whose thoughts are occupied with by no

she plucked the while leaf after leaf from

tions of "loves me, loves me not," When

the stalk bad been listlessly dropped after

it, she rose wearily, and said coldly to her

"Oh! I thought you were going to ride,"

"I feel unequal to riding, driving, walk-

ing, croquet-playing, talking, laughing, or

"Crying!" exclaimed Tomkins, with a

her to the door; "what is there to cry a-

"Nothing that I know of," answered An

nie, with a little sigh; and they sauntered

Into the house without another word.

They found Mrs. Maddox, Annie's moth-

which results from the performance of du-

ty. And that duty, to judge from appear-

ances, was performed by means of writing

materials and an exquisite little note which

lay upon the table before her. Annie gave

one quick glance at the superscription;

and the gleam of satisfaction which passed

with a blush over her face was speedily

succeeded by an expression of regret and

"My dear Annie," said her mother, "you

look far from well; you feel the heat, I

"I feel something, mamma," replied An-

nie drearily; "but I deubt whether it can

be the heat, for hot weather, you know, al-

"Don't you think a little brandy and so

da--" began Tomkins, but he was inter-

rupted by an exchamation from Mrs. Mad-

Annie had sunk with a moan and a shiv

er into an easy chair, where she reclined,

phatic and general prayer for the blessing

of his soul, and incoherent remarks about

a doctor, which were no doubt an offer to

had flown to her daughter's side, was per-

fectly cool and collected, smiled as pleas

antly as ever, and said, in a sharp and de-

"Don't be silly; give me that scent bot-

tle on the little table, that's a good man;

now go and have your ride, and when you

come back you will find her quite well

again; she has only fainted that is all; go

-go-go;" and she gave him a gentle

Tomkins went for his solitary ride; and

his thoughts were far from cheerful. He

appeared to himself to have got into what

he called in his phraseology a "jolly mess."

If these things were done in the green tree,

In the mean time Apple bud recovered

from her swoon, and she and Mrs. Mad-

"If he writes to me as usual," the for

mer said, "I shall feel bound for another

"He'll not write," was the confident re-

Annie looked wistfully at her mother

who smiled in the sweetest possible man-

"It would never do to full between two

"One can't despise eight hundred a year,

"Got by drugs," muttered Annie dispar

"My dear," rejoined Mrs. Maddox,

'you speak as if they had been noxious

"He is dreadfully vulgar," observed An-

nie, "with his brandy and sods, and all

that sort of thing. I heard what he recom-

"My love," rejoined Mrs. Maddox, "rec

"It will be a very difficult task, mam-

"Patience, perseverance and eight bun

dred a year will surmount all difficulties.

and that is a great thing. It insures do

"But I'm so young as yet, mamma; and

"Procrastination, my darling Annie, in

think of that foolish King who refused the

Sibylline books, and was afterwards oblig-

ed to take a portion of them. You might

find yourself at thirty years of age accept-

ing an offer of three hundred a year, or get-

"At any rate, Mr. Bushby is a gentle

"Mr Bushby's only drawback," rejoined

Mrs. Maddox, warmly, "is inability to

"Quite so, mamma," assented Annie, dis

Tomkins, as he entered the room on re-

turning from the ride, and made him feel

the superscription of the note which had

a little uncomfortable. For he had seen

been written by Mrs. Maddox, and that

fact, coupled with Annie's exclamation,

had caused him to conceive sentiments of

suspleion and hatred toward this unknows

Bushby, whose name was beginning to ap-

pear portentiously upon the scene. How-

ever he was received with so much cor-

diality by both mother and daughter that

his perturbed spirit was soon at rest, and

onsolately ; "poor Mr. Bushby !"

The last words smote upon the

maintain a wife. But that, you have al

It is not as if he were hideous in appear

ince, or likely to be rebellious."

mestic peace if not happiness,"

ting no offer at all."

man," said Annie with a sigh,

ready allowed, is fatal."

Mr. Bushby might in a year or so-

ollect that the refined wife polishes the un-

drugs, and he had poisoned his father with

what would be done in the dry?

dox were conversing freely.

stools," said the mother.

Annie sighed.

mended for me."

efined husband."

of silk."

agingly.

resumed the mother

ply.

cisive but playful manner:

Tomkins stood the picture of horror, and

white, speechless and motionless,

the paleness of suppressed emotion,

ways agrees with me,"

rejoined Tomkins in a tone of surprise.

-crying," said she a little pettishly.

"My head aches; I shall go in."

BRATTLEBORO, VT., FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1873.

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Poetry.

A MYSTERY.

