

POETRY.

GRANDMA.

Seated one day in his easy chair, A dainty cap on her snow-white hair, Her gold-rimmed glasses astride her nose, Was Grandmamma knitting her winter hose.

SELECT STORY THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finimore Cooper.

It has been said that Marmaduke deduced his origin from the contemporaries and friends of Penn. His father had married without the pale of the church to which he belonged, and had, in this manner, forfeited some of the privileges of his offspring.

When Marmaduke first became the partner of young Effingham, he was quite the Quaker in externals; and it was too dangerous an experiment for the son to think of encountering the prejudices of the father on this subject. The connection, therefore, remained a profound secret to all but those who were interested in it.

For a few years Marmaduke directed the commercial operations of his house with a prudence and sagacity that afforded rich returns. He married the lady we have mentioned, who was the mother of Elizabeth, and the visits of his friends were becoming more frequent.

"I believe, my young friend, that terror has driven you from my recollection; your face is very familiar, and yet for the honor of a score of bucks' tails in my cap, I could not tell your name."

"I came into the country but three weeks since," returned the youth, coldly, "and I understand you have been absent twice that time."

"It will be five to-morrow. Yet your face is one that I have seen; though it would not be strange, such has been my fright, should I see thee in thy winter sheet walking by my bedside to-night. What say'st thou, Bess? Am I comports men or not? Fit to charge a grand jury, or what is just now of more pressing necessity, able to do the honors of Christmas eve in the hall 'Templeton'?"

"More able to do either, my dear father," said a playful voice from under the ample enclosures of the hood, "than to kill deer with a smooth-bore." A short pause followed, and the same voice, but in a different accent, continued: "We shall have good reasons for our thanksgiving to-night on more accounts than one."

The horses soon reached a point where they seemed to know by instinct that the journey was nearly ended, and bearing on the hills they tossed their heads, they rapidly drew the sleigh over the level land which lay on the top of the mountain and soon came to the point where the road descended suddenly, but circuitously, into the valley.

The Judge was seated from his reflections, when he saw the tall columns of smoke which floated above his own chimneys. As house, village, and valley burst on his sight, he exclaimed cheerfully to his daughter:

"See, Bess, there is thy resting place for life! And think, too, young man, if thou wilt consent to dwell with us."

The eyes of his auditors involuntarily met; and, if the color that gathered over the face of Elizabeth was contradicted by the cold expression of her eye, the ambiguous smile that again played about the lips of the stranger, seemed equally to deny the probability of his consenting to form one of this family group. The scene was one, however, which might easily warm a heart less given to philanthropy than that of Marmaduke Temple.

The side of the mountain on which our travellers were journeying, though not a fertile or verdant one, was steep and rugged, and rendered necessary to the capital of Philadelphia; but he had taken the precaution to render the livery of his effects beyond the reach of the boy-faces including the papers of his friend also. There he continued serving his country during the struggle, in various civil capacities, and always with dignity and usefulness.

When the war ended, and the independence of the States was acknowledged, Mr. Temple turned his attention from the pursuit of commerce, which was then fluctuating and uncertain, to the settlement of those tracts of land which he had purchased. Aided by a good deal of money, and directed by the suggestions of a strong and practical reason, his enterprise thrived to a degree that the climate and rugged face of the country which he selected would seem to forbid. His property increased in a

tenfold ratio, and he was already ranked among the most wealthy and important of his countrymen. To inherit this wealth he had but one child—the daughter whom we have introduced to the reader, and whom he was now conveying from school to reside over a household that had too long wanted a mistress.

When the district in which his estates lay had become sufficiently populous to be set off as a county, Mr. Temple had, according to the custom of the new settlements, been selected to fill its highest judicial station. This might make a Templar smile; but, in addition to the apology of necessity, there is ever a dignity in talents and experience that is commonly sufficient, in any station, for the protection of its possessor; and Marmaduke, more fortunate in his native clearness of mind than the judges of King Charles, not only decided right, but was generally able to give a very good reason for it. At all events, such was the universal practice of the country and the times; and Judge Temple, so far from ranking among the lowest of his judicial contemporaries in the courts of the new counties, felt himself, and was unanimously acknowledged to be, among the first.

We shall here close this brief explanation of the history and character of some of our personages, leaving them in future to speak and act for themselves.

CHAPTER III.

