

# Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

"WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—Jackson.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

WILLIAM P. COOPER,

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## TERMS.

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## STALLIONS.

From the Report of the Committee on Stallions, in the forthcoming Vol. of N. H. Agricultural Society.

It is difficult to decide at what period of its history to commence our account of the Stallion-club. If we begin at its birth, we are reminded of various matters antecedent to that—to him important epoch, that have a material influence upon his after life. To be safe let us go back to his progenitors.

As males communicate their organization with the most obvious effect, it is by no means singular, that great stress is laid by breeders of horses and other animals upon the appearance, physical conformation and constitution of the sire.—This is commendable. But farmers and breeders generally are not so fully aware as they should be, that various items, other than color, style and figure, are transmissible from sire to son. These are contracted feet, founder, spavin, ring-bone, curb, sand-cracks, disease of the eye, and of the respiratory organs, as broken-wind, roaring, wind-sucking, &c. We are as fully persuaded, that these affections and diseases, are hereditarily transmissible, as that color, action or temper may be so transmitted.

At the late National Exhibition of Horses, held at Springfield, Mass., the writer was the Chairman of the Committee on Geldings, in which class were 109 entries. Many of the finest horses subjected to examination were found to be affected with ring-bone and other diseases of the leg and foot; and in reply to the questions of the Committee on this point, invariably was—"he was foaled so."

In this view of the case, it becomes breeders to look well to it, that the selected Stallion have no hereditary tendency to disease, or defect capable of being transmitted to the offspring; for "like begets like," and as surely as a noble steed can mark his offspring with his good qualities, so certainly can he hand down, also, his imperfections of temper and formation.

If men are too often careless in the selection of a Stallion for purposes of breeding, what shall we say of their choice of a mare? Any old decrepit, diseased, or pindled horse, that can be procured, or that is found fit for no other purpose, is considered good enough to breed from! And many such an old, good-for-nothing-but-the-compost-heap creature, is kept by farmers and others for this especially and only purpose. Knowing this, one ceases to wonder, that the county is stocked with such a superabundant supply of miserable, early broken-down, and diseased horses,—isomuch, that he who now-a-days undertakes to buy a horse on his own judgment, unless he goes with his eyes peeled, and "had his eye-teeth cut" at an early period of his existence, will, ordinarily, find himself sold remarkably cheap.

"Any one," says Mr. Castley, an eminent English Veterinary Surgeon, "who, during the last twenty or twenty-five years, has had frequent opportunities of visiting some of our great horse-fairs, in the north of England, must be struck with the sad falling-off there is everywhere to be remarked, in the quality of the one-half, and three-fourth bred horses, exhibited for sale. The farmers when taxed with this, complain that breeding horses do not sufficiently repay them; and yet we find large sums of money always given at fairs, for any horses that are really good. The truth is that farmers do not now-a-days, breed horses so generally good, as they used to do, and this is owing to the inferior quality of the mares, which they commonly employ in breeding."

Some of the best mares, it would appear, are now purchased by gentlemen for saddle horses,—it being now as it was formerly as fashionable to use mares, as geldings, for riding purposes. A number of the finest three-part bred mares, also, are imported to the Continent.

These facts account for the deterioration of the horses, in ordinary use in England, and most of them are in force here. Many a old broken-down creature is purchased, or kept for a breeder, because she is fit for nothing else! Fit for nothing else? If fit for a breeder, (unless injured by some accident,) she is fit for anything else.

Sire and dam being judiciously selected, our next care is with the unborn colt,—the fetus. "Our next care," we say, for the young creature may be starved, or otherwise maltreated, as effectually before, as after birth. The mare when with foal, should be well but not too plentifully fed,—should not be overworked, nor yet allowed to be subjected to such rough usage, as it is but too common among farm-hands and stable-boys,—who are ever over-free with the toes of their cowhide boots.—Discharge such at once, after having treated them to "a little of the same," to see how they like it; for no one taken down with the accursed disease of "Cru-

elty to Animals," was ever radically cured of it.

It is well to offer the mare, immediately, and, for a few days after parturition, a drink of lukewarm water with corn or oat-meal, or shorts therein. She should then be permitted to run out to grass for a month, at least, to recover strength; though the common custom, we know, is to put them in harness within a fortnight from foaling.

