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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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M. CHAPIN, RESIDENT DENTIST—Office on the south side of the Diamond five doors east of the Erie Bank, Prices reasonable, and all work warranted Erie June 19 1852. 6

Poetry and Miscellany.

BUILD ON SAND.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis good to wed,
For so the world has done,
Since myrtle grew and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair—
Be sure ye pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth.

For if ye give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the "unwise" part,
And built upon the sand.

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold.

But place not all your hopes and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust
Unmixed with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffer chest and own
'Tis built upon the sand.

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe where'er we can:
Fair speech should bind the human mind,
And love, like man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words,
Let deeds with language dwell:
The one who pities starving birds
Can scatter crumbs as well.

The Mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand,
For those who talk yet fail to do,
But build upon the sand.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

THE CODICIL.

A Tale of the Early Settlement of New England.

BY M. F. WILLIAMS.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER X.

"He was a fellow in a peasant's garb,"
"You shall have no worse prison than my chamber,
Nor jailor than myself."

Once more we return to the cottage. Many years have passed since we last beheld its mossy roof; and though a severe contest has been raging—a struggle for life and freedom—which has engrossed the heart and soul of the whole people,—yet the hand of progress and of improvement has not lain dormant! Many of the gigantic old trees which were familiar to us on former occasions, have disappeared, and little cottages, with their new white roofs glistening in the sunlight, have sprung up in their place, and innumerable little patches of cultivated ground are visible in every direction.

Such is the altered aspect of things in the immediate vicinity of Meg's cottage, but the old house itself remains unchanged. It has stood the shock of time remarkably. The same little oiled paper window emits its pale, dim light—the same massive oaken door creaks upon its rusty hinges. But if we enter, we cannot fail to note the marks of time. Deep wrinkles are visible in old Meg's care-worn cheeks, her head has become of snowy whiteness, her eyes have lost their piercing lustre, and her voice is feeble and tremulous.

But still more striking is the change which has come over little Flora. She has almost reached her twelfth year, and has grown in beauty and loveliness with the lapse of time. Her figure is well proportioned and commanding for one of her age, and her nature is gentle and artless. Meg had given her instruction in every branch of education of which she herself was mistress, and her knowledge was by no means confined to narrow limits. Though still a child, she is almost a woman in deportment,—and her love and devotion for one who had proved both a parent and a teacher, is ardent and unbounded.

* * * * * * *

Towards the close of a beautiful afternoon in June, a stranger dressed in the scanty habiliments of a destitute seaman, called at the cottage, and inquired if he could be provided with a few meals of victuals, and have the privilege of working to pay for the same. Flora was then preparing tea, and Meg invited the stranger in, to learn something of his history. He told her that he had, a short time before, been cast away on the coast, escaping with barely what he had upon his back; that he was now very destitute, and desired to obtain employment of some kind, until a good opportunity should offer for him to take vessel for home.

Meg was deeply touched at this simple recital, and offered to give him a supper, and then direct him to a place near by, where she had no doubt he could readily obtain employment.

As the stranger sat opposite to Flora, and partook of the frugal meal, a strange brilliancy lit up his countenance, and a peculiar twinkle might have been detected in his eye. They observed this peculiarity, but interpreted it as the expression of gratitude which he felt at finding a friend. Supper being over, Meg conversed with him awhile upon his misfortunes, and then directed him to the next cottage, where she thought he would find better accommodations, and active employment for at least a few weeks. The stranger, after pronouncing many blessings upon them both, took his leave, promising, at Meg's earnest solicitations, to call again.

Almost a week after this event, Frank Wayland entered the cottage. He was now a spirited youth of nineteen, and had but just returned from the turmoil and excitement of battle, where he had signally distinguished himself for reckless daring. After caressing Flora, who ran to meet him, he turned to the corner of the room where Meg sat, and was startled at the appearance of a simple looking stranger with whom she was engaged in deep conversation. He saluted her kindly, and then viewed the stranger from head to foot, and even walked around the room, that he might have a more distinct view of his face. The stranger observed the close scrutiny to which he was subjected, and soon left the cottage.

