THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire sett. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifrice so as to leave them of a pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

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LAND AGENCY.
THE subscriber acts as a General Land Agent and Land Broker for Lands in Erie county, Pa. Several Farms, of 30 to 200 acres, wanted, by good purchasers, if offered cheap.
Erie, Feb 22, 1851.—42. WILSON KING.

Select Poetry.

THE OLD TURNPIKE.

We have no more the clanging hoof,
 And the stage coach rattling by;
For the steam king rules the trav'ling world,
 And the old pike's left to die.
The grass creeps o'er the flinty path,
 And the stealthy daisies steal,
Where once the stage horse, day by day,
 Lifted his iron heel.

No more the weary stager dreads
 The toil of the coming morn;
No more the bustling landlord runs
 At the sound of the echoing horn;
For the past still lies upon the road,
 And the bright eyed children play
Where once the clattering hoof and wheel
 Rattled along the way.

No more we hear the cracking whip,
 Or the strong wheels rumbling round—
Ah, ah, the water drives us on,
 An iron horse is found!
The coach stands rusting in the yard,
 And the horse hath sought the plow;
We have spanned the world with an iron rail,
 And the steam king rules us now!

The old turnpike is a pike no more,
 Wide open stands the gate;
We have made us a road for our horse to stride.
 Which we ride at flying rate.
We have filled the valleys and levelled the hills
 And tunnelled the mountains side,
And round the rough crag's dizzy verge,
 Fearlessly on we ride.

On—on—on—with a haughty front!
 A puff, a shriek, and a bound;
While the tardy echoes wake too late
 To babble back the sound;
And the old pike road is left alone,
 And the stagers sought the plow.
We have circled the earth with an iron rail,
 And the steam king rules us now!

Choice Miscellany.

AWAY DOWN EAST;

OR,

SLICES FROM THE LOAF OF REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

From Mrs. Swisshelm's Saturday Visiter.

To the country—to the country with me, dear reader! My feeble pen would grow powerless amid the costly furniture that graces the halls of wealth and magnificence. Proud ladies with their cultured grace and sophisticated manners, are quite out of my line, and I should as soon think of sketching an Autumn sunset with all its glorious beauty, or a thunderstorm amid the rocks of Virginia, as to venture within the precincts of an aristocratic coterie. I confess it—I'm "not at home" in *fashionable society*, for I was born in the country, amid the bright and beautiful things of nature, and my heart lessons simple though they are, have been gleaned from her rich pages. So get your bonnets, girls, and—O, dear: I forgot the men—what will they say to such a fly-away affair! Never mind, they are almost sure to follow us—all but the crusty ones, and them we don't want; so come along, girls, and such a time as we will have over the hills and out under the wild, green arches, where twilight sleeps forever on beds of golden moss, and where the nestling leaves whisper together low and sweet like a conclave of fairy lovers hiding away from the sunlight. Here we are at last! Away down east in the whisking of a pen, and I'd like to see the telegraph make better time; with all its advantages of electricity! Here we are in Sydney—a darling little village on the banks of the Kenebec, that was never dreamed of in the *Telegraph's* philosophy, nor in the philosophy of the stupid old noodle who made the map of Maine, if it comes to that; but here it is, notwithstanding; and a perfect Eden of a village in all respects but the serpent, and he knows a trick worth two of showing his head in that vicinity! You see that old red farm house upon the hill yonder! Of course you do; but that is not the village. Oh dear, no! That handful of houses down by the river that look as if they were hiding themselves under the great green leaves of the forest, that's the village—one of the villages you read of, but don't often see. I don't know what our old red farm house had done to be excluded from the village, but I do know that the villagers could'nt begin to get up such a bed of flowers, and such flocks of singing-birds, and such oceans of sunshine as we could boast of in our own particular right. You should only see our garden in the summer time! Such a wilderness of bright lipped treasures! There were whole beds of pinks and roses, and there were balm flowers by the wholesale, looking in the sunlight like great green goblets ready to brim over with purple foam. Then there were lilies and tulips innumerable, and ladies-delights, ranging next to the batchelor-buttons, *of course*, and at each corner of the house were two of the most ambitious hop vines you ever saw. The moment the sun kissed away the frost, off they'd start like mad, on opposition trains, up the window blinds and over the eaves of the house, and sometimes when the excitement was particularly high, they would dash across the roof, and tumble down the water spout in very recklessness of purpose! I'm not quite sure that the flowers in the garden were not all gamblers on a large scale, and that heavy bets were annually made upon their favorite hop-vine—at all events, there was an evident ambition amongst them to grow tall enough to peep over the house after the running vines, not perceptible in any other body's flowers! Then, again, it might have been to get a glimpse of a sweet, sad face that usually gleamed from out the chamber window which fronted the garden. It was a serious, thoughtful face, and looked more like a statue placed for an ornament upon the window sill, than a breathing, living creature: and no wonder it was sad and thoughtful, for it looked out upon two graves hedged round by white palings, and the only memory they brought was that of loneliness and desolation.