Our young Stallion being now fairly in the world and moving upon it on his own legs, his first experience of life is stirring. The old farmer has an errand at a neighboring village, distant some six or seven miles. "Put Betsy to the old chaise," says he; and drives off with commendable moderation—little Morgan trotting in company; but, business being concluded at the store, rain threatens, or other cause induces a hasty return; and we see Betsy doing all she knows how to get home in season, and little Morgan, doing a little more—so to keep. His long, lank legs get soon tired; his footing is unsure; his elbows get out of order; he is over-heated; he lays the foundation of troubles, that are perfected in the full grown horse.

For the first six months of his life, the chief food of the foal is "mother's milk,"—although he will pick up now and then, a little else with all the pride of incipient hothead. If the mare be insufficiently fed during this period, or over-worked, (which lessens her yield of milk,) the foal is in either case half-starved; and a half-starved colt is almost never well made, when he arrives at maturity. He is always a weak. He should be well fed from, and before the time of his birth.

At one year old, though the colt has by no means attained his fullness of form, it may be decided whether or not to retain him as a Stallion. If, at this age, however many good points he may possess, indications of contracted feet, founder, or any other diseases heretofore mentioned as transmissible, be seen, geld him at once. He ought not to serve as a Stallion.

At three years old, a horse may be allowed very moderate service. Over-taxation of his powers at this age—or at any age for that matter—is short-sighted policy for the owner. As a four-year old, he will be more matured and full of vigor, and at five, he is still more able to do service. It is a too common fault—this over-taxation of a Stallion's powers; and it tells both on himself and on his get.—The English limit for a prize horse, that "travels his district," is sixty mares in a season; but eighty are often covered, without prejudice. What shall we say of the horse-owners, who boast of having had double these numbers served in a season by their horse—sometimes three in a day!

A notable instance of the evils of over-taxing a horse's procreative powers occurred in England, many years ago, in the case of a celebrated stall belonging to H. R. H., the Prince of Wales. The groom was permitted to pocket a half-guinea fee from all comers; and it may be well guessed, that no applicants were refused. The consequences were serious to the horse, and to very many of his get. Another instance is within our acquaintance. A Stallion of some repute in New England, was allowed to serve one hundred and forty-three mares in a season, and was then sold to go to Virginia.—Most of his colts of that year proved to be miserable creatures; and in Virginia, in the following, he himself proved perfectly impotent.

The small size of very many,—I may say of a large majority—of our horses, is an evil that is great, and growing (like a cow's tail—downwards.) This may be attributed to a poor selection of breeding-mares, the scant feeding of the dam, before and after foaling—thus half starving the foal; bad usage of colts by stinted food, or unsheltered, exposure to cold storms, and the general over taxation of the powers of stallions.

We are well aware that some persons who pass for wise men in matters of horse flesh, contend that this smallness of size is no objection to a horse, and cite for proof, the fact that some of the fleetest Arabian coursers are but 14½ hands high. Admit that these Arabian lightning streaks are of so small a size, and what does it prove? Nothing. When the American horse has nothing to do, but to bear a hirsute and pinguid vagabond over sand deserts, on hen-roost-robbing expeditions, 14½ hands will be high enough (until the rider rivals Haman!) But so long as the farmer has sword-land to plow, cold wood to draw, and a stout wife, and half a score of stalwart sons and buxom daughters to be driven to meeting, or to the State Fair,—so long as our city carriages are ponderous, and trunks heavy; so long shall we need a little more height in our horses, and that not all in the legs.

The subject of increasing the size of our horses will more properly be discussed by the Committee on Breeding Mares; for it is with the mare that the improvement must commence. To subject small mares to large sized stallions will not effect the desired change. It will give us, as it did to the Yorkshire farmers, who who tried a similar experiment, "a race of long-legged, large-boned, small-chested, worthless animals." Such also, was the ill effect, said our lost friend J. S. Skinner, of the cross by a large "Cleveland Bay" Stallion, imported and sent to Carroll's Manor, Maryland.

"The proper method," says Professor Cline, of London, "of improving the form of animals consists in selecting a well-formed female, proportionably larger than the male. The improvement depends on this principle, that the power of the female to supply her offspring with nourishment, is in proportion to her size, and to the power of nourishing herself from the excellence of her own constitution."

"The size of the fetus (he continues) is generally in proportion of that of the mother, when the female parent is disproportionately small, the quantity of nourishment is insufficient, and her offspring has all the male parent is disproportion of a straveling."