When he had gone, Frank inquired of Meg, "who is that queer looking stranger, that you conversed so earnestly with?"

"Oh, that is a poor fellow who was cast away a short time ago, and has now hired out to farmer March, to do his haying. He is a harmless, simple fellow, but I like to have him call, he tells such strange stories," replied Meg, very seriously.

"Well, I don't much like his looks myself!" said Frank, pettishly.

"Now, don't get angry, Frank, at the fear of a rival," said Meg, with a quiet smile. "I really believe you don't like anybody in the world but my little Flora."

Frank and Flora both blushed deeply at these plain spoken words, and the conversation was changed.

A few days afterward, Frank called again at the cottage, and found the stranger there, interesting Meg in his conversation, as on the previous occasion. Frank was even more vexed than before, and after speaking a few words to Flora, and merely addressing Meg with a "good afternoon," he left, muttering to himself,—

"How strange it is that they will be so taken up with such a simpleton."

* * * * * * *

The next morning, the cottage was for a second time the scene of mourning. Little Flora was nowhere to be found. The gem had been purloined from the casket.—Meg's grief knew no reconciliation. She wept herself almost to madness. She was completely beside herself; and when Frank visited the cottage at noon, it was the scene of strange confusion. When he learned the cause, he was more guarded in the expression of his feelings, but it was evident that his heart was touched to the core.

Many of the neighbors were present, doing their best to console the bereaved Meg. Frank passed the room for a few moments, and then looking about among the guests, he turned to farmer March, and asked,—

"Where is that strange looking man that you employ, who has made himself so familiar here of late?"

The farmer looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied,—

"Well, really, now I think on't, I haven't seen him since airly last night. There's something strange about it too," continued the farmer, thoughtfully, "for he's never failed to be at work bright and airly!"

"Nothing strange at all, sir," replied Frank abruptly, again pacing the room. "It's my firm conviction that he's an impostor, and has forcibly taken Flora away, for some base purpose."

The whole group looked upon him in amazement.—Turning to Meg, Frank continued,—

"Be comforted, aunt Meg I shall make the aim of my life to ferret out this villain. I shall immediately search the neighborhood, and if that is not successful I shall extend my investigations as much farther as may be necessary."

* * * * * * *

The following letter, which Lotherage in Liverpool received from his valet in America, a few months after the dark transaction detailed above will give the reader some light upon the subject:

My Dear Master:—Our scheme has been eminently successful. Everything has worked admirably, and has turned out just as you would wish. The ruse of the castaway sailor worked to a charm. I could not have hit upon a happier expedient. I found the hut without any trouble, and what is better, the object of my search. I cannot now stop to describe to you her beauty, neither would it interest you. I found no difficulty in initiating myself into the good graces of both the old hag and her beautiful protege! But after I had been at the hut a few times, a verdant fellow made his appearance, who seemed to hold a strong place in the affections of the girl, which threatened to be a serious obstacle in the way of the execution of my plans; and I therefore deemed it most safe to bring the matter to a close, at once.

Upon my way hither, I accidentally fell in with a most singular being, who inhabits a secret cavern many miles from here. He excludes himself wholly from the world, and is just the person for a confederate. I soon enlisted him in my mission, and have at last succeeded in placing the child within his subterranean abode, where she will be taken care of, and I'll warrant no human eye can ever reach her, until the time arrives to set her at liberty.

I have changed my attire in such a manner as to evade detection, and it will be necessary for me to remain in this vicinity until the excitement passes off. I will then make such disposition of the child as you may direct.

Yours, most devotedly, Ferdinand.

Lotherage was elated at the success of his plan, and lost no time in making a legal declaration that the subject of the codicil could not be found; and that he should forthwith take possession of the property, until evidence was produced to early establish the claim.

CHAPTER XI.

"Pangs more corrosive and severe
More fierce, more poignant and intense,
Than ever hostile sword or spear
Waked in the breast of innocence."

More than one year had elapsed since the incident of our last chapter, and still Frank Wayland prosecuted his search unremittingly, with all the ardor of a bereaved lover. He had canvassed far and near, and even opened a correspondence with the police of London and Liverpool.