The river hemmed with leaning trees Wound through its mesdow green A low, blue line of mountains showed The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all Clear into sunlight sprang; I saw the river of my dreams, The mountains that I sang

No clew of memory led me on, But well the ways I knew; A feeling of familiar things With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag Could lean the blasted pine Not otherwise the maple hold Al ft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foot-hills The mountain road should creep; Its red-haired kine seleep.

The river wound as it should wind

Their place the mountains took, The white, torn fringes of their clouds Were no unwonted look. Vat ne'er before that river's rim Was pressed by feet of mine, Never before mine eyes had crossed

That broken mountain line A presence, strange at once and known. The skirts of some forgotten life

Was it a dim remembered dream ? Or glimpse through sons old ? The secrets which the mountains kept,

But from the vision ere it passed A tender hope I drew, And pleasant se a dawn of spring,

The thought within me grew, That love would temper every change, And soften all surprise, And, misty with the dreams of earth,

The hills of Heaven arise,

John G Whittier in February Atlantic

The Leisure Hour.

BETWIXT TWO STOOLS.

John Bushby, baving fallen between tw stools and hurt himself, took a desperate reso'ution and emigrated; just at the time. oo, when he appeared to have reached the proverbial turning in the proverbial long one; so that his friends and acquaintances, such of them at least as were not in his secret, wondered greatly. Nor, under ordinary circumstances, would there appear to be any reason why a man should expatriate himself, simply because he had fallen between two stools. Of course spectators laugh, for the sight of a fellow-creature falling and hurting himself is a never-failing source of amusement; but the sufferer generally contents himself with trying to force a smile, rubbing what Latin grammars call the part affected, cursing the two lifeless logs, and determining to show more sense for the future. But when the tw stools assume the human form, have ever that speak a silent language, encounter you day after day, and seem always to wear a mocking smile as it in derisive remem brance of your misadventure, the matter vears a more serious aspect. And, in Bushby's case the stools were pettic ats, which added to the discomfort of the situation.

THE FIRST STOOL.

"The question is what to do with that horrid Mr. Bushby."

These words were uttered on a certain day, about two years before Bushby's emigration, and the speaker was a particulary amiable-looking lady of some forty-five rears of age. She was speaking to herself, as she gazed with a well-satisfied air at an arbor of which she commanded a full view from the open window at which she was seated. For it was a lovely day in June, and the weather was eminently suited fo the occupation of an interesting couple, who sat upon two wicker-chairs under shady, leafy roof, in the garden gay with roses. They were, in fact, doing nothing unless carrying on a conversation in a lo one may be considered doing something They both were young and of different exes. He was about six-and-twenty, one would have said, and she was five years younger. She had a face and figure which were pleasing rather than pretty; and the former wore an expression such as is fre uently the result of recent illness or men

al trouble. He who sat by her was no yet her accepted lover; and the lady at the window was her mother. The daughter suddenly rose up in obedience to a sign, and stood before the smiable looking mat-

ron of forty-five. "Annie, darling," said the latter, "I think our birthday is some day this week." 'Yes, dear mamma, on Friday."

"And this is only Tuesday. There enty of time. That is all I wanted, darl-

Annie went back to her seat in the arbor nd the amiable-looking woman looked more amiable than over, for she had hit upon a satisfactory plan. She now knew perfectly well "what to do with that horrid Mr. Bushby." She was an excellent nother-which means that she had at hear her daughter's comfortable settlement in life, and was ready to do anything short of felony to secure it. She had constantly im ressed upon Annie that in matrimonia natters young ladies have nothing to do with affections until they have ascertained that he who might be the object of them can make suitable provision for a wife, and afterward they may bestow them free ly. She had even gone so far as to main tain that love is all nonsense in these days of civilization; that it was quite enough i the young lady proposed to, did not actually dislike the proposer; that there was nothing so likely to promote conjugal affecon as the possession of a nice little inme-which was her way of rendering sine Baccho et Cerere friget Venus." She was also fond of inculcating the wisdom of that proverb which says that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." She held it to be the height of madness to refuse

resent certainty in the hope of future con

ingencies; to decline what Tomkins of-

nessy and anything but confident. In

the pauses, which were many and pretty

long, between the different portions of the

sidelong glances at Annie, after the fashion

one who is examining an article for

fregmentary dialogue, he took furtive,

he took quite a poetical flight when Mrs. ered on the spot, in the expectation of wha Maddox judiciously gave him and Annie Bushby might some day offer. an opportunity of an unobserved parting. "In a week," said be, "I shall come back That was Tornkins of course, who was sitting in the arbor; and he had already to hear my fate; and pray remember that offered his hand, his beart, and eight hun-'yes' rhymes to 'bless,' and 'no' to 'blow;' your answer will make me happy forever, dred a year. He was to receive a definit answer in a week; and there was upon his or strike me down into the dust of mi features, as he sat and conversed in desulory fashion with Annie, an expressio which might mean either that he consider ed he had already made a fool of himself, Bushby. or that he expected to be made a fool of in the course of a week. In fact he looked

