



BASE GROSVENOR;

OR,

AN INSULT TO THE JOURNALISTIC PROFESSION.

"Papa, I have come back to stay."

"Ha!"

Such was the brief opening to the conversation that took place on that fair midsummer day in the pleasant morning-room of the residence of old Jasper Overshoe, between that gentleman and his lovely daughter Susanann, who but a few short weeks back had left the paternal roof as a happy bride. Small wonder, then, that the old gentleman laid down his paper, pushed up his spectacles, elevated his eyebrows and blew his nose sonorously, and said "Ha," as Susanann entered the room and announced that she intended to be a fixture in her father's house.

"What is the meaning of this, Suke?" the girl's father at last managed to say, when his astonishment had somewhat subsided. "Surely you and Grosvenor have not quarrelled. Why this suddenness of resolve? Nay, I will not permit it"—(old Jasper was thinking of the doosed bore of having another mouth in his household to fill if his daughter returned, and he liked not the idea, for he was economical and saving, withal), "It must not be. Back to your husband I say; back; never shall so great a scandal rest on the family of Overshoe as would be caused by your deserting Grosvenor at this early period of wedded life. Hast quarrelled already? Speak girl and tell me all."

"Pap, blame not your Susanann; I love Grosvenor as I ever loved him, but—but he is not what we thought he was: father, you know that skim-milk masquerades as cream? aye, father, Grosvenor is but skim-milk—watered at that,—and he is not what he seems: he has told me all." "How?" cried the unhappy father, "how? explain; surely he has not disgraced you by committing bigamy? No it cannot be; how then comes this about? Tell me all, Susanann," and the old gentleman rose and strode backwards and forwards, all the deep blue Overshoe blood coursing and pulsing through his veins. Very, very proud were the Overshoes of that blood. It was the pure quill and was the very same brand as that which was so freely shed at Hastings.

"Pap," replied the sobbing girl, "we have been mistaken in Grosvenor Smythje; nay, pap, 'tis not his name; that is all solid; he is a true Smythje, I believe, and no mere Smith, but I have discovered,—in fact he has confessed it,—that he does not belong to that grand profession of which we deemed him a member, and, so deeming him, I wedded him. Father, he is not a journalist after all. His claims to be a reporter were false; he cannot write two sentences of English grammatically and he gave himself dead away by writing an order for a pound of tripe and putting an ordinary period at the end instead of a dear little cross like any true newspaper man would do.

I taxed him with the imposture and he fell on his knees and owned up, and, father, the Overshoes are disgraced and my love for Grosvenor has changed into scorn." "Not a reporter!" howled the old man, half distraught, "Then what is he? Not a reporter! how, then, can he ever aspire to wealth? the villain! what is he, Susanann; say, oh! say that he is at least a foreman printer in some newspaper office and that he may become a reporter in time." "Nay, dear father, he is worse than that."

The poor old gentleman's agony was fearful to witness. The Overshoes in endeavoring to win a journalist into their family had played for high stakes it is true, and when Susanann had announced that Grosvenor Smythje (who, knowing the family penchant for the members of the prince of professions, to whom the attainment of wealth is merely a matter of time—a few thousands of years or so—had passed himself off as a reporter) had won her affections and would soon be one of the family, the Overshoes had gone clean daft with joy, and had not bothered to find out whether the representations of the young man were true or not.

And so Grosvenor and Susanann had wed, and here was a pretty how-dy'e-do.

"Susanann," at length groaned the old man, "if he is not a reporter, what is he; is he a decent mechanic?" "Worse, father, far, far worse." "Oh! this is terrible, tell me that he, at least, is a clerk in a cold pickled pigs foot and baked bean shop; he is at least as high in the social scale as that, is he not?"

"I fear not, papa; moreover he would not do for a baked bean shop for he doesn't know beans; his intelligence is of a very low order, and all those pretty phrases and speeches he made during our courtship were mere parrot-like acquisitions."

"Dear, dear, dear; yet we may still be saved if he is a dry-goods floor-walker; is he that, dear, is he that! Speak, child, or suffer the curse of an old man with a sluggish liver; speak."

"Nay, father, he hasn't gumption enough to be a floor-walker, and he never tried to bully me though I'm but a defenceless girl, and he would assuredly have done so had he been a dry-goods floor-walker."

