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NOTICE.

From *Neal's Saturday Gazette*.
The Smiles I love to See.

BY MARY LILLIAN.

I love to see an infant's smile—
Like sunbeams at their play;
So brightly and so free from guile,
Its every ray.

A heart animated by the earth,
Speaks thus in childhood's days,
Its innocence and truth and worth
Have fled away.

I love to see a woman's smile—
Its beams of glory
It comes to soothe our sorrows, while
Our life's wild sea.

Bright as the sun's awning beam,
It glances at Love's decree,
And makes the lover's fondest dream
A reality.

I love to see a true friend's smile—
Oh! this I dearly prize;
Forth the world my name revile,
And all despise.

Yet here I meet the changeless one,
Who all distrust defies,
And hopes my loss have trampled on,
Again arise.

I love to see a mother's smile—
To ever find and trace;
Its brightness will the day beguile
Of darkest hours.

And as I through the passing years,
My onward path pursue,
To this my every footstep cheers,
When friends are few.

I love to see a sister's smile—
From the bright zephyr's leaves,
It glances 'mid the stars awhile,
In cloudless eaves.

And here on earth another is,
Whose every smile is green,
To guide me to the port of bliss,
When tempter deceives.

I love to see a Christian's smile—
When life's afflictions fall;
It glances with each's sunny toil—
And we are all.

And even when Death tears away
Those who were cherished still,
That potent upward look do say,
"It is Thy will."

I love to see the dying smile—
Sweetly the light doth play
Around that lip—no'er touched by will
Through all life's day.

Last with unearthly melody,
The spirit leaves its clay,
And opened source of joy doth say,
"Awa' away!"

squire vowed he would "bring her to her senses, and make her accept him, after all." And the squire tried to be as good as his word, as we have already noticed.

When it was rumored through the neighborhood that Kate was about to be sacrificed by her relentless parent, every body was indignant; the women gave vent to expressions of pity and sympathy, and the men clenched their fists, and showed fearful imprecations upon the heads of the squire and the baronet. The servants at the Hall looked upon Sir Harry as a monster in human form, who had come to drag their young mistress into a captivity which they could not contemplate without horror. Some of them thought their master must be insane, for they could not understand why a man in his senses desired to marry his only daughter to a person she detested. "Master does not see Sir Harry in his true light," said another. "Ever since his last sickness he has been near sighted. That's the reason why he can't see like Miss Kate."

Kate Darlington never suffered herself to be made miserable by brooding over the wedding of Sir Harry. In obedience to her father's commands, she rode to town and ordered her dresses; and yielding to all his suggestions, in arranging the preliminaries of the nuptials. The squire delighted with the unlooked for docility of his daughter, recovered his habitual good humor, and congratulated himself upon the promising aspect of his cherished plan.

The day appointed for the solemnization of nuptials at length arrived. The squire as was his custom, rose early, and was about to take his morning ride, when he was startled with the intelligence that Kate was missing. A grand council of the household was ordered, but no one could tell what had become of the young lady.

"I venture to say," observed Sir Harry, "that Miss Darlington has gone to some Grotto over the border."

"To Grotto with whom?" thundered the squire.

"Very probably with Captain Rodney, her favorite."

"What! with that popinjay, who turned her head like a windmill? I disinherit her as sure as my name is Ralph Darlington."

"He has the bride now—fortune or no fortune," was the reply.

"Sir Harry, you will make instant pursuit—Jarvis, order four of the finest horses to be saddled, and direct two of the grooms to prepare to go with us."

"It would be well for us to go well armed," suggested Sir Harry. "I know Rodney, he is an active fellow, and brave as a lion."

"Were he as brave as twenty lions, I will make him lick the dust and beg for mercy! Come, Sir Harry, we have no time to lose! Let us be on the wing."

In five minutes, the squire and the baronet, attended by two stout men, leaped into their saddles, and hastily rode off on the great northern road. The servants who witnessed their departure, somehow forgot to watch their enterprise success.

The sun had descended low in the horizon, when a carriage with two outriders, arrived at a cottage inn on the highway in the northern part of Cumberland. The wayfarers opened the house, and ordered a repast, during the preparation of which they occupied a neat little drawing room, fronting upon the road. This travelling party consisted of Capt. Charles Rodney, Miss Kate Darlington, and two Misses Rodney. The ladies occupied the coach in travelling, and the two gentlemen, (one of which was Capt. R.) accompanied it on horseback.