And so he departed to spend a week of suspense in solitary travelling, and in wondering at intervals who the devil was

"I am afraid the man is an idjot, mamna," said Annie, after he was farly gone. is she pondered on his farewell address. "That is of no consequence, my dear," replied Mrs. Maddox complacently; "indeed. I'm not sure that it is not an advantage. Idiots are generally harmless, affectionate

which he has impulsively made a bid and | creatures, and it is only when they show which he half hopes and half fears will be | their infirmity in outward and visible unultimately knocked down to him. As for gainliness, and so on, that their idlocy be-Annie, she, during those intervals, gazed comes distressing. Mr. Tomkins has nothfar away into vacancy with the air of one | ing of that sort," "Oh! he is a fair specimen of the sni-

mal," rejoined Annie. means the pleasantest of day-dreams; and "And he is a quiet, docile animal," said Mrs. Maddox; "and he has eight hundred a rose she held, as if she were silently testa year. It will be your fault if you cannot ing her fate with the well-known alternamake a tolerable husband out of such a the last leaf had fluttered to the ground and

And mother and daughter retired to rest. While they were slumbering, and Tomkins was dreaming of a fearful monster more appalling than a sea-serpent and it dream-land called a Bushby, the mail-train was swiftly carrying Mrs. Maddox's little missive, or, it were as correct to say, missile. And a deadly shaft it was. It reached its mark about ten o'clock the next morning, as Mr. Bushby sat down to a blank face, as he prepared to walk with somewhat late breakfast and prepared to whet his appetite by a perusal of his letters. He first took up the delicate little

note, and read as follows: DEAR MR. BUSHBY: The weather is lovely and our cottage is more charming than and he inquired particularly after you, and er, in a state of that peaceful serenity that I must tell you to write as soon as ever you could. His address is the same as before. He is getting on pretty well, and be said brusquely: is not at all sorry he went to Ceylon. With united kind regards,

I remain, yours very sincerely,

MARY MADDOX. P. S.-Annie has been seriously ill, Pray lon't be alarmed; there is no danger now, but the doctor will not permit her to read anything of any kind. I believe you always write to her on her birthday, and so I just warn you that it might be better if you omited to do so this year.

The missile bit Bushby fairly in the left breast, and he felt a shasp pang. Of course he could see there was something wrong, and of course his suspicions were aroused. But what could be do? He reflected for a while, and then he wrote:

DEAR MRS. MADDOX: You may be quite sure that I would move neither hand nor foot to your daughter's harm. I only depend upon you to let her know why I, this year, omit my usual practice. Yours, very sincerely. JOHN BUSHBY.

was incapable of anything beyond an em-He had no idea that he had begun to be regarded by Mrs. Maddox as "that horrid Mr. Bushby," or his eyes would have been go and fetch one. But Mrs. Maddox, who completely opened; and it is, perhaps, well for the general peace of society that we are for the most part wholly unconscious of the epithets applied, in our absence, by our Friday came and went; Annie's birth-

day was over, and there had been no letter of congratulation from "that horrid Mr. Bushby." And though Annie had been nervous and peevish and ill all the day, she was quite herself again on Saturday. For it is astenishing how small a quantity of salve will suffice to cure a wounded conscience, especially in the case of a murriageable young woman. Annie felt absolved from her curious, tacit, long continued understanding with Bushby, so soon as he discontinued the only overt act which seemed to bind them together. He, not she, had broken the spell; and she laid that flattering unction to her soul. Had be written, she would have written back and considered herself committed to their singular compact for another year. It may seem strange to those who take extremely elevated views of human nature, that she should not have inquired into the means taken for preventing Bushby from writing; but she had great confidence in her mother's tact, and was contented with results She was now perfectly free, and intended to avail herself of her freedom. Let not sentimental persons cry out indignantly that Annie could not have behaved thus, for they will at once be confuted by facts. She actually did behave thus; and so there is an end of it. She was not at all senti mental; she was a practical girl, strongly impressed with the duty of getting advantageously married, to the man she liked best, if it were possible, but, even, at the cost of a serious fit of illness, at any rate to somebody. It is more than probable that if Bushby had asked ber, she would have consented to wait until she was gray-headed, but his sense of justice would not allow him to do so; and consequently his first stool began to slip from him

He almost felt it slipping; and was already turning his thoughts seriously to his econd, when he made his remark about "love or lucre."

