

youthful bride. I saw she eyed me curiously, but with a look of mirth I could not not account for, as Charles had evidently made his former attachment no secret to her. He greeted me with the cordial, warm interest a man always feels for his love, and, joyous in his new wed happiness, he talked to me long and animatedly. As he turned afterward, and spoke laughingly to his pretty little wife, I heard her mirthful girlish voice answer, "Oh no fear of my being jealous of *her*. Such a droll, odd looking old affair—no, no; you must flirt with something younger and prettier if you want to make me jealous. Why, Charles, you told me she was handsome. I can hardly keep my countenance as I look at her." I had heard enough, and hastily changed my place. Let my readers imagine my sensations if they can.


Long since my brothers and sisters have married; and, on my father's death, the family dispersed! and I am living at lodgings, a solitary old maid, happy in having the means so to live; not to be forced to reside with a brother or sister, and expected to take equal interest and more than equal labor, for my nieces and nephews. As it is, they look upon me as "poor old Aunt Charlotte;" but at least I am not obliged to darn their stockings, and sew on their buttons and strings.

And now, reader, you may ask if I repent? I confess myself *punished*, but does that necessarily comprehend reformation of spirit? When I see *T.*, whom in the plenitude of my arrogant gayety and commonplace wit, I used to call "Tommy duck legs," do I repent? No! I only see "two tominies rolled into one." And so I might go on through the whole list of rejected addresses. The faults I saw then I now see doubled and tripled by Time, and my vision has grown clearer to deficiencies than ever. I now begin to wonder that I ever could have found enough in their admiration to compensate for their prosy ways and weary conversation. Charles

Connover stands the test of time better than any of them; but even Charles Connover is growing somewhat of the "earth earthy;" and his eagle eye and brilliant smile have become considerably duller under the combined influence of wealth, good living and years.

No, they may, one and all, look upon me with horror; I suppose they do; though, to confess all my weakness, I still catch myself, as I sit knitting, building castles in the air, and peopling them with ambassadors, &c. &c., as of yore. Yet never do I feel that in the main I would not do over what I have done. That Augusta Willouby's taunt of "Charlotte's being on the wane" would have its same old influence; and so I must end by confessing that I am punished, but not corrected.

DANIEL WEBSTER AND THE QUAKER.

 A DRAB-COATED gentleman from Rhode Island once applied to Mr. Webster to come on a certain day and plead a case for him, enquiring what would be the amount of the fee.—"Why," says Daniel, "I always liked the Quakers; they are a quiet, peaceable people, who never go to law if they can help it, and it would be better for our great country if there were more such people in it. I think \$1000 will be about right for my fee in this case." The Quaker well nigh fainted when he heard this, but did not betray the least emotion. "Friend Webster," says he, "that's a great deal of money; but I may have more causes to plead. Suppose I give thee the \$1000, will thou try the others likewise?" "Yes," says Daniel; "as I have to attend the court I will plead in the others if you so desire, without charging an extra fee."—So down they went to Rhode Island, and Daniel tried the case, and carried it for the Quaker. Meantime the Quaker had applied to all the folks that had