While traversing the fertile valley of the Connecticut, almost in despair of ever gaining the slightest information of the object of his search, he halted at the close of a hot afternoon, and seated himself upon a grassy mound to view the enchanting scene before him. The seat he occupied was about midway down a steep declivity, overlooking the river. For some distance, upon either side of him, was presented one complete sheet of velvet-like verdure, broken only here and there by some huge gray old rock, which lifted its head far above the green banks. At his feet lay the placid stream, unruffled by a single ripple; while the stars, like thick set diamonds, studded the celestial canopy above, from the midst of which the full-grown moon looked down, casting a calm serenity over the scene.

As he sat enraptured in the view, the singular, uncouth figures which he had conjured up before him, were suddenly put to flight by the low, splashing sound of muffled oars. He looked out upon the calm stream, and directly in range of the clear, pale reflection of the moon, he discerned a small boat, containing a solitary oarsman! For a moment he watched the little craft, as it sealed like a phantom over the glassy surface of the water, and then it was lost to view in the deep, dark shadow of the over-arching trees. But still, the low, splashing sound of the oars were heard nearing the shore, and presently the boat touched the bank directly below him. The lone boatman leaped from its prow, and hurriedly made his way up the steep declivity.

Frank anxiously watched his movements, but was himself so hid in the deep shadow as to be effectually shielded from sight. The stranger proceeded for some distance up the bank, and stopped before a huge rock; he halted at its base for a moment, and then suddenly disappeared, as if by magic! Frank, who never knew fear, proceeded forthwith to the rock, into which the stranger had apparently entered. But as its base was shaded by the high of the moon, he could discover nothing unusual; and after a fruitless search of some time, was compelled to withdraw from the place, to pass a restless night.

The next morning at sunrise, Frank was again upon the spot, carefully examining the premises. Upon a close scrutiny, he thought he discovered an unusual looseness in the earth around the foot of the rock; but the turf was apparently unbroken, and his most diligent investigation led to no satisfactory results. But he resolved to penetrate the mystery, if possible; and accordingly on the next evening, he took a position near the rock, where he could command a full view of its base.—But he watched in vain, for the stranger did not appear. With his natural perseverance, he took his secret position, again and again, but with no better success.

Finally, after the lapse of a week from the evening on which he had first made the discovery, the mysterious stranger again appeared, in the same manner as before. In painful suspense, almost forcing to breathe, Frank watched his movements. The resolute visitor first removed a sheet of turf, then raising a large flat stone, the weight of which seemed to tax his utmost strength, he entered beneath it, and reaching back, replaced the turf, let the stone fall into its place, and all was stillness again!

Frank was well pleased with the result of his observation. He had thus discovered the "open sesame" to this mysterious cavern, and he retired to ponder over the strange incident. He had seen enough to convince him that the cave contained some rare treasure, which the person he had seen visited but once a week; and his ardent love of adventure urged him on to penetrate its mysteries.

After the lapse of two days, he again visited the spot. It was noon, and the most profound stillness reigned, scarcely a breath of wind stirring abroad. After some minutes of diligent search, he discovered the moveable turf, which was so ingeniously matched to the natural sod as to be well calculated to deceive the most careful scrutiny. He removed the large stone which covered the entrance with but little difficulty, and descended the rude steps, which led him down six or eight feet. At first it appeared utter darkness within, and he hesitated about proceeding. But very thoughtfully he pressed his hands tightly to his eyes for an instant, and upon suddenly taking it away, the objects around him became quite distinct and far in the distance he could discern a dim, flickering light! Nothing daunted, he cautiously felt his way along the narrow craggy passage, which in some places was not sufficiently high to admit him to stand erect. The distance seemed almost interminable, and one of less determination would have turned back; but on he went, as he neared the light, its dim rays fell upon a ghastly figure, which might once have been a man! but its unshorn face and tanged hair, seen by that flickering, yellow light, gave it an unearthly appearance. The sight at first startled him—he had anticipated nothing of the kind. But he had progressed too far to shrink now, and gathering new courage, he approached the figure. As he neared it, a husky, hissing sound, which seemed to belong to another world, greeted him—

"You, Ferdinand? What sent you so soon?"

