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STATES.**

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profitless expenditure once a month, you may in a
few months be put in possession of a work from
which you may derive knowledge and profit for the
time, which will serve for a study through your
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FROM THE
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of Civil History, and Greek and Roman Antiquities
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and if you have more knowledge than your neigh-
bor, you have a power over him which he cannot
successfully resist.

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Examine the first number.

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WHEN you next visit it, without calling at No.
30 State Street, and examine the immense
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worth while to see what is provided for the Public,
and if you do want to buy, it is the only place in
New England, where you will find so large an as-
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Oct. 10. c6w6m15

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to express his grateful acknowledgments
to all those who have favored him with their pa-
tronsage since he has been in Brattleboro, by which
he has been enabled to acquire more than a year's
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timation of every one who has seen and used them
as being better than any other kind. For sale by
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10 BARRELS Connecticut Quails just received
for sale by
G. C. HALL.
Brattleboro, Nov. 30, 1848.

Sophy's Pliritation. A COUNTRY SKETCH.

"Well, to my mind, a nicer young man
doesn't live anywhere than Archie Harris.
So pleasant spoken, so good tempered, so
civil as he is. You may go farther and
far worse, I can tell you, Sophy. It's all
very well for girls to be dainty and particu-
lar about looks, when they are young and
handsome themselves, and think they may
catch any body, but it's no joke for a girl
to settle herself with a man who may be
unkind to her by and bye. Archie Harris
has that in him which will last in dark days
as well as sunshine; something that won't
wear out in old age, like your grandfather
here, that I've lived with forty-five years
come next Christmas, and found him just
the same, winter and summer. So, as I
said before, you may go farther and fare
worse," Sophy. And having delivered her
sentiments, old Mrs. Middleton took a
pinch of snuff, drew her chair a little nearer
the fire with an emphatic "hem," and then
resumed her knitting, while she glanced
over her spectacles to observe what had
been the effect of her speech upon her
pretty granddaughter, who was seated on
the opposite side of the little round table,
engaged in sewing.

Sophy Middleton plied her needle with
something of a petulant air, while her
grandmother spoke; and answered with a
slight tone of vexation—"Everybody can't
think alike, that is certain. Archie Harris
is well enough in his way, but he isn't the
only man in the world, that is one com-
fort."

"And why don't you like him?" pursued
the old lady, resolved not to give up the
point. "Tell me, in one of the whole place
that is better, or kinder, or cleverer. I
never saw such a fellow at any rate, and once
upon a time, Sophy, you thought Archie a
little better than most folks yourself, and
have only changed your mind since Philip
Greyson came home, I'm thinking."

"Philip Greyson, indeed!" exclaimed
Sophy, with a toss of her head, while her
cheeks crimsoned in spite of herself.
"Yes, Philip Greyson," said the old lady.
"I suppose you think, Sophy, because I
wear spectacles, I am half blind, and can't
see as far as I used to do. But I have my
eyes about me, and I fancy that Philip, with
his spruce uniform and navy buttons, will
make you forget poor Archie altogether."

"I am sure," said Sophy, whose thread
at that moment had got into such a knot
that her undivided attention was necessary
to disentangle it—"I'm sure Philip Greyson
is nothing to me."

"I hope he never may be, indeed," said
Mrs. Middleton emphatically. "These
young misanthropes are wild blades, my
dear, and I should never know a minute's
peace if you were to marry one. But
Archie Harris, ah! Sophy, he is the hus-
band for you; such a good son and brother
—so quiet, and steady, and—"

"Stupid," said Sophy, supplying with a
laugh the word for which her grandmother
paused. "Why, last night at Mrs. Morgan's
engagement and taken place, and say what
you will, grandmother," she continued, rou-
soused by the recollection of her last even-
ing's visit, "everybody likes a merry, talka-
tive beau, who has seen something of the
world, better than a fellow who sits by with
a long face, and can do nothing to amuse
one."

