

# THE FRIBLING OBSERVER.

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## Select Poetry.

### THE MOORING BIRD.

From the vale, what music ringeth,  
 O'er the bosom of the night,  
 On the sense, entranced, flinging  
 Spells of wakening and delight,  
 O'er the misty, blue and cedar,  
 From yon locust-top, it swells,  
 Like the plaint of serenader,  
 Or the rhyms of silver bell,  
 Listen, dear heart, listen not,  
 Sweetest sounds were never heard,  
 'Tis the song of that wild poet,  
 Musing the minstrel—Mocking Bird.

See him swinging in his glory,  
 On yon topmost budding limb,  
 Catching his amorous story,  
 Like some wild warbling hymn,  
 Now it falls in tones delicious,  
 As the first low voice of love,  
 Now it rises in swells capricious,  
 All the mood of his sweet above,  
 'List'n! dearest, &c.

Why art thou thus, this sylvan Petrarch,  
 Pouring all thy night's refrain,  
 'Tis for some sweet, some daisy Laura,  
 His red sonnets all are made,  
 Not he changes his measures—  
 Gladness bubbling from his mouth,  
 Joy and jibe, the mimic pleasure,  
 'Winged Mervia of the South,  
 'List'n! dearest, &c.

Bird of music, wit, and goodness,  
 Treacherous of song divine,  
 If there ought be such a thing as sin,  
 Drinking in such strains as these,  
 'List'n! dearest, listen to it,  
 Sweetest sounds were never heard,  
 'Tis the song of that wild poet,  
 Musing the minstrel—Mocking Bird.

## Choice Miscellany.

### THE DESERTED WIFE.

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF A GOD FELLOW.

A TALE WITH A MORAL. BY H. HASTINGS WELLS.

CHAPTER I.—THE WIFE.

HENRY PRICE was what the world, or a certain part, call by the rather ambiguous designation of a "god fellow." He held a good hand at what and a good eye, was a capital whip, and carried at his tongue's end the pedigree of all the blood hounds on the course. He was a fair theoretical critic, a d possed for a better was prompt and dashing in his business operations, and rough, frank and cheerful in his ordinary demeanor. He was an universal favorite with all the fashionable "hubba boys," young men about town, and the admiration of all the fashionable young women. But Henry in this rough exterior did not put his best side out. There was "more of him" than his rattle-headed male friends suspected, and a more penetration in his glance than the superficial naves, who spread their talk for him in vain, supposed. He cared of the heartlessness of fashionable baccholarism—saw the ruinous follies of fashionable extravagance, and resolved to get married, and abjuring the follies of a pleasure, to be domestic and happy, the comfort and comfort of a good, little, unpretending and modest woman of a wife. It is easier to get outraged with "good fellows" than to get clear of them. Henry performed the first part of his resolution, and made a good commencement at the rest. It was a great pity that it was only a commencement—but we must not anticipate our story.

Fanny Price was the gentlest of the gentle; her husband—*for some of his eccentric bachelor affections had become habit, not ready to be shaken off*—was the student of the riddle. Fanny was rather inclined to be rude and thoughtless—Henry was reckless and noisy. Her taste in dress was the modest and simple becoming—the affected flash and exaggerated. She seemed a guard—full child—she was rough as a bear. It is strange that such apparent contradictions often meet, but when they do, and are left alone, one is an excellent corrective of the other. Fanny was already getting in becoming confidence, and Henry in becoming modesty—she was using a little of her own power, and he gaining a touch more of humility, in his appearance when his "god-fellow" friends took the alarm. He had disappeared from this billiard room. He was the life of his more game suppers. He absolutely did not know the next course for the Beacon course, and had positively declined to "do as a gentleman of audience" to throw a wreath of bouquets upon the stage to the honor of a fashionable dancer. His wife was spoiling him, and his friends—*defend us from such!*—were resolved to prevent it.

The good fellows lauded him as the perfection of all that was grand in spirit or chivalric in nature. His modesty was with them open frankness, and his uncontented was manly behavior. He passed current among the male world as an extraordinary, heroic, substantial and noble fellow; and the women were taught to give in their adoration to this opinion, or to let it pass without contradiction. The praise of poor Fanny's opinion in every point of course involved something very like censure of Henry herself, and she was deemed a delicate and proper torment, who was altogether unfit for her noble husband, and rather a clog upon his enterprises and a bar to his happiness. The commiseration which poor Fanny really deserved Henry received, while his gentle and retiring wife was regarded with a species of humane contempt. She was pretty and kind, people said—that a pity she was so useless! What a sad thing it was for Henry Price that he was so unacquainted with a mere delicate trifles of a woman, without ambition and without character; a person who could never aid him in the world, but who only served to make his children, by her inefficient example and instructions, as useless and inefficient as the world was herself.

