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From the London Court Journal.

YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER

BY T. HAYNES BAYLEY, ESQ.

Frederick Fairleigh was the spoiled child of his family, the youngest of three children, and the only boy. He was the pet of both father and mother, and being lively, intelligent and good-looking, he soon became a favorite. Spoiled in infancy, he was unmanageable in boyhood, and wilful and self-sufficient in the early days of maturity. Master Frederick having been used to his own way, it was not likely that Mr. Frederick would voluntarily relinquish so agreeable a privilege. At college, therefore, he continued and matured the habit of idleness, which had been censured, but never sufficiently corrected, at school.

"As for study, he never got further than mud," and was much more frequently seen in a scarlet hunting coat than in his sombre academic costume. The idle man at Oxford during term time is not likely to do much good at home during vacation—Frederick Fairleigh did none. Ere he ceased to be in years a boy, he became what is termed a "lady's man," flirting with all the pretty girls he met, and encouraged to flirt by many a married dame old enough to be his mother. Petted and spoiled by every body, Frederick became the especial favorite of his grandfather, Sir Peter Fairleigh, and spent much more of his time at Oakley Park than at his father's house.

Before young Fairleigh was one-and-twenty, his father died; and as then the immediate heir to Sir Peter's Bengal nabob estate, he naturally became a more important figure than ever. One precept the old gentleman was perpetually preaching to his grandson; he advocated an early marriage, and the more evidently the youth fluttered butterfly fashion, from flower to flower, enjoying the present without a thought for the future, the more strenuously did old Sir Peter urge the point.

The spoiled child had no notion of relinquishing old privileges: he all had his own way, still flirted with all the pretty girls in the neighbourhood, and thinking only of himself, and the enjoyment of the moment, never dreamt of the pain he might inflict on some, who, viewing his intentions in serious light, might keenly suffer in secret when they saw those attentions transferred to another.

He was five-and-twenty when he first met Maria Denman, the richest heiress, and the prettiest girl, of the country; and when the old baronet saw the handsome pair rambling together all the morning, and sing together in corners at night, he secretly gulted in the probable realisation of one of his fondest hopes—the union of his pet grandson with his favourite, Maria. There could be no misunderstanding his intention; there was, indeed, a tacit understanding between the young couple; but Frederick Fairleigh certainly never had, in so many words, distinctly said, "Maria, will you marry me?" Month flew away, two years had already elapsed, although Frederick certainly seemed attach to Maria, yet, when other pretty people met in his way, he still flirted in a manner quite justifiable in one who had a serious attachment, nay, almost an engagement, elsewhere.

Poor Sir Peter did not manage matters well; indeed, with the best intentions in the world, he made them worse. It was not likely that one who had never been accustomed to opposition should all at once obey the admonition of a grandfather. Opposition to the man would immediately have brought matters to the desired point—for Frederick, though not quite aware of it himself, devotedly loved the fair Maria. But she, like the rest of the world, had assisted to spoil him; she had been too accessible, too easily won; and receiving him who had paid her such marked attention, Frederick had never seen a look or a word bestowed upon another which could give him the slightest uneasiness. A pang of jealousy would probably have at once opened his eyes to the state of his own heart. But always kindly received by Maria, and always happy in her society, the spoiled child saw, in her kindness, and in her smiles, nothing beyond the voluntary and unsolicited preference which he had been but too well accustomed to receive from others. He was, therefore, never driven by doubt or by solicitude to pause and scrutinise the state of his own heart.

Instead of offering signed opposition to the match, however, Sir Peter openly opposed the line of conduct pursued by his volatile heir, and, by continually harping on the subject, he at last really made the wilful young man believe that, of all disagreeable things to the world, a marriage with the woman who was really dearest to him of all beings on earth would be the very worst.

"My dear sir," he cried, one morning, at breakfast, after hearing a long lecture on the subject, "how you do tease me about Miss Denman!"

"Tease you, Fred," said Sir Peter, "tease you, for shame, I am urging you to secure your own happiness."

"Surely, Sir," he replied "there is plenty of time—I am still very young."

"Young, sir! you are a boy, sir, a boy in discretion; a very child, sir, and, what's worse, a spoiled child."

"Well," said Frederick, laughing, don't be angry; if I am a spoiled child, the fault is not mine.

"Yes it is, Fred—I say it is; things that are really good of their kind are not so easily spoiled."

"Indeed!" said Frederick, with a look of innocent surprise, and, taking up Sir Peter's Gold watch which lay upon the table, he opened it, and pretended to poke about the wheels.

"I see what you mean, you satirical monkey," cried Sir Peter laughing, give me my watch, sir, and now let me tell you that where there is real good sense and stability, the man will very soon learn to get rid of the selfishness—yes, Fred I am sorry to repeat it, selfishness was my word—the selfishness and self-importance resulting from over-indulgence in childhood."