"All that thou see'st in Nature's handiwork; These rocks that upward tower their mossy brows Like castled pinnacles of elder times; These venerable stems, that slowly rook Their towering branches in the wintry gale; That dale of frost, which glisters in the sun; Mocking the whiteness of a marble breast! Yet men can mar such works with his rude taste, Like some sad spoiler of a virgin's face."

Some little while elapsed ere Marmaduke Temple was sufficiently recovered from his agitation to scan the person of his new companion. He now observed that he was a youth of some two or three-and-twenty years of age, and rather above the middle height. Further observation was prevented by the rough overcoat which was belted close to his form by a worsted sash, much like the one worn by the old hunter. The eyes of the Judge, after resting a moment on the figure of the stranger, were raised to a scrutiny of his countenance. There had been a look of care visible in the features of the youth, when he first entered the sleigh, that had not only attracted the notice of Elizabeth, but which she had been much puzzled to interpret. His eyes seemed to have been to be seen through the broken window of their second stories, showed that either the taste or the vanity of their proprietors had led them to undertake a task which they were not qualified to accomplish.

Immediately on the top of the lake and at its foot, stood the village of Templeton. It consisted of some fifty buildings, including those of every description, chiefly built of wood, and which also, by the unfinished appearance of most of the dwellings, indicated the hasty manner of their construction. To the eye, they presented a variety of colors, a few were white in both front and rear, but more bore that expensive color on their fronts only, while their economical but ambitious owners had covered the remaining sides of the edifices with a dingy red. One or two were slowly assuming the russet of age; while the uncovered beams that were to be seen through the broken windows of their second stories, showed that either the taste or the vanity of their proprietors had led them to undertake a task which they were not qualified to accomplish.

Some three or four of the better sort of buildings, in addition to the uniformity of their color, were fitted with green blinds, which, at that season at least, were rather strangely contrasted to the chill aspect of the lake, the mountains, the forests, and the wide fields of snow. Before the doors of these pretentious dwellings were placed a few saplings, either without branches, or possessing only the feeble shoots of one or two summers' growth, that looked not unlike tall grenadiers on post near the threshold of princes.

In truth, the occupants of these favored habitations were the nobles of Templeton, as Marmaduke was its king. They were the dwelling of two young men who were cunning in the law; and an equal number of that class who chafed at the wants of the community under the title of storekeepers; and a disreputable family who for a novelty, brought more subjects into the world than he sent out of it. In the midst of this incongruous group of dwellings rose the mansion of the Judge, towering above all his neighbors. It stood in the center of an enclosure of several acres, which were covered with fruit-trees. Some of the latter had been left by the Indians, and began already to assume the moss and inclination of age, therein forming a very marked contrast to the infant plantations that peered over more of the picketed fences of the village. In addition to this show of cultivation were two rows of young Lombardy poplars, a tree but lately introduced into America, formally lining either side of a pathway which led from a gate that opened on the precipitous slope to the front door of the building. The house itself had been built entirely under the superintendence of a certain Mr. Richard Jones, whom we have already mentioned, and who, from his cleverness in small matters, and an entire willingness to exert his talents, added to the circumstance of their being sister's children, ordinarily superintended all the minor concerns of Marmaduke Temple. Richard was fond of saying that this child of invention consisted of nothing more nor less than what should form the composite order of every clergyman's discourse; a fretful, and a lastly. He had commenced his labors, in the first year of their residence, by erecting a tall, gaunt edifice of wood, with its gable toward the high way. In this shelter, for it was little more, he resided for three years. By the end of that period, Richard had completed his design. He had availed himself, in this heavy undertaking, of the experience of a certain wandering eastern mechanic, who, by exchanging a few English shillings for money, and talking learnedly of friezes, entablatures, and particularly of the composite order, had obtained a very undue influence over Richard's taste, in everything that pertained to that branch of the fine arts. Not that Mr. Jones had any great admiration for the perfect empiric in his profession, being in the constant habit of listening to his pleasant smile; yet, either from an inability to oppose them by anything plausible from his own stores of learning, or from admiration, Richard generally submitted to the arguments of his coadjutor. Together, they had not only erected a dwelling for Marmaduke, but they had given a fashion to the architecture of the whole country. The composite order, Mr. Do little would contend, was an order composed of many others, and was intended to be the most useful of all, for it admitted into its construction such alterations as convenience or circumstances might require. To this proposition Richard readily assented; and when rival geniuses who monopolize not only all the reputation, but most of the money of a neighborhood, are of a mind, it is not uncommon to see them lead the fashion, even in graver matters. In the present instance, as we have already hinted, the castle as Judge Templeton's dwelling was termed in common parlance, came to be the model, in some one or other of its numerous excellences, for every aspiring edifice within twenty miles of it.