It was a great mystery to those who know Henry's character and his household affairs well enough to be apprised of the circumstance—that it was a great mystery to such that, despite of his apparent rudeness and uncontented behavior, Henry dearly loved his wife! She had, it was perceived, notwithstanding the affected (and perhaps real) contempt for petticoat government which she once expressed, an immense influence over him. She could lead a lion with a silk thread. A few knew that this thread was love and wedged at Henry's weakness. Other, and these the great majority, said she was an artificial mix with all his ailments, and that she studied and labored to keep her husband as useless and impotent as herself—and that she succeeded all too well in all her efforts. She managed somehow or other to monopolize all his leisure, poor fellow, and to maintain herself almost a continual prey upon his actions and dumper upon his liberty.

When Henry's bachelor friends and his less obedient attendants were so lucky as to surprise him out of the care of his keeper, they welcomed him with a noise and a clamor of the true reason of which he was partially aware. They regarded him as an evaded schoolboy, or

a transiently manumitted prisoner, whom it was their duty to cheer and encourage by giving him the enjoyment of which he was unfortunately deprived by his disastrous marriage connection. They pressed upon him all sorts of equivocal and forbidden pleasures, and pushed him into follies of dissipation and acts of unlicensed and worse than unprofitable diversion which gave him no enjoyment, whatever delight he might conceive from whatever appearance of pleasure he might assume. They shamed him into doing violence to his inclinations, and into submitting to their evil directions and following their bad examples, by artful general sneers at milk sops and laughter at the obstinate twattle of woman's counsel. They knew better how to lead into temptation than to be so impolitic as to make any particular application of their ill-will, but laughed at the whole gentle sex and all "innocent men," as if each of them were exposed to the same restraining influences that Harry felt in his heart that he was. He was thus the more ready induced to set his former determination aside and to resolve unashamedly to put on strait bonds at defiance, as his friends did.

The gentle wife could not avoid perceiving that some bad influence was at work upon her husband, and that he preferred or seemed to prefer other attractions over those of his home. She could not tell to what precisely to attribute this, and carefully and rigidly examined her own thoughts and conduct to discover if she had been deficient in duty or in attention—if she had failed in any measure to keep up the respect and love which she was sure he had once felt for her, but which she saw, or fancied she saw, with poignant regret, he felt no more. Oh, painful, terrible pain, such a discovery to a young wife's heart when it is forced upon her! To find that the support upon which she had counted to lean through life is gradually permitted to her—to suspect that the mutual love and esteem upon which the happiness of the married state is based, is becoming diminished—to have the conviction brought home by her husband's demeanor—perhaps, by his distinct declaration, that the sunny companionship which he once sought and courted he now merely tolerates and endures—that this is a state of unhappiness which is worse than poverty and misery shared and alleviated by affection. It leaves life to the wife a blank, and taking away the earthly reward of her performance of her duty, at length makes that duty, once a pleasure, a burden. But hope, a deeper principle in the weaker than in the stronger sex, sustains many an unhappy wife in the patient performance of her vows to her husband who has utterly forgotten his.

CHAPTER II.—IN WHICH TEARS FLOW.

Fanny lived in the care of her household affairs some such in her abandonment. We say abandonment, for such is the state of the wife, often when the world knows nothing of it, for the reason that the husband with tolerable punctuality repairs to his home for his food and rest, as he would to any other boarding-house. When she who should be the partner of all his joys and his cares becomes to him a person of less respect than a landlady would be; and the confidence he should bestow upon her is wholly withdrawn, except so far as he rudely visits the consequences of his misdeeds upon her, without permitting her to participate in his hopes, to know his plans or to share his success, in any other way than in the incidental effect upon his demeanor toward her: when his pleasures are not only such as she cannot participate in, but are subjects upon which he absolutely resents her expression of interest and curiosity—what is such a state as this better than abandonment?

It is worse. The utterly and avowedly deserted wife has only the post to lament, and the bitterness of her thoughts is relieved by the kindness and sympathy of friends, who endeavor to alleviate her present distress and guard against her future sorrow. She resigns the fact's runaway, and strives to dismiss him from her thoughts and to seek comfort in other ties and associations. But the poor woman who lives in the continual dread of a domestic tyrant, who has no sympathy with her thoughts and no regard for her kindness, who catches her only pleasure from the unintentional reflection of his selfish happiness, and the complacency which he exhibits in his unthankful enjoyment, who feels in his absence the affliction and neglected for other companions, and far from being a subject to her heart by a multitude of questions—a thing unheard of in her household, for he had before barely tolerated their presence a few moments at a time, and checked conversation respecting them with hardly courteous abruptness. Was there ever such a change in a man's demeanor! Would it be permanent and continual; or was it to be but a gleam of sunshine amid her misery to mock Fanny with the contrast in her usually unhappy hours? She would not let these questions bother her happiness, but thanked heaven fervently for the job she felt, and went to her rest with a peace and tranquillity of mind which had for weary years been strangers to her pillow.