"And that fellow isn't Philip Greyson, I
guess," said her grandfather, who, on the
opposite side of the fire, was calmly knock-
ing the ashes from his pipe. "Phil is one
of those chaps that have no lack of words
in any company, if I may judge from the
way in which I have heard him chatter at
his own father's table."

"Chatter! that he can, like a magpie,
and with but little more sense, to my mind,"
said the old lady. "If Archie Harris
speaks but seldom, his words are always to
some purpose, and he doesn't think it amiss
to be civil to old people, either. Philip
may know enough to prate about to young
folks, but if an elderly person comes by, he
is at no pains to entertain him. Times
have changed since my day, when young
men and women were taught to reverence
their betters. Ah! well," and Mrs. Mid-
dleton drew a long deep sigh, and shook
her head significantly as she leaned over to
mend her fire.

It was in the prettiest, neatest white
house, in the main street of a pretty village,
somewhere in the Empire State, that Sophy
Middleton and her grandparents resided.—
Samuel Middleton, who from his silvery
hair, and general knowledge of past events,
together with the melancholy fact that he
was blind, has long been dignified with the
title of "the oldest inhabitant," which title,
by the way, the old gentleman particularly
glories in, being fond of relating anecdotes
of the place, which happened when he was a
boy, and adventures with persons long since
dead, and though Brattleboro has not im-
proved materially during the last twenty
years—being off the railroad—yet the old
man glances in his blindness at great
changes, taken place, because the
Episcopalians have built a church, and
Squire Edgewood a new house and barn,
and descends largely upon the good old
times, when Brattleboro was just settled,
and no folly or fashion had got into it.

A youth of industry—for it was not un-
til advancing years that darkness fell upon
him—had secured for Samuel Middleton a
moderate competency, and at the old home-
stead, with the kind partner of his joys and
sorrows, and the orphan child of an only
son, he had learned to bear with patience
and fortitude the sore trial which it had
pleased God to send him; thankful for the
past, contented with the present, and fear-
less of the future.

Sophy, so early orphaned as scarcely to
remember any other care than that of her
grandparents, was the life and light of the
old man's home. Her cheerfulness beguiled
very many of his wearisome hours, and
her merry voice, and mirth-inspiring laugh-
ter, seemed to cheat him of half his sor-
row. He knew her step upon the gravel
walk when she came in from school, as
readily as if his sightless eyes could have
looked upon her face, and felt only too
proud and happy when his friends said
"that Sophy was growing up a comely girl,"

and would be a beauty one of these days." As his beloved child grew older, this prophe-
cy seemed likely to prove true. Sophy's
blue eyes were full of vivacity, and her
oval cheeks and sweet lips we're colored
with nature's pure carnation. By degrees
the scrawny figure of the school girl was
moulded to the grace of early womanhood,
and we introduce Sophy Middleton to our
readers, at this particular moment, a bloom-
ing country maiden of nineteen summers,
very much pined at home, sufficiently ad-
mired abroad, and therefore a little, very
little bit spoiled.

But who is Archie Harris, whom we find
the old lady eulogizing so warmly? Why,
Archie Harris and our Sophy went to the
same school; sat on the same bench;
learned out of the same book, and were
friends from the time they were "no bigger
than a midge's wing." Being next door
neighbors, this friendship had strengthened
with their years rather than diminished.—
Sophy had found a sister in Mary Harris,
and in the natural course of things, a lover
in Archie; and although no positive en-
gagement existed between them, it seemed
such a matter of course that they should
love each other, and so desirable a connec-
tion on both sides, that everybody—that is
every wise person found in the village—said
it would certainly be a match at some fu-
ture day.

