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## A HOME PICTURE.

One autumn night when the wind was high,  
And the rain fell in heavy plashes,  
A little boy sat by the kitchen fire,  
A popping corn in the ashes.  
A popping corn in the ashes:  
And his sister, a curly-haired child of three,  
Sat looking on just close to his knee.  
The blast went howling round the house,  
As if to get in 'twas trying;  
It rattled the latch of the outer door,  
Then seemed it a baby crying!  
Now and then a drop down the chimney came,  
And spluttered and hissed in the bright red flame.  
Pop, pop, and the kernels one by one,  
Came out of the cinders flying;  
The boy held a long pipe stick in his hand,  
And kept it busy popping.  
He stirred the corn and it sizzled the more,  
And faster jumped on the clean swept floor.  
A part of the kernels hopped out one way,  
And a part hopped out the other:  
Some flew plump into the sister's lap,  
Some under the stool of the brother!  
The little girl gathered them into a heap,  
And called them a flock of milk-white sheep.  
All at once the boy sat still as a mouse,  
And into the fire kept gazing;  
He quite forgot he was popping corn,  
For he looked where the wood was blazing.  
He looked and he looked that he could see,  
A house and a barn, a bird and a tree.  
Still steadily gazed the boy at these,  
And pussy's gray back kept arching;  
Till his little sister cried out, "why bab,  
—Only see how the corn is sizzling!"  
And sure enough, when the boy looked back,  
The corn in the ashes were burnt quite black.  
"Never mind," said he, "we shall have enough,  
—So now, let's sit back and eat it!"  
I'll carry the stools and you the corn;  
"The nice nobody can beat it!"  
She took up the corn in her pinafore,  
And they ate it all nor wished for more.

## WHAT SENT ONE HUSBAND TO CALIFORNIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BENNY SIDES."

Mr. Warren left his counting-room at the hour of one, to go home to dinner. He sauntered leisurely along, for he knew by long experience that dinner never waited for him. As he turned the last corner, he ran into the arms of a man who was advancing at a rapid pace. Each stopping to adjust a hat, after such a collision, instantly recognized the other as an old acquaintance.

"Why, Harry, is it you?"

"'Tis my word, Charley! where did you drop down from?"

"From the clouds, as I always do," said Charley, with a grin. "It's an age since I met you. How goes the world with you?"

"After a fashion," said Warren; "sometimes well and sometimes ill. I am quite a family man now, you know—wife and four children."

"Ah, indeed? No, I did not know that; I have quite lost track of you, since we were in Virginia together."

"Come, it is just our dinner hour," said Mr. Warren; "come home with me, and let us have a talk about old times."

"With all my heart," said Charley; "I want to see the wife and children, too. Has the wife the laughing black eyes and silken ringlets you married in imagination long ago, Harry?"

"Not exactly," said Warren, without returning very heartily his friend's smile. "My wife was pretty, once, though; she was very pretty when I married her, but she is a feeble woman; she has seen a great deal of illness since then, and it has changed her somewhat."

By this time Mr. Warren reached his own door, and, with some secret misgivings, turned the key, and invited his friend into his small but comfortably furnished house. Glad he was, indeed, to meet him; but, if the truth must be told, he would have been quite as well pleased if it had been after dinner. He would have felt easier could he have prepared the lady of the house to receive his guest. For his part, he would have killed the fatted calf, with great rejoicing; but to set wife, children house and table in a hospitable tone, required more time than he could now command.

"Sit down," said he, ushering Morton into the best parlor. "Take the rocking chair, Charley;—you have not forgotten your old tricks, of always claiming the rocking chair, have you? Stop—a little dust on it." Out came his pocket-handkerchief, and wiped off, not a little, but a great deal of dust. "Never mind," said he; "make yourself quite at home, while I go and hunt up the folks, will you?"

Mr. Warren thought it prudent to close the parlor doors after him, that all unnecessary communication with the rest of the house, might be cut off. His first visit was to the kitchen, to ascertain which servant and maid-of-all-work, was in good humor, he had little to fear. No one could better meet an exigency, when she had a mind to the work. He opened the door gently. "Well, Betty," said he, in a conciliatory tone, "what have you got nice for us to-day?"

She seemed to understand, as if by instinct, her importance, and was just cross enough to make a bad use of it.

