are you out of your senses, Mr. Montell?' said the matron, looking a little offended, and very much astonished.

'I—I don't know—ahem! Yes—a little. With *your* approbation! Good! Oh, what a funny man he is!'

'Mr. Montell!' said the lady, looking her loftiest. 'You will pardon me, if I say I see nothing funny, whatever, in the whole transaction.'

'My dear, I beg—that is, I meant—the—the pleasere—the—you understand—'

'Excuse me;' said she. 'Will you please to explain. I do not understand.'

'You—ahem! You said to him?'

'I said to him, I should be proud of his alliance with any member of my family; and he was about to propose at once, when Emeline dawdled in, and prevented him.'

'Did she?' said Mr. Montell. 'Prevented him—what a pity!'

'He rose as she entered, and grasping my hand, said, hurriedly, 'Mrs. Montell, I thank you! You will, of course, honor us with your presence at the ceremony?' 'Of course,' said I.'

'Ceremony! What ceremony?'

'How stupid you are; the wedding to be sure.'

'But—but my dear—Wentworth has not yet proposed.

'I know; I know; his haste and bewilderment led him to anticipate. All young men do just so. Besides, he knew that was but a form.'

Again Mr. Montell's eyes twinkled and there was a queer, knowing look in them as he recommenced rubbing his hands and chuckling internally, that rather puzzled Mrs. Montell. She had never seen him act so strangely before. Just at this time, the door bell rang.

'That is he,' said Mrs. Montell, looking very much excited.

'That is it,' said Mr. Montell, sitting suddenly down, and nursing his knee.

'Oh, only a letter!' said she, in a disappointed tone, as the servant entered; 'you can go, Joseph. Some wedding invitation,' said she, pausing, and looking curiously at the delicate envelope.

"Ahem! How should I know? I am—yes, I acknowledge it—I am very stupid. Open it—yes that is the best way. Open it, my dear, and see.'

At that moment Mrs. Montell lifted her eyes from the perusal of the superscription, and caught the expression of her husband's face A terrible light flashed upon her mind instantly. She tore the envelope asunder—eagerly ran her eye over the enclosed card—and then, tottering back, sank into a chair. Mrs. Montell had fainted.

Does the reader wish to know what were the cabalistic letters upon the face of that little bit of polished card, that they should be capable of producing such a startling change in a lady usually so strong minded as Mrs. Montell? They were very few and simple. They ran thus:

'Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wentworth,
At home. Tuesday evening.
7 o'clock.'

Henry Wentworth.
Hester Russell.

☞ "Jenny, what is the mean temperature of the summer weather in Ireland?' said a Yankee to an Irish girl, recently.

"*Mane*, sir! there's nothing mane about Ireland, bad luck to yees, ye spalpeen ye."

☞ A Dutchman relating his troubles, says—"One night ven I comes home, I finds de door vasht asleep, and my wife she was wide open; and all de neighbor's bunkins vos in my hock-patch. I goes out and takes a hock, and breaks it over every rail's pack in de field, and dey run tru der till as do de verry *fence* vos after dem."

☞ We hear that the old maids and thick ankled ladies, of all classes, are getting up a demonstration against the short dress movement.

☞ If parents would render their children happy and wealthy, they should early inculcate in them a desire for, and a knowledge of labor, both manual and mental.

Is there a heart that never sighed?
Is there a tongue that never lied?
Is there an eye that never blink'd
Is there a man that never drink'd?
If so, then heart, and tongue, and eye,
Must tell a most confounded lie.

☞ That was a smart boy who asked his father what kind of wood the board of health was made of.

☞ A poor poet wishes that every sovereign, was like a piece of scandel, because it get larger every time it was circulated.

☞ It is a curious fact, says some etomologists, "that it is only the female mosquito that torments us." A bachelor says that it is not at "curious."

☞ A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he's dying, all that's necessary is to look half dead yourself.

A Yankee in a Cotton Mill.

Did you ever see, read or hear tell of a real, genuine, live Yankee being in a cotton mill? Didn't eh? Well we did, and if you will just wait a minute we will tell you all about it.

'The plain unvarnished facts in the case,' as politicians say, 'are these:—A raw, straw hatted, sandy whiskered six-footer—one of the purely uninitiated—came in with a load of wood for the Factory Company. Having piled his wood to the satisfaction of the 'Squire," he baited his team with a bundle of green grass, brought all the way for that purpose. Then after investing his available capital in the purchase of root beer and giangerbread, he started to see the city, filling his countenance rapidly with bread, and chewing it vigorously as he went.