Philip Greyson, too, was a Brattleboro
boy, and had been a school-mate of So-
phy's, years ago. But Philip's ambition
soared higher than a life of usefulness at
home. He longed to see the world; to
brave the ocean; to tread on foreign
shores; and when, through the influence
of friends at Washington, he procured a
midshipman's warrant, and left Brattleboro,
to join his vessel at Norfolk, what cared
he for aught he was leaving, when the fu-
ture appeared so brightly before him? His
parents, teachers, school-fellows—he bade
them good-bye without a moment's regret;
and as to Sophy Middleton—if he thought
of her at all, it was but as an unloving
girl, rather more indifferent to him than
his own sisters, and whom he might per-
haps never see again. On his return, how-
ever, after a three years' cruise, Philip found,
to his surprise, this same little Sophy grown
a young lady, and a pretty one, too; and
clashed at the sight of so much beauty
where he least expected it, he renewed his
acquaintance with delight, while Sophy,
pleased and flattered by his attentions, and
dazzled by the glitter of his gilt buttons,
and dandied and flirted with the young midship-
man to her heart's content, exciting the en-
vy of sundry other damsels, to whom na-
ture had denied bright eyes and rosy lips,
and vexing poor Archie, by her unwonted
vanity, in the most uncomfortable degree.

Had Sophy related to her grandmother
what had passed between Archie and her-
self on the previous night as they walked
home from Mrs. Morgan's tea-party, the old
lady would have been inexpressibly distress-
ed; for Archie, in the warmth of his feel-
ings, upbraided Sophy for her coquetry and
coldness, which Sophy's high spirit would
not brook. She bade him remember that
he was engaged and taken place, and there-
fore she was free to choose for herself,
though everybody seemed to think—why
she could not tell—that because they lived
next door to each other, they were as good
as married. Philip Greyson, she said, was
an old friend, as well as he, and she would
not give up the pleasure of talking to him,
if he liked, for anybody; and so, at the
garden gate, they parted, with a cold
good-night! Archie to mourn over the
fickleness of the girl he dearly loved, and
Sophy to dream of—Philip Greyson.

Probably Mrs. Middleton suspected some-
thing of this, however, from her urgent ap-
peal to her granddaughter in behalf of their
neighbor's son, and might, perhaps, have
gone on still further to expostulate, had not
a knock at the outer door interrupted the
conversation; and Sophy, who had risen
to answer the summons, returned in a few
minutes with a letter directed to her grand-
father.

"A letter for you, grandfather," she said,
placing it in the old man's hand. "Mr.
Norris sent it up from the post office. It
came by the late mail."

"For me?" said Mr. Middleton, turning
it over, and placing his finger upon the
large red seal. "I did not expect any let-
ters just now. Read it, wife."

Mrs. Middleton, who had been adjusting
her spectacles, eagerly seized the myste-
rious letter, and carefully cutting it open,
read the signature aloud: "Henry Willet-
son."

"I don't know any such person," said
the old man, leaning forward to catch every
word. "Go on, Hannah."

The letter was a brief one; and the old
lady glanced her eye over it before she be-
gan; but that glance was sufficient to tell
the whole story. There it was, written
down in few but fearful characters; and
suddenly throwing the letter upon the table,
she exclaimed, "Merciful Father! we are
ruined! All swept away! Oh! Samuel,
Samuel, what shall we do in our old age?"

"All gone, all gone!" said the old man
the whole truth," said the old man, groping
his way to the table, and stretching his
hand over it to find the letter. "Tell me
what has happened, Hannah! I can bear
it."

"All gone, all gone!" murmured poor
Mrs. Middleton, as if deprived of the power
to say more.

"What is gone? Tell me, Hannah!"
said the agitated old man. "Oh, this awful
blindness! Sophy, where are you? Do
you read it for me?"

"Pale and trembling," Sophy obeyed.—
The letter was from the agent of a mercan-
tile house in New York, in which Mr. Mid-
dleton had been persuaded to invest the
entire failure of the concern, which would
not at all probability, at the winding up
of its affairs, pay five cents on the dollar; and
thus the fruits of patient industry, during
the best years of Samuel Middleton's life,
were swept away by the reckless specula-
tion of others, and nothing remained to
him, save the pretty cottage in which he
lived, and the good name which no dishon-
est act had ever tarnished.