"Annie laughed and rejoined, "I could THE SECOND STOOL. Some months before Bushby had unconput him in shafts and drive him with a skein clously become "horrid" in the estimation of the amiable Mrs. Maddox, he had re "To be sure, my dear," replied Mr. Maddox in a tone of intense satisfaction ceived the following note:

KENSINGTON. MY DEAR JOHN: Your uncle bids me to say that we have not seen anything of you for a long while, and that he expects you to dine with us at half-past six next Thurs-

such matters is most dangerous. I always | day evening. Your affectionate aunt,

EMMA CARSON. P. S.-Ellen Parry is staying with us. She seems to have a very pleasant recollec-

tion of you. Bushby appealed to his memory for information about Ellen Parry; but without any immediate response. At last the faithful organ became more communicative. and revealed to him certain facts which he had elean forgotten. He executed a crablike movement backward, until he became once more seven years old and was walking in a garden with two or three girls. He was a pretty little boy; and they, who had up to the time of that very walk been complete strangers to him, after eyeing him carefully and approvingly, whispered together and giggled; and then one of them fell suddenly upon him and kissed him,

saying: "You are a little darling." She was quite twelve years old, and her name was Ellen Parry. She had struck him as being frightful to look at, and he had resented the liberty she had taken with him, in a manner which only made her laugh good-naturedly and repeat her outrageous conduct. They had ultimately, however, become very good friends, when she went abroad with her parents, and he had never seen her since, or even heard of ner. She was his Aunt Carson's niece, and she had lately lost her father, who was Aunt Carson's brother. She must now be thirty-two years of age if she was a day, and if she had fulfilled the promise of her girlhood, must have grown up to be hideous. However, he would be able to decide upon the question of her bideousness when Thursday evening came. It came; and Bushby was punctual and arrived at the door of his uncle's house, in a small square in the parish of Kensington, as the clock struck the half-hour after six. Ellen and her mother gave him hearty greeting ; remembered him perfectly, (they said), and showed the greatest interest in him and his pursuits, making their conversation dur-

ing dinner turn thereon as often as they could. As for him, he was chiefly engaged in taking stock of Ellen. She looked quite her age, and even more than five years older than Bushby, who had the appearance of being younger than he was. she was not hideous, but she was decidedly plain; and in the manner in which she

had arranged her bair and in the style of her dress there was displayed either an ignorance of, or contempt for, prevailing fashions. She wore an air of great determ-ination, and she expressed her opinions with frankness and self-confidence, though she listened with marked deference to what Bushby said, either agreeing with him cordially or differing from him with evident reluctance. She expressed unbounded admiration for his profession, (which was the bar); and she declared that the magazine to which she occasionally (it appeared) contributed articles was her favorite. After dinner she played some pieces with considerable skill, on the plane; and it turnes

out that she and Bushby had the same tast in music. obseco in his study of an evening, and he, about half past nine carried off Bushy with him into the regions of smoke. As they sat face to face and puffed in unison, the uncle seemed buried in thought; and at last

"That girl has thirty thousand pounds, John, if she has a penny." "Miss Parry, you mean," rejoined Bush-

by, carelessly. "Of course I do," replied the uncle testily: "perhaps I ought to have said woman. for she is not any longer a girl," he added, with a short cough.

"No, she is not," assented Bushby, dry His uncle eyed him keenly, and repeated "She has thirty thousand pounds, though f she bas a penny."

"So you said before, Sir," observed Bush "And she has no nonsense about her," continued the uncle; "she has told your aunt that now her father is dead and has left her weil off, and she is no longer tied to bome as she was by him, she wants to be married, and means to be, too."

"She'll soon get picked up-with thirty housand pounds," remarked Bushby, unncernedly. "But suppose she doesn't want to be

nicked up f" sneered the uncle, with angry mphasis. "Well, she'll soon pick somebody up, hen," replied Bushby, carelessly.

ed sharply: "Any briefs this year, John ?" "No," answered Bushby, lazily; "only ree guineas' worth of soup."

After a few minutes pause the uncleask-

"Soup! what d'ye mean?" anapped Bushby explained the meaning of barris er's "soup;" and his uncle continued: "You've only your fellowship to live on

alone could not ask a young man to stay "That's all," replied Bushby, curtly, "Two hundred a year, isn't it?" "Two hundred and ten pounds fifteen hillings and twopence halfpenny it was last year," said the accurate Bushby.

"And if you married, you would have to give it all up?" "To the very halfpenny."

"How long do you think it will be before ou make as much at the bar?" "Do you allude to the halfpenny, Sir?" The uncle's nose wrinkled with ire as he snarled:

"Well, sir," rejoined Bushby, "I haven' ufficient data (that is, cases given to me to calculate upon; but I should think about

century.' "It is quite clear, then," observed the un e, "that you can't afford to marry a pret y fool without a sixpence."