Bel Warren was an orphan, and dependant upon the charity of the villagers! Ugh! what a chilling sound has that word orphan! What legions of Smikes and Squeers and Oliver Twists come stealing out of imagination's store-house at the very name! Not that Bel Warren was *that* style of an orphan! Very far from it; for having no one in particular to take charge of her, from the fact of her very dependence, she became the pet and idol of the whole neighborhood! An orphan almost from her cradle, and not understanding why she should be so loved, she determined to doubt her power of winning affection, her capability of retaining it if won; so she passed on from girlhood to womanhood a dreamy, sad, thoughtful creature, with the one idea ever in her mind—when *her* time would come to be buried by the side of her lost parents! She was the shadow of our village—our "excess of glory" almost obscured by this unfortunate peculiarity of her nature. But if Bel Warren was the shadow, we had a brilliant bit of sunshine for its foil in the person of Rose Hilliard. If there ever was a bright, joy-born, merry piece of animated quicksilver on earth, it was this same darling Rose of ours. If you could only have heard her wild, free laugh ringing out upon the air, shattering in the distance, and then floating back again in detached echoes, you would wonder that any one could have retained their gravity with her in their presence. Bel Warren and Rose Hilliard had grown up from childhood together, and with that unaccountable sympathy, which oftentimes unites opposite natures, were inseperable companions and confidants.—Bel knew to a shade just how many beaux Rose could count upon, and whom Rose thought handsome, and which Rose liked best, and whom Rose would not marry—no, not if every hair of his head was a diamond—and *that* was Augustus Muler, the only son of a rich farmer, whose extended acres bounded those of Joe Hilliard's.—Uncle Joe was Rose's father, of course, and if he had lived his whole life time on unripe persimmons, he could not have been more cross and crabbed than he really was. That Augustus was the man for Uncle Joe's money, nobody ever doubted, and of course, with such a snapdragon for a father, Rose was never expected to have any opinion at all upon the subject! That she should ever refuse him was quite out of the question, for independent of his acres, he had just about the finest orange-colored moustache that ever human being cultivated. But one fine morning when the neighboring gossips had quite talked themselves out upon the subject of coming events, which they imagined cast shadows before, the news flew around like wildfire that Rose had actually refused Augustus Muler, acres, moustache and all? That morning, as I sat upon the doorstep making patchwork for my fall quilting, who should I see but Rose coming across the lawn with tears in her eyes, and—her sunbonnet in her hand! I knew at once something was out of joint at Uncle Hilliard's, so I threw down my work preparatory to being astonished.

"He says love is all moonshine," said Rose, seating herself upon the step, and bursting afresh into tears.

"That's all *he* knows about it," was my reply.—"Well?"

"He says I must marry Augustus Muler! *Must* but I *wont!* I'll die first! Now what shall I do?"