Had the old man been in the possession

of his eye-sight, the blow had not, perhaps,
fallen so heavily; but, unable by personal
exertion of any kind to repair the mischief,
with no children to lean upon, his bark
seemed stranded among the breakers; and
Samuel Middleton bowed his head upon
his hands and sought for strength in this
hour of darkness, from the source whence
alone he felt certain of obtaining it.—
There was silence for a few moments in
the little apartment, disturbed only by the
stuffed sofa of poor Sophy, and the moans
of Mrs. Middleton, as she rocked backward
and forward in her arm-chair, till the old
man spoke.

"We have received good, it is the hand
of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?"
Hannah, this is a sore trial; but it comes
from God, and we must submit. If He
sends poverty upon us in our old days, de-
pend upon it, He will send strength to bear
it. The trouble and the comfort always
seem to go hand-in-hand. Let us be thank-
ful it is no worse."

"It seems the worst that could have hap-
pened," said the old woman, her voice
choked with sorrow.

"The worst! Oh, no! Think if we had
been parted by death, Hannah; or if So-
phy had gone off with some wild, idle fel-
low; or any other things might befall us.
Don't cry, Sophy, darling; grandfather
is all for the best, dear child. I feel as sure
of that as I do that I sit here this moment.
Wife, don't moan so; it isn't Christian-
like to despair. God's will be done."

"Ah, husband! if I had your faith; but
it comes so sudden, I can't seem to bear it!"
"Bring the bible, Sophy," said her grand-
father, "and read to grandmother and me
how Job bore the loss of all his posses-
sions."

Sophy brought the bible, and read, with
trembling voice, as Mr. Middleton directed.
When she had finished, the old man knelt
down, and reverently clasped his hands.—
And as to Sophy Middleton—if he thought
of her at all, it was but as an unloving
girl, rather more indifferent to him than
his own sisters, and whom he might per-
haps never see again. On his return, how-
ever, after a three years' cruise, Philip found,
to his surprise, this same little Sophy grown
a young lady, and a pretty one, too; and
clashed at the sight of so much beauty
where he least expected it, he renewed his
acquaintance with delight, while Sophy,
pleased and flattered by his attentions, and
dazzled by the glitter of his gilt buttons,
and dandied and flirted with the young midship-
man to her heart's content, exciting the en-
vy of sundry other damsels, to whom na-
ture had denied bright eyes and rosy lips,
and vexing poor Archie, by her unwonted
vanity, in the most uncomfortable degree.

Before noon the next day, everybody in
Brattleboro had been made acquainted with
the misfortune of the Middletons; and
neighbors came with kind offers, which the
old man could not accept. He had settled
what to do, he told them, and thought it
was the best plan. The white cottage
would be sold or rented, and, indeed, he
had already dictated a note which Sophy
had written, to a gentleman in New York,
who was looking for a summer residence,
and had once expressed himself pleased
with the situation of Mr. Middleton's house,
and the scenery about Brattleboro. The
income accruing from this would enable
him to hire an old broken-down tenant
about five miles off, where they would re-
move without delay, and with strict econ-
omy, and good use of a little garden-plot,
become as contented, he hoped, if not as
happy, as they once were.

To this arrangement, reasonable as it ap-
peared, every body objected, and suggested,
of course, something else. One would
take Sophy to live with him; another
would help to pay the rent of a better place;
and a third proposed some other grand ex-
pedient; but the old gentleman was firm.
"I think you, my friends," he said,
"but I would keep my independence, if I
can. Let me feel that I still eat my own
bread, though it be coarser and harder than
it once was, and pray for a contented heart,
which seems to lighten almost any burden."

A purchase of the neat homestead was
easily found in the gentleman to whom
Sophy had written by her grandfather's dic-
tation; and at the appointed time, Samuel
Middleton and his family removed to their
new abode, not, however, until kind hearts
and willing hands had contributed to make
the old place tolerably comfortable; to lay
out and improve the garden, long run to
waste, and even to plant a few rose-bushes
and flowering shrubs about the door-way,
that Sophy's eyes, if not her grandfather's,
might find some pleasant memento of
Brattleboro and its inhabitants, "in these
marks of their affection and respect."