"Hist!" said Frank, waving his hand, "I am a friend, sent hither with an important message! Listen and hear me!"

"What power of Heaven or hell directed you here?" said the figure.

"Be silent, as you value your life!" said Frank, in solemn tones.

"Life," repeated the figure scornfully, "what is life to me? I have no life! I have been dead to the world this many a year! How dare mankind disturb me here in my dismal grave?"

"Raise no alarm," continued Frank, "and you shall be unharmed; but the least show of resistance will prove your instant destruction!"

"Child men never resist," sighed the figure.

"Pollt rouse up here," said Frank, putting his hand upon the figure, "rouse up and go into the bright world! You have loved the world, I think?"

"Ah!" groaned the figure, more deeply than before; "yes, once—but that was long ago! I despise it now, and all mankind!"

"Oh! say not so," continued Frank, cheerfully. "Go out into the world with me, and I will show you kind friends."

"Me!" ejaculated the figure, grasping his hand.

"Yes, you—and all the boon I ask in return, is that you will freely answer such questions as I may propound."

At this moment a low, suppressed sob from one side of the cavern, attracted Frank's attention. He immediately went to the spot from whence the sound proceeded; and here, upon a dingy couch, lay a slight form!

"What means this?" said Frank, looking at the strange figure.

"Touch it not!" was the only reply.

Frank considered that the new object before him must have some connection with the secret of the cavern, and seizing it in his arms, left the awful place as rapidly as possible. The strange figure with which he had been conversing, shrieked demoniacly at this unceremonious proceeding, but was entirely to weak to offer any resistance.

When Frank Wayland had reached the light, with the senseless form in his arms, imagine, if you can, his dismay at discovering his burden to be the very object of his search—the long-missing Flora! He lost no time in conveying her to a place of safety; and learning from her own lips that there was no other object in the cave but the dejected old man, Frank immediately returned, and by the power of kind words, succeeded in inducing the singular occupant to accompany him.

CHAPTER XII.

"Hope had departed; and my life before me
Lay covered with the ashes of the past—
Dark, barren, cold, dreary, flinty, colorless."

While the strange incidents of our last chapter were transpiring, old Meg, in the midst of her bereavement, was informed of the conditions of the codicil. A learned and benevolent attorney volunteered to investigate the matter for her. From the particulars he could gather from Meg, he had no doubt but that the adducted child was the real inheritor of the estate. Every circumstance went to strengthen the fact. But then the direct evidence in the case was so vague, that it scarcely seemed worth while to make the claim. Nevertheless, the time set forth in the instrument had nearly expired, and the attorney felt the necessity of immediately taking some action on the subject, for it would soon be too late.

The day assigned for the investigation of the case arrived, and poor old Meg appeared, much, however, against her own wishes. She stated, through her attorney, the incident's of the child's history, as far as she was acquainted with it, precisely as they had occurred; but the only evidence she could produce to corroborate her story, was the letter, which the reader has before seen, bearing the signature of "Flora."

But this was insufficient. The judge ruled that they had no evidence that the child abducted was the one referred to in the codicil; that it was essential to produce some evidence to prove the letter genuine, as it had been assailed as a forgery; and, moreover, that the child must be present, as the codicil acknowledged her only as the inheritor, except in the case of the last sum mentioned, which went to the guardian, but no evidence of legal guardianship had been produced.

This being the state of the case, Meg's attorney felt compelled to abandon the suit, as the required evidence could not be produced, and the time allowed in the codicil would expire in a few months.

At this stage of the affair, the advocate of Lotherage, that he might make his scheme more secure, ordered that old Meg should be apprehended, as an imposter, and immediately brought to punishment. The counsel of the poor woman endeavored to stay this proceeding; but as is too often the case, the influence of wealth dazzled the eyes of justice, and poor old Meg—feeble, trembling, tottering upon the very brink of the grave—was placed in close confinement, to answer the charges of a grave nature.

And was this the just reward for all her labor? For this had she toiled, and worn out her life for her fellow mortals? For this she had denied herself every comfort and devoted her years to others? Happily, thought she, there is one tribunal at which conscience cannot be crushed, or justice evaded.