"Or even a pretty sage with the lik andsome dowry," assented Bushby. "And yet I should think that to be mar ied and to make a good appearance would

essist you in your profession.

"Undoubtedly." "Ahem!" coughed his nucle, as if the noke had tickled his throat. "Ahem!" counter-coughed the nephe a if he were in the same predicament." At this juncture a tap was administere

o the door of the study, and a voice was eard saying: "May I just come in and say good-night?" Bushby, at a nod from his uncle, jumped up and opened the door; and with a lit tle cough of suffocation, and a little screan of surprise, and a little sparring at the at mosphere, and a little snigger, partly contemptuous, partly compassionate, partly patronizing, partly deprecatory, partly

good-humored, in sailed Mrs. Parry, as ompanied by Mrs. Carson. "Oh! dear me," gasped the former, " really can hardly speak; but I didn't like o go away without saying good-night; and, esides, I thought I might have the pleas ure of Mr. Bushby's company; you know go very near the Temple, and I could set

nim down within a few bundred yards." Bushby would be "delighted and even grateful." So Mrs. Parry and he departed in the former's comfortable brougham; but Elien Parry remained behind with the Carons to complete her long visit.

Bushby received from his uncle and aunt, so long as Ellen Parry was staying with them, assiduous attention; and his uncle seemed never weary of impressin apon him that Ellen had "thirty thousand pounds, if she had a penny." As for Elen, she was always discovered by Bushby with the magazine to which he contributed either in her hand or in some conspicuou place near her; she obtained all the music be expressed a favorable opinion of; she consulted him upon legal points, with which it was difficult to conceive that she could have any concern; and she never had so much as a headache to prevent her from accompanying her aunt and him to any entertainment for which he offered them tickets. And when she returned to be mother's house, to which Mrs. Parry had already more than once asked Bushby, he found that she was as partial as ever to his magazine, and bis music, and his law, and so on. Moreover, as Ellen was her mother's amanuensis, there grew to be an interchange of little notes, on various pretexts between them; and just before he became so "horrid" to Mrs. Maddox that that excellent mother had to send him her note o warning, he had been obliged to refuse an invitation from Mrs. Parry, (that is, from Ellen,) on the plea of iliness. The cause of of the refusal elicited the following letter: DEAR MR. BUSHBY: We are so sorry to hear of your illness. Mamma is quite dis

tressed to think you should be all alone at

such a time, with only a horrid laundress

(isn't that what you call ber ?) to attend you

Mamma says she has a great mind to con

and fetch you away, and nurse you her

Temple to-morrow. We do so hope you were thus fully accounted for. will soon be better.

Yours very sincerely. ELLEN PARRY.

And Mrs. Parry really did call, and found Bushby suffering from a swelled face which made him unpresentable in soclety, but otherwise as well as ever, 'This good news she said would be gladly heard by her daughter, who was waiting for her "in the brougham," and who bad "pictured to herself all sorts of horrors," such as Bushby lying at the point of death, with no one but a not remarkably sober old woman to administer his medicine, which probably contained poison, and of which an overdose would be fatal,

Now Bushby, so far from being as blind as a bat, was not even short-sighted; and be saw distinctly whither things were tending. He had only to write a tender reply to Ellen Parry's letter and he might bring things to a crisis. But I e thought of Annie Maddox, and contented himself with expressing his fervent thanks by word of mouth to Mrs. Parry. And soon afterward came that mysterious document from Mrs. Maddox, which caused him to waver serionsly between love and lucre.

THE SLIPPING OF BOTH STOOLS. Tomkins' week of suspense was over,

and he stood before Annie to hear his sentence. As will have been anticipated, it lear Annie," reminded her a little of Macdone, 'twere well it were done quickly." and she, considerate soul, having always been of opinion that short engagements are on every account the best, "when there are no pecuniary obstacles, and there is no object to be gained by waiting," saw no obection whatever to "that day six weeks."

"That day six weeks" came at last; a young woman and a young man went into a pretty village church two and came out one; and the ranks of the married were recruited by another couple called Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins.

