# EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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## AGRICULTURAL.

### MILKING COWS.

The owners of cows should pay particular attention to milking. Children should not be trusted with this business, and there are many grown people, who never milk well, though they have been brought up to the business.

If you would obtain all the milk from the cow, you must treat her with the utmost gentleness: she must not stand trembling under your blows, nor under your threats. She may at times need a little chastisement, but at such times you need not expect all her milk.

Soon after the bag has been brushed by your hand, and the ends of the teats have been moistened a little with milk, it flows in rapidly, and all the veins or ducts near the teats are completely filled. Then it must be drawn out immediately, or you will not get the whole. You must not sit and talk—you must not delay one moment, if you would have all the cow is then ready to yield.

The udder should be moved in every direction at the close of milking, and the hands may beat it a little, in immitation of the beating which the calf gives it when he is sucking. An expert milker will make the cow give one quarter more in butter than a majority of grown milkers will.

One season, at Farmingham says an experienced writer, we kept four cows in the home lot; there was but little difference in the quantity of milk given by each.—We had a very steady hired man of forty years of age; he had carried on a farm in New Hampshire, and had always been used to milking; but he was so slow the cows had no patience with him.

We milked two of the cows, and he the other two, and were but little more than half as long as he in milking, though we got the largest mess by about one quart.—On our remonstrating, that he did not draw out all the milk, he said his cows would not yield so much as those milked by us.—We then made an exchange; he milked our two, and we milked his. In three weeks' time the case was reversed; our mess exceeded his by nearly one quart. He never failed to strip his cows to the last drop; but his intolerable moderation prevented his obtaining what an active milker would have done.

Young learners may practise on cows that are soon to be dried off. They should be taught at first how to take hold of the teats, and they will remember it; but how common it is to let each child choose his own mode of milking! Learners should know that the hand should be kept very near the extremity of the teat, if they would milk with ease. The left arm should always press gently against the leg of the cow; for if she is inclined to kick, she cannot with any force; she cannot strike an object that learns against her; but if she raises up her foot, as she often will when her teats are sore, the milker will be ready to ward off and keep it from the pail much better than when he sits far off from the cow.

If heifers are made tame and gentle by frequent handling when they are young, they are not apt to kick the milker; their udders should be rubbed gently before calving; it is quite as grateful to them as carding. But if they are suffered to run wild till after they have calved, they cannot be expected to be gentle when you first attempt to milk them: they often acquire bad habits, and are not broken of them through life.—*Emigrant's Handbook.*

### RAISING PORK.

Every farmer knows full well that if he has to winter his pigs even in the most fertile of corn countries, and cannot get over three cents per pound for the pork, he is loosing money; how important then that he keeps such a breed of swine, and feeds them so well, that he can bring the pigs dropped early in the spring, to weigh from 200 to 300 lbs., in December and January Let people say what they will about the necessity of having old hogs to make a thick cut of clear pork on the ribs for packing, we know this is all gammon. We have seen many a pig fed well from his birth, that would weigh full 250 lbs., and cut four inches thick of clear pork on his sides at nine to ten months old, and have heard of others weighing 300 lbs., and cutting five inches. Now this is all that is necessary for the Navy or Boston fishermen, and more than is desirable by consumers in general. Our best market for pork is England, and the people there prefer it from hogs weighing not over 175 to 200 lbs., and like the lean well mixed with the fat. We would never winter any thing but breeders of the swine family, and the moment the pigs were dropped we would commence shoving them with feed till ready for the knife. The farmer who pursues this course will make from 30 to 60 per cent. more on his pork than those who winter their spring pigs. As for autumn pigs, we would not have them. Let the sows breed but once a year.

Three or four years ago we prophesied that the low price of pork would soon make it scarce, and now it is a fact; and by and by, when choice boars will be wanted to improve the breed, they cannot be had, for our farmers are growing careless again in their stock, and breeding helter skelter in every direction. A pig is getting to be a pig once more with them—long nose or short—sharp back or round. We advise all those who have good hogs to keep them so. Don't sell and fat the best, keep them for breeders, and fat and sell the poorest. In this way one will be continually improving, and in any he will have a good breed on hand always ready for his own use and the benefit of a careless neighbor.