"I wonder, then, any one should care about a selfish consequential fellow, like myself, said Frederick.

"You mean to insinuate that you have been, and are, a general favourite, popular with every one, and well received wherever you go? I grant it my dear boy, I grant it—and I should be the last person to say that I wonder at it; but then you have got into one or two scrapes lately."

"How do you mean?" said his grandson, "when, and where?"

"Why for instance, the Simmonses, with whom you were so intimate; did not Mr. Simmons ask you rather an awkward question the last time you were there."

"He asked me my intentions," said Fred, "my views with respect to his eldest daughter Caroline—he enquired, in fact, if I was serious."

"A puzzler that, hey, hey?" chuckled the baronet, who was not sorry the occurrence had happened.

"It was awkward certainly," said the youth "but how could I help it? They invariably encouraged me to go to the house, and I positively never was more attentive to one daughter than to another."

"Possibly not; but depend on it there are young unmarried daughters in a family, fathers and mothers never receive the constant visiting of a young man without calculating probabilities, and looking to consequences—However, for Susan Simmons, I care not a straws, I am only anxious that a similar occurrence should not deprive you of Miss Denman's society."

"That is a very different affair sir," said Frederick; "surely you would not compare Susan Simmons with Maria?"

"Ah!" said the old man, "that delights me, now you are coming to the point; the other was a mere flirtation—all you former fancies have been mere flirtations; but with Maria (as you say) it is different; you really love her she is the woman you select for a wife."

"I did not say any such thing, I have not thought of marriage, I am too young, too unsteady, if you will."

Unsteady enough, I admit," said Sir Peter shrugging his shoulders, "but by no means too young; besides, your father being dead, and your mother having made a second marriage, your home as a married man will be so desirable to your sisters."

"I wonder you never married again, sir," said Frederick.

"You would not wonder," said Sir Peter, feelingly, "if you had you witnessed my happiness with the woman I loved; never tell me that taking a second wife is complimentary to the first. It is a facit eulogium on the marriage state, I grant you; but I consider it any thing rather than a compliment to the individual in whose place you put a successor. They who have loved, and who have been beloved like myself, cannot imagine the possibility of meeting with similar happiness in a second union. Plead the passion, if you will, as an apology for second marriages, but never talk of the affections; at least, never name the last, and the happiness which you enjoyed in her society, as a reason why you lead a second bride by the tombstone of your first, and vow, at the altar, to love and to cherish her."

"Why, my dear sir, can there be any harm in a man's marrying a second wife?"

"Not a bit of it; I am speaking of it as a matter of feeling, not of duty; in fact, I only give you my own individual feelings, without a notion of censuring others. But were I about to marry, Maria Denman is the woman I should choose."

"I wish you would, then, my dear sir," said Frederick, carelessly, "for then I might enjoy her society without the dread of being talked into a marriage." With these words, he left the room, and Sir Peter commented most unpromisingly over the unsatisfactory result of the conversation.

The next day Frederick Fairleigh was off to some races which were held in the neighbourhood, and as if to show a laudable spirit, and to prove that he was master of his own actions, he avoided Maria Denman as much as possible, and flirted with a new acquaintance—the beautiful widow of an officer.

Sir Peter was in despair; Maria, who was an orphan, and had been entrusted to his guardianship, was on a visit to Oakly Park, and in her pensive countenance and abstracted manner, he plainly saw that his ward was really attached to Frederick, and was hurt and distressed by his extraordinary conduct.

"I wish our Frederick would come home," said Sir Peter, who had been watching this ward, while she diligently finished a cat's left whisker, in a worsted work stool which was fixed in her embroidery frame.

"Our Frederick!" said Maria.

"Yes, my dear, our Frederick; did you not know he was in love with you?"

"I hope I am not apt to fancy young men are in love with me, Sir Peter, and certainly Mr. Fairleigh has never has given me any reason to——"

"Stop, Stop, no fibs," said the baronet.

"He has never told me that a"——Maria hesitated.

"He has never formally proposed for you is that what you mean to say?"

"Decidedly."

"And never will, if we don't make him, but do you mean to say that he has never given you reason to suppose that he loved you?"

"Pray, my dear guardian," said Maria, evading a direct reply, "look at your grandson, you must be aware that his attentions are lavished indiscriminately on every young lady he gets acquainted with. Words and looks, that might be seriously interpreted with others, evidently mean nothing with him.—He—he gives it out that he is not a marrying man."

"Not a marrying man! how I hate that phrase! No man's a marrying man till he meets with the woman that he really wishes to marry. And if men are not marrying men, I'd be glad to know what they are!—a pack of reprobate rogues! As to Frederick, I'm determined——"

"Pray, make no rash resolves respecting your grandson, Sir Peter—especially in any matter in which you may think I am concerned."