"*Do?* Why marry Obediah Wilson, as you made up your mind to do six months ago!" You should have seen her stare.

"Why, who told *you?*" said she in astonishment.

"My *eyes* of course! I'm sure it was plain enough for anybody to see!" and so it had been, indeed; and if her father had'nt been blind, and stupid into the bargain, he never would have proposed Muler for her husband! Obediah Wilson (I wish for romance's sake his parents had afforded him a better name) was like—like—it is the greatest bore in the world for me to hunt up a similie when I want one—but the nearest I can come to any thing approaching this description is, to say that he was like a great Prince Bay Oyster—as hard a looking customer *outside* as one would meet with in a day's walk; but with a heart under the rough shell full of noble impulses and generous resolves. *He* wore a moustache, too, *sometimes*, but it was only a temporary one, and quite susceptible to the influence of soap and water! He was our village blacksmith, and how Rose Hilliard came to love him instead of a gentleman born, is a question for wiser heads than mine to solve, although in this one instance I quite approved her taste. Before Rose had time to answer my proposal, Obediah had seen her at the door, and came lumbering across the street, looking as if he intended to do anything in the world but come over to us. But he *did* come, and just then I remembered a most pressing engagement which I had *never* made, so I started off on a mission of mercy to Uncle Joe Hilliard's fully determined not to leave him until I had coaxed, wheedled, or worried him out of his consent to the union of Rose and Obediah. But I reckoned without my host, for once in my life, (not that such is an unusual thing with me) for after expending all my rhetoric upon him, he told me in plain words that if, between that time and New Year's day, a matter of three months, she did not marry according to his desire, he would disown her forever after! Rose saw me returning, and knew her fate was hopeless, so without a word of parting, she left Obediah, and in a few moments more was entering the door of her own dwelling. Before passing from sight, I saw her turn and rest her eyes upon her lover, with an expression of utter misery, and it was the memory of that pale, sweet face, which came into my mind just now when thinking of some subject for a sketch, which made me wander "away down east," from whence home-words and home-thoughts sometimes come so thick and fast that I am obliged to keep them down by writing them down, and do not always succeed at that. And all this while, where was Bel Warren? Not idle I assure you. Her time came at last, for love is too good a marksman to allow any person, whatever may be their sphere, to pass from the cradle to the grave without making a trial of his skill! The beauty of the surrounding scenery had attracted to our village one

 Of noble mien and passion-lighted eye,

and from the moment of his introduction to Bel, both felt that there was a secret sympathy existing in their natures which had linked a chain of love wherein to fetter hearts whose pulse should beat never more but in unison. The quiet subdued manner of William Allen found warm appreciation in the poet-heart of Bel Warren.—He was her standard of excellence—the *beau ideal* of her dreams, the object upon which the pent up love of her thoughtful years had been lavished. There was evidently some secret sorrow brooding upon his mind, and this, more than all, excited her sympathy, and, *woman-like*, made her desire to share what she might not alleviate. With such impassioned natures, they were not long in exchanging vows of constancy and love: and it soon became a fixed fact that our village was to be enlivened with a wedding. Weeks passed, and Allen, who had been called away by urgent business, was anxiously expected back by more than one of the party. I saw Bel fading away so quietly day by day, that I began to fear that she would never live to consummate the union upon which her heart was set. Not even the conversation of a New York belle, who arrived on a visit to a relative in the vicinity, could startle her from her dreary langour which was hourly usurping her senses. One evening—it was late in August—as we all sat in the summer-house fronting the street, the old coach came rattling up to the door, and William Allen sprang out with his face radiant and joyful. Before a word could be spoken, the brilliant stranger had started up in surprise, and the next moment her white arms were around William Allen's neck, while Bel lay as one dead among the vines she had borne down by her fall! Poor Bell Warren? She had loved with a *woman's* heart, and met with a *woman's reward—deceit!* All night long we watched over the senseless girl, and when morning came and the vines at her window began to shake off the dew in the rich light, her eyes opened with a vacant stare which told too truly that the sun of intellect had gone down into a night of fearful insanity.