The house itself, or the "lastly," was of stone; large, square, and far from uncomfortable. These were four requisites, on which Marmaduke had insisted with a little more than his ordinary pertinacity. But everything else was peaceably assigned to Richard and his associate. These worthies found the material a little too solid for the tools of their workmen, which, in general, were employed on a substance no harder than the white pine of the adjacent mountains, a wood so proverbially soft, that it is commonly chosen by the hunters for pillows. But for this awkward dilemma, it is probable that the ambitious tastes of two more architects would have left us much more to do in the way of description. Driven from the faces of the house by the absurdity of the material, they took refuge in the porch and on the roof. The former, it was decided, should be severely classical, and the latter a rare specimen of the merits of the composite order.

A roof, Richard contended, was a part of the edifice that the ancients always endeavored to conceal, it being an excrescence in architecture that was only to be tolerated on account of its usefulness. Besides, as he wittily added, a chief merit in a dwelling was to present a front, on whichever side it might happen to be seen; for, as it was exposed to all eyes in all weathers, there should be no weak flank for envy or neighborhood criticism to seize upon. He decided, therefore, that the roof should be flat, and with four faces. To this arrangement, Marmaduke objected the heavy snow that lay for months, frequently covering the earth to a depth of three or four feet. Happily, the facilities of the composite order presented themselves to effect a compromise, and the rafters were lengthened, so as to give a descent that should carry off the frozen element. But, unluckily, some mistake was made in the measurement of these material parts of the fabric; and, as one of the greatest recommendations of Hiram was his ability to work by the "square rule," no opportunity was found of discovering the effect until the four walls were raised, on the four walls of the building. Then, indeed, it was soon seen that, in defiance of all rule, the roof was by far the most conspicuous part of the whole edifice. Richard and his associate consoled themselves with the belief that the covering would aid in concealing this unattractive elevation; and every thing that was laid out in multiple objects to look at. Richard essayed to remedy the evil with paint, and four different colors were laid on by his own hands. The first was a sky-blue, in the vain expectation that the eye might be cheated into the belief that it was the heavens themselves that hung so imposingly over Marmaduke's dwelling; the second was what he called a "cloud-color," being nothing more nor less than an imitation of smoke; the third was what Richard termed an invisible green, an experiment that did not succeed against a background of sky. Abandoning the attempt to conceal the error, he drew upon their invention for means to ornament the offensive shingles. After much deliberation and two or three essays by moonlight, Richard ended the affair by boldly covering the whole beneath a color that was made up of the most disagreeable way, as he assured his cousin, the Judge, of always keeping fair weather over his head. The platform, as well as the eaves of the house, were surmounted by gaudily painted railings, and the genius of Hiram was exerted in the fabrication of urns and moldings, that were scattered profusely around this part of their labors. Richard had originally a cunning expectation, by which the chimneys were intended to be so low, and so situated, as to resemble ornaments on the balustrades; but he soon required that the chimneys should rise with the roof, in order that the smoke might be carried off, and they thus became four extremely conspicuous objects in the view.

John Fitzpatrick placed his two children and his two nieces in a carriage to take them to Oakland Cemetery to see the grave of his daughter. Before he could get in, Willie, his eight-year-old son, struck the horse with the whip and it ran away. Fitzpatrick caught a wheel of the carriage and was dragged 200 yards. All the children were thrown upon a pile of stones. Willie was instantly killed, Clara, aged six had her skull fractured and died, the other two children are probably fatally injured.

A certain boat coming up the Mississippi lost her way and bumped against a frame house. She hadn't more than touched it before an old darkey rammed his head up through a hole in the roof where the chimney once came out and yelled at the captain: "Whar is yer gwine wid dat boat? Can't you see nuffin? Fust thing yer knows yer gwine to turn dis house ober, spill de old woman an' de chillen out in de flood an' de crowd 'em. Wat yer doin' out here in de country wid yer boat so arway? Go on back yonder froo de o'n field an' get back into de ribber whar yer blongs. Ain't got no business sevn' miles out in de country foolin' rooin' nuffin's houses nohow!" and she backed out.—Nashville American.