"To produce the most perfect formed animal, (adds the same high authority,) abundant nourishment is necessary from the earliest period of its existence, until its growth is complete." This sustains the view that we would have herein before advanced.

We here conclude the report on Stallions; not that we have said all that we have to say on the subject; but because we wish what we write to be read; and long stories find few listeners. At some future time, another opportunity may be afforded us of discussing the subject further.

For the Committee,  
WILLIAM S. KING, Chairman.

From the Louisville Journal.

The following stanzas from the Wheeling Intelligencer were written by our friend Oliver I. Taylor of that place, who sometimes writes poetry for our paper. A correspondent of the Intelligencer, who has himself won much reputation as a poet, speaks of them thus: "Is the poetry, 'Tis such a Night,' in Monday's Intelligencer, really of Wheeling origin? If so we must have an Alice Carey among us, for it bears the mark of feminine authorship; the grace of women's sensibility; though it may be a man's but only such a man as she has tempered to her own sweet appreciation of the delicate and the beautiful."

## 'TIS SUCH A NIGHT.

'Tis such a night, if angels were  
To wander from their home  
They would forget the glory there,  
And linger here to roam!  
It is a night when to the earth  
Such a loveliness is given,  
We deem it not of mortal birth  
But like our dreams of Heaven!

Beneath the tresses of this grove  
The throbbing moonbeams rest,  
As if they found what most they love,  
And slumber'd on its breast;  
And to the landscape's dimpling face  
The skies bend fondly down,  
As if they sought one sweet embrace  
From all they gaze upon!

Oh such a night, the throbbing soul  
With love's pure word accords,  
And yields to dreams beyond control,  
And thoughts that have no words—  
No words, lo! I'd save what thing eyes  
Thy soft and moon-lit cheek,  
Our heart to hearts responsive sigh—  
None save what these may speak!

Oh! I could deem, in such an hour,  
That Heaven is not so far  
As some have taught me,—and a power  
That's not beyond our star,  
Can free us from corruption's thrall  
Even in a world like this,  
And crowd within one moment all  
The soul can know of bliss!

## A HAPPY DILEMMA.

"What a dismal night!" said poor M. Armand, as he looked hopelessly round in search of a fiacre. There was not one to be seen; he must therefore walk to the nearest stand, and that was at no considerable distance. He had just left a brilliant soiree in Faubourg du Roule—he had passed the preceding evening at the Ball de l'Opera—on both occasions he had danced for many hours, and consequently he found himself overwhelmed with fatigue. The night was damp and foggy, and the wind blew keenly in his face.—The young man sighed, and resigned himself to fate. He proceeded through the Faubourg du Roule, and down the Rue du Foutour St. Honore; every stand was deserted, and the few vehicles that he chanced to encounter upon the road were already occupied. At last, as if to crown his misery, some premonitory flakes of snow began to fall.

"I can go no further!" exclaimed M. Armand, as staggering from fatigue, and half dead with cold, he leaned against a doorway.

But stay! On casting a last despairing look in advance, he thought that he perceived a file of carriages before the door of a large mansion down one of the streets opening upon the Madeleine.

But his troubles were not to be so speedily ended. Among the twenty-five or thirty equipages which he found stationed together, there was not a single hackney vehicle. All were private, and all were, of course, inaccessible. Any other man would have been daunted by this new disappointment; to M. Armand it suggested a bold and felicitous stroke of policy. At the head of the line there sat a coachman upon the box of a neat little Clarence.—The man was almost hidden in the folds of an immense railway wrapper, and seemed to be fast asleep. The rest of the livery servants were assembled round a blazing fire in the vestibule of the hotel.

M. Armand approached stealthily towards the carriage, opened the door softly, glanced once more around, to see that no one observed him, and glided in.

It was a delightfully comfortable little vehicle—cushioned, soft, yielding, and perfumed with that soft scent of flowers and otto of roses which seems to linger in the wake of ladies and their bouquets.

He had only intended to rest for a few moments till a fiacre should pass by or the snow cease from falling. Soon, however, overcome by weariness and the luxury of his asylum, he fell into a profound and dreamless sleep. The ball shortly after this broke up. The servants returned to their seats—the file of carriages was gradually put in motion—the visitors were departing. Still M. Armand slept on.