When moving day came, everybody
came to help. Squire Edgewood's men
and fine team, and Mr. Harris, with his
strong market cart, to transport the furni-
ture, and when these were fairly off, arriv-
ed neighbor Maynard's light wagon, to carry
Sophy and her grandmother down, with
sundry small baskets and boxes, while the
minister himself drove the old gentleman in
his gig; and it was sad, though soothing
to catch the kind farewell words as they
passed down the village street, when many
a one pressed forward to shake hands, and
to wish, "good health, and God's blessing
on their new home."

And over this new home, in answer, per-
haps, to these good wishes, some benevo-
lent brownie seemed already to preside;
for when Mrs. Middleton unpacked her val-
ables, she found, stored away in cup-
boards, supposed, of course, to be entirely
empty, such loaves of cake and jars of but-
ter, with preserves, pickles, eggs, &c., as
to excite her astonishment in the highest
degree; nor could any inquiries or surmises
detect the mysterious donors; and the
old lady, amid her sighs and bemoanings
at their altered condition, could not but
smile as she surveyed the kind remem-
brances; and Sophy, poor girl, would have
smiled too, since she duly estimated the
kind feelings which had induced them, but
that she was too miserable for anything to
interest her now—so home-sick and lonely,
that she cared for nothing, save the luxury
of shedding tears, when she could steal
away from her grandmother's side, and un-
observed, weep over the change which had
so suddenly befallen them.

But all this time, amid these adverse cir-
cumstances, where were Sophy's admirers?
Was she to find them only summer friends,
who, like migratory birds, flew off in dark-
er weather? Alas! it seemed too true.—
Once or twice after their removal, Philip
Greyson rode down to Mr. Middleton, and
then Sophy resumed her smiles, and her
happily but his visits were few and far

between, and she learned that a pretty girl
in the midst of plenty and prosperity was
very different from a pretty girl fallen in
fortune, and obliged to perform all sorts
of menial offices for her grandparents.—
But Archie Harris, the companion of her
childhood, surely he might have come to
offer consolation, where he knew it was so
much required. Was it altogether right in
him to stand back under such circumstan-
ces? Sophy felt that it was unkind, "un-
brotherly," as she mentally termed it; yet
she could scarcely blame him, either, when
she remembered their last conversation, the
indifference she had evinced toward him,
and the decided preference she had given
to Philip; and while her heart smote her
for this, she felt more inclined to forgive a
coldness which she had herself so entirely
provoked.

Our friend Archie, however, despite his
seeming indifference, had not forgotten.—
He had been wounded to the quick by her
perfection for his rival; and the manner
in which she appeared to reject that no
previous truth-pledge would prevent her ac-
cepting Philip, made him feel how little
she valued true affection, when compared
with a dashing exterior, or a greater share
of personal beauty. "Let her go! let her
go! cold-hearted girl!" he mentally ejacu-
lated, as they parted on that eventful night.

"Let her try if she can love her half so well
as I do—as I have done," he added more
bitterly. "Fool that I was, to believe she
ever cared for me. That conceited pre-
cock! I wish—And Archie, the best
tempered, kindest-hearted creature in the
world, conceived from that moment such
an unutterable dislike and contempt for all
navy officers, and navy buttons, as to wish,
in his awakened ire, that Philip Greyson
was on the coast of Africa, or on the deep
waters of the Pacific."

But when misfortune came, Archie's re-
sentment at once gave way. Sophy was in
sorrow, and he longed to go and assure her
that his love was brighter than any skies
could darken. But she had not rejected
his love? Then why should he urge it
now? Philip was still at Brattleboro, and
might follow up the advantage he had gained;
and Archie would not for the world
have interposed his own wishes. Pride,
therefore, more than anger, kept him back
from any other attention than common civi-
lity required; and he resolved by every
means in his power to drive away the re-
membrance of the past, and wait as calmly
as he might the issue of future events.