"Got you the veal-stakes, to be sure, you sent home; I don't see what else we could have."

"Have you anything for dessert?" was asked; in the same gentle tone.

"I suppose there is a pie somewhere."

"Well, Betty, I wish you would get up a dish of ham and eggs, if you can. We are to have a gentleman to dine with us, and the dinner is rather small."

Betty looked like a thunder cloud. "You'll have to wait a good while, I guess, then; the fire is all out."

"Put on some charcoal," said Mr. Warren; "here, I'll get it, while you cut the ham. Now, do give us one of your nice dishes, Betty; nobody can cook ham and eggs quite like you, when you have a mind to. Where is Mrs. Warren?"

"In her chamber, I suppose," said Betty, sulkily, adding in an under tone, not exactly intended to reach her master's ear, "where she always is."

He did hear it, however, and with a sympathetic heart he went to his wife's chamber.

The room was partially darkened, and on the bed in loose sick gown, with dishevelled hair, lay Mrs. Warren. Her hand rested on a bottle of cypher, and on the stand at her side was an ominous bowl of water, with wet clothes in it.

"Juliette, my love, are you ill?"

"Ill? what a question to ask! I told you half a dozen times, this morning, I had one of my headaches; that's just all you mind about me!"

"I am sorry, but I really thought, Juliette, it would pass off. Shall you not feel able to come down to dinner?"

"No, I am sure I never shall want anything to eat again; it seems as if these headaches would kill me."

"Where are the children?"

"I don't know, I'm sure; I don't look after them when I'm sick! If Betty can't do that, she had not better try to do anything."

"I wish you would make an effort, Juliette, and come down to dinner; I have an old friend to dine with us—Charles Morton, of whom you have so often heard me speak. He has come on purpose to see my wife and children."

"Dear me! how could you bring company home to-day, when you know I was sick? I don't believe I could hold my head up if I were to try!"—and closing her eyes, she pressed both hands on her temples.

Mr. Warren said no more; he would not urge the matter. He made up his mind to dine without her; and, with a sigh, he slowly returned to the parlor. Had he spoken out his honest feelings, he would have said: "What a misfortune it is for a young man to have an ailing wife! My servants rule, my children are neglected, my house is in disorder, my wife does not like to be because I do not make a fuss over her all the time, and something is the matter continually; if it is not one thing, it is another—and I am weary of it!"

He found his friend still in the arm chair, busily reading a scrap-book which was on the table. Faded in his eyes and twitched at the corners of his mouth; and as soon as he caught sight of Warren he burst into a merry peal of laughter. Warren could not resist it, and he laughed full five minutes before he knew what the joke was. It was only something in the scrap-book which brought to remembrance an old old scrap which had together—

but the laugh worked like a charm with him. His family troubles seemed to vanish before it. Like mist in the morning. A more manly carriage was aroused in him; he was a better and a stronger man.

"By George, Charley," said he, something like the Harry Warren of other days, "it does me good to hear your old laugh again!" An animated conversation ensued, and it was some time before Mr. Warren remembered that they had not yet dined.

"We are not going to starve you out, Charley," said he, "but my wife is not able to be about to-day, and our cook, I see, is taking her own time. Excuse me a moment, and I will go and stir her up, by way of remembrance."

Nothing to his delight, the bell rang. He was moved to the trial of heading the long twines in his den. As he was going to the dining-room with his friend, a troop of ill-dressed and noisy children pushed by them, and hurried in great disorder to their seats. Mr. Morton spoke to them, but they hung their heads. He was somewhat embarrassed. He felt that he ought to take some notice of them, and yet it seemed as if it would spare his friend's feelings not to notice them. He took hold of the wrong horn of the dilemma.

"Which of them looks like the mother, Harry?"

"The boy nearest you, I think," was the short reply; then, as if obliged to add, by way of apology, "I am very sorry that Mrs. Warren cannot come to-day, but she has one of her bad headaches."

"She is a coming," said one of the children; "she says she 'sposes she must."

Morton pretended not to hear this speech. He saw that something was wrong in his friend's domestic life. Had he, then, married unfortunately? "I shall be sorry for him, if he has," thought Morton; "he deserves a good wife; a better-headed fellow never breathed."