*American Agriculturalist.*

### RAISING CUCUMBERS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A friend of mine has furnished me with directions for "propagating cucumbers, for several crops in succession;" which he has himself practised for several years with good success.—As it is a new thing to me and perhaps equally so to many of the readers of your paper, and in my opinion well worth trying, I am induced to submit it to you for publication, if you see fit:—"As soon as there appears several flower buds of a plant, bend the second or third joint or branch below the bloom, fasten it firmly in the ground, and cut off the capillary point of the plant. The vegetable speedily takes root when you separate it from the parent talk. Proceed thus with the most vigorous plants; and as each root has only to support a few fruits with nourishment, you save labor and procure a constant succession of cucumbers, for a number of months, from one sort, and which are not as likely to degenerate as if they were raised from a variety of seed."—*Boston Cultivator.*

*From the Boston Atlas.*

### PEN AND INK SKETCHES OF *POPULAR PERSONS & PLACES,*

BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

### PORTRAITS IN PADDY-LAND.

Some three years since, whilst staying in Liverpool, I was pressed into the service of a lady, who was about to visit Waterford, as her esquire and body-guard; an office I the more willingly undertook, as I had, on a former occasion, spent some happy days in the green Island. Accordingly, one fine evening I found myself, with my fair companion, on the deck of the Royal William, Mail Steamer, which, loosed from her moorings in the Mersey, shot past Bell Rock, the Leasowes, and the high headlands of North Wales, and plunged gallantly and fearlessly into the Irish Channel.

We had a mixed company on board, and amongst them some Irish members of the House of Commons, who were returning home—the session of Parliament having just come to a close. Of these, the most noticeable were DANIEL O'CONNELL, two of his sons, Maurice and John, and Richard Lalor Shiel. Besides the *great* Agitator, there was on board our vessel one who surpassed the hissing ingredients of the political cauldron with a rather smaller, but scarcely less mischievous spoon. I mean Feargus O'Connor, now the well known Chartist leader, and editor of the *Northern Star.*

The personal appearance of the arch-Agitator of Ireland has been so often sketched by other pens than mine, and his features have been so frequently transferred, by the aid of the graver, to paper, that any account by me of his outward man, would almost seem a work of supererogation; nevertheless, I will just try my hand on him, as he stood leaning against the quarter-deck rail, that evening.

Fancy, reader, a man whose age must far exceed that which has been called man's prime—a figure whose squareness and burliness takes off from its real height, and which indicates uncommon strength and stamina in its possessor—a chest broad and well-formed—a short bull-neck, and a big, broad face—two smallish, dark, twinkling black eyes—a nose of the snub formation—a well-shaped mouth, and largish ears. Surmounting this really Hiberman countenance, with a brownish black wig, carelessly put on—and for clothing to the owner of this face and figure, observe an olive green frock coat, with brass buttons, having a shamrock in relief upon them—a black silk waistcoat—black, strapless pantaloons, very much wrinkled about the legs, and boots almost visible to their tops—and you have as good a notion as I can give you, of Daniel O'Connell.

I forgot to mention that he wore an enormously brimmed old hat, and an ample blue cloak lay on a seat near him. Around him was a knot of idlers, with whom he conversed very familiarly, and from the hearty peals of laughter which now and then burst from one and another of the party, I should judge the subjects under discussion were any thing but grave in their nature.

Shiel was a very different looking personage, altogether. He is, like Zaccheus, "little of statue," being far below the average height, his figure is slight, and his head enormously disproportioned to his frame. Whilst O'Connell's broad face was radiant with good humor, Shiel's physiognomy looked as if it had been washed in vinegar. His eye was grey, piercing and restless, and as the somewhat insignificant form of the author of "*The Apostate*" traversed the deck with short and hasty strides, his appearance was any thing but that which many might have supposed the brilliant speaker in St. Stephen's Chapel to present. Unlike O'Connell, too, in another respect, he repelled rather than attracted the advances of his fellow passengers. Whilst looking at him, I could not help fancying him to be short, sour, and snappish.