"I tell you what, Maria, I know you love him," said Sir Peter. "I see his attentions have won your heart. You have been, and are, quite right to endeavour to hide your feelings, but it is all in vain, I see as plainly as possible that you are pining for the ungrateful, foolish, abominable fellow."

"Oh, sir!" cried Maria, rising in confusion but she again sunk into her chair, and covering her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"Do not think me cruel and unkind, Maria," said the old gentleman, seating himself by her side, and taking her hand; "you are very dear to me; you and my grandson are the two beings on earth who engross my affections; and, believe me, Frederick devotedly loves you."

Maria shook her head, and continued weeping.

Many weeks had elapsed, and young Fairleigh was still absent from Oakly Park. Maria had, however, resumed her cheerfulness, and Sir Peter seemed less annoyed than might have been expected at his grandson's evident determination not to follow his advice. To account for this change, we must state, that Sir Peter having accidentally been obliged to search for some book in Frederick's apartment, had discovered several letters that convinced him of his attachment to his ward, and these presumptive proofs, having been made known to Maria, she had made a full confession of the state of her heart. A print which, when exhibited in a portfolio in the drawing room, had been pronounced a perfect resemblance of the then absent Maria, had been secretly taken from the portfolio, and was now discovered in Frederick's room. By its side was a withered rose bud, which Maria recognised as one that she had gathered, and given to him; and in the same place was found a copy of verses, addressed "to Maria," and breathing forth a lover's fondest vows.

All this amounted to nothing as proofs that Frederick Fairleigh was in duty bound to marry the said Maria Denman. In a court of justice, no jury would have awarded damages, in a suit for breach of promise of marriage, on such trivial grounds as these; but they served to show Maria that he who had thus treasured up her remembrance could not be altogether indifferent to her; and she at least felt relieved from the humiliating idea that she loved one who had never for a moment thought seriously about her.

Sir Peter and his ward were now often closeted together, and one day, after an unusually long discussion, she said,

"Well, Sir Peter, I can say no more, I consent."

"There's a dear good girl!" cried the old gentleman, kissing her; "and now we'll enjoy life in spite of him. But now for plans. It will never do for you to be dull at Oakley Park with all those sorry recollections; so, my dear, and chatter no more, to-morrow, you and I, and your maid and my confidential man, will go to Bognor the prettiest place in the world, and we'll have nice lodgings near the sea, and I'll write to that miserable boy to come and meet us."

Maria looked rather grave, but Sir Peter, chuckling with delight, gave her another kiss, and then went to expedite their departure, by to write a letter to his grandson.

Fairleigh, who had begun to get very tired of the fascinating widow, was yawning over a late breakfast when his grandfather's letter was laid before him.

"Ah," thought he, "more good advice, I suppose urging me to marry. One thing, at all events, I'm resolved not to marry a widow if people would but let me alone—really, Maria, after all, is——but what says the baronet?"

MY DEAR GRANDSON,

Finding that all my good advice has been thrown away, and at length perceiving that you never intend to invite me to your wedding, I now write to announce my own, and request you with all speed to hasten to Bognor, where we are established at Beach Cottage, and where nothing but your presence is wanting to complete the happiness of your affectionate grandfather.

PETER FAIRLEIGH.

"Astonishing! of all men in the wide world the very last." Well, there was no use in wondering; Frederick hastily packed up, and was very shortly on his way to Bognor to pay his respects to the new-married couple. On enquiring for "Beach Cottage," he was directed to a picturesque abode, the very beau ideal of a house to "honey-moon" in; and he was immediately ushered into the presence of the baronet, who was sitting alone in a charming apartment which looked upon the sea.

The meeting occasioned some little awkwardness on both sides, and it was relief to Frederick when Sir Peter rose to leave the room, saying, "there is a lady who will expect to be made acquainted with you."

Yes, sir," said Frederick, "pray permit me to pay respects—to—ask her blessing; pray, sir, present me to—my grandmother."

Sir Peter left the room, and Frederick, half inclined to view the marriage in a ridiculous light, sat wondering what sort of old body could have been fool enough to enter the married state so late in life. He heard a footstep slowly approach the room (rather decrepid, thought he,) a hand touched the lock; it opened, and Maria stood before him, clothed in white.

She advanced towards him with a smile, held out her hand to welcome him to Beach Cottage.

"Good heavens!" cried Frederick, sinking on the sofa, and turning as pale as a sheet, "is it possible! I—I deserve this—fool, idiot, madman, that I have been, but, oh! Maria, how could you consent to such a sacrifice! You must have known, you must have seen, my attachment. Yet, no, no, I have know right to complain, I alone have been to blame."

Sir Peter had followed the young lady into the room, she hastily retreated to the window, and the baronet in apparent amazement, addressed his grandson.