"What is the worst of woes that wait on life?
What stamps the wrinkles deepest on the brow?
To view each loved one blighted on life's page,
And to stand on shore—and see them sail."

She felt that if only little Flora could be with her, if only Frank could come to her assistance,—or even if kind-hearted Jack Brewster could speak a consoling word,—she would be infinitely happy! But no! it was impossible! All had been swept off,—she only remained; and death was the only bliss she could now look forward to.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I can not think of sorrow now; and doubt,
If e'er I felt it—'tis so dazzled from
My memory by this oblivious transport."

An invalid was bolstered up in an easy chair. She was the inmate of an Insane Asylum. Her case had been a severe one, but by the most skillful attendance, she had so far recovered as to be considered beyond all danger. As she glanced about the room in search of some object with which to occupy her thoughts, she took a paper from the floor, of a date some weeks back; as her eyes glanced carelessly over the page, the feverish color for an instant left her cheek, and with trembling hand she read the passage earnestly! Her attendant observed her agitation, and upon reaching for the paper, she pointed to the following paragraph:

* * * * * This singular suit has at last been brought to a close. The whole affair presents a most inexplicable mystery! The old woman who is charged with an attempt to obtain the property unlawfully, has always borne a good character; while, upon the other hand, Lotherage is far above suspicion! His wealth and standing, as an influential merchant, would hardly permit him to descend to an act of such grossness as some lisp against him. To our mind, the case has met with the only decision which the evidence produced could admit of. The old woman is to be brought up before the court, when, it is probable, she will be let off with a light punishment, on account of her age and previous good character."

When the invalid had recovered her composure, she said that the incidents referred to, called up to her mind afresh some passages in her own sad experience, and she could not be denied the privilege of witnessing the trial. Her friends considered it merely a returning shadow of insanity, and endeavored to quiet her agitation,—but it was in vain!

The next day was the time assigned for the examination, and the invalid plead so fervently, that the physician at last consented to accompany her to the scene, though, he said, the attendant excitement might cost her her life!

The feeble spectator was provided with a seat near the prisoner. She watched the proceedings with the deepest interest; and when the case was clearly stated, she involuntarily gave vent to a piercing shriek. At this unexpected interruption, the grave Judge forgot his dignity, the jurors looked at each other in amazement, and the counsellors arose in their seats!

When order was restored, the invalid requested to be sworn as a witness. After some hesitation, the request was granted, and she proceeded to state, in a feeble voice substantially as follows:

"My name is Flora Grey. Many years ago I resided in the family of Mr. Lotherage. I am mother of the child referred to. The letter produced is in my own hand-writing, and was sent by me." She could proceed no further; her extreme agitation prevented utterance.

The counsel of Lotherage immediately arose, and solemnly protested against the admission of such evidence. He stated that the witness was direct from the confines of a mad house, and called the physician upon the stand to prove that her mind was far from being in a healthy state, and that her testimony could not be relied upon!

This argument was conclusive, and admitted of no refutation. The Judge was about to close the case, when Meg's attorney was suddenly called from the room. He was absent but a few moments, when he returned, deep agitation was stamped upon his countenance. In a very feeling manner he stated to the Court that he must insist upon a further hearing in the case, as he had other witnesses at hand, whom he would now produce.

Upon this, there was a slight confusion among the crowd near the door, and as the mass of people opened to the right and left, Frank Wayland approached the bench, leading by the hand the pale and agitated Flora, while close behind followed the hermit of the cave, with long, coarse beard and shattered frame!

At the sight of this unexpected group, the Judge looked amazed, the advocate of Lotherage dropped his head in despair, and the valet Ferdinand made good his retreat through the nearest opening.

Here was evidence too strong to be refuted, and a very different complexion was soon put upon the whole affair. Frank corroborated Meg's previous story; the deep mystery involved in the case was now fully cleared up, and little Flora was installed as the true heir.

Hereupon, the care-worn hermit stepped forward, and enfolded the invalid in his arms, as his rejected daughter! But the finale of their bewildering surprise was yet to come! When the case had been decided, and the crowd was preparing to leave, a very dark, rough-looking man arose from its midst, and hurriedly making his way up to the bewildered group, grasped Meg by the hand, and made himself known as Jack Brewster!