A lady appeared at the door of the hotel, surrounded by a crowd of attentive escorts. She wore a rich velvet cloak trimmed with sable, and yet shuddered at the cold, damp night-air; appearing, moreover, somewhat wearied of the pressing attentions of her numerous admirers. The carriage drew up; the footman opened the door, let down the steps, and stood aside for his mistress to pass in.

Still M. Armand slept on. It so happened that where he sat was in the deepest shadow, and no one observed the intruder.

The lady ran lightly forward and sprang in—an exclamation escaped her lips. "What is the matter, Madam?" cried one of the gentlemen, advancing immediately to the door.

The lady disengaged the mantle from her shoulders, and threw it over the sleeper in such a manner that he was completely hidden beneath the satin folds.

"Nothing, thank you," she replied; "I only stepped upon this cloak, and feared, for the moment, that I should fall. Good night. She extended her fair hand, closed the door hastily, and the carriage rolled away.

But M. Armand was asleep no longer. He had half awoke when the door opened, and had seen as if in a dream, the lighted hall, the lady, and the gentlemen who accompanied her. The danger of his position suddenly roused him. Were they all coming in? Then the cloak fell upon his head—he blessed the protecting satin—the door closed, and he found himself alone with the lady. What was he to do? He dreaded to reveal his presence, for at the first word he uttered she might scream, faint, go into hysterics! Poor M. Armand, he had never been so embarrassed in his life.

While he was thus debating and trembling, the carriage went on. All at once the lady drew the mantle aside and said: "How imprudent of you to hide yourself in my carriage!"

When he felt the cloak withdrawn, the young man wished that he could sink through the bottom of the vehicle; but when he heard these words, he was perfectly bewildered.

The lady went on—  
"Had you no care of my reputation? no fear of compromising me? Happily I succeeded in throwing my cloak over you, otherwise—but no, I will not be angry with you, Rodolph; you have acted nobly, and I thank you."

M. Armand had begun to think that he was mistaken for another, and these last words confirmed it. Fortunately for him, the withdrawal of the cloak did not vitiate his incognito. The collar of his pale-late his neck. He wore his hat and a large silken handkerchief covered his mouth.

Besides, the night was very dark; the carriage-lamps shed no light within; and he was shrinking back into the farthest corner. Thus protected, he could at least continue to pass for Rodolph till he was obliged to speak, and then his voice must betray him.

"Well, have you nothing to say to me?" said the young lady, tenderly.

M. Armand thought the fatal moment was come.

"Ah, I understand," continued his companion, in a tone of gentle reproach; "you are ashamed of your conduct—of the cruel scene you inflicted yesterday upon me. Well, I pardon you. You would not let the night pass over without a reconciliation. You have come to seek me as I left the very ball which you wished to prevent my attending; how could I fail to be indulgent to a fault so speedily atoned? I fear, Rodolph, that I should not have been the first to seek a reconciliation—I was too deeply wounded. But I was wrong, and I am ready to confess how much your course exceeds mine in generosity."

The young man, who was thus usurping a confidence intended for another, began to feel that he must at all hazards put an end to the lady's error. But his courage deserted him, when the smallest and softest of hands was laid upon his own, and in a caressing voice she continued—  
"I was wrong to doubt you; but I have been cruelly deceived. You have said to me, 'Now fly I advise till to-morrow.' The darkest colors—restless, obstinate, jealous, violent—in short, I forgot half. But now I know that it is all untrue, for you have come to seek me."

And the soft hand gently pressed that of the false Rodolph.

The young man was troubled, curious, and pleased. She must be pretty; she had a charming voice, and seemed good, affectionate, and tender. So M. Armand still kept silent.

The young lady, who fortunately seemed to be fond of talking, and had a great many things to say, paused for a moment and then resumed—  
"I abjure my error," she said, "and you have made me quite happy. Do you pardon me as I pardoned you?"

M. Armand pressed her hand by way of reply. Any thing was better than to trust his voice with the answer.

"You know I was obliged to go to the ball to please my rich uncle, whose heiress I am. It will never do to vex one's rich uncles, will it, Rodolph?"

Again a pressure of the hand, a little closer, more tender—in fact, quite a crescendo pressure.

"Well, well, it is all over, then. And you will promise me never, never to be jealous again? And to be jealous of such a creature as that Monsieur Chapuis?"