CHAPTER III.—THE CRISIS.

When Fanny Price rose on the morning, it was many moments before she could persuade herself that the recollection of what had passed the evening before was not a deceitful dream mocking her sorrow. But circumstance after circumstance recalled the conversation she had held with her husband, the longest since her honeymoon, and it seemed to her as if the morning sun never so cheerfully lit up the breakfast room before. She superintended with more than ordinary care the preparations for the morning repast, and hoped, yet scarcely dared to hope, that her husband would come down with the same cheerful temper and smiling face which he wore on the evening previous. How cheerily might husbands make their wives always happy if they would!

And when on her return from the kitchen, after one of the many bustlings and busy runs to and fro which she made that morning, she found her husband with the youngest of her three children upon his knees, and the other two, one at each elbow, listening with eyes and ears and open mouths to some diverting story which their father was telling them—now shouting interjections of incredulous surprise—now bursting into shouts of noisy laughter, she verily doubted her senses.

Breakfast passed, as breakfast had not for many a month passed before. Not an article upon the board was complained of by the husband—not a word of fault was found with the noise of the children, although, in the strange liberty in which they found themselves placed by the demeanor of their father, they were more than usually hilarious. Fanny could not think that the breakfast could possibly be entirely to her husband's satisfaction and attempted two or three apologies; but he ruled out excuses so pleasantly, and insisted with such cheerful apparent sincerity that every thing was all right and good enough, that she could scarcely trust her ears.

A still farther pleasure was in reserve for her. Harry actually introduced his business and prospects as a theme for conversation with her! He who had hitherto conversed at the most distant question and suppressed the slightest expression of interest on her part, with the remark that woman should attend to their children and households and keep within their proper province—a remark often surlily uttered—he had really himself brot forward the forbidden subject and asked her counsel—How could this change have come over him? Had some good angel whispered to him his duty to his wife, or had some kind friend of her's overpersuaded him her capacity to think and counsel. Had he tired of the hollow friendship of the world, or was he reminded by his own better nature of what he owed to the partner of his bosom.

"Can these things be?" asked Fanny of herself one night, as she sat alone in her sitting room, having just puzzled to the evening devotion of her children and attended herself in answering their troublesome questions about duty and their father, with "your parents do not always do as they ought, though we strive to do our duty. You must imitate us in what we do right, not in what we do wrong."

"Who punishes you when you do wrong?" asked Fanny the second child, a girl of six years of age.

"God punishes us."

"And will God punish father for drinking too much wine and saying wicked words, if he don't do so no more?"

It was too much for the mother, and she turned the little one off, but heard their voices in debate as they went up the stairs. "Can these things be?" she said, as she reviewed her married life, opening but a few years before with the promise of so much happiness. It was the anniversary of her wedding. The faded and use-worn furniture about her, unrepulsed by a man who cared nothing for her household, was eloquent of bitter memories and suggestive of painful reflections. The children were often, as they had to be at night, the innocent causes of new pain to her; and she deeply felt how dreadful a thing it to have a bed example continually before your offspring, against which you cannot warm them without impressing upon them the fact that their father, whom you would gladly teach them to respect and honor, is unworthy of such sentiments, even from his children.

The father entered at, for him, this unusually early hour. She looked up in some anxiety, and as he bade her good evening in a kind tone, her face lit up with the smile of other days.

"It is our wedding day, Fanny, and I thought you might like to have me at tea with you. I seldom drink tea, you know, but you women like it, and I fancied my presence to-night would improve the flavor."

Oh, silly, fond Fanny! Indefinite years of returning happiness danced before her imagination, as she rang up the maid and moved about in preparation for a trifle which was to her an event. And he had really then not forgotten her! He remembered as well as she the anniversary. And she might—*who knew*—even win him back to home and peace. He watched her, perhaps with a sentiment of affection and regard—of patronage at least—as her graceful though care-worn face and figure passed and repassed before him in glad employment. And when she had seated herself at the head of the quiet board, and he took his place opposite, he wondered an instant, if he had not been wrong after all, in slighting a quiet and happy home like this for the noisy and guilty mirth of the haunts of folly.