That day a letter from the stranger informed me that Allen was her brother, whom she had not seen for some years—that he had become involved into a marriage with a reckless and unprincipled woman, but for his family's sake had avoided the publicity of a divorce.—And so we parted! They to go out into the gay world, and to forget, in its excitement, that such persons as ourselves had ever existed—I to nurse up the broken flower so rudely trampled upon, and in my poor devotion make some amends for the loss of that love which had first taught it to live. Well, the fall had passed with its gorgeous drapery, and winter had strung her jewels upon the trees, and over the hills, and on the eaves of the houses, and Uncle Joe grew, if possible, more cross and crabbid than ever! Rose had given up hope, and was calmly awaiting her fate. The New Year's day arrived all too soon, and as in duty bound, my first visit was at Uncle Hilliard's. I won't say how much curiosity had to do with that visit, nor how fearfully I glanced up to the attic window, thinking possibly there might be a body suspended therefrom by a sheet, or a rope, or some other implement of mischief, but nobody appeared, so I mustered courage and went in.

I don't exactly remember what were the nature of the New-Year's wishes bestowed upon Uncle Joe that morning, but at this remote period I have a faint suspicion that they were neither very flattering to him or dutiful in me. Rose came in gloomy enough, and Uncle Joe said something about a New Year's present for Rose, looking so malicious all the while that I won't take my oath I didn't counsel her to disobedience. I had forgotten my present in my anxiety, so I returned for it, and on my way back I was no little surprised to meet Obediah Wilson, with his face all a-glow and his mouth stretched from ear to ear—and it wasn't a small mouth either, let me tell you. I certainly thought his sorrow had deprived him of reason, and began to look around for some open door, whereby to make my escape, but he soon put me out of suspense by informing me that Uncle Joe had been to see him, and had told him that he was only trying Rose, and that he ment her to marry him (that's Obediah) all the time, and that he had given him the deed of the homestead, and told him to take Rose and be—*something* that wasn't pretty, and that he was now on his way to see her for the first time for three months.

Rose met us at the door, all smiles; but you never could imagine, unless you had seen it, the rush with which I threw myself into Uncle Joe's arms, or the compliments I bestowed upon him, among which was the very original and flattering one, that he was like a singed cat, &c., nor the way in which the rocking-chair first lost a rocker, and then to make matters worse, tumbled over with us both in it; nor how Trip, unused to such ground and lofty tumbling, barked as if he was bigger than a pint of cider—which he wasn't: nor how we finished up the evening by a grand party, at which we made Uncle Joe dance, who never danced before; nor—in fact nothing could have been more delightful than the sudden transition from almost despair, to such intense happiness as we all experienced on that memorable New-Year's day and night at Uncle Joe Hilliard's!

Poor Bel! I was near forgetting her! Her senses returned by degrees, and after a few weeks' illness, it was thought advisable to send her for a time to an Uncle, who resided some miles distant in Vermont. With many assurances of love and promises of frequent letters, we saw her safely bestowed within the stage coach, and like all little excitements, the gossip about her illness and its cause, soon burnt itself out, and our village assumed again its usual placidity. The marriage of Rose, which happened some time in January, created some little sensation, and although a letter was despatched to Bel soliciting her presence, no answer came, nor could we learn what she was doing, or in fact whether she was alive. Two years had passed away, and still we were uncertain with regard to her fate. It was very remiss, to say the least of it, on the part of Bel, and surely we thought if she was very ill or dead, her uncle might have written us. At last, out of all patience, one fine morning in August I determined to visit her at her new home, and learn the attraction which made her so negligent of early friends. After a weary journey over interminable hills, we arrived in sight of the homestead of Bel's Uncle. As we neared the house, my fears began to increase, augmented, I confess, by the sight of a new-made grave, which gave an air of loneliness to the farm. I had always been a strenuous advocate of the principles of *first-love*, and in my reverie I think I was not quite sorry to have a proof of my arguments in the death of Bel! Of one thing I was convinced, that she, with her fragile temperament, could never survive the loss of her lover, or at least could never love *again*. *That* was a moral impossibility. As I went dreaming my way up through the corn field to the house, I observed a stout country-looking girl, who was busily employed picking blackberries from a basket and putting one in a bowl by her side and to two in a mouth that was pretty enough to coax any reasonable thing to be eaten by it. For a moment there was a stare—then a recognition: and away went the blackberries head over heels down the hill, and the prettiest pair of arms imaginable were flung around my neck with a force that very nearly caused me to follow the berries' example.