The Misses Rodney—two lovely sisters of the Captain—were equipped in elegant travelling dresses, of fashionable make; but Kate, as well as the two gentlemen was in disguise.

Miss Darlington was dressed in male apparel. She wore a suit of fine black cloth, made strictly in the fashion. As if aware that her tall majestic figure was well adapted to such a costume, she veiled upon a close bodied, red dress coat, and the modesty of its fit might well have excited the envy of the beaute. Her hair was ingeniously dressed, and a glossy black brazier surmounted her head. The modest solemnity of her dress was judiciously relieved by a waistcoat of delicate blue cassimere, made single breasted with a standing collar, and decorated with an ample row of mirror like gilt buttons. A neat diamond pin glittered among the crisp cambric on her breast, and a rich gold safety chain hung suspended across her waistcoat. Her disguise was so complete that a stranger would not have dreamed she was a woman. Her dress, in the minutest detail, was in excellent taste; though it must be confessed, it would have suited a groom better than a bride.

Capt. Rodney was dressed like an old man. His silvery wig denoted an age not less than sixty years, and his broad, flat, snuff colored coat, of immense proportions, dimly small clothes and white waistcoat with tarnished buttons, seemed to belong to a generation past and gone. His friend, captain Grant, wore a common livery dress.

Such was the sloping party. The disguises were assumed to facilitate their escape; and so far each had acted his part well. They had already overcome a distance of sixty miles, and entertained a strong hope of reaching the border in two hours travel. They were in high spirits; and Kate paced up and down the room, her thumbs thrust in the armbolles of her vest, with an air of satisfaction that would have reflected honor upon the first Brum-

and in the kingdom. Having hastily refreshed themselves, the ladies were escorted to the carriage. The inn-keeper was officious in his attentions, and his blue eyed daughters ran to the door to take a last look at the "boastful young man," and to feast their eyes once more upon the charming gilt buttons of Miss Darlington's waistcoat. Kate, however, kissed her hand to the blushing damsels as the carriage rattled from the door. Capt. Rodney and his friend remained behind a few minutes to adjust some defect in a saddle girth, and before they were ready to mount, a horseman rode up at a terrible speed. Rodney recognized the face of Squire Darlington, from having once seen him at Leamington.

"My good friend," said the Squire, "I am in pursuit of my daughter, who has run away with Capt. Somebody of the army. They cannot be far ahead."

"Have they passed this road?" inquired the captain.

"Likely enough; this is the straight road to the Border. I have ridden like John Gilpin since six o'clock this morning—ran away from three good for nothing fellows who set out with me—and I am resolved to keep on until I find the runaways."

"Possibly, my dear sir, we may be able to render you some assistance," observed the captain, as he and his friend vaulted into their saddles.

"Here is my hand, sir," exclaimed the Squire. "I have not the pleasure of knowing your name, but I dare be sworn you are a gentleman."

"It happens quite singularly," rejoined the captain, "that I myself am bound for Scotland on a matrimonial adventure."

"Indeed!" said Darlington.

"As our road is the same as yours, we may as well travel in company."

The three equestrians now gave the spur to their horses, and dashed up the road. Rodney was not entirely prepared for the sudden visitation of Squire Darlington, but he was glad to hear that the rest of the pursuing party was left far behind. What turn the adventure would now take he was unable to conjecture; but he depended upon his military genius to conduct it to a happy issue.

"My good friend," said the Squire, suddenly, "what is that on the hill ahead of us? It looks like a carriage, but my eye-sight is so short that I cannot make it out."

"You are right, sir," replied Rodney; "it is a carriage."

"Then let us push along with might and main, for on my soul I believe it contains the runaways!"

"The carriage, I think is mine, sir; but to ease your mind, we will ride up and see what it contains."

"Spur up, then, all of us! Let us see whose nose has the lightest heels."

The chase lasted nearly an hour. When the horsemen came up with the vehicle, Rodney made a significant motion to the ladies, which they instantly comprehended, and were relieved from alarm. The Squire looked into the carriage, glanced at each of its inmates in turn, but did not suspect that the fulfilment of a row of buttons, which at once caught his eye, was caused by the palpitating bosom of his trembling daughter.