Fanny was very elyptian, and when the tea was removed and her husband actually bestowed himself comfortably in his former favorite chair, as though prepared to spend the whole evening at home, she really scarcely knew how to trust her senses. It was like the return of a friend or the renewal of an old friendship. Harry had not wasted so many words upon her in many years as he now spoke in a few hours; and by the provision of a few little delicacies, fruit and other refreshments at a later period in the evening, she made the man feel comfortable and happy—but a little—and a twinge of conscience visited him with the thought—a little like a stranger and a visitor in his own house.

The very servants noted the phenomenon of a whole evening spent at home, and were astonished and pleased. The children asked what kept mamma so long down stairs, and stared upon wide their sleepy eyes when they were told it was father. An aspect of cheerfulness seemed to have come over the whole household. The faded carpet in Fanny's imagination resumed its pristine brightness, and the whole room, which at twilight had appeared so dull and gloomy, was now cheerful with pleasant associations, for as her own dear husband sat with her—the husband of her early love and choice—it seemed to her like a new and happier bride chastened into sobriety by experience, and giving new and better hopes of the future, inasmuch as it held out no extravagant promises.

Henry heard with apparent interest long accounts of the children's little lives and progress in their studies and pursuits, and even encouraged the garrulity of a mother upon a subject so near her heart by a multitude of questions—a thing unheard of in her household, for he had before barely tolerated their presence a few moments at a time, and checked conversation respecting them with hardly courteous abruptness. Was there ever such a change in a man's demeanor! Would it be permanent and continual; or was it to be but a gleam of sunshine amid her misery to mock Fanny with the contrast in her usually unhappy hours? She would not let these questions bother her happiness, but thanked heaven fervently for the job she felt, and went to her rest with a peace and tranquillity of mind which had for weary years been strangers to her pillow.

CHAPTER IV.—THE TRICK NOTION.

Poor Fanny was saved the trouble of contriving how her large and cumbersome furniture, fitted for one of the palaces of our merchant princes, could be crowded into a small house. Her husband's wreck carried every thing with it. Fanny rose with the exigence to a strength of character and purpose of which no one had supposed her capable; or rather, we should say, adversity developed the traits in her character which, under proper treatment from her husband, might have shown themselves long before and have prevented the ruin which her personal property and the other household chattels which she had reserved, she added by the temporary aid of her friends, such things as were necessary and convenient, personally attending the vendue and purchasing in the absence of competition, which was withheld where she was the bidder. People were astonished at her firmness, and won upon by her lady-like appearance and absence of weakness or affectation. A better estimate began to be put upon her, and she rose in respect as her husband sank in infamy. Yes, the word must be written; for the crash of his business, the assets which had disappeared unaccounted for, and the investigations which necessarily attended the settlement, developed a course of shameless profligacy, conjugal infidelity and reckless gambling, which stamped him morally a swindler, if not an such amenable to the law.—Respect for his amiable and excellent wife and pity for his children, prevented legal proceedings which might have ended in his utter ruin.

Acting as a free agent, untrammelled by her husband's follies and uncheckered by fear of him, Fanny, with the assistance of her friends, put her affairs in the best possible posture. Her house was repaired, repainted, and profitably rented, and in a little tenement in a humble street, neat without and comfortably and tastefully furnished within, she lived with and for her children. Careful economy without meanness kept herself and children prettily and comfortably clad; and the improvement of every article and of every moment to some sensible and profitable purpose, left her a surplus both of time and of means to relieve the utterly destitute. She was grieved at the fall and disappearance of her husband—pained that he should trust her so ill as entirely to forget and neglect her, and forced, in the few moments of unoccupied solitude which her avocations left her, to drop an occasional tear to the memory of her early love. But a moral consciousness of rectitude—a busy attention to her duties, and above all, the reliance of true piety upon the good God who sustains and comforts the widowed and the fatherless, strengthened and encouraged her. Her children were growing up about her, all that her heart could wish; and though seldom or never married she was always cheerful and contented and a word from him—*Three years had passed and not a word from him—* and he had become to her almost as one of the

dead. It was again the anniversary of her wedding, but she never mused the children's comfort by reminding them of a day marked in her calendar only by sorrowful recollections of confidence abused and love neglected. She sat a silent, though abstracted observer of their amusements, occasionally called to herself to smile an instant at some juvenile folly, and then forgetting it to lose the present in tracing in the dim light the features of her husband whose portrait hung above the mantel. As she gazed the canvas seemed almost ready to speak to her, and she fancied that the lineaments took the expression of kindness and confidence. She shuddered and started to her feet, for the bitter memory came up how on such a night as this he had artfully put on that expression to win her to his ruin! She mentally thanked God, who had enabled her to resist, and turning to her oldest daughter, said—

"Is it not almost time for little ones to think of settling?"