"Why don't you know me, Marion?" said she, when she could get breath to speak.

Know her, indeed! The provoking gipsy was as broad as she was long. I had a great mind not to know her anyhow, for growing so confoundedly out of the reach of romance, and to make matters worse, her laugh had woke the baby which had been sleeping in a cradle by the door, and it opened a pair of great blue eyes, wonderfully like Bel's. I began to look frightened and tremble, for my creed, and Bel began to blush and look as if she meditated escape.

"Now, Bel, you don't pretend to say that baby's *yours!*" said I in wonder.

"Wal, I guess it aren't nothin' shorter," said a voice from the ground, which seemed to me like that of a very undignified ghost, and a head popped out from a potato pit, followed by the longest, leanest, lankest body that ever came within the range of my eyes before.

"And this is your husband?" I questioned.

"Wal, *rayther*," was the brief reply.

You should have seen the stalking horse of my romance cut stick through the cornfield, and "over the hills and far away," and from that day to this he has never been in a catchable mood when the subject of *first-love* has been the theme of my imagination.

Now, girls, *I did* mean to make somebody die for your amusement—I did, indeed, and if any one of you is as inargnant as I was at the perverseness of Bel, who insisted upon living, when, as a reasonable woman, she ought to have committed suicide, or at least pined herself to death, just lay the blame all on her shoulders.—They are broad enough to bear both your displeasure and mine, and the next time we meet I'll select for my *heroine one who has a deeper sense of the obligation she owes to the world in general and you in particular.*

A Hard Shell's Hymn Book.

A traveler called at nightfall at a farmer's house the owner being from home, the mother and daughter being alone, refused to lodge the traveler. How far then, said he, to a house where a preacher can get lodgings? Oh, if you are a preacher, said the old lady, you can stay here. He deposited the saddle-bags in the house, and led his horse to the stable. Meanwhile the mother and daughter were debating the point as to what kind of a preacher he was. He cannot be a Presbyterian, said the one, for he is not dressed well enough. He is not a Methodist, said the other, for his coat is not the right cut for a Methodist. If I could find his Hymn Book, said the daughter, I could tell what sort of a preacher he is; and with that thrust her hand into the saddle-bags and pulled out a flask of liquor, she exclaimed—"La! mother, he's a Hard Shelled Baptist!"

Putting the question.

"Sally, don't'l like you?"

"La, Jim, I reckon so."

"But don't you know it, Sally? Don't you think I'd tear the eyes out of any tom-cat that dare to look at you for a second?"

"I s'poct you would."

"Well, the fact of it is, Sally, I—"

"Oh, now don't Jim: you're too sudden."

"And, Sally, I want to—"

"Don't say anything more now; I will—"

"But it must be done immediately I want you to—"

"Oh, hush, hush! don't don't say any more—"

"I want you to-night to get—"

"What! so soon? Oh, no—Impossible!—Father and Mother would be angry at me:"

"How? be mad for doing me such a favor as to—"

"Yes, dear me! Oh, what a feeling."

"But there is some mistake; for all I want is to have you do is to *mend my trowsers.*"

Sally could hear no more. She threw up her arms, screamed hysterically, and fainted away as dead as a log.

Humorous Original Poetry.

Written for the Erie Observer.

TO A COQUETTE.