"It is a wrong scent," muttered the Squire, who was prone to quote fox hunting phrases, "so if you please, we will gallop on in hopes of better luck."

The captain having passed a few words with the ladies as he rode by the side of the carriage, immediately obeyed the Squire's request, leaving captain Grant to ride along with the vehicle.

In another hour the horsemen entered the territory of Dumfriesshire, and soon after alighted at the inn of a small village, which was remarkable as being the site of the free temple of Hymen.

"The fox has escaped," said the squire, as he strode into the inn. "I never had so long a chase with such an unprofitable result."

"You have certainly performed a great journey," said Rodney.

"The runaways," continued the Squire, "as far as they have managed the affair cleverly. Poor Kate! she was always an excellent girl. She has never disobeyed her father but in this instance. Her lover is a stranger to me, sir; I never saw him in my life; but I judge, from the cleverness of his retreat today, that he is not the worst man in the three kingdoms. Perhaps I shall forgive Kate after all—especially since I have discovered that Sir Harry is a poor, mealy mouthed son of a tinker, who knocks under after a ride of forty miles or so, over the finest road in the country."

"If your daughter unites herself to a worthy man she ought to receive your forgiveness."

"Well, well, I shall not bind myself to forgive the saucy thing, but I will think about it. You mentioned something about a matrimonial adventure of your own."

"As soon as the carriage comes up, sir, the ceremony will take place. My bride is quite a young lady, with a disposition quite eccentric; she is full of vagaries, and one of the oddest of them, as her determination to be married in male attire."

"Very odd, really!"

"A person with grey hairs, like myself, ought not, perhaps, to think of matrimony. The affair on hand, however, is one of family policy; and for reasons not necessary to be recounted, we are compelled to be married on the wrong side of the Border."

"Well, well, I wish you much joy with all my heart."

The carriage now made its appearance,

and the ladies were ushered into the little apartment styled the "parlor." The by-stander stood at his post, the ceremony suffered no delay. Rodney and Kate stood up before the bewildered functionary, who at first hesitated to consider Kate an eligible subject for a wife. Squire Darlington was called in to give away the bride. The complete disguise of Kate, the shortness of the Squire's vision, and the imperfect light in the room, combined to preserve her incognito during this trying ordeal. The worthy Squire performed the important part allotted to him in an admirable manner; and it was only at the conclusion of the rites, when the functionary made formal mention of the names of Charles Rodney and Catherine Darlington, that the old gentleman comprehended the true position of affairs.

"Will you forgive us, my dear father?" said Kate, sinking on her knees before him.

"Kate, you have joined in a conspiracy to make our old father look ridiculous! I have half a mind to renounce you forever, but—"

"Oh! say that you forgive us!" persisted Kate.

"Well, well, I forgive you on condition that you never run away again, and that you throw away that dandy suit by the time the honey moon expires. And you, sir, captain Charles, I forgive you on condition that I like you after seeing you with your disguise removed. Meanwhile we will make ourselves happy."

Next morning the whole party returned to Darlington Hall. The Squire was delighted with his son in law. Kate is one of the happiest wives in the world, and she carefully preserves her masculine bridal dress as a memento of the most blissful day of her life.

From the *Southern Christian Advocate*.
The Presbyterian Church and Slavery.

In the letters addressed to the late General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (O. S.) by the General Assemblies of the Free Church in Scotland, and of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, very offensive allusion was made to the subject of the American Assembly's "connection with Slavery." This was of course noticed in the proceedings of the last-mentioned Assembly, and was considered ground of just, not to say, indignant complaint. In fact it is an unwarrantable intrusion of the British Churches into a subject which does not concern them, and in respect to which full information has heretofore been furnished. The following paragraph in the answer to the Irish Assembly, covers the same ground as the similar paragraph in the letter to the Free Church Assembly.