A few "ohs" and "ahs" of objection were smiled down by the resolute yet gentle mother, and all arranged themselves in a quiet and respectful attitude, when the eldest daughter commenced a simple and touching evening hymn, with the words of which all were familiar; and the whole joined in the sweet and plaintive strain. The second child then read in a clear and understanding voice, as one who comprehended what she read, a chapter in one of the gospels, and then mother and children knelt to acknowledge the care which had preserved them to that hour—to thank God for his many benefits and to implore a continuance of his protection through the silent watches of the night. On this occasion the mother and the wife, who often remembered him in her silent prayers, could not forget the absent and erring but still beloved husband; and when they rose from their knees he stood silent and in tears before them. He had knuckled unshaken—or if heard by the children unnoticed—in their habits of reverence, and knowing the voice which was speaking had crept unobservedly in. Fanny took him by both hands—studied his face an instant, but in that instant, with all a woman's tact and quickness she read all she wanted to know—and throwing herself into his willing arms she wept tears of joy upon his bosom. Deserted wife and mother—all the past was forgotten, and Fanny Price was Fanny Price—confiding, loving, self-sacrificing Fanny Price still!

We need not further describe the particulars of that meeting. Nor need we very minutely follow the story which Fanny would not permit her husband to commence until the children were kissed off to bed. Then she placed the wanderer in his own chair, which she had still preserved, and drawing up the ottoman worked by her fingers during the past days of her married happiness and leisure, she rested her elbow upon his knee and looked up trustfully in his face as he proceeded in his narrative. Could he have deceived her while those gentle eyes were fixed upon his face? He neither did nor desired to.

When first in difficulty he applied for loans to his gay friends, but they soon taught him the difference which they perceived between a "good fellow" with plenty of money and a "poor fellow" who wanted assistance.

The very baseness of the parasites, male and female, who had fattened upon his ruin, spurred him with contempt. Conscious of having forfeited the esteem and respect of the good, he thought with love, regret and shame of his abused wife.

"Oh," interrupted Fanny, "if you had only come to her then!"

"It is better as it is," he said, as he looked affectionately in her face. "I have learned wisdom in my absence." The naval service, which catches many a disappointed man and helps malcontents, had been the place in which for three years the broken merchant had hidden his wounded pride, and the repentant husband his self-reproach and chagrin. He had written, and more than once too, and was deeply grieved that his wife had not received his letters; but the postman could not so readily find her in her retirement, as when her letters came to the care of Henry Price, Esq.

It remains only to say that Henry's reformation was through and lasting. He thanked again and again the prudence which had saved an asylum for his children from the wreck of his fortunes, and studied only the more to esteem and respect the character of her who had shown herself more equal to the emergency of misfortune than her husband. He commenced life anew under better auspices and with better associations, and Fanny Price in again in her own house, and the acknowledged and respected mistress of it; her husband the happiest of married men and a walking bundle of cautious against all friends, male or female, who would set up man or woman, by disparaging the mate who should be protected if weak—shielded from observation if erring, and loved at all hazard.

WATER DRINKING IN CHILDHOOD.—It is particularly with those who have been accustomed to water-drinking in childhood that it will show its good effects in after life. During the first nine months, the infant is to be nourished by its mother's milk, which serves as food and drink, it is gradually accustomed to other sustenance during the period of weaning. After this is accomplished, however, the infant should have water as well as milk. By water drinking in childhood and youth, the foundation of a durable stomach is laid, and thus of a healthy body through life. The nerves and blood system are over excited by taking wines, spices, beer, wine-choleste, coffee, &c., and thus a constant artificial state of fever is maintained, and the process of life is so much accelerated by it, that children fed in this manner, do not attain perhaps half the age ordained by nature. Besides, this experience has taught that they become passionate and willful, having neither the will nor the power to make themselves or others happy. Furthermore, too, exciting and nutritious food gives rise to many diseases to which they fall a sacrifice in early years. Parents should weigh this well. They should throw aside their prejudice against water, which they look upon as weakening, ignorantly considering that the tender organism of children requires far more nourishing diet to bring it to maturity than the already perfected body of the adult. This is a wrong notion; children thrive best on the simple, moderately nourishing vegetable diet—on milk and pure water. We see this confirmed in the cottage of the peasant.—Scientific American.