Monsieur Chapuis happened to be one of M. Armand's most intimate friends. He could not help smiling. We all, according to La Rochefoucault, take a degree of pleasure in the misfortune of our friends.

"Such an absurd man! He knows nothing, he can say nothing—every one laughs at him; but he has not even the sense to see that."

"Chapuis," thought M. Armand; "I wonder if she will speak of me next."

But M. Armand was particularly careful not to think aloud.

"But let us not talk of anything so tiresome. Let us talk of you. I do not think, after all, that you would make such a bad husband—and—and, at all events, I think I may as well run the risk, and take you."

An immense squeeze from M. Armand expressed the proper degree of rapture.

"Come to-morrow, then, Rodolph, and we will talk over the necessary arrangements for the marriage."

Here a pressure of the hand was not sufficient, and M. Armand added to it a sigh of passionate satisfaction.

"What do you think of it? But you say nothing. It is true, you seldom speak much; but I only ask you for a single word—will you always love me?"

She leaned forward for the reply. This time M. Armand felt that it must proceed from his lips, and was proceeding to give it, but without speaking, when the young lady suddenly drew back and reproached him just as his head came very close to her's.

"After a momentary silence, 'well yes,' she said softly; 'I permit you, and let our embrace be the seal of reconciliation.'"

And the ceremony was performed to M. Armand's intense gratification.

"Ah, goodness!" exclaimed the lady, "we have already reached the Faubourg St. Germain! How will you escape from the carriage without being seen by my servants?"

M. Armand made a gesture of despair.

"What is to be done? I would not have them know this for the world. Ah, an idea has occurred to me. Do you know what o'clock it is?"

M. Armand took out his watch and touched the spring of the repeating movement.

"Excellent! it is only half-past two; and the Countess de Blois will keep her soiree till at least three. My sister is there; I will ask to speak with her, and then you can escape. Here is the Rue de Bac, and the door of the hotel is yet surrounded with equipages."

The lady stopped the carriage, the footman descended and approached the door.

"Ask if my sister is still at this ball."

The servant entered the hall, and the lady turned towards her supposed lover: "Now fly I advise till to-morrow!"

M. Armand sprang quickly from the vehicle without having been observed by the driver, who was occupied with the care of his horses, and disappeared amid the carriages.

The next day she waited long and anxiously for the arrival of M. Rodolph. Hours passed on, and he never made his appearance. A letter came. It ran thus: "Madame la Comtesse—I need scarcely inform you that our engagement must henceforth be ended. Doubtless it was to accomplish this purpose that you persisted in going last evening to that ball, despite my threats and my entreaties. It is no longer possible that we should remain friends—still less lovers. Perhaps we neither of us have much to regret in the relinquishing of an union for which our dispositions are evidently unsuited, and which could only have proved a source of unhappiness and regret."

"Deign, Madame, to receive the assurances of my consideration and esteem, RODOLPHE DE MAYALL."

The lady was overwhelmed with amazement. The paper dropped from her hands and the tears gushed from her eyes.

"Is he mad?" she exclaimed, "after our conversation last night in the carriage, to treat me thus!"

She forgot that in that conversation she had been the only speaker.

She could not refrain from weeping.—He had been so kind, so amiable, so affectionate last night, and now—

At this moment a servant entered the room with a visiting card upon a salver.

Madame la Comtesse bent over a flower-stand and hid her tears among the geraniums. She took the card without looking at it.

"Shall I show the gentleman up, Madame?"

She nodded; there were footsteps already on the stairs—she dried her eyes, resumed her seat, and opened a book hastily.

A gentleman entered the room, hat in hand. He was good looking, well dressed, and perfectly unknown to her.

"I hope," he said with a quiet smile, "that Madame la Comtesse de Chalons will pardon the intrusion of one, who, although a stranger, has yet spent some short time most agreeably in her society."

"You speak in parables, Monsieur," and here the Countess glanced for the first time at the card, "Monsieur Armand."

"Yet, I beg to assure you, Madame, that we have met and not very long since."

Of course, it was impossible to doubt the word of so gentlemanly a person—she thought herself exceedingly forgetful not to remember him; particularly as he possessed such fine, and really such expressive eyes. She motioned him to a seat, resumed her own chair, and smiling graciously, said—

"We have met, perhaps, at some ball; but I am ashamed to confess that I cannot in the least recall your features."