"We have duly considered the views expressed in your letter on the system of slavery as it exists in our country, and the suggestions which you have made of that course of action on our part, which you conceive necessary to a full discharge of our duty in relation thereto. We refer you to our letter addressed to your venerable body, bearing date June, 1846, which must have been received by you ere this; in which letter the views and feelings of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, in relation to slavery, are plainly and fully expressed. To that letter we deem it unnecessary to add anything; and by your leave, we shall dismiss the subject from our correspondence, assuring you that we comprehend it in all its bearings and relations, and know what our true position, as a Church of Jesus Christ, is and ought to be; and that position we have in time past conscientiously taken, and shall in time to come faithfully maintain; and we trust that you will repose confidence in us, and allow us to judge and act for ourselves, as those best informed and most interested; and we hope by the grace of God, that we are as desirous as others, of knowing and doing our duty."

Going to Law.—Two Dutchmen who built and used in common a small bridge over a little stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning certain repairs that were required; one of them objected to paying the expenses of the purchase of two or three planks. Finally the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and placing ten dollars in his hand, said, "I will give you all this money if you'll make Hans do justice with the bridge."

"How much will it cost to repair the bridge?" asked the honest counsellor of the determined litigant.

"Well, den, not more as five tollars," replied the Dutchman.

"Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of the notes and handing him the other, take this, and go and get the bridge repaired; it is the best course you can take."

"Yaas," said the Dutchman, slowly, "dat is my better dan to quarrel, but Hans, but as he went along home he shook his head frequently, as if unable, after all, to see quite clearly how he had gained any thing by the operation."

Chenp postage is working to a charm. At Buffalo the first quarter this year the increases over last year is \$1,273. The whole receipts for the quarter \$6,480.

Marriages at Lowell.—During the year ending in April last, there were 590 marriages at Lowell, Mass. A greater portion of the females were factory girls.

Prosperity of St. Louis.—There were erected in the city of St. Louis, during the year ending on the 1st ult., nine hundred and thirty-two houses.

The Hacienda of Santa Anna.
Twelve miles beyond Cerro Gordo is the hacienda of Gen. Santa Anna. As this distinguished functionary owns pretty much the whole country between Vera Cruz and Jalapa, he finds it convenient to have two other residences, but the hacienda near Cerro Gordo was his favorite retreat. Here it was he lived in dignity, previous to the disastrous battle that lost him his Presidential office and his popularity among the people. It was a bold dragoon Major who, first of our army, entered this princely abode; he gazed with astonishment at the surrounding splendor, and had not proceeded far to examine, before the name of *el General Santa Anna* met his sight, and informed him where he was. The residence was characterized by a species of oriental splendor; fourteen large rooms crowded upon each other, filled with costly ottomans, from the walls of which were suspended rare works of art. Every thing had been precipitately abandoned; upon a centre table in one of the principal saloons lay an unsealed note, in the writing of the Dictator. It stated that "he left every thing to the mercy of a generous enemy."

The Major peered about as if he had got into an Arabian enchantment; he examined attentively the pictures, and coveted a saddle with costly trappings and stirrups, gold lined with silver; he peeped into a little recess, and his heart throbbled—there was a couch for a princess. Upon the adjoining tables were scattered costly ornaments, and on the floor, as they had abandoned two pretty Spanish feet, was a pair of elegantly wrought, yet tiny slippers.

The Major was a gallant man and an honorable one—dragoon as he was, he could forego the saddle and the stirrups, gold though they were—but he wanted a trophy, and he placed the slippers in his pocket with a thrill at their feet that would have done honor to a powerful galvanic battery. Yet his heart smote him, and he placed the treasures back, and walked into the more exposed parts of the house. He went into the neighboring grounds and viewed the splendid cattle and horses that were luxuriating at ease; when, presently, there dashed by an aid of Gen. Scott, ordering the dragoons to pursue the retreating Santa Anna. In an instant the Major was mounted, and his men followed with a yell of delight. A few hours elapsed when he returned to the splendid hacienda.

What a change! The fine cattle had been driven off, the saddle still remained, but the gold and silver were gone. The pictures were destroyed, and hung in fragments from their frames; the splendid cushions had been cut asunder and the mirrors broken into a thousand fragments. So ended an incident in the drama of this Mexican war.