"What means this language addressed to that lady, sir; a lady you intended when I wished you to address her, and now that she is lost to you for ever, you insult her by a declaration of attachment!"

Sir Peter, said the spoiled boy, springing from the sofa, "if you were not my father's father I'd——"

"Well, what would you do, young man?"

"But you are!" cried Frederick, "you are, and what avails expostulation," and again he sank on the sofa, choking with agitation.

"Pray, young man," said Sir Peter, "control your emotions, and to rage, don't give way to it—were you to kill me, you could not marry my widow."

"Not marry her—could not, were she free," cried Frederick, as the utter hopelessness of the case flashed upon him.

"No, my dear boy, no, not even if she were free."

"I would!" shouted the youth.

"Impossible, if I were in my grave, you couldn't."

"I could! I would! I will!" cried Frederick.

"What! marry your grandmother!"

"Yes" said Fairleigh, clenching his fists, and almost foaming at the mouth, "yes I repeat it yes!"

It was impossible to hold out any longer.—Sir Peter and Maria burst out into immoderate laughter, which only increased the agitation of the sufferer, until Sir Peter, wiping his eyes, said,

"Go to her, boy, go to her; my plan has answered, as I thought it would, and you will be a happy fellow in spite of your folly."

Maria earnestly impressed upon her lover's mind that she had most reluctantly yielded to the persuasions of her guardian, in suffering this little drama to be got up for his edification; and Frederick having now experienced the anguish which he would have endured had he really lost Maria, proved by his steady devotion, the strength of his attachment.—"Beach Cottage" was retained as the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fairleigh during the honey-moon, and Sir Peter danced at their wedding.

TO THE FARMER. The farmer should now gird on his whole armor. He should bring forward all his tools and implements, and examine them to see if they are in condition to be used. If a joint in a plough or harrow stock is loose, tighten it by driving up the screws while it is dry, and it will be much more substantial when a little rain falls upon it. If any part seems to be too much affected by the weather, and is any ways rotten, remove it and supply its place with a new piece for fear it should break in the midst of the crop and when you are in a push. Grease your harness at the outset, and be sure that you have a strong bridle and line for each animal, lest he become frightened, and you have nothing that will stand a pull—many a good horse is spoiled for want of strong harness—and many a one is murdered with harness that will not fit. Do not plough your crops too wet; it will not only spoil them, but will injure your land also. Study your course of business before you proceed, and don't do the wrong work first. Drive your business, or it will be sure to drive you. Never plant your crop till your fences are put up. Plant a little too much seed rather than not enough: the one is easily to be remedied, and the other very difficult.—*Southern Cultivator.*

The farmer who wishes to succeed in his business must always be busy, but never suffer himself to be hurried.

From Montevideo.—The French squadron continued to blockade Buenos Ayres with rigor, and the prospect of an accommodation was as distant as ever.

The French Admiral was going up the river, but for what object was not known. He was making small prizes in the harbour of Montevideo. General Rosas' term expired in April, and he had announced his determination to retire from the office of President, when it was hoped a more pacific turn would take place.

Health.—1. The blood requires exercise: 2. The great central organ of the stomach requires adaptation to diet: 3. The nervous system requires regularity of sleep. In those three functions of sleep, diet, and exercise, is contained the whole economy of health.—*Boston Post.*

THE AN ENCORE.

Old saturn eats his children up:
He makes no concience of it;
For salt and mustard he don't stop.
His taste is quite above it.

And Shakspeare's time was coming fast,
The way the rest go, he must:—
"Throw *him* aside; I'll eat him last"
Say dainty Polyphemus.—*Goethe.*

LORD BROUGHAM'S EPITAPH

The following witty lines were written on the occasion of Brougham's declaration, that he wished for no other epitaph than

"*Here lies the enemy of William Pitt;*"

Brougham on his tomb stone would have writ
"Here lies the enemy of Pitt;"
And half the line at least applies—
For every one admits "he lies."

Curious Family Register—There is a family in Bolton, that have a Bible containing all their names entered by their father and grandfather, who used to dispense with dates by the following plan:—Eawr Jem wur born th' American war. Eawr Bill wur born when Ottler wur killed th' delph. Eawr Sally wur born when Gorsely meadow wur mown. Eawr Peggy wur born th' great wind. Eawr John wur born when Holland wur hung. Eawr Robbut wur born when the cow run at my mother th' Hedger Lones. Eawr Jenny wur born when Longworth were gibbetted, an owd penny pieces wur made.—Eawr Charlotte wur born when the short peace wur made. Un aw have as bonny a mark of a yerrin on my side as ever you seed in your loif."—*English paper.*

Healthful. Early rising—exercise both of mind and body; temperance in eating and drinking.

Shameful. Waste of time and money; extravagance.

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