And Bushby got eards. He sat and glared at them as if his education had not included the spelling of dissyllables. And even when he had spelt the name, it conveyed to his mind no idea of any living creature he had ever seen Who could the scoundrel be? Perhaps he was an old gentleman-the old gentleman indeed. It had all come of Tom's going to Cevion. For a mother and daughter living

with them. For a good quarter of an hour Bushley sat with his head buried in his arms, which were folded upon the table; and it must not be considered discreditable to him, if at the end of that time, when he once more looked up, there was a suspicious redness about his eyes. He again took out the little notes already alluded to, and having lighted a taper, deliberately burnt them, one by one. As the last became a small twist of ashes, he sighed heavily; but soon —succeeding long engagements, during recovering himself, he muttered, "So much which the man is losing his strength and

The next day, about three P. M., he salfied forth carefully dressed and with an air of great decision. He was determined there should be no more shilly-shallying, and there was nothing now to prevent him from taking the goods the gods seemed to have provided for him-no small voice of conscience to whisper that he was sacrific-

ng love for lucre. He had gone but a few yards when a band was laid on his arm. He turned and

saw his uncle.

"Why, John," said the latter, "you look quite smart. Is it a fair question to ask where you are going ?" "Perfectly fair," answered Bushby; "I

am going to call on the Barry's." "Ah! you haven't been there for some time, I think," rejoined the uncle, "I am ashamed to say I've not " said the

nephew; "and they were awfully kind to me when I was ill." "They said you seemed to want to them." snarled his uncle. "Avoid them," exclaimed Bushby; "the

last people in the world." "You haven't been to see us," resume the uncle, "for about three months; and suppose you have treated the Parry's in the same way."

"I called to thank them for their kindness," answered Bushby; "but I was told they were in the country, and it was quite uncertain when they would return; so I left my card." "It's a pity you haven't been to see

rejoined the uncle; "we could have told you some news," "Oh! indeed," rejoined Bushby; "some thing pleasant, I hope." "Oh! yes," sneered the uncle; "Ellen

Parry is engaged to be married. A great deal can be done in three months." Bushby made a great effort to appear unconcerned, and he was pretty successful. "I told you," he said laughing, but no

quite on the right side of his mouth, "that she would soon be picked up." "I can tell you something, John," joined his uncle savagely; "you are a born

"Well, sir," replied Bushby, wincing little, "we are closely related, you know." "Go and ask your aunt what she thinks of you," said the uncle, not noticing the taunt; "good-day to you, and more sense the next time, though you'll never have such a chance again. She has thirty thousand pounds, if she has a penny."

And the uncle departed, shaking his head

sorrowfully, and repeating, "Ah! thirty thousand pounds, if a penny." Bushby thought he idea of calling upon the Parrys, and would call upon his aunt instead. She received

"I thought you had quite forgotten us, John," she said petulantly,
"My profession takes me away town a great deal," replied Bushby ; "I've

"I'll tell you what you have been," burst in his aunt savagely; "you've been a booby, John." "Upon my word, aunt, you are as com plimentary as my uncle was just now."

"Oh! you have seen him?" Yes. I met him in the street. "And what did he say ?" "Weil, I hardly like to repeat it on account of our relationship, but he said I was

self; and you must not be surprised if she a born fool." "Ah! then you know about Ellen Parreally does drive up to your chambers to inquire after you. She will be passing the ry," rejoined his aunt, as if the expression

'Yes," said Bushby with assumed spright-

liness; "and pray who is the fortunate "Oh! John " exclaimed ble anni not heeding the question, "you have been a boohy; she would have had you, bad you held up your little finger."

"Well, well," said Bushby testily; "and who did hold up his little finger ?" "He had to do more, I'll be bound," answered Mrs. Carson contemptuously; he had to go down on his bended knees, you may depend."

"He felt her pulse, John," replied Mrs. Carson evasively; "and he soon discovered, I have no doubt, that there was noth-

"But who a he?"

"Yes. I began to suspect something at the time you were laid up with your swelled face. Ellen complained of pervous depression, and a doctor was called in. I didn't know who it was at the time, but I soon found out. You know him-lit.ie Mr. Wil-

ing the matter with her but single blessed-

"I know him." assented Bushby: "he hasn't much practice, but he is a clever man; writes scientific articles. He sings Scotch songs too, almost as well as ble

namesake used to sing them, they say." "He is no booby, certainly," rejoined was favorable; and Tomkins bore it as Mrs. Carson significantly, "And it was well as be could. Annie was, perhaps, a very singular," she added, "that as soon little astonished and even nettled at his as he was called in, I never saw Ellen with want of rapture; but then she had not been that magazine of yours. She seemed to behind the scenes as we have, and knew have taken quite a scientific turn, and was nothing of his meditations during his soil. | always reading (or appearing to read) some tary ride. She would have been complete- thing about chemistry. She quite lost her y reassured by the extreme anxiety he taste, too, for the Beethoven and "Songs lisplayed to have his happiness as without Words," she used to be so fond of speedily secured as possible by the mar- playing and you of hearing; and, oddly riage ceremony, only his manner, as he enough, she took to singing Scotch songs, whimpered, "Let the happy day be soon, And once, I must tell you, I saw amongst her music a vulgar thing called a "Perfec both saying, "If it were done, when 'tis Cure." I'm bound to say I never heard ber play or sing it; but I think she must However, Mrs. Maddox was consulted; have got it under a mistaken idea that it referred in some way to the medical pro-

> "She seems to have regularly thrown herself at the man's head," said Bushby with a sneer.