"Certainly, Madame, a ball was the occasion of our meeting."

"What beautiful eyes!" thought the young lady, casting down her own with some little embarrassment. Madame la Comtesse was an admirer of beautiful eyes.

"And pray in whose saloons had I the pleasure of dancing with Monsieur Armand?" she enquired.

"I regret to say that I have never yet had the honor of dancing with Madame la Comtesse," replied the gentleman, with an air of profound deference, and yet with an amused expression hovering round his lips, which greatly puzzled her.

"Was it the reunion given by Madame St. Croix? or at the soiree of Madame du Nanteuil? or at the balls given by

Madame la Marquise de St. Hilaire? or Madame la Comtesse Duplessis?"

M. Armand shook his head.

"It was at none of these, Madame, although I have the entire at most of the houses you have mentioned. A ball given by Madame Delaunay first afforded me the delight of your acquaintance."

"Ah, I comprehend. It must have been a year ago, then, Monsieur; for Madame Delaunay has received but once this season. Last night was the first of her soirees, and certainly it was not last night that I had the honor of being introduced to you."

"Pardon, Madame; but we met last night for the first time."

"I am indeed overwhelmed with confusion not to remember," she began.—But M. Armand interrupted her.

"Before I proceed further, Madame, I must entreat your forgiveness for all that I am about to say. We did indeed meet last night—I should rather say this morning—under most peculiar circumstances. Have I your permission to proceed, and your pardon for an indiscretion which was as tempting and delightful as I confess it was imprudent and rash."

The lady bowed her head; but she had turned very pale, and her heart began to throb like a caged bird.

He told her all. He told her of his shame, his terror, his anxiety to speak, and yet his dread of a betrayal. He excused himself gracefully—he urged his fear of alarming her—he was frank, respectful, delicate.

After he had concluded there was for some moments a painful silence. The lady, who had been pale and red by turns, sat nervously plucking a rose to pieces leaf by leaf, with her eyes fixed upon the ground. The gentleman sat opposite to her, silent, and pausing for a reply. She felt his glance upon her, and she knew not what to say. At last, in a voice somewhat tremulous and low, she spoke.

"And pray, Monsieur Armand, how did you discover my name and address?"

"I found what I had before sought in vain, Madame,—a fiacre. I told the driver to follow your carriage. I watched you enter your own door. I sent my servant this morning to ascertain your name at an adjoining *boislique*; and now I am here to entreat your pardon and the permission to continue an acquaintance so peculiarly, and for me, auspiciously begun."

"Who could refuse a request so charmingly solicited? Not Madame la Comtesse, decidedly, who was an admirer of fine eyes."

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As for M. Rodolph, he repented of his letter, and sought a reconciliation with the beautiful widow. He found a gentleman in her drawing-room occupied in her service in a most interesting and confidential manner. In fact, he was holding a skein of silk upon his extended hands, and the lady's dainty fingers were rapidly twining it around an ivory reel.

"Ah, M. de Mayall," said Madame la Comtesse, with an amiable smile, as she rose and indicated a chair for the visitor. "I am delighted to receive you. 'Auguste,' turning towards the gentleman, who yet held the silken threads, 'this is one of my old friends. Permit me to introduce my friend, M. de Mayall—M. Armand.'"

"I hope," said Mr. Armand, with the most politeness, "that M. de Mayall will honor our wedding with his presence. I am charmed to have the honor of making his acquaintance."

Madame la Comtesse de St. Hilaire? or Madame la Comtesse Duplessis?"

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As for M. Rodolph, he repented of his letter, and sought a reconciliation with the beautiful widow. He found a gentleman in her drawing-room occupied in her service in a most interesting and confidential manner. In fact, he was holding a skein of silk upon his extended hands, and the lady's dainty fingers were rapidly twining it around an ivory reel.

"Ah, M. de Mayall," said Madame la Comtesse, with an amiable smile, as she rose and indicated a chair for the visitor. "I am delighted to receive you. 'Auguste,' turning towards the gentleman, who yet held the silken threads, 'this is one of my old friends. Permit me to introduce my friend, M. de Mayall—M. Armand.'"

"I hope," said Mr. Armand, with the most politeness, "that M. de Mayall will honor our wedding with his presence. I am charmed to have the honor of making his acquaintance."