"Well, what is he; oh! child, spare me; give me some surcease of this horrible suspense; is he—nay—nay,—it cannot be; is he a flunkey out of a 'sit'; tell me he is not a footman looking for a berth."

"Worse father; far worse, footmen I respect for their calves—and Grosvenor has none—he wore pads, I have discovered; some footmen are quite intelligent and useful, but Grosvenor is—"

"What, girl? let me know my disgrace and thine; tell me the worst; I will nerve myself," said the old man, trembling like a chunk of blanc-mango and equally white, "Now speak on; I can bear it. What is my accused son-in-law?"

"A bank-clerk, father, a bank-clerk," and the sweet girl swooned away and old Jasper Overshoe fell with a dull sicken—no, a heavy flop to the floor!

Divorce!

COUNTRY LIFE.—AN ESSAY.

BY G. WHILLIKENS, JR.

Speak not to me of the pleasures of city life, with its succession of opera plays, concert^s, converzaciones, excursions, balls, assemblé^s and lectures. What is there in all these to be compared with the charms of a country life—the life of the honest and sturdy yeoman? See him rise with the lark (that is, if there are any larks in the vicinity); if not, with the sun, and in winter, anticipating that luminary, trudge merrily on, axe over shoulder, through the dewy grass or spotless snow to the adjoining bush,

to cleave the sinewy and useful fence rail. How merrily the axe rings, wielded by his brawny arms, and how pleasantly the sound of its strokes reverberate through the woods, starting the graceful chipmunk from his lair! Behold him returning to the barnyard, where he distributes the matutinal fodder to the patient kine, and serves out to the horses their quota of oats and hay. Ah, what a happy, cheerful lot is his. He now betaketh himself to the comfortable kitchen where he and his hired man sit down to their sumptuous breakfast of slap-jacks and fried pork, washed down with copious libations of the humble though aromatic sassafrax tea. In hay-time it is a pleasure to view him with the honest perspiration oozing from his brow, swinging the ponderous scythe and laying the timothy in rows, like unto the *enfants perdus* of a forlorn hope under the fire of a defending force. Some of the pampered city youth, and indeed, alas, should I say it, those of rural breeding, may, nay, do think the farmer's life on the whole rather monotonous; but these thoughtless youth forget that the farmer has a noble and praiseworthy object in looking upon his honest life of toil as a pleasure, for is he not accumulating wealth, raking in the boodle (so to speak). What an example he should be to the fast and giddy youth of the town who regale themselves with oysters and *vin de chablis*. See with what rigid economy he preserves the proceeds of the fruit of his toil. Before starting for market, on his load of golden grain, he generally takes a light breakfast along with his good wife, who accompanies him to town to do some shopping; nor does he eat too much in anticipation of his dinner at the hotel, for which he pays the somewhat exorbitant sum of twenty-five cents, and he feels it his bounden duty to himself and family to get an equivalent for the same. Consequently he proceeds to sharpen his already keen appetite by devouring about half a bottle of pickles, which, followed by soup, fish, beef, pork, pudding, a piece of pie and a pound or so of dessert, generally makes him square with the landlord, especially if he can manage to get two glasses of beer at the meal. His wife is content with some crackers and cheese and a glass of "hot port wine" in the sitting room; and after a few purchases of store groceries they both return to their happy home upon the farm, satisfied with their day of business and pleasure.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the noble yeoman has no ostensible amusements. What can be more edifying than a tea meeting, or a temperance lecture, what more rollocking or joyous than a "raising bee," or a "candy pull," and the "quilting bee"—what can be more entertaining than to listen to the ladies, all neighbors, and so friendly, talking and philo-osophy over the little events that occur in their humble sphere. And mark how careful they are not to offend any one in particular. In fact, they refrain from discussing the peccadilloes of their neighbors, while he or she is present, but when absent they very properly take advantage of the circumstances and "let out," for is it their duty?

Oh, my dear young city man, don't you sigh for the delights of the country?

You don't?

Oh, inconsiderate youth, would you not like to dwell in the country?

No!

Young man, don't give it away, but—neither would I.

Great egg-spectations during Lent—"We shall meat by-and-by."—*Gorham Mountaineer*.

"Only think of it!" exclaimed a Chicago girl; "I weigh 120 pounds in my stockings." "Do you?" replied her cousin from St. Louis, glancing at the feet of the first speaker; "I would not have believed it. How much do you weigh altogether?"—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.