While such was the state of affairs with
Archie, Sophy Middleton, in her new home,
was learning many valuable lessons, which,
perhaps, she had never gained but for these
unfavorable circumstances—lessons of pa-
tience and submission, of industry, activity,
and economy; and though she did not re-
cover her usual flow of spirits, still, as the
months rolled on, and her employments in-
creased, a tolerable degree of cheerfulness
returned also. She found pleasure in her
garden-beds and flower-borders; pleasure
in leading her good old grandfather about
the house and ground, making him fami-
liar with everything, and instructing him
how to find his way, unaided, to the arm-
chair in the porch; pleasure, too, in dis-
arranging plants with her grandmother for the
better arrangement of their little household,
that pleasure which ever comes with the
faithful discharge of duty; and if Sophy
could not forget, if she still remembered,
Archie's slighted love with bitter self-re-
proach, or Philip's short-lived admiration
with mortification and disdain, she was still
calm, and patient, and resigned; less gay,
perhaps, but not less lovable or lovely.

The first year of their misfortunes had
passed away, and during that time Archie
and our heroine had met but seldom, when
the calm current of the blind man's life
was ruffled by the intelligence that Mr.
Wilson had "sold out," and the white cot-
tage at Brattleboro had gone into other
hands.

That the beloved home of his early years
and of his married life, should belong to
another, had always seemed to Samuel Mid-
dleton but as an unpleasant dream, from
which he vainly tried to rouse himself, and
believe that it was, indeed, a reality. He
could not discern the changes around him,
or miss the familiar objects which still lin-
gered on his memory; and this news, com-
municated rather abruptly by his wife on
her return from a visit to Brattleboro, ap-
peared to awaken all his past regrets, and
remind him anew of other and happier days.

"Why did Wilson sell, I wonder?" he
said. "Dear me, I'm very sorry for it.—
I'm afraid somebody may get there who
will abuse the place."

"It will make no difference to us now,
grandfather," said Sophy, quietly.

"I don't know as to that," replied the
old gentleman, rather testily; "I don't
know as to that. Wouldn't it make you
feel badly, Sophy, to walk past there, and
see everything going to rack and ruin?—
And if I can't see it, I can remember just
how it looked when we came away. If
any one should cut down those two elm
trees, in front of the house, it would go
down to break my heart, I think. Why, my
father planted those elms with his own
hands when I was a boy; and I do hope
nobody will cut them down while I live."

"I hope not, indeed," said Sophy, in a
soothing tone, "but I don't suppose there
is much danger of that, grandfather, they
shade the house so pleasantly."

"May be not," said Mr. Middleton, fid-
getting in his chair, as if the very idea had
made him nervous, "but there is no telling
what the money now-a-days, that nothing is
safe. Who did you say had bought it,
wife?"

"I didn't hear his name," replied Mrs.
Middleton; "but I was so busy with other
matters, that may be I didn't ask."

"However, we can hear all about it to-
morrow, Samuel, for to-morrow is election
day, you know, and Mr. Harris says he
must have your vote, and they'll send down
their wagon for you and me in good season,
so that we can take a dish of tea with
them, if Sophy don't mind being left alone
an afternoon."

Sophy expressed her entire willingness
to remain at home, and, indeed, was re-
joiced at the prospect of so doing; and at
the appointed hour next day, when Mr.

Harris's wagon came rattling down the
lane, gladly assisted her grandparents to
prepare for their visit, and saw them drive
away with it, must be confessed, a feeling
of relief, somewhat difficult, perhaps, to an-
alyze.

Instead, however, of setting about the
various little tasks, which, to beguile her
loneliness, Mrs. Middleton had suggested,
Sophy sat down by the window, and was
soon lost in deep thought. What was the
subject of her meditations, I think I would
not tell, even if I could, because I do not
choose to betray all the weakness of my
sex; but I am sure her eyes were wet, and
her face very sorrowful, when who should
come trotting to the door but Archie Har-
ris himself, the very last person in the
world one might expect on election-day
when everybody, young or old, was or
ought to have been busy at Brattleboro polls.

Be this as it may, however, here, as I said,
came Archie, who threw the bridle of his
pretty bay pony over the gate-post.

"I met your folks, just now, going to
the village, and hearing you were at home,
called to see you."

Sophy received him