"You're an occasion." "You're a coward." "Not on your word." "I'm a liar then, am I?" "Just as you please." "Do you hear that gentleman?" "Ay! was the response, you can't help flogging him now." "O heavens! grant me patience! I'll fly out of my skin." "It'll be so much the better for your pocket, calf skins are in good demand." "I shall burst." "Not here in the street I beg of you. It would be quite disgusting." "Gentlemen, can I any longer help flogging him?" "Not if you're able," was the reply. At him!

Thus provoked, thus stirred up and encouraged, the fierce gentleman went like lightning at the Yankee. But before he could strike a blow, he found himself disarmed of his cow-skin, and lying on his back under the spot of a neighboring pump, whither the Yankee had carried him to cool his rage, and before he could recover from his astonishment at such unexpected handling, he was as well as a drowned rat, from a cataract of water which his antagonist had liberally dumped upon him. His courage by this time, like that of the valiant Bob Acres, cooled out at the palms of his hands, and he declared, as he arose and went dripping away from the pump, that he would never trust to quiet appearances again; and Old Harry himself might undertake to cowskin a cool Yankee, for all of him.

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**LIFE IN THE PACIFIC.**

Among the myriad islands which dot the surface of the South Pacific Ocean is a little island about ten miles in diameter, lying near the Feejee group, called Horns Island. Its climate and productions are nearly similar to those of the Sandwich Islands. Its inhabitants are dark complexioned, and are said to be the most ferocious and savage of any in Polynesia. Until very late they were cannibals. A correspondent of the *Pictou Chronicle*, writing from a whale ship in the tropics, gives the following description of a visit to these interesting people for the purpose of procuring wood, water, yams, &c.:

"On our approach we were immediately surrounded by twenty or thirty canoes filled with the most hideous looking wretches I ever beheld. Their hair, which is long and very coarse, stands erect, giving them a most ferocious appearance; and they kept up such an unearthly yelling, being overjoyed to see us, that we finally came to the conclusion that we might possibly by mistake have discovered a small corner of the infernal regions. After satisfying their curiosity and ascertaining our wants they immediately returned to the shore to satisfy them; and in a short time several canoes came alongside filled with the choicest productions of the island, consisting of hogs, fowls, yams, coconuts, and fruits of all kinds. They commenced a trade unsurpassed by any rag fair in Europe; but we were not a little surprised to find that our money was of no value to them and they refused to take it; therefore a regular barter commenced. Old shirts, handkerchiefs, pipes, tobacco, and fancy trinkets took well with them. Our captain had been an old Cape Cod Yankee who had been seafaring for forty years understood well what was required for traffic with the natives, and having of course come prepared for the occasion, laid in forty hogs, two hundred fowls, a large supply of yams, coconuts, &c., in exchange for what cost him not over fifteen dollars, in the shape of red flannel, knives, hatchets, and beads. It was quite amusing to see him bargain for his supplies especially the yams which grow here to a size weighing fifteen to twenty pounds. One perussion cap was to be given for one yam; but the old sea cook, not being satisfied by taking small and great as they came, would repeatedly impress upon the natives the necessity of bringing large yams, by saying, 'one cap, one yam, big yam,' and at the same time stretching his eyes and extending his hands to describe the size. I must say, although he treated us, very well during the passage, if he ever had any conscience, it had little to do in trade with the natives of Horns Island."

The mode of cooking food among these people is similar to that of the Sandwich Islanders and is thus described:

"They bake their food in an oven or shallow hole dug in the ground, in the bottom of which a flat stone is laid, embedded in mud; and when it is sufficiently heated, the coals are taken out and set in layers of leaves laid over the whole, which is quickly covered with earth. By this means the steam is confined and vegetables cook in a very short time. When taken out of the fiery bed smoking, and eaten with the milk of the young coconuts, they cannot be pronounced a bad dish."

**BOYS READ THE FOLLOING.**—We slip from an exchange, the following answer of a boy:

"Why did you not pocket some of these penns?" said one boy to another; nobody was there to see. "Yes, there was—I was there to see myself; and I don't ever mean to see myself do a mean thing."

Ponder, that young rascals. Never see yourself do a mean or dishonest thing. Under all circumstances, maintain your self respect and keep a clear conscience. You cannot have a worse companion than the ever present remembrance of a bad action.

The difference between an old man and a young one, is said to be, that one is happy and careless, and the other is cappy and hairless.

Women should stile but