Warren's sunshine was fast vanishing, though his dinner, it is but justice to Betty we should say, was well-cooked; yet his table needed the lady. No clean napkins were there; no nice salters and shining spoons graced it; no order and elegance of serving made it attractive. Betty had no eye for the fancy-work. But the food was good, and there was an abundance of it; and the gentlemen would have enjoyed it, if the children had not been so troublesome.

When dinner was about half over, Mrs. Warren made her appearance. Walking languidly, she took her seat at the head of the table. She still wore her loose gown, over which she had thrown a shawl. Her hair was still uncombed. Her eyes were dull and heavy in their expression, and her eyebrows were elevated. She looked as if she felt miserable. "Ah, Juliette," said Mr. Warren, slightly, coloring, "I did not know that you would feel able to come down. Let me introduce you to my old friend, Mr. Morton."

Mrs. Warren bowed.

"You have been suffering with a headache to-day, my friend tells me," said Mr. Morton.

"Yes, I suffer nearly all the time," was the reply; "if it is not one thing, it is another. I am almost discouraged."

"O, no, Juliette, it is some time since you have had a bad turn," said her husband.

"Only last week," was her short reply. "Your memory is not very good on this point. I believe you think I can help being sick."

Mr. Warren tried to laugh off this thrust; but there was no heart in it. All sociability vanished with Mrs. Warren's presence, and all peace, too; for the children acted worse than ever. Mr. Morton suffered for his friend, and was much relieved when they were again by themselves in the parlor. He could have forgiven the want of glossy ringlets and laughing eyes, but he could not forgive the want of good humor, in Harry Warren's wife. He felt as if his friend had been taken in; he pitied him; and fiercer than ever was his determination to run no such hazards himself.

So much of Mr. Warren's day had been occupied with his friend, that he was quite late before he was able to leave his store. He went home weary in body and mind. How much he needed to have things comfortable and cheerful around him! There! But, much as he loved his family, he found neither rest nor pleasure at home. — Work for them he would,

like a dog, from morning to night; but, when the day's toil was over, there were no home attractions for him. This night, it would have been a comfort to him, could he have just thrown himself down on the sofa and taken his book; but he knew well enough this would not answer. He knew that his wife had been watching to hear his steps, and would feel hurt if he did not go up to her at once. So, with a sigh, he went into the dusky chamber. As he expected, his wife was on the bed.

"Do you feel any better, Juliette?"

"Better!—no! It seems as if I should go crazy. Those children will kill me. Do, pray, Mr. Warren, send them off to bed, or hold my head or do something. I thought you never would come home."

The air of the sick room, perfumed as it was with camphor and ammonia, oppressed the weary man. He said he would go and send the children to bed.

This was more easily said than done; the children were tired and cross, and full of wants, and Betty would not help him in the least. Patience and perseverance, however, got the least little urchin into his nest. "Now go to sleep, boys," said he; "your mother is sick to-night, and I must not hear a word from you."

"Seems to me, mother is always sick," said Henry.

"Then, Master Henry, it is your duty always to keep still; remember that, will you?"

It was after eight o'clock before Mr. Warren had a chance to eat any supper. He went to the dining-room. His tea had stood until it was quite cold; his toast was cold, and a dim light cast a jaundiced light over his uninviting repast. He, however, was used to such things; indeed, he hardly expected anything different. The meal over, he drew his evening paper from his pocket and read it, feeling all the time like a culprit. He knew that he was expected in that oppressive chamber, and that the minutes of his delay were counted. After nine it was, the clock was on the point of striking ten, when he re-entered it. Camphor and ammonia were as strong as ever, and the headache, too, to all appearances.

"Can I do anything for you, Juliette?"

"Do anything! I might die, for all anybody would do for me. What made you come up at all?"

"You know very well, Juliette, I had to put the children to bed, to get them out of your way; and, tired as I was, I never got a mouthful of supper until almost nine o'clock. I have done the best I could."

He said this in a tone which showed that he was both irritated and hurt. Once, Mrs. Warren would have been much grieved, and would have sought earnestly to heal the wound which she made; but being sick so much was fast making her selfish. It was only of self she thought.

"I wish you would not complain of me," said she, without being found fault with.

"I was not finding fault with you, Juliette; but a man can't do more than he can do."