THE URGENTNESS OF LIFE.—Scarcely a day passes that we are not reminded of the frail tenure man has upon life and the things of time, and the necessity of a constant preparation for that change which awaits all. A striking illustration of this solemn fact came to our knowledge a day or two since. A gentleman actively engaged in extensive business in East Boston, was crossing the ferry in company with a friend, and in the course of conversation remarked: "Well, I have worked long enough, and hard enough, and have managed to accumulate property to support myself and family through life; I mean, therefore, to retire from business and enjoy myself the rest of my life." The gentleman across the next morning in his usual health, and went to his place of business; at about 2 P. M., he was seized with the cholera, and ere the sun again rose, was numbered among the dead! His bright anticipations of future enjoyment on earth were blasted, and the wealth which for years he had been toiling to secure, in a moment forever snatched from his possession. Life is indeed suspended by a brittle thread, which the faintest breath may sever.—Boston Jour.

The Turks have a proverb which says, that the devil tempts all other men, but that idle men tempt the devil.

DEATH OF MEHMET ALI, EX-PACHA OF EGYPT.

(From the Boston Bee.)

This is a world of changes—dozen years since the name of the Macedonian which is at the head of this article, was in nearly every man's mouth, and his dogs were the theme of nearly every writer for the public press. Now, other men and other measures are talked of and written about—columns are filled with speculations on campaigns which none save the actors therein know any thing about—and a paragraph of three lines informs the public that Mehmet Ali is dead. He who, by his energetic will conquered the land of Pharaoh—sought to civilize its people by baptizing them in blood—came upon driving the Turks from Constantinople, is suffered to pass away without eliciting a word of comment. Eulogiums or funeral honors his memory deserve not, but a hasty glance at his eventful life may not be uninteresting to our readers.

Born at Cavala, in the year 1766, Mehmet Ali embraced the profession of arms, and won his first laurels in fighting the French at Rahmanieh. When the army evacuated Egypt, he entered the Pacha's service, and gradually worked his way along by his sword, his sagacity and poison, until he ruled the whole valley of the Nile; although occasionally the Sultan, jealous of this "Napoleon of the East," would appoint a Pacha over him.

The last of these unworldly superiors was Elly Bey, chief of the Mamelukes, who perished with his hand in 1811. Four hundred and seventy of these gallant cavaliers were enticed into the citadel of Grand Cairo, and there shot before Mehmet Ali's eyes. One, only, dashing down a steep precipice, on his Arab steed, escaped this bloody and treacherous massacre.

Mehmet then undertook to introduce European customs into Egypt, at the point of the bayonet. Factories were started, schools were founded, squadrons were built, armies were disciplined—yet behind this mark of civilization there was the most barbarous despotism. The fertile valley of the Nile was covered into one vast plantation, belonging to Mehmet Ali, who made every man, woman and child therein execute his bidding, or ordered them to the sea-fight. His greatest work, the Suez Canal, is a sample of the rest of his civil operations.—"Uniting Alexandria with the Nile, it is of the greatest utility to Egypt, and it is a mechanical triumph to connect a canal with the Nile, in length, ninety feet in breadth and eighteen feet in depth, in less than eighteen months. But how was the work done? By an order from Mehmet Ali, the chiefs of the villages assembled the fellahs, and each district furnished a certain quota of laborers, who were chained, and marched to their allotted division—300,000 men were thus torn from their homes, and forced to scrape up the earth with their hands, or bits of board, and carry it to the banks in baskets on their heads. Their food was of the coarsest description, and of the 300,000 who commenced the work, 23,000 died before it was completed, for want of the necessities of life and from excessive labor. This is a fair specimen of civilization in modern Europe, where the people are as abused, as brutal, as deprived and as they were twenty years since.

While carrying on his iron rule at home, Mehmet Ali has sustained his power by several bloody wars abroad. His eldest son, Tustan Pacha, died after an expedition against the Wahabites in 1816, after which the sanguinary Ibrahim, Mehmet's step-son, took command of the Egyptian forces. Sustained by French renegeades, he has left a bloody record of his prowess in the Morea, and in Syria, where the European powers arrested him on the plain of Nezb, and prevented him in the very flush of victory from driving the Turks beyond the Bosphorus. On this occasion, France unquestionably withheld promised aid, and Mehmet Ali learned not to put his trust in Princes. He afterwards re-acknowledged the supremacy of the Sublime Porte, and some half-dozen years ago went in state to Constantinople, to pay homage to the Sultan. Every humbling scheme was sure to revive his aid, and the miserable Egyptians toiled under the lash, to raise exports in order to pay for "civilized" economical and political follies.