The scene was too affecting for the feeble strength of the invalid. Taking little Flora with one hand, and the kind-hearted Meg with the other, she breathed a fervent prayer upon them both,—and whispering a farewell pardon to her grief-stricken step-father, expired in his arms.

* * * * * * *

A few years later, Frank and Flora were united in wedlock, and old Meg found a comfortable and happy home with them. Jack Brewster was well provided for, and many heavy hours did he lighten by relating to his visitors an account of his shipwreck; how he was picked up by a British cruiser, and the many incidents that occured during a long foreign voyage; that upon his return he found the country involved in a struggle for freedom: and that, without ever stopping to inquire for past friends, he had plunged into the hottest of the contest; that finally, after peace was restored, he very miraculously fell in with Meg and Flora at the Court-room, as the reader already knows, and that to their kindness he owed his present happiness.

Old Mr. Grey, the dejected hermit, was not forgotten. Little Flora took pride in calling him grandfather; and the gray old man was free to acknowledge that there were some bright spots in the world, after all, though in his own and life they had been but few; and although he never expected to enjoy the bliss of born of happiness upon earth himself, yet it was a glorious sunbeam in his own dark existence, to see others redeemed from despair. The short remnant of his life was filled with deep regrets for the past. He could trace every dark shadow which had ever crossed his path, to his own stern and unyielding nature!—to that rigidness of character which had first frozen the heart of his young daughter, and driven her from the paternal roof to seek a livelihood among unfeeling strangers;—to that false sense of honor and virtue which had afterward refused her consolation when she repented of her error! But he strove to amend for the past, by endeavoring to instil into the youth who came to gone, with childish awe, upon his long, bleached beard and tottering frame, the sterling moral lesson that Perfection is not the child of earth,—that he only who is free from sin should "cast the first stone,"—that

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

☞ "Gentlemen and Ladies," said the showman, "here you have a magnificent painting of Daniel in the lion's den. Daniel can be easily distinguished from the lions by the good, sober, Christian under his hat, still."

A Scene from Real Life.

BY MRS. ALICE ATKINSON.

"My wife feels as though she were labouring very hard for the benefit of others."

This was spoken by a man who considered himself a good husband; but if he had been one in reality, would his wife have been troubled with such feelings?

Let us consider the subject, and take an occurrence from every day life, to illustrate it.

Mr. B——— arises in the morning with the intention of going to the city, a distance of twenty miles, and back the same day. In his haste to be gone, he does not observe that his wife is paler than usual. Her health has been poor for a long time, and her altered appearance now, is not even noticed. Although they are in comfortable circumstances, yet neither feel able to keep hired help. As the husband loves neatness and order, for which the wife is remarkable, the latter determines that her washing shall be done in his absence. But many things arise to hinder—the wood is poor and will not burn—the babe requires more care than usual. The sun has passed the meridian and is hastening on his daily course; but her work is not half done. She toils on with an energy beyond her strength, hoping all will yet be well. She pictures to herself her children quietly sleeping in their snug little bed, the floor mopped, the fire bright and cheerful, the table spread with its snowy cloth, and her husband's favorite dish prepared, ere his return.

But, alas! bright anticipations vanish; the day is past, and "evening shades appear;" the babe becomes more troublesome and now takes all the mother's time. She has nearly succeeded in quieting it, when she hears the well-known step on the threshold; her husband enters; he sees the unfinished washing with all its accompaniments of tubs and pails; the fire is nearly gone out; and his little boy, two years old is splashing water from one thing to another, in great glee. Mr. B——— seizes the child, and places him in a chair in the corner, with so much violence that the room quickly resounds with his screams. He then whips him to still his cries, that his voice may be heard. Every blow pierces the mother's heart, but she knows remonstrance is vain, and lets things take their course, in silence.

Her turn comes next, and he can hardly find words strong enough to express his indignation; among many other things, he tells her she never has anything in order; he never knew her to have a fire, or a meal of victuals in season.