Juliette continued to sob; her husband was silent. When, at length, they slept, it was with chilled affections and heavy hearts, and their slumbers were neither sweet nor refreshing.

Several years passed, and Mrs. Warren's health did not improve. She seemed to have made up her mind that she must suffer, and that people ought to pity her, and not expect her to do anything. The sunshine that had once been about her vanished; she spoke at all times in a distressed tone of voice; a doleful expression became habitual with her. She made no exertion which she could avoid, she shrank every care which could be avoided. Mr. Warren and Betty must see to things. Now, Betty was no housekeeper; she could do hard work, but not head work. She did not understand economy. She used up what she had, without thinking of to-morrow. It was not her business to be bothering as to how the two ends should meet. Such management at home, together with the increasing wants of a family, required a good income. Mr. Warren's business gave him a comfortable living, but it was not quite equal to filling up four barrels which had a hole in the bottom. He began to run behind, and to become discouraged. He got into debt, and then, going on from bad to worse, he became completely disheartened. His family was a drag on him. He could not tell his wife of his troubles;—if he did, she only cried, and said, "she was sure she could not help it; she did all she could, when her health was so poor. She thought he might have more feeling for her than to complain." He, therefore, formed his own plans in silence.

One October morning, Mrs. Warren awoke with one of her sick headaches. Finding this to be the case, she went to sleep again, and it was very late before she awoke the second time. Dressing herself at her leisure, she went to the dining-room. Some cold breakfast stood waiting for her, which she partook of alone;—neither husband nor children were there. At dinner she met her children, but not her husband; he had not returned. This provoked her a little. "He stays," thought she, "just on purpose, because I am ill. I'll keep out of his way, I guess, for one while." With this generous resolve, she took to her darkened chamber, her camphor and ammonia (which she knew to be particularly unpleasant to him), and her bandages and ice-water. The time came, but not Mr. Warren. The children had their supper, and went to bed. Eight, nine, ten o'clock struck. Mrs. Warren sprang from her bed and called Betty. "Betty, where can Mr. Warren be! Here it is ten o'clock, and he has not come yet!"

"I declare, Miss Warren, I don't know what can have become of him. There, now, I do remember. 'Twasn't but yesterday he paid me up all my wages, and paid me a quarter in advance, because, he said, he had the money by him, and might have it by and by. 'Then,' says he, Betty, says he, 'if I should not be at home one of these nights, you need not be frightened. I have got to go off on some business, and may not get back. You need not keep the doors open after ten for me. I won't tell Miss Warren,' says he; 'she'll worry.' There's the very words he said. Now, I'll bet that's where he has gone; and we may as well lock up and go to bed. He won't be here to-night."

More in anger than in sorrow, Mrs. Warren consented to this arrangement, and went back to her solitary chamber. Scarcely thinking of any one but herself, she could not see that Mrs. Warren had been a quarter in advance, because, he said, he had the money by him, and might have it by and by. 'Then,' says he, Betty, says he, 'if I should not be at home one of these nights, you need not be frightened. I have got to go off on some business, and may not get back. You need not keep the doors open after ten for me. I won't tell Miss Warren,' says he; 'she'll worry.' There's the very words he said. Now, I'll bet that's where he has gone; and we may as well lock up and go to bed. He won't be here to-night."

## EARLY LOVES.

BY EDWARD W. BARFORD.

I mind me of a sunny face,  
A light and airy form;  
I mind me of a gentle heart,  
—With kind affection warm;  
I mind me of a little hand,  
That 'd be to weave me posies,  
Making and hating in the field,  
Where grew the summer roses.  
But, ah! that face is wrinkled now,  
That form is old and bent,  
And eyes that once were bright,  
Are dim and dimly bent;  
A chastening grief has left;  
But still the same old smile is there,  
(Though pain'd its gladness now.)  
As when in youth I softly pressed  
Her hair, and smil'd her brow.  
As the soft, fine mist of morning,  
Dissolve and fade away,  
So fades the light of early dreams,  
As youth's bright hopes decay;  
But the loves that childhood hallow'd  
Bloom in the heart as fair,  
As when in our youth and joyance,  
Our fancy plac'd them there.