BY DYLACK.

I care not for thy playful smile,
For underneath there lurks a guile,
 Which meaneth something wrong.
I trusted once a smile—but once—
I found, at last, I was a—dunce!
 And changed, for good, my song.

I care not for thy pleasant words,
They sound, to me, like mocking-birds,
 Who warble to deceive!
I trusted once a word—but once—
I found, at last, I was a—dunce!
 I cannot more "believe."

I care not for thy kindly locks,
They read, to me, like Hebrew books,
 Whose lines will lead one back!
I trusted once a look—but once—
I found, too late, I was a—dunce!
 And took the backward track!

I care not for thy blissful kiss,
It seems, to me, like Judas's',
 'Twas given to betray!
I trusted once a kiss—but once—
I found, too late, it was a—dunce!
 And, ay, must answer nay!

I care not for thy charming self—
It smacks too much of sorded pelf,
 My happiness 'twould mar!
I trusted once just such a self—but once—
So, don't bother me—I'm not a—dunce!
 I'm smoking a cigar!

Honesdale, March 1851.

A Tale of Truth.

A WIFE'S FIRST GRIEF.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

Who that has sat down in measureless content, and enjoying the pleasures which full gratification supplied, has not at times felt rising in the mind the painful inquiry, "How long will this last? What will occur to disturb the happiness which is now vouchsafed?" I never had an animal to which I was particularly attached—and I never had one from a cat to a horse to which I was not strongly attached—that I did not occasionally pause in my use or caresses of it, and ask, "What will occur to deprive me of it—accident, escape, or death?"

In the midst of social enjoyment, when the duty of sustaining the amusement or the conversation has devolved upon another, how often will the inquiry arise, "How long will this last?" No sign of rupture is presented, no token of dissolution is observable: but there must be a rupture, there will be a dissolution. How will it come, and when?

I confess that such anticipations are not always the evidence of a well balanced mind—too often they come from a morbid state of feeling that frequently produce the very evils they suggest. The anticipation of evil is not so much the result of unhappy experience, as the consequence of a want of self-sustaining power.

Years ago it was my chance to be near a young woman at the moment when she was taking leave of a lover.—She stood a moment and watched his departure, until by turning a corner he was concealed from her sight.

"Can it last?" said she to herself. "And why not?—If he loves me now, when my station and consequently my manners are less desirable than his, surely he must love me more when I have had the advantage of his association, and have constantly improved by that intercourse." She passed onward. I heard no other words, but her steps indicated a heart at ease, or if disturbed, it was the commotion of inexpressible pleasure.

"Can it last? and if not, when will it fail?" "How will its diminution manifest itself?" These are queries which arose in my mind often as I thought of the approaching nuptials. And once, a few days after the marriage, I saw her leaning against the trunk of a tree which was then in full blossom. She was evidently connecting her own new estate with the lovely hopefulness of the branches above her, and as she raised her eyes again, it was evident that she was thinking of the future, which was radiant with hope. For one moment a cloud seemed to pass over her face; it was rather doubt than pain.

She looked again at the tree and its munificence of bloom; the cloud passed away from her face, and she came away in evident delight.

That was a spring of disappointment, as I remember; a frost destroyed the early vegetation, and entirely ruined the blossoms on the tree at which she had been looking. No fruit was borne.

It was, I apprehend, my own infirmity that led me to think more of changes which might come across the path of the newly-married person, than any thing in her condition; for although I subsequently saw where the danger lurked, yet then it was with me only the foreshadowing of a somewhat morbid sensibility, contrived to anticipate enough to make the present gloomy with apprehensions of the future. So, I watched. Blessed be the race of croakers, whose stomachs are constantly conjuring up a cloud to darken their minds, and who are too selfish to let any one pass without the benefit of their overshadowing forebodings. I watched this case, for the first exclamation which I have recorded of this young woman had touched a chord of melancholy in my own disposition and so was anxious to see "how long it would last:" how long the peace, joy and domestic felicity would continue. It did not seem to me that the disturbance could originate with her.