Hail fellow well met,—as the phrase goes—with a party of Irish reapers, who were returning to their various homes, after having hardly earned a little pittance by working in the great English agricultural districts, around him—his tall form towering above the tallest of them—his foxy red hair glowing in the slant beams of the declining sun—his large grey eyes flashing as he spoke, and his fine set of teeth displayed by the parting of a pair of thick, coarse lips—stood *Feargus O'Conner*—the would-be rival of the great Daniel, and one of the acknowledged Chiefs of the Chartists. He looked big enough to have put little Shiel in his coat pocket. Feargus, taken altogether, was one of the most awkardly built men I ever saw, and there was an air of vulgarity upon him, which at times became absolutely offensive. I noticed that neither O'Connell nor Shiel took the slightest notice of him—the big Beggarman himself has his notion of Aristocracy.

I retired to my birth early, in order to be up by times, to see the Irish Coast, as we approached it, and soon after the dawn I mounted to the damp, sloppy deck. None of the passengers had, as yet, made their appearance; so I amused myself by conversing with some of the poor Irish passengers, who lay huddled in heaps on the bare boards around. I had not long been engaged in this manner when a figure, muffled up in an ample cloak, made his appearance, and came towards the place where I was standing. It was O'Connell. He very familiarly exchanged the morning salutation with me, and we walked up and down the deck together, talking on commonplace subjects for some time. As we neared Kingstown he pointed out various objects of interest—telling little legends of the Hill of Howth, and of the Bay, in the pleasantest manner possible. Occasionally he would walk up to a group of laborers and enquire as to their circumstances, and utter good wishes, which were cordially responded to by a "God bless yer honour," or an exclamation of "It's the rale gentleman he is, any how." Indeed, I have seldom met with a pleasanter half an hour's acquaintance, and averse as I was to the policy of the Parliamentarian, I really could not help feeling a regard for the man.

We landed at Kingstown about five in the morning, and, after a desperate rush through crowds of beggars, who thronged the pier, I managed to deposite myself and companion safely in a car of the railway, which conveys passengers from the landing place to Dublin. In about an hour afterwards, after having been nearly shaken to death, for the rails were laid on blocks of stone, and not very evenly laid either, we reached the Metropolis of Ireland, and having engaged an "outsider," by which I mean a car which resembles two sofas placed back to back, the passengers sitting with their legs hanging over the sides of the vehicle, we proceeded, at the imminent peril of having our knees smashed by lamp posts at the corner of streets, and of being flung flat on our faces, into the road, at every jerk, (for there were no springs to our carriage,) to Radley's Hotel, in Dame street.

Before leaving Liverpool, from some to me now inaccountable whim or other, I had purchased a monkey, and as my lady companion and myself sat on the "outsider," at the Hotel door, which was not yet opened, I was fully engaged in holding her fast, lest she should *fall* off, and the monkey fast too, lest he should *get* off. While thus occupied, a broad faced Irishwoman drew up in front of me, gave a deliberate stare, and then taking the "dudheen" from her mouth, puffed out a cloud of smoke, and pointing with her forefinger to my friend, myself and the monkey, exclaimed, with a knowing wink, "Och! by the powers, there's *three* of ye." That monkey was the occasion of an immensity of fun during our tour, and the above I give merely as a sample.

It is not my present object to describe the incidents, and droll enough some of them were, of my day in Dublin. I will only mention, that in strolling round St. Patrick's Cathedral, I saw the monument to the memory of Dean Swift. It is a mural tablet, with a simple inscription. Hundreds of visitors to it have defaced it, by the silly custom of writing with pencil, (some had gone so far as to use a penknife,) their names on it. I had no ambition that way, and so thinking of STELLA and VANESSA, I turned away in silence from the resting place of him who "expired a driveller and a show," and indulged my antiquarian curiosity by gazing on the tattered banners of the Knights of St. Patrick, in the Chapel which bears their name.

It was about the time that *Father Mathew* was carrying on in Ireland, his great crusade against intemperance, and I was not without the hope, that in the course of my wanderings, I might have an opportunity of seeing him. Before now, many of my American friends would have been gratified in this respect, but for two causes—the Philadelphia riots, and an unpleasant little reality, in the shape of a sheriff's officer, who, one fine morning, whilst the Reverend gentleman was busily engaged in Dublin, in administering pledges, came up to him disguised as a penitent, and asked for a blessing; after receiving which, he repaid Father Mathew's pious benediction, by politely handing him an oblong bit of parchment, which contained a pressing invitation for the good priest to one of Her Majesty's debtor's prisons—an invitation which could not be declined. Until, then, he exhibited himself here *in propria persona*, the thousands on this side of the Atlantic, who are anxious to behold the Great Apostle of Temperance, must be content with necessarily vague descriptions of him.