Fog or Mist.
The phenomenon of Fog or mist occurs at all seasons, and it appears always under the peculiar circumstances explained by Sir Humphrey Davy. His theory is that radiation of vapor from land and water sends it up until it meets with a cold stratum of air, which condenses it in the form of mist—which naturally gravitates toward the surface. When the radiation is weak, the mist seems to lie upon the ground; but when more powerful, the stratum of mist may be seen elevated a few feet above the ground. Mist, not may be seen to continue longer over the water than the land, owing to the slower radiation of vapor from water; and it is generally seen in the hollowest portions of ground, on account of the cold air, as it descends from the surrounding rising ground and mixes with the air in the hollow, diminishing its capacity for moisture.

Mist also varies its character according to its electric state; if negatively affected, it deposits its vapor more quickly, forming a heavy sort of dew, and wetting every thing like rain; but if positively, it continues to exist as fog, and retains the vapor in the state in which it has not the property of wetting like the other.

The fogs in hollows constitute the true stratus cloud. We see vapor at a distance in the atmosphere, and call it cloud; but when it sinks to the earth, or will not rise, and we are immersed in it, we call it mist or fog. When immersed in a cloud on a mountain, we say we are in a mist, but the same mist will be seen by a spectator, at a distance in the valley, as a beautiful cirro stratus, resting on the mountain.

The magnifying power of mist is a well known optical illusion. Its concealing and mystifying effects may have been observed by every one;—and its causing distant sounds to be heard as if near at hand, may also have been noticed by many.—*Stephen's Book of the Fa...*

Another Water Wonder.
The Philadelphians have the promise of an arrival in their harbor of almost as great a curiosity as the Chinese junk.—One Capt. William Adams left Wilmington, it seems, on Thursday morning, in what is called a "passenger gulf-elastic sea safety trunk," bound to Philadelphia, with provisions sufficient for a voyage of three days. The trunk is 20 inches long by about 20 inches broad and as many deep. It was once written that "three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl," and there really appears to be a natural affinity between a bowl and the water; but the idea of navigating in a trunk—a veritable trunk, which has no such desirable property, seems indeed wondrous strange.—*Balt Sun.*

One of the Mexican states is called Zicacuac, which is thus pronounced Zachy take us!

An incident of the Battle of Buena Vista.—From the *Arkansas Intelligencer*.
"After the battle I was ordered with sixteen men to escort Major Bliss with a flag of truce to Santa Anna. When we arrived within about a hundred yards of a regiment of lancers, which seemed to be the rear guard, we halted. Major Bliss was blindfolded and conducted to Santa Anna. On the departure of the Major a platoon of lancers were ordered from the regiment and took post facing my platoon and within ten steps of me. The Lieutenant in command dismounted his men; I did the same. He was a fat good looking fellow; wore a sort of a sack coat, neatly trimmed with lace, and seemed quite pompous. As he dismounted he handed his bridle rein to his orderly, and commenced strolling in front of his platoon, in a very haughty manner. Presently he called his orderly, who handed, from a pocket in the side of his saddle, a bottle from which he took a drink, without saying a word to me, much to my astonishment, and commenced strutting as before. I just then reflected I had in my holster a small bottle of whiskey, and that it would not do to be outdone by this Mexican; so I handed my rein to the right file of my platoon, and commenced playing the peacock in front of my men. In a few minutes I halted short, and ordered my bugler to hand me the bottle out of my holster, and took a drink, curled my mustache, and continued peacocking it. As soon as my Mexican friend saw me imitating his movements he walked faster—I increased my pace; he halted and took a drink; I halted and took a drink. Thus we performed for some time, until I actually bluffed him off, for he walked to the rear of his platoon, when I halted and sat down on the grass."

To Cure a Burn.—A lady, preacher of the Society of Friends in New York, was so successful in curing burns, that many supposed her possessed of the power of working miracles. The following is the receipt for the medicine.—Take one ounce of berries with four ounces burgundy pitch simmered in an earthen vessel, boil them together into the consistency of a salve, when cool—stir the liquor after taking from the fire until quite cool.—Keep from the air in a tight box or jar. When used, spread it thinly on a cloth, and apply it to the part injured. Open the burn with a needle and let out the water till it heals.—*Ann.*

A better and more simple remedy.—Wet cotton cloths in gold water, apply them to the Burn—change as often as smarting returns, and permanent relief will be obtained in an hour or two—when the burn will be cured. Try it. We have—*Ed. Rel. Herald.*

Anecdote of Gen. Scott.—A Washington letter-writer gives the following *jeu d'esprit*, which he says is circulating in that city, and which, the writer justly observes, reflects much credit on the good sense of the old hero:

"A letter from the field is said to relate that shortly after Harney forced Santa Anna to give leg bail, the Commanding General rode up, and dismounting, entered his opponent's tent, where a table had been spread with a choice and smoking dinner, which, alas, for Santa Anna's appetite, was not destined for him. Scott espying a corner of soup at the head of the table, uncovered it, and with a laugh of triumph, invited his brother officers to tarry if but for an instant to join him in his 'hasty plate' on the heights of Cerro Gordo."