## Lord and Lady Byron.

A correspondent of the Home Journal asks the editor to state the cause of the rupture between Lord and Lady Byron, and says to do so is no easy task, since Byron himself repeatedly declares, in his letters, that the cause was unknown to him. The Journal says:

On the second of January, 1815, Lord Byron, then in his twenty-seventh year—was united in marriage with Miss Milbanke. On the tenth of December, of the same year, Augusta Ada, their child was born. About six weeks after, Lady Byron left London on a visit to her father, in Leicestershire, with the understanding that her husband would shortly join her. They parted in kindness, nay in tender affection. On the journey Lady Byron wrote him an affectionate and playful letter. Immediately on the arrival at the paternal mansion, her father wrote to Lord Byron, to inform him that his daughter would return to him no more; and the husband and wife never met again. At the time of the marriage, Lord Byron was a man of fashion, and addicted to the vices of a man of fashion.

Marriage was continually recommended to Byron, as an "antidote" to dissipation. At length he took the prescription—and a bitter dose it proved. He proposed to Miss Milbanke, and was refused. They continued, however, to be on very friendly terms, and to correspond. He proposed a second time, and was accepted. His friends protested against his choice for two reasons: first, because she was too "strait-laced," i. e. too good for him; and secondly, because her fortune consisted chiefly in expectations. But, sitting one day with a friend, when a refusal from an other lady arrived, Byron said:—"You see that after all, Miss Milbanke is to be the person—I will write to her." He wrote on the instant, and showed the letter to his friend, who, still remonstrated against his choice, read the letter over, and remarked: "Well, really, this is a very pretty letter; it is a pity it should not go; I never read a prettier one." "Then it shall go," said Lord Byron. It did go, and it sealed his fate.

Miss Milbanke was the pattern daughter of a patrician country gentleman. An English country house, of the patrician sort, is a place where peace and plenty, order and regularity, have taken up their abode. Life in it goes on in an unvarying room of duties and delights. From the master to the scullion, each inhabitant has, knows, and keeps his place; yielding obedience to those above him, requiring respect and submission from those below him. But the yoke is easy and the burden is light, because respect is mingled with affection, and obedience is rendered with loyalty. Miss Milbanke, as we have just observed, was a pattern lady of her class—virtuous, discreet, prudent, orderly kind—formed to be a wise mother of English children, an admirable mother of an English home. She was not a woman who would see anything romantic in a liaison, or any thing interesting in a seizure of furniture by the sheriff; nor was she a woman who could regard the glory of the poet as a set off against the faults of the man; on the contrary she would consider—and rightly consider—that the possession of such extraordinary talents heightens the turpitude of moral delinquency.

Nine times during the year that Lord and Lady Byron lived together, the sheriff's officers seized the furniture for debt. It was reported about town that his extravagant lordship had married an heiress, and his marriage was a signal for creditors to come upon him in a swarm irritating him, dismaying her.

Byron was a troublesome man to live with. His mood was more changeable than the weather—melancholy, hilarious, peevish, savage, all in a day and all without apparent cause—and there was no knowing how to take him. All this, and perhaps more, Lady Byron had to endure—she who had been all her life accustomed to a state of things as different as can be conceived. She bore it, however, as far as we know, without repining; until transferred to her own sphere again she remarked the contrast.—An affectionate and officious "mamma," horrified by the tale her daughter brought of "executions," probably persuaded her not to return. Byron was astounded at the news. His pecuniary difficulties had reached their utmost, and to use his own language, the blow came when he was standing on his heart with his household gods shivering around him. With a noble candor, he wrote a few days after, to Tom Moore:—"There never was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, a more amiable, or agreeable being than Lady Byron. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her while with me. If I were there is blame, it belongs to myself; and, if I were not, I must bear it." For many years Byron seems to have cherished the hope of reconciliation; but the mother-in-law was implacable to the last, and even the poet became an exile and a wanderer, without a home, and without those virtues which a home might have fostered in his wayward but naturally noble character.

Gen. Jackson's father was an Irishman, the first employment he had in Charleston, South Carolina, where he had landed, was to carry the bed.—The mother of Col. Fremont was a poor washerwoman! Only think of these things, and don't be disrespectful to a woman's bed or an old woman's wash-tub.