On an occasion prior to the one to which I am now referring, I had passed through a portion of Ireland, and I could not now fail to observe the evident & immense improvement which had taken place in the condition of the laboring classes. Then beggary, wretchedness and crime were frightfully apparent on every side. You could not enter a house without inhaling the perfumes of whiskey, and drunkenness and debasement stalked hand in hand, and met one at every turn. Now, however, there was a mighty and evident change. It appeared that if an angel had passed over the land, with healing on his wings—and a heavenly visitant had indeed honored the country of St. Patrick by a flying visit; for I think we may fairly assume Temperance to be one of the white-robed throng, a deputation from whom once hovered over the plains of Bethlehem, and proclaimed peace on earth and good will towards men. But let me proceed to describe Father Mathew, one of whose great meetings I had the pleasure of attending, and to which the reader's company is respectfully requested.

It was a dark, dull, damp, drizzling day—and let me tell you, reader, that such an alliterative string of epithets, when applied as an illustration to a period of twenty-four hours in Ireland, is any thing but a joke. On such a moist occasion, with the lady companion I have before referred to, I mounted the outside of one of Her Majesty's mails—[the inside was filled by a party of gentlemen, who were playing cards on the crowns of their hats, and drinking whiskey from the bottle]—and was soon proceeding at no very rapid pace, for travelling in Ireland is none of the fastest, from Dublin towards the South. On the box, in front, is a stout gentleman, who is continually going to sleep and being awaked by the coachman, as his body describes a very dangerous angle over the side of the coach; the whites of his eyes are very red, and their lids are edged round with something like narrow red tape. Whenever the coach stops, the keepers of little shebeen houses rush out, as if by instinct, with a bottle in one hand, and a small glass, called a "nip," in the other—and the tipsy gentleman takes a "nip" of whiskey continually. Nor are the other passengers behind hand in their attentions to the "creature," and even the coachman and guard incline somewhat to the amiable weakness. Onward we go, along straight and dreary looking roads—rain pouring down remorselessly from above, and mud dashed up by the wheels in an inverted shower from below—now skirting a wild expanse of melancholy looking bog, which stretches miles and miles away, until it is lost in the misty distance, and anon plunging into some rocky gorge—the home of White-boys and illicit distillers—an ivied structura, like a monstrous chimney, occasionally with a conical summit, is seen rising in an unbroken column from the ground, & as the coach goes by one of these mysterious looking Round Towers, we wonder what they were built for, and who inhabited them, and why they are all so much alike. Then we are recalled from the past to the present, by cabins built of mud on the road side—cabins so small that they resemble large beehives, and it seems perfectly wonderful how they can possibly contain so many living creatures—people and pigs—as crawl out of them to peer up at us as we go by.

All this time, the rain is coming down, as it only can fall in Ireland; but at length there is a faint prospect of its clearing off, and lo! suddenly a patch of sunlight brightens a portion of yonder dark hill side. Brighter and more distinct grow distant objects, and a few miles ahead of us rise the stately marble battlements and turrets of Ormond Castle, whilst a sparkling river winds along its base. Gradually the mists clear away; a rainbow flings its radiant arch over temple, tower & town, & the town each moment becomes more distinct. An extra whipping of the jaded steeds, an extra flourish from the guard's bugle, a sudden exchange of the heavy, slash road for the rough rattling causeway, and we are in far-famed KILKENNY!

As we drove to the inn door, it was evident that something unusual was going on. There were flags flaunting in every street, and crowds of excited looking people going to and fro. Hundreds and thousands of decent looking men were parading the thoroughfares, with medals suspended by green ribbons from their necks, & there were multitudes, too, of the most abject looking creatures I have ever seen, before or since, thronging into the town from every quarter, Many of these poor wretches were intoxicated, having spent their last farthing in whiskey, as a farewell to it before they took the pledge. Some one who asked what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes, was informed that they were bought by the Irish mendicants, and one might almost believe such to be the case, whilst gazing on the miserably clad creatures I saw that day.