The husband was fond of amusement, and he kept and used a good gun, and some well-trained dogs. But though these drew him occasionally from his home, yet the fine disposition of his wife found in the dumb but sagacious companions of her husband, objects of regard. She learned to like them, and as became their gentle nature, they loved her, joyed in her caresses, and seemed to have a sober resolve to watch over her safety, and to secure it even at the loss of their lives. I confess I was disappointed at this, having anticipated that the litter of dogs would have disturbed the equanimity of the wife, and thus provoked reprisals from the husband.

It was not long before some event—I think it was the ordinary result of "security," the miserable pride of trying make one's self considerable, in jeopardizing the peace and comfort of a family by going "security" for a man in whom others could not have had confidence, or they would not have asked security—that swept from the husband a considerable portion of the property which had made his condition better than the wife's before marriage.

"And here," said I, "it will cease at last." I hope that my feelings were of the right kind; I think now that they were only those of curiosity. Some people seem to desire an evil that they have foretold. I think I only desired to know how the loss of property was to affect the wife.

Her husband was the first to tell her of the misfortune. "I am sorry, my dear," said the quiet wife; "sorry indeed. It will compel you to do much of the work you have hitherto hired others to perform. Do not let the loss of your property mortify you, nor suffer yourself to dwell on the error, if it was an error, of the act by which the loss occurred."

"But you, my dear wife—"

"It will not," said she, "essentially affect me; it will not add to my labors or my anxiety. I must look after the household affairs whether we have one farm or two."

The wife shed no tears. She was sorry that the husband should lose the social distinction consequent upon some property more than others possessed: but it was a pardonable feeling in her, that the loss of property placed her more upon his level, and removed something of the appearance of difference between them.

This, then was not much of a grief.

"It lasted yet."

The sudden death of the first-born child, a beautiful boy, was the next disturbing cause. I was not in the house during the short illness of the child, but I attended the funeral, and followed the body from the antique house of mourning to the churchyard. When the clods fell upon the coffin, I thought the heart of the mother would have burst. She leaned over to look down into the resting place of her child, and the arm of a friend seemed to prevent her from "going unto him."

And I said, "it lasts no longer."

The friend and neighbor led her back to her husband. The gentle look of affectionate sympathy which he gave her as he placed her arm within his, and drew her towards him that she might lean on his manly strength, showed me my mistake.

The mother had suffered but the affection, nay, the happiness of the wife, was now complete.

Could a mother be happy returning from the yet unsodded grave of her only child?

Death had softened her heart, and fitted it for the ministrations of new affection. The father had suffered in the death of the boy as well and as much as she, and yet at the moment of deepest anguish he had hushed his own grief that he might sustain her in her sorrow. The mother mourned but the wife rejoiced. How beautiful and beautifying for a moment had sorrow become. It seemed to me as if affection had never before possessed such charms; it needed affliction to make it apparent, as sunlight pouring through crevices into a darkened chamber becomes visible only by the floating particles that reflect the ingushing rays.

The affairs of the couple were not so prosperous as the virtues, the industry, the economy, and the womanly excellence of the wife seemed to deserve, yet she never repined. I think two instances of excess on the part of the husband drew largely upon the forbearance of the wife, but as even the excess was accompanied with expressions of affection—they, though maudlin, seemed to compensate. The feeling, then, was rather slight—sorrow and deep mortification might have been felt—But these few instances, joined with some unaccountable decay of means, did not disturb the happiness of the wife—a happiness which seemed to me as a perpetual joy.

Was the woman apathetic? Had she no sensitiveness? Was she made to go through life with a gentle laugh, and drop into the grave with a smile? Her anguish at the death of her son proved the contrary.

The loss of property, to one who had been poor before, seemed to produce no grief; and let the reader remember, or if he has not known the fact let him learn it, that the loss of property is more bitterly felt by those who have from poverty risen to possessions, than it is by those who from infancy to the disaster, had always been rich.