"My dear John," rejoined Mrs. Carson. gently; "that is a very strong expression. She gave him quiet encouragement, n doubt; and he was wise enough to profit by it. Ellen does not want sense; she is perfectly aware that she has no personal attractions; and she, no doubt, felt that she was at an age which, if she meant to be married at all to anybody, better than a mere fortune hunter, she could not afford to wait and hang back as if she were s young girl and a beauty."

"Then you don't think love a necessary ingredient in such matters?" observed Bushby doubtfully,

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mrs. Carson, "My dear John, you are very romantic. At Ellen Parry's age, I think it is quite enough to feel a liking, or even to feel no dislike. I can conceive," she continued with a gentle sigh and a look of one who has a vision of the past, "a case in which love should be everything; but ours is a practical age, in which love is best left to novels and ballads. It is better for girls not to know what love is, until it arises as the natural consequence of a judiciously chosen busband's tender treatment. It is quite sad to think how often love matches temper in frantic struggles to obtain a sufficiency for two, and the girl is wasting both in youth and sweetness under the influence of hope deferred,-end in disappointment, discontent and dissension. I call it foolish and selfish for a man, who has no immediate prospects, to try a girl's

love so far as to tie her down to an indefinite engagement." "I can't see," observed Bushby, "that definite engagement, to be considered over. If certain hopes have not been realized, at the expiration of a certain period, is any better. For just when the two hearts would unless a coolness should have arisen by more closely knit than ever, they are supposed to resume suddenly the condition of

being unattached." "An honorable man," said Mrs. Carson 'who really cared for a girl and who had no prospects, would not seek to compromse her future by binding her to any kinof engagement. He would wait and hope. "But if he does not declare himself, how, asked Bushby, "is she to know the state of his feelings? And, if he does, where is the

use, unless some engagement is entered in-"She would be sure to know; women, a east some women, especially if they re-

ciprocate the feelings, are clairvoyants in "But would she be bound by her know! edge or her sentiments?"

"Certainly not. A girl who has bee properly brought up would strive not to be influenced by either until she received a definite proposal." "And suppose that in the meanwhile she had an eligible offer?"

"She would probably accept it, particu larly if she had a judicious mother to advise her. There would be a severe struggle, perhaps; but she would not sacrifice, and I think would not be justified in sacrifleing, certainty to uncertainty, reality to love's young dream."

Bushby sighed.

no prospects, and who abstained from any attempt to hamper her solely out of con sideration for her-what of him ?" "Oh!" repiled Mrs. Carson, laughing. "he might take his revenge when his prospects improved. It is different with a man and a girl. What he has to consider is

"And the poor man," he said, "who had

when he can afford to propose; and she, when she can afford to decline, especially if she says like the girl in the song, 'My face is my fortune, Sir.' Besides, he would never imagine how much she would have suffered before she determined to give him up; and his resentment would soon cure his love." "And suppose," sald Bushby moodily he had in the meanwhile preferred love to

uere, and, by remaining faithful to her to the very last, had lost both her and a fortune he might have got by simply holding up his little finger ?" Mrs. Carson regarded him fixedly for

few moments, and then said softly, and even compassionately:

stools." able to both. It relieved the mind of each

from certain misgivings.

As to Bushby, his life soon became a

and Mr. and Mrs Wilson took houses in the neighborhood of Mr. and Mrs. Carson, and, as there was a general sequaintance among the couples, he was constantly meeting Mrs. Tomkins and Mes Wilson Those ladies were delighted to see him, and received him with the most unembarrassed cordiality, (for he had never spoken out and so, of course, they were not supposed to know anything;) but he detected, or fancied he detected, in their looks and manner reproach, (not on their own account, but on his, who had been nobody's enemy but his own,) mockery, amuse ment, pity, condescension, patronage. Tomkins was at first a little cool, and even defiant remembering, perhaps, the time when he had wondered who the devil was Boshby, but seeing the impertorbability of Mrs. Tomkins, soon grew quite friendly, (infernally friendly, according to Bushby,) and expressed compassion for young barristers, who had such "awaily up-hill work i" and Wilson, a genial soul without a shade of jeslousy, himself suggested, when Bushby was filling Mrs. Wilson's glass, that "the two ought to 'tak' a cup o kindness together, for auld lang syne. Mrs. Maddox, too, frequently crossed his path; and no one would have guessed from that amiable lady's gracious behavior, and reference to her "dearest Tom's dearest friend," that there had ever been a time when she had considered Bushby "horrid," But the climax of Bushby's troubles arrived when in due course, there appeared upon the scene a little Tomkins of the mas uline gender. Tomkins and Annie and Mrs. Maddox were unanimous in deciding that as "dear Tom" was abroad and could not stand, as he undoubtedly would have stood, one of the godfathers, his oldest and dearest friend, Bushby, should be asked to take his place.