We soon learned that the occasion of all the bustle and excitement was an expected visit from Father Mathew; and so we determined to leave the stage at Kilkenny, for the purpose of seeing him of whom we had heard so much. Previously to his arrival, we took a stroll through the streets. Pictures of the Apostle of Temperance were being sold, by hundreds, in the shops and public ways, and it is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which was manifested, in order to procure them. I saw one woman kneeling with her eyes intently fixed on the portrait, devoutly praying and crossing herself, in the most persevering manner.—Itinerant chaunters were bawling out Temperance Songs, and many a pretty girl was engaged in buying pieces of ribbon, for the temperance medal for her brother or lover. Amongst the vast crowd, although there was some intoxication there was no disorder, and a happier though not a raggeder looking set of people I never witnessed.

In a plain not far from the town, a stage had been erected for Father Matthew—and when the reverend gentleman arrived, in the course of the afternoon, I proceeded to the place of assemblage, where there could not have been less than fifty thousand people, at the least. On the platform which was slightly elevated, were a number of gentlemen, and conspicuous among them one whom, from the portraits of him which I had seen, I instantly recognized as Father Matthew himself. He was a man of about the medium height, of a strongly built frame; which seemed calculated to endure great physical exertion. Although somewhat stout, he was by no means corpulent; his muscles were all composed of workingstuff—there was no superfluous fat to fill up the interstices between them His complexion was of a ruddy hue, and indicated vigorous health. Over a well shaped, but by no means high forehead he wore, in very unassuming, style, dark hair streaked here and there, and especially on the temples, with the flowers of mortality—his nose was of a Roman formation, and his mouth and chin were well shaped, and not unlike those of Napoleon.

But the main charm of his expressive countenance lay in his soft and benevolent blue eyes. He was dressed in a long black coat of clerical cut, the skirts of which reached below his knees—iron grey or pepper and salt colored breeches; and long Hessian boots, with tassels; around his neck, which was collarless, was a white cravat.

On his coming to the front of the platform, a tremendous cheer burst from the vast multitude. He stretched forth his right hand, and in an instant they were silent, and every individual knelt whilst he offered up a short prayer, and invoked the blessing of Heaven on the work in which they were engaged. A brief address then followed, of a persuavive character, which was delivered in a distinct, well modulated voice and which was frequently interrupted by exclamations, such as "Arra! God bless us—Amen!" or "Be my soul; that's God's truth any how!" and by mental ejaculations, which every moment burst from the devotees around.

In front of the platform was a little space divided off, with two places for entrance & exit, opposite each other. This inclosure contained about a hundred persons at a time and immediately after the address, it was filled with candidates for the pledge. Father Mathew stood in a position which enabled him to touch every person who presented him or herself, and then in a distinct voice, he uttered the following words which were repeated after him by the people within the enclosed area: "I promise, with the Divine assistance, as long as I continue a member of the Teetotal Temperance Society, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except for medicinal or sacramental purposes, and to prevent, as much as possible, by advice and example, drunkenness in others."

Mr. Mathew then stretched out his hand smiled benignantly, and repeated the following prayer in the most impressive manner. "May God bless you, and grant you strength and grace to keep your promises.' As every one who had taken the pledge passed in turn before him, he made the sign of the cross on them; and presented each with a Temperance medal. To those whose appearance was indicative of unusual wretchedness, he also gave a shilling, and from the number of visits his hand made to one of his coat pockets, the sum he disposed of that afternoon must have been considerable.

For upwards of four hours I witnessed Mr. Mathew continue, with unabated zeal, his work of love and when the mass began to gather around the dark Mountains, thousands were still pressing onward towards the platform. As soon as it grew dark torches were lighted, and the effect of their red glare on the dusky & wild countenances of the group around was very fine. Never in the course of my life had I witnessed such enthusiasm. He seemed to be regarded by the multitude as a saint rather than a man—but his own humble deportment convinced that he considered himself but an humble instrument in God's hand for effecting a great moral revolution among his fellow-countrymen—many of whom hold him in such reverence that I verily believe they would lay down their lives to do him a service.

It was a pleasant thing to walk that evening through the streets of Kilkenny. All was peace harmony and rejoicing, and scarcely an individual, male or female, was to be seen who did not wear a temperance medal. many of the whiskey shops were closed, and all of them deserted—whereas as I was informed, but four weeks before, in that very city, a drunken faction-fight had occurred, in which several lives were sacrificed.