Five years ago this very month, Europe was startled by the announcement that Mehmet Ali had abdicated his patriarchal throne in favor of his son, and had been for the past few years in the hands of the British. He remains here in tutelage, but he died long afterwards, but Mehmet was gradually superseded by one of his sons, and has been for the past two years in his dotage. His remains have been interred in a magnificent mosque, which he constructed. (Lined entirely with rock alabaster), in the citadel of Cairo. The view from this mosque is one of the finest in the world. Directly beneath it is the British Arsenal, with its barracks, domes, and vast Saracenic architecture—beyond, the majestic Nile winds through a broad belt of verdure, studded with groves of acacias, acorn-trees and orange trees—while in the distance are the pyramids and the sphinxes—pyramids, standing on the border of the fearful and far-spreading Libyan desert.

We have had interviews with Mehmet Ali at this beautiful palace, at his palace at Ras-el-Hut, in Alexandria. He was a spare, vigorous man with a flowing white beard, and an eye like General Jackson's. Courteous to strangers, he always gave them full protection while visiting the wonders of his palace, and during his war with England, in 1840, he was killed by the British on attacking one of his castles, he sent a flag of truce with the "Indian Mail," which had just arrived by way of the Red Sea.

This "Indian Mail" route makes Egypt's a desirable acquisition for the republic of England, and various have been the stratagems used by John Bull to get a "right of way" from Cairo to Suez. The most that ever could be obtained was the substitution of horses for the slow and uncertain camels, although a few of the latter are used to carry water for the horses to the "half-way house."

France has now her hands full at home, but she will not be surprised to see a struggle betwixt her and England for the valley of the Nile. Her navy has been on guard, let either nation come into power, there the people will be the winners, and happiness may then again be found in that once proud land, now a melancholy spectacle of past grandeur.—

Special number of the Bee yet. But all except her son is set.

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

Large as are the strides, and splendid as are the triumphs of the spirit of progress of the nineteenth century, she still numbers her enemies by the scores. Chinese walls, and Chinese hatred to improvement, still hold some way among many of our people. They love and would foster "the good old way." Why, in the meridian time of "the good old way," ships required months to perform a voyage from Liverpool to New York, the winds and tides, held in vassalage by the spirit of progress, walt the vessel from world to world in a single fortnight! By "the good old way," a bark was sailed from New York to Albany in twenty days; now, the superb vessel sails but ten hours to accomplish the same journey! According to "the good old way," a press which could strike off a thousand newspapers in a night, was viewed in a light which rendered them quite marvellous; now, our nice old ladies, who have been their great iron hands fifty thousand sheets. By "the good old way," nice old ladies, who happened to be blessed with negligence and black cats, were hung up or drowned as witches; now, our nice old ladies are honored; and their than our handsome young ladies: By "the good old way," monarchs were clad, by even Americans, in the light of divinity; and now, the Yankee

Woman's shade hands with the king with his throne, and think it kinder to be wifed.

By "the good old way," Columbus would slumber an unknown man in an unknown grave. But the spirit of progress pointed his ardent eyes to another world, inspired by another sun, in the far off Hyperborea; and that night which in the crown of humanity, now warm on the fertilization of that now earth, to chain matter to the car of civilization, illumine mankind with the beams of liberty, and send heavy rains crackling away in the awful shadow of reborn. When you can bind the wing of the eagle with a cobweb, when you can stop the world in its motion by a priestly dithyramb, then attempt to arrest the giant of progress in his majestic career. He who does attempt it before these labors have been accomplished, must only be crushed beneath his mighty feet.

"Can these things be?" asked Fanny of herself one night, as she sat alone in her sitting room, having just puzzled to the evening devotion of her children and attended herself in answering their troublesome questions about duty and their father, with "your parents do not always do as they ought, though we strive to do our duty. You must imitate us in what we do right, not in what we do wrong."

"Who punishes you when you do wrong?" asked Fanny the second child, a girl of six years of age.

"God punishes us."

"And will God punish father for drinking too much wine and saying wicked words, if he don't do so no more?"

It was too much for the mother, and she turned the little one off, but heard their voices in debate as they went up the stairs. "Can these things be?" she said, as she reviewed her married life, opening but a few years before with the promise of so much happiness. It was the anniversary of her wedding. The faded and use-worn furniture about her, unrepulsed by a man who cared nothing for her household, was eloquent of bitter memories and suggestive of painful reflections. The children were often, as they had to be at night, the innocent causes of new pain to her; and she deeply felt how dreadful a thing it to have a bed example continually before your offspring, against which you cannot warm them without impressing upon them the fact that their father, whom you would gladly teach them to respect and honor, is unworthy of such sentiments, even from his children.

The father entered at, for him, this unusually early hour. She looked up in some anxiety, and as he bade her good evening in a kind tone, her face lit up with the smile of other days.

"It is our wedding day, Fanny, and I thought you might like to have me at tea with you. I seldom drink tea, you know, but you women like it, and I fancied my presence to-night would improve the flavor."