Bushby, being sounded by Tomkins, exensed himself on the ground that he had been seriously considering the propriety of emigrating, and that he could not and ought not to undertake duties which it would be impossible for him to perform, even in the disgraceful perfunctory manner which is only too prevalent. Perhaps he was not quite sincere in what

he said; but, just as he was beginning to get something substantial in addition to his "soup" he did emigrate; that is to say, be exchanged the Bar of England for the Bar of Bombay, and had no reason to regret the step. If he found no Annies, he found plenty of ennas, and of rupees about a lac. Consequently be was far from "horrid" in in the eyes of many a matron, exported with daughters from the British Islands to Bombay, and not inferior in discer ment to the smiable Mrs. Maddox. Nor is Laura Bushby less cuphonious than Anna Bushby. There is certainly no similarity between the names; but conjure with them, and Laura will raise a spirit as soon as Annie; at any rate that is Bushby's present opinion.

WASHINGTON'S CABINET.

Mr. Parton, in the January Atlantic, thus describes Washington and his first

Cabinet: Age had not quenched the vivacity of elther of the four Secretaries-Jefferson, 47; Knox, 40; Randolph, 47; Hamilton, 33. When, in the world's history, was so young a group charged with a task so new, so dif-

ficult, so momentous? Such were the gentlemen who had gathered around the council table at the President's house in New York, in 1780; at the head of the table General Washington, nov 58, his frame as erect as ever, but his face showing the deep traces of the thousand anxious hours he had passed. Not versed in the lore of schools, but gifted with a great sum of intellect, the eternal glory of this man is, that he used all the mind he had in patient endeavors to find out the right way ; ever on the watch to keep out of his decision anything like bias or prejudice, never deciding till be had exhausted every source of elucidation within his reach. Some questions he could not decide with his own mind, and he knew he could not. In such cases he bent all his powers to ascertaining how the subject appeared to minds fitted to grapple with it.

and getting them to view it without preju I am delighted to learn that Mr. Carlyla can seldom hear the name of Washington pronounced without breaking forth with an explosion of contempt, especially, it is said, if there is an American within hear ing. Washington is the exact opposite of a full Carlylean hero. His glory was that he was not richly endowed, not sufficient unto himself, not indifferent to human rights, opinions and preferences; but, feeling deeply his need of help, sought it where alone it was to be found, in minds fitted by nature and training to supply his lack. It is this heartfelt desire to be right which shines so affectingly from the plain words of Washington, and gives him rank so far above the gorgeous bandits whom

hero-worshippers adore. On the right of the President, in the place of honor, sat Jefferson, now forty-seven, the senior of all his colleagues; older is public service, too, than any of them ; tall, erect, ruddy, noticeably quiet, and unobtrusive in his address and demeanor; the least pugnacious of men. N a fanátic, not an enthusiast; but an old fashloned Whig, nurtured upon "old Coke," enlightened by twenty-five years' intense discussion-with pen, tongue and swordof Cokean principles, -Fresh from the latest commentary upon Coke-the ruins of the bastile-and wearing still his red Paris waistcoat and breeches, he was an object of particular interest to all men, and doubtless often relieved the severity of business by some thrilling rotation out of his late for

Opposite him on the President's left, was the place of Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, in all the alertness and vigor of thirty-three years. If time had matured his talents, it had not lessened his self-sufficiency; because, as yet, all his short life had been success and he had associated chiefly with men who possessed nothing, either of his fluency or arithmetic. A positive, vehement little gentlemen, with as firm a faith in the apparatus of finance as General Knox had in great guns. He was now in the full tide of activity, lobbying measures through Congress, and organiz-ing the Treasury Department—the most conspicuous man in the administration, ex-cept the President—as usual, his unseen work was his best. In organizing a syseven compassionately:

"Why, John, you are a greater booby than I thought; I verily believe you have allowed yourself to alip betwixt two stools."

Bushby thanked her for her flattering opinion, and departed with precipitation.

As for both Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins, the honeymoon was as useful as it was agreeable to both. It relieved the mind of each from certain misgivings.

As to Bushby, his life soon became a burden to him; for Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins the comparison of the four chief efficers of the Department—Comptroller, Auditor, Treasurer, and Register.