The next morning Father Mathew resumed his labors; and as I left the town, hundreds were still pouring into it. I afterwards saw Mr. Mathew administer the pledge in London, but the scene, though impressive, was by no means so picturesque as the one I witnessed in Ireland. But I must draw to a close, and I do so by simply remarking, that of the four individuals whom I have just introduced to the reader, I should, had I the choice offered me, infinitely prefer the reward and the reputation of the one last referred to. The reward consequent on having done a good and great work, and a reputation little inferior to that of any saint in the Roman Catholic calender.

*FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.*

### MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

*Mr. Caudle has expressed a wish that one of his numerous little responsibilities, were of the masculine gender. Mrs. Caudle is horror-struck.*

Mr. Caudle, the judgments of heaven will fall on you. I should not be surprised if you were to be struck down. Finding fault with the order of nature—and repining at the blessings that are thrown into your lap. I wonder what you wont say next. Wishing one of our darling girls was changed into a boy. Caudle, you'll be punished for this. There might as well be no punishments, if a man is not made to feel them after such a horrible wish!

What are you fighting & swearing at that rate with? O, bed bug! It is not so Caudle, it is only a trick to stop me from saying a word. I cannot speak a word after I come to bed, but there is a shirt button, a pudding or a bed-bug thrown into my face. *You* may lay and talk, and find fault, and scold—but as soon as your slave of a wife says a word, she's insulted with a fling about bed bugs, or told to stop her everlasting tongue. And this is the treatment I receive, after slaving myself to boil a nice pudding for your dinner! It wasn't half done do you say? Oh, Caudle if you don't come to poverty, and know what it is to want a mouthful of dinner, there is an end of justice—turning up your nose at a lovely nice pudding, that tired your poor wife almost to death to cook!

And so you want a fussy, noisy tyke of a boy about the house, instead of one of our pretty little lady Caudles. And I shouldn't be surprised to hear that you had mentioned it at that precious club of yours—and the fellows there patted you on the back, and told you that you ought to stand up for your rights. I shouldn't wonder if that Prettyman went home and told his wife of it, and had a hearty laugh at your making a fool of yourself. She's got a house full of noisy, dirty boys, and mighty proud she is of them. Let me catch her laughing at me because my boys are all girls! Let me catch her, that's all. She wouldn't desire to laugh but once—only once!

A boy in the house! First tearing this, then breaking that; now pulling the cat's tail—then brought home kicked by a horse! When old enough to see about for himself running away from school—or going off to sea! Perhaps when a man, joining a club—indeed I know he would if he took after his father! Caudle, I was not prepared for this treatment. I have been ill treated, laughed at, sworn at, and told to hold my tongue, before I had spoken scarce a word—but it remained for this night's work to finish my trials. Boys and bed bugs flung at me, as though I was a brute beast! I shall not survive such treatment long—there's some comfort in that. I shall die or go home to mother,—and you will be left to find fault & scold to yourself. Don't tell me that you was only in fun. Fun indeed! It has come to a pretty pass, when you acknowledge you are making fun of your wife. Caudle, you tell a story. People don't come to bed to make fun. What do they come for? They come to behave like Christian people! Not to twit of bed-bugs and then cry fun. There isn't a bug in this bed—but there is a brute in it—a brute, sir,—that has a wife with the temper of a lamb—a pattern of patience—that is put upon every day she lives, by her husband, because he knows her angel temper will not resist—who seldom opens her mouth, and when she does, there is nothing but puddings, or skylarks, or boys, or bed bugs thrown into it!

Don't tell me that I never spoke in my life—that I'm dumb! Oh, Caudle, if it were a possible thing, I should be out of temper. This treatment is horrible! Never spoke a word! There's one word I wish I never had spoke to you, sir! When you came bowing and bending, and pleading, with your hat in your hand, and your hypocritical smiles, and beseeched me to make you so unspeakably happy as to become Mrs. Caudle, I was fool enough then to speak a word that set you dancing about the room like a great fool as you are. The most unfortunate word I ever said was yes, to your impudence! and sorry enough I am for it. What business had you to come around dear mother's house, and beg me to go a walking with you, and a wheedling me with your nonsense?

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