LAWYER AND WITNESS.—Lately, a lawyer retained in a case of assault and battery, was cross-examining a witness, in relation to the force of the blow struck.

"What kind of a blow was given?" asked the lawyer. "A blow of the common kind." "Describe the blow." "I am not good at description." "Show me what kind of blow it was." "I cannot." "You must." "I won't." The lawyer appealed to the Court. The Court told the witness that if the counsel insisted upon his showing what kind of blow it was, he must do so. "Do you insist upon it?" asked the witness. The counsel replied that he did.

"Well then, since you compel me to show it was this kind of blow," at the same time suiting the action to the word, and knocking the astonished disciple of Coke upon Littleton over.

General Taylor's Titles.
We find, on examination, that Gen. Taylor has as many titles as the Duke of Wellington, and they all designate some great event in his history, or some striking peculiarity of his mind. They have been conferred by the different sovereigns of the United States, add foreign potentates at different times, and when Gen. Taylor is in full dress, with these insignia hanging across his breast, it makes him look like a plain old gentleman of the olden times, that does the people good to look at.

Mr. Storey calls him—"Major General Taylor commanding."

The People generally—"Old Rough and Ready."

The Mexicans—"Don Zachary."

The Watermen in the Army—"The Old Man."

The Mechanics and Artisans in the army—"The Old Boss."

The Mexican Women—"Mucha Buena, Santa Anna."—"Old fool, don't know when he is whipped."

Gen. Scott—"My dear, dear General." Mr. Pick—"Oh, breathe not his name."

The Sovereigns—"OUR NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

HEROIC DEEDS.

From the *Messenger Democrat*.
KATE DARLINGTON.

BY MISS AUGUSTA BROWN.

"Kate, my child, I want you to order your bridal dress, without further delay. Sir Harry will leave for London in less than a fortnight, and he desires to take his bride with him."

"I had hoped, my dear father, that ere this you would have been convinced of the expediency of this marriage. Knowing, my father, that I can never love Sir Harry, I am surprised to find you persisting in making me his wife."

"You are a foolish, undutiful girl, Kate. Sir Harry is wealthy, I believe, and a most eligible fellow to ride after the hounds.—Were he in your place, I would be proud of his name."

"But his wealth and sportsman-like abilities can never make me happy."

"Love how it is, Kate. Your head has been turned by that popinjay captain you met last summer, at Leamington. But you need not flatter yourself that I will forgive you to him."

"If you would allow yourself to see him, my dear father, perhaps you would think more favorably of him."

"If the popinjay should ever have the effrontery to show his face here, I would not hesitate to order one of my servants to kick him out of the house. The impudent rascal! I will not permit you to be deceived without my permission."

"Remember, father, you refused him acquaintance when he wanted to ask your approbation of his suit."

"Well, well, you must think of him no more. My wish is to see you well provided for, and the present opportunity, to give you a noble fellow for a husband, must be embraced. You will, therefore, do as I have directed, and prepare yourself in a becoming manner, for the nuptials."

Squire Darlington was blunt in his manners, and obdurate in his purposes.—His friendships were ardent, and his animosities almost inveterate. For some reasons, perhaps unknown even to himself, he had conceived a violent attachment to Sir Harry Wentworth, a baronet, whose years were little less than two score, and whose accomplishments did not reach beyond the sound of the hunting horn, or the touch of the wine bottle. Sir Harry was a frequent guest at the Hall. He professed a strong affection for Kate, hoping by a union with her to repair his fortune, which a long career of recklessness had sadly shattered.

The Squire was delighted with the prospect that gleamed ahead. He smiled upon the suit of the baronet; and, when his lady was formally refused by Kate, the