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NEWS AND NOTES.

An Alton (Ill.) woman has secured a divorce because her husband spoke of her biscuits as like unto coblooses.

The connection of the Arizona and California wings of the great cantilever bridge at Needles, California, was finished Wednesday, and a celebration held. The bridge is said to have the longest unsupported span of any cantilever bridge in the world.

Prof. Lolette's Memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

He (tenderly).—It is a mistake for a man to travel through life alone. She.—Yes, indeed. Why don't you get your mother to chaperone you.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Wisnlow's SORRISUO SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep; it relieves the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wisnlow's SORRISUO SYRUP and take no other kind.

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Tis now the youth with sad news notes How changes wish unfold; Where'er his trousers light he dons, It rains or else turns cold.

Joseph E., a three-year-old son of Leon Breen of St. Anthony, Kent, Co., had the misfortune to fall into a tub of hot water, and died after twenty hours of the most terrible suffering. The little sufferer retained consciousness almost to the moment of expiring.

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George—Laura, will you be my better half? Laura—Oh, George, how can I, and you so good?

I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not? No, sir. What makes him stop then? Oh, he's afraid somebody'll say whoa and he won't hear it.

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The wife of Wm. Scribner, McLaughlin Road, St. Mary's, Kent Co., some 14 miles from Monticello, gave birth to triplets, three boys, week before last. The children, however, did not live. Mrs. Scribner formerly lived in Montreal.

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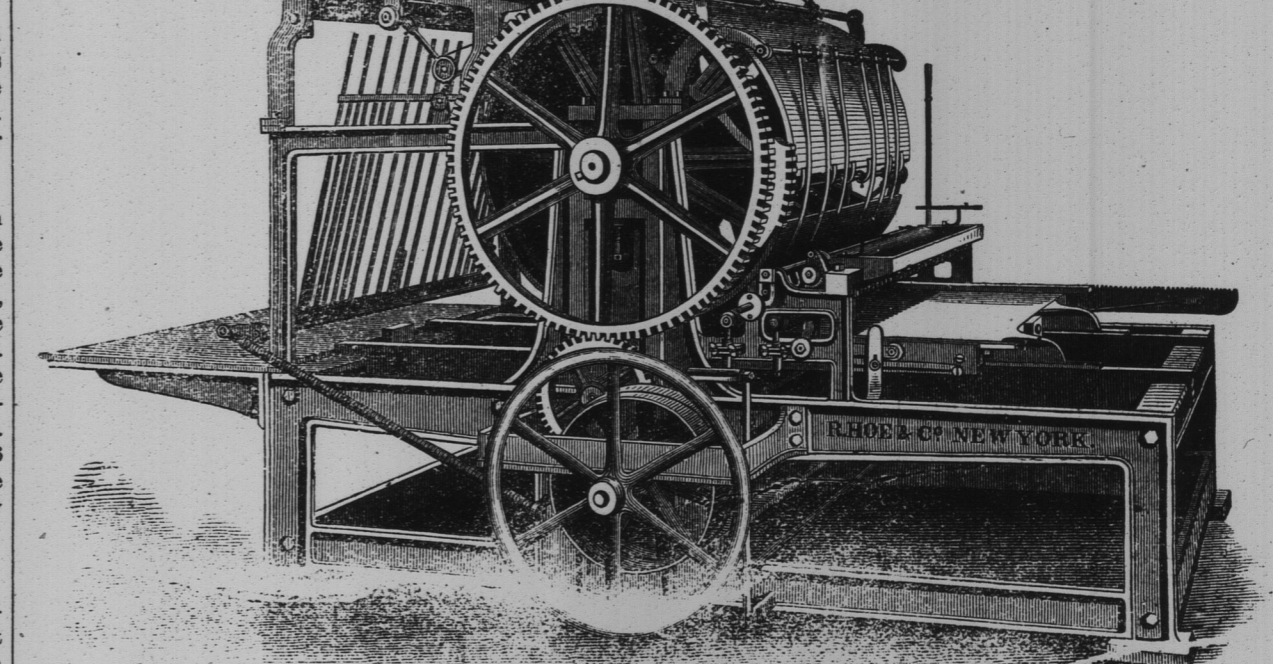
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