

when she was on her high heels nobody could come up to her. Poll always used to come a good way to kiss me, whenever we used to play pawns; and I always thought she liked the fun as well as the rest of us. But she's married too, and doesn't like her husband a bit, they say. I wish her name was Simpkins this very moment. How it would sound—Mrs. Simpkins! Mr. Simpkins! Mrs. Simpkins! ha, ha, haw!

"There was Suky Dyer, to tell the real truth, her I liked better than any of the others. I knew she liked me as well as I did her, for she used to come over to our house every day for just nothing at all; and though I was always plagny glad to see her, yet never could find any thing to say. Yes, Suky did once say to me, out by that very well, not a year ago, 'squire Simpkins, you'll be an old bachelor one these days, if you don't marry some of the pretty gals in the country. I should ha' thought you would have been married a good while ago, and not live alone in this great castle, so well fitted up.' Oh, that was the very jolliest moment of my life. I was just a going to say—Suky, won't you have me! when odd rot the luck, as I stepped forward to grab hold of her hand, I tripped up and fell splash into the mud puddle, and covered myself and her too all over with dirt. Suky Dyer laughed! she did, so sure as I breathe; cuss her, says I to myself, she shall never live in my house."

Things were going on pretty much in this style, and Bill turned thirty, when a handsome looking milliner came up from the town to stay with her cousin a week or so, to enjoy the country air. Miss Henrietta Augustine Adeline Jefferson Bolingbroke, for that was her name, had heard about the rich Squire (he had got to be a Squire four years ago) and she had no sort of objection to catching him if she could, for ten thousand dollars were no small sum in her estimation. "The time might come," she said, "when she might turn thirty unmarried; and she could not bear the thought of being called an old maid; that she couldn't." Miss Henrietta Bolingbrook, (her ladyship will excuse the printer for omitting some of her names so as to save room) put on her prettiest curls, and her prettiest buff gown, with her great sleeves and other accoutrements, and started off on the very next Sunday after her arrival, to meeting. Bill was there too, and had dressed himself with more than ordinary care. He went down to the 'corner' the day before to buy him a bran new white hat. In this he rigged

out next Sabbath. Bill had'n't forgot his curling tongs and pomatum, and what's more wonderful, he not only greased his boots, but blacked them over with blackball, and spent the whole morning in brushing them to make them shine. But they wer'nt used to shining, and he might work on them to doom's day before they would glisten. No sooner had Bill got fairly into the pew, than Miss Bolingbroke turned upon him her killing eyes, and he was done up for it in a snap. Bill felt queer. His heart beat against his sides dreadfully, and he had to grasp them with both of his iron paws, lest it should beat a hole. "Oh," said Bill to himself, 'did you ever! ever! oh, thunder, what a beauty! oh thunder! oh how I feel! oh, thunder! thunder! thunder!"

Miss Bolingbroke's ogles killed the poor squire. He was fairly done up; and as soon as the service was over, he made for home, and full of desperation indited the following letter to "Miss Henrietta Augustine Adeline Jefferson Bolingbroke."

"My dear madam,—(Bill was a novice in the business) 'I had the—Bill had got so far in his letter when he took to fumbling the dictionary for a word to splice in here, and after much tribulation he found—'inexpressible satisfaction of getting a squint at you at meeting to-day.'" Bill got through this period without any great trouble, but he put his pen into the inkstand more than four thousand times before he could catch up another idea. He turned over his dictionary in vain; and he scratched his head all to no purpose. At last he nabbed a ragged tho't and crooked it up thus—'You've heard I guess of Squire Simpkins.' Bill was puzzled again; but at half past five in the afternoon, after he had been sweating and tugging full four hours over the periods, he burst forth thus—'he's smashed with you, and I am he, and I want to know if you'll have me.'—'There, there,' said Bill in proud satisfaction, 'there is a note worthy o' Squire Simpkins. Poetry too by gosh; hear it:

And I am he,
And I want to know if you'll have me.

Bill copied his letter, did it up beautifully, though he greased the outside all over, directed it as well as he could, sent it by his 'help,' who by the way was the kitchen maid, and by seven, with his mouth as wide open as a hog'shead with the head stove out, he opened the following answer, elegantly written in a female hand.

"Mr. Simpkins: it gives me great pleasure to find that I am noticed by so

distinguished a gentleman as yourself. Be assured, sir, I have often heard of your merits, for you have not a neighbor who does not sing your praises. In regard to your proposal, it is of so delicate a nature, that I must defer answering it for the present, though I should be happy to have an interview with you tomorrow. A matrimonial engagement is of so much importance, that it should not be entered upon rashly, nor unadvisedly. Yet, sir, I cannot but feel proud in receiving such a proposal from such a source.

Yours respectfully,

H. A. A. J. BOLINGBROKE."

"That means yes—it does—it does"—Bill bawled out vociferously. 'I know'd she'd have me. See what I've gained by waiting. How the pretty Mrs. Simpkins will look under my arm.'

In three weeks from the next Sunday, Miss Bolingbroke was Mrs. Simpkins; but the gods could'n't describe what a figure was cut by the Jonathan-like squire, with his great body, legs and paws, and the little echo that he had under his arm, not bigger than his two thumbs.—[American paper.

MISCELLANY.

"Various that the mind of desultory man,
Studious of change and pleas'd with novelty,
May be indulg'd."

Selected.

UNCERTAINTY OF INFANT PROMISE.

The tempers of children are so various that some display their powers as soon as they speak. Pope lisped in numbers: some even presignify their glory before they articulate; as in certain latitudes the sun is discernible, though for days and weeks he never rises above the horizon; while others, and the most famous, have been tardy in unfolding their abilities. Robert of Sicily, though most famous for his learning and genius, was so torpid when a boy that he was with difficulty taught the rudiments of grammar. Claude, the unrivalled master of the dressed landscape, was a dull youth. La Fontaine had not the spirit of poetry awakened in him before his twenty-second year. Dryden gave no public testimony of his talents before he was twenty-seven. And Cowper did not become an author till he was fifty. On the contrary, Baratiere, John Condiac, and other boys of surprising abilities, produced nothing meritorious. Their minds, like those bodies which rapidly exceed the common growth, quickly decay, while those of ordinary stature attain confirmed strength, and long-lived maturity.—[Ensor's Independent Man.