The loss of property produced no grief.

The death of her child led to a new affection for, and an enlarged joy in her husband.

His unfrequent, but still obvious departures from sobriety, long unattended with rudeness or neglect did not offend the pride of his wife.

"It will last always," said I.

"I must mourn as a mother," thought she; "I must abate a portion of my social state, and I may once in a long time, be mortified by some low indulgence in my husband, but fixed, deep, permanent grief, as a wife, is probable I am to be spared, as a comparison of my own constitution with that of my husband, shows that in the course of nature I shall be spared the misery of mourning for his death, and be saved from the solitary woes of widowhood."

The loss of property rendered necessary more labor on the part of the husband, and that labor kept him more from his home than formerly, but the gentle welcome of the wife cheered the toil worn husband, and her delicate caress changed the gloom setting on his brow into the smiles of satisfaction. There was perhaps more pleasure in the efforts which she was making, to produce the evidence of gratification in her husband, than there was in the exchange of smiles of welcome and thanks.

The wife grew proud of her influence to bring him back to enjoyment; she felt a new consequence when she found that she could not only reciprocate smiles but dispel frowns: not only share in the pleasures of home, but dismiss the pains. How holy is the office of a good wife, and how pure must be her sentiments, to derive the highest gratification by *producing the happiness of another.*

It was late in a summer afternoon, and by appointment the husband ought to have returned two or three hours before. The noise and revelry had for a long time disturbed the outer edge of the village in which the dwelling was situated—some vulgar frolic, hitherto kept in a distant part of the county, had been adjourned to that neighborhood—but the way of the husband did not lie in that direction. The wife had gone out frequently to watch for his approach, and to meet him with a smile of welcome—that smile which makes home delightful, which attracts and retains. She looked anxiously to the left, and stretched her eyes along the road in hope that some token of his approach would be presented. But there was none.

Even the dogs that had followed her out failed to give notice of his approach. She leaned over the railing with distrustful hope—he would come soon and repay her for all her anxiety by extraordinary evidences of affection. She summoned up for her consolation the thousand kindnesses of her husband, his constant changeless love, his resistance to those errors that marred the domestic happiness of so many families; and like a true wife she suffered the lustre of her own purity, excellence and affection, to gild the character and conduct of her husband.

She was startled from her revery of delight and charity by an unusual outbreak of noisy debauchery from the wretched drinking house below. She leaned forward, and stood fixed in horror at the sight.

Her husband was in the midst of the riotous host, in sickening, disgusting familiarity with an abandoned one of her own sex.

She stepped back until an angle of her own house concealed from her the painful scene. A thousand previous matters that had scarcely excited a thought, became then of importance, in the explanation which was given in what she had seen. She raised her apron to her eyes but there were no tears; her hands dropped on the fence before her; a feeling came over her heart such as she had not before experienced.

She felt as a woman, regret for the loss of property—the mother had mourned the death of her child—the anxiety that had been felt for some slight errors in her husband; but property could be regained by labor, or relinquished without effort—every dream of the mother gave back to her heart her beloved child and refreshed with a spiritual intercourse; and every waking thought toward the dead one, was lustrous with the sense of his heavenly intercourse, and consoling in the promise of a future union—the errors of a husband, that do not imply dishonor, nor exhibit themselves as evidences of waning affection, may be amended or endured: but when the heart is suddenly overwhelmed with the evidence of shame, insult, dishonor; when all the purity of woman's thoughts is outraged with *the proofs of guilt*, and all the years of her charity and enduring love are dishonored by the unerring tokens of ingratitude and infamy, and the confiding, consoling, the truthful wife becomes the witness of the distruction of her domestic peace, despair sweeps over the heart like the blastings of the silent moon: and then all the unmentionable sufferings of the woman, all the cherished sorrows of the daughter, the poignant anguish of the mother, are lost in the overwhelming torrent of "The Wife's First Grief."