Oh, silly, fond Fanny! Indefinite years of returning happiness danced before her imagination, as she rang up the maid and moved about in preparation for a trifle which was to her an event. And he had really then not forgotten her! He remembered as well as she the anniversary. And she might—*who knew*—even win him back to home and peace. He watched her, perhaps with a sentiment of affection and regard—of patronage at least—as her graceful though care-worn face and figure passed and repassed before him in glad employment. And when she had seated herself at the head of the quiet board, and he took his place opposite, he wondered an instant, if he had not been wrong after all, in slighting a quiet and happy home like this for the noisy and guilty mirth of the haunts of folly.

Fanny was very elyptian, and when the tea was removed and her husband actually bestowed himself comfortably in his former favorite chair, as though prepared to spend the whole evening at home, she really scarcely knew how to trust her senses. It was like the return of a friend or the renewal of an old friendship. Harry had not wasted so many words upon her in many years as he now spoke in a few hours; and by the provision of a few little delicacies, fruit and other refreshments at a later period in the evening, she made the man feel comfortable and happy—but a little—and a twinge of conscience visited him with the thought—a little like a stranger and a visitor in his own house.

The very servants noted the phenomenon of a whole evening spent at home, and were astonished and pleased. The children asked what kept mamma so long down stairs, and stared upon wide their sleepy eyes when they were told it was father. An aspect of cheerfulness seemed to have come over the whole household. The faded carpet in Fanny's imagination resumed its pristine brightness, and the whole room, which at twilight had appeared so dull and gloomy, was now cheerful with pleasant associations, for as her own dear husband sat with her—the husband of her early love and choice—it seemed to her like a new and happier bride chastened into sobriety by experience, and giving new and better hopes of the future, inasmuch as it held out no extravagant promises.

Henry heard with apparent interest long accounts of the children's little lives and progress in their studies and pursuits, and even encouraged the garrulity of a mother upon a subject so near her heart by a multitude of questions—a thing unheard of in her household, for he had before barely tolerated their presence a few moments at a time, and checked conversation respecting them with hardly courteous abruptness. Was there ever such a change in a man's demeanor! Would it be permanent and continual; or was it to be but a gleam of sunshine amid her misery to mock Fanny with the contrast in her usually unhappy hours? She would not let these questions bother her happiness, but thanked heaven fervently for the job she felt, and went to her rest with a peace and tranquillity of mind which had for weary years been strangers to her pillow.

CHAPTER IV.—THE TRICK NOTION.

Poor Fanny was saved the trouble of contriving how her large and cumbersome furniture, fitted for one of the palaces of our merchant princes, could be crowded into a small house. Her husband's wreck carried every thing with it. Fanny rose with the exigence to a strength of character and purpose of which no one had supposed her capable; or rather, we should say, adversity developed the traits in her character which, under proper treatment from her husband, might have shown themselves long before and have prevented the ruin which her personal property and the other household chattels which she had reserved, she added by the temporary aid of her friends, such things as were necessary and convenient, personally attending the vendue and purchasing in the absence of competition, which was withheld where she was the bidder. People were astonished at her firmness, and won upon by her lady-like appearance and absence of weakness or affectation. A better estimate began to be put upon her, and she rose in respect as her husband sank in infamy. Yes, the word must be written; for the crash of his business, the assets which had disappeared unaccounted for, and the investigations which necessarily attended the settlement, developed a course of shameless profligacy, conjugal infidelity and reckless gambling, which stamped him morally a swindler, if not an such amenable to the law.—Respect for his amiable and excellent wife and pity for his children, prevented legal proceedings which might have ended in his utter ruin.

Acting as a free agent, untrammelled by her husband's follies and uncheckered by fear of him, Fanny, with the assistance of her friends, put her affairs in the best possible posture. Her house was repaired, repainted, and profitably rented, and in a little tenement in a humble street, neat without and comfortably and tastefully furnished within, she lived with and for her children. Careful economy without meanness kept herself and children prettily and comfortably clad; and the improvement of every article and of every moment to some sensible and profitable purpose, left her a surplus both of time and of means to relieve the utterly destitute. She was grieved at the fall and disappearance of her husband—pained that he should trust her so ill as entirely to forget and neglect her, and forced, in the few moments of unoccupied solitude which her avocations left her, to drop an occasional tear to the memory of her early love. But a moral consciousness of rectitude—a busy attention to her duties, and above all, the reliance of true piety upon the good God who sustains and comforts the widowed and the fatherless, strengthened and encouraged her. Her children were growing up about her, all that her heart could wish; and though seldom or never married she was always cheerful and contented and a word from him—*Three years had passed and not a word from him—* and he had become to her almost as one of the