By this time, the babe was fairly aroused, and it needed considerable exertion to hush its plaintive cries, but by carrying it about in her arms, the mother was at last triumphant.

She next prepared their evening meal with as much alacrity as exhausted nature would allow; and, as her husband sipped his tea, and enjoyed the genial warmth of the fire, the irritability of his temper passed off, and with it all thoughts of the late unhappy occurrence. He soon retired to rest, and, in refreshing sleep, forgot the toils of the day. His wife had now her washing to finish, and every thing to put in its place, even to her husband's bootjack; for, with all his love of order, he frequently forgot to put up his own things. When she had accomplished all, she too retired to rest, but not to sleep—no; every nerve was unstrung; and, as she laid her throbbing head on its pillow, and vainly attempted to sleep, the events of the day would crowd themselves into her mind. Yet she would not allow herself to think unkindly of her husband. She tried to reason thus—"Have I not a good husband? Does he not provide for my actual wants, according to the best of his ability?"

But, notwithstanding all her endeavors, the cruel words which had been uttered by him in wrath, would rush into her mind, like unbidden guests, until tears began to flow in profusion, and memory became busy. Then she thought of the happy home of her girlhood, of the mother that watched over her, of the days when the ross of health bloomed on her cheek, and her brow was unclouded by care. But, most of all, her memory reverted to the bridal day, when her lover promised, in presence of God and man, to love, cherish and protect, until death should them part. She asked herself if she had ever been unfaithful to her marriage vow; conscience answered no; had she not studied her husband's happiness with untiring zeal, until self was all forgotten, health gone, constitution enfeebled? And, now, as she felt herself less able to perform the duties required of her, she felt that her love had been illy repaid. Thus, after a day of overtasked labor, and nearly a night spent in tears, the wife sank into an uneasy slumber, to be disturbed at intervals by her babe, until the dawn of another day, when the well-rested husband called upon his wife to arise, not doubting but she was as much refreshed as himself.

Now, what had that husband gained by all this? Had not his wife done her best, and what could she do more? It is true, he knew not that such treatment was hastening her to the grave; as she daily sunk under the accumulated weight of care, he knew not that the cause was in any way attributable to himself.

Yet, it would have required but little forbearance on his part to have spoken a kind word, or sympathized with her a little. She would then have performed the same duties with cheerfulness and considered herself happy in the possession of such a husband. And when her head rested on its pillow, and she strove to hush its throbbings, no images but such as affection brings would have haunted her imagination; and her slumbers would soon have been as calm as those of the loved ones beside her.

If any man, who has a care-worn wife, chance to read this article, let him look well to the subject; and, if he wishes to be met with a smile or look of happiness, let him strive by his own example, to sow the good seeds of affection, and he will be sure to reap an abundant harvest, for "virtue is its own reward."—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

Sydney Smith's Prime Cut.—When Sydney Smith got the prebendal stall in our cathedral, he was lodging on College Green and his fame as a convivalist was not then so noised and known as subsequently, he was allowed to dine at home more frequently than one would suppose; and his dinner was always a beef-steak, and that beef-steak, he always bought himself. I was then, as I am now, my own purveyor; and there were few days when he was in residence that I did not meet him at Burge's in Denmark street, (his favorite butcher and mine,) overseeing and selecting his own cut. After Sydney had described a circle with his finger round a certain pin-bone, and emphatically told the man of fat to "cut there, and cut boldly," as the Roman augur said, Burge turned to me, and asked, "And where will you be helped, sir?" "I'll follow suit," said I, "the next cut to Mr. Smith's; I can't go wrong with such a precedent." The canon's droll eye twinkled; his large, pouting, and some what luxuriant lip, moved with that comic twitch which spoke the man, as he said, "You're a wise man, sir; this is one of the cases where you can't err if you follow the church, and you'll find obedience rewarded with a good beef-steak."—*The Church Goer, &c.*

Labor.—It is said that so many have migrated from Great Britain to different parts of the world, that it is with difficulty that laborers can be obtained for the manufacturing establishment there, and wages are coming up. Farm laborers there are the poorest paid of any, and farming has had "protection tariffs" to help it in Great Britain.