He reviewed the iron foundry and machine shop, and was just opposite the warp-mill as the 'hands were going in from dinner. The girls were hurrying in as only factory girls can hurry, and Jonathan unaccustomed to such an array of plaid shawls and hood bonnets, went in 'to see what the trouble was.'

The clatter of the machinery and the movements of the operatives soon absorbed his whole attention. Being of an inquiring turn of mind, and seeing much that was calculated to perplex one whose observations had been confined to threshing machines and cornshellers, he began to push his inquiries. In this way he made himself acquainted with all the external and internal economy of 'pinker,' 'beater,' 'lapwinder,' 'doubler and speeder.' By two o'clock he had extended his researches as far as the 'breakers and finishers.'

He had reached the latter just as the card stripper was 'stripping the flats." In this operation the cylinder of the card is exposed to view, aud is seen revolving with a very pretty buzz. Not satisfied with contemplating the 'poetry of motion' at a safe distance our hero must needs introduce himself between the cards to get a nearer view, this move brought his 'nether habilaments' into dangerous proximity to the gearing of the next card, and 'thereby hangs a tale.'

'You, I say. She goes pooty, don't she Boss?' said Jonathan enquiringly.

'She don't do any thing else,' responded the stripper. 'But you must be careful how you move around amongst the hardware.—Only last week, sir, a promising young man from Oxford—a student at the Academy here—was drawn into that very card, sir, and before any assistance could reach him, he was run through and manufactured into No. 16, super extra cotton warp yarn.'

'I s-s-s-wow! I believe you're jokin!' stuttered Jonathan.

'Fact, sir,' continued the stripper, 'and his disconsolate mother came down two days ago, got five bunches of the yarn, as melancholy relics.'

'By mighty! that can't be true!'

'Fact, sir, fact! and each of his fellow students purchased a skein apiece, to set in lockets, and wore in remembrance of departed worth.'

'Is that a fact, now; was he really carded, spun and set in lockets?' A sense of personal danger here shot across our hero's mind, and he began to retreat precipitately without waiting for an answer.

There was not much room to spare between himself and the gearing of the card behind, another step backwards completed the ceremony of introduction. His unwisperables being of large 'calibre,' the process of snarling them into a knot was no ways slow.—Our hero 'gave tongue' instanter, and by the twentieth gyration of embodiment, the music was melodious. His explosive tones were scientific, and did honor to his knowledge of dynastics. Gen. Scott himself could not have protested more forcibly against an 'attact on his rear.'

'O-h! M-u-r-d-e-r! let go! you h-u-r-t.—Blast your pictur let go! Ain't you ashamed! Get out—taint pooty. Darnation seize you! Let alone on me—can't ye!—do!'

The gearing by this time had wound him up so that he was obliged to stand on tip toe. His hands were revolving vigorously behind him, but he dare not venture them too near the 'seat of war' least they should be drawn into hostilities.

The card stripper threw off the belt, but the momentum of the cylinder kept it revolving, and our hero supposing it in full operation, burst out anew:

'Oh, stop her! do—I ain't well and orter be to hum. Father wants the steers, and mother's going to bake!—stop that tarnal mashen—can't ye, do! Hain't ye got no feelin for a feller in distress? Oh dear I'll be carded and spun, and made into lockets!—Je-ru-sa-lem! How I wish I was to hum.'

The card was stopped at last, but Jonathan's clothes was so tangled in the gearing, that it was no slight job to extricate him. Like Othello 'he was not easily moved,' and it was only by cutting out the whole of the 'invested territory,' that he was finally released.

'What are you about here?' said the overseer, entering.

'Nothing, sir, only stripping flats,' answered the stripper.

Our hero not caring to resume his 'pursuit of knowledge under difficulties,' a pair of overhauls were charitably loaned to him, and he scattered suddenly towards Mill Hill, givins a series of short kicks with either leg, on his way, as if to assure himself that he had brought away his full compliment of limbs from the 'cussed machine.'

☞ Why are there three objections to taking a glass of brandy? Ans. Because there are three scruples to each dram.

☞ An advertisement appears in some paper in the south-west, which reads as follows: "Ran away—A hired man named John; his nose turned up five feet eight inches high, and had on a pair of corduroy pants, much worn.

☞ Jones stepped up to a gentleman who was engaged in conversation with about a dozen others, and said:

'It seems to me I have seen your physognomy somewhere, before, but I cannot imagine where."

"Very like," he replied, "I have been the keeper of a prison for upwards of the last twenty years."