## THE POLITES OF GREAT MEN.—Tyrcho Brahe, the astronomer, changed color, and his legs shook under him, on meeting with a hare or fox. Dr. Johnson would never enter a room with his left foot foremost; if by mistake it did get in first, he would step back and place his right foot foremost. Julius Cæsar was almost convulsed by the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get in a cellar, or underground, to escape the dreadful noise. To Queen Elizabeth the simple word "death" was full of horrors. Even Talleyrand trembled and changed color on hearing the word pronounced. Marshal Saxe, who met and overthrew opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat. Peter the Great could never be persuaded to cross a bridge; and though he tried to master the terror, he failed to do so. Whenever he set foot on one he would shriek out in distress and agony. Byron would never help any one to salt at the table, nor would he be helped himself. If any of the article happened to be spilled on the table, he would jump up and leave his meal unfinished. The story of the great Frenchman, Malesbranche, is well known and is well authenticated. He fancied he carried an enormous leg of mutton at the tip of his nose. No one could convince him to the contrary. One day a gentleman visiting him adopted this plan to cure him of his folly; he approached him with the intention of embracing him, when he suddenly exclaimed, "If your leg of mutton has struck me in the face!" at which Malesbranche expressed regret. The friend went on: "May I not remove the encumbrance with a razor?" "Ah, my friend! my friend! I owe you more than life. Yes, yes; by all means cut it off!" In a twinkling the friend lightly cut the tip of the philosopher's nose, and, adroitly raising it under the table, he carried it off in triumph. "Ah!" cried Malesbranche, "I live! I breathe! I am saved! My nose is free; my head is free; but—but—it was raw, and that is cooked!" "Truly; but then you have been seated near the fire; that must be the reason." Malesbranche was satisfied, and from that time forward he made no more complaints about any mutton-leg, or any other monstrous protuberance on his nose.

## BRIDAL CHAMBERS IN HOTELS.—[Most heartily do we concur in the following remarks from the Philadelphia Ledger, upon the gross indecency of the bridal arrangements in hotels and steamboats.]

We would call attention to a prominent feature in all this great, increasing and vulgar display in hotels and steamboats. This is the "Bridal Chamber." In each new hotel and steamboat, this is furnished more sumptuously than any preceding it. And so soon as a bride enters a hotel or a steamboat, the coming is buzzed about in spite of all the delicacy or discretion of captains, hosts or hostesses, all the eyes of all the impertinently inquisitive are directed to the "bridal chamber," and all their tongues are busy with gossip and speculation. A "bride" must be rather tender to endure this without annoyance, and rather brazen to receive it complacently. Is this an improvement in American manners? Regarding domestic relations as sanctities, we would guard them from the coarsely suggestive mystery of the Asiatics, and the no less coarsely suggestive publicity of some Europeans.

In England, births, and promises of birth, among the "nobility and gentry," are "gazetted." In Germany, lovers go into newspapers about their betrothals—and holiday presents to their beloved Gertrudes and Wilhelminas, and particularly upon the wedding wardrobe and baby linen; and husbands expiate in the same field, upon the hopes, consummations, sufferings, recoveries, churchings and christenings of their own dear Sophias and Gustafinas. More dignity, more delicacy, more respect for woman, have been the rule among Americans. Is that rule infringed by the pompous display of these public "Bridal Chambers? Brides who do not wish to blush before so much company, will be discreet in avoiding them."

VERY RICH.—A correspondent at Burkeville Ky. says:

MR. EDITOR: I think the following is to good to be lost: A staunch democrat in this neighborhood during the Mexican war, was called upon to pray at a regular church meeting, on which he perpetrated the usual form on such occasions, with the addition: "Oh, Lord, be with our army in Mexico; whether it be right, or whether it be wrong, bless it. We of the democratic party are charged with making a war of conquest; but we believe it to be a war of defense. But, oh, Lord, we would not enter into argument on the subject before you, but for further we would refer to the President's Message."

This was brought to mind by hearing the same brother before an association a few days since, make the following speech:

"I would urge upon you brethren, the taking of the Western Recorder," turning to a delegation from a church in Tennessee—"and you, brethren, ought to take it, too, as the interests of the Church in Kentucky and Tennessee are very closely allied, and will become much more so on the completion of the Nashville and McMinnville railroad, which I pray God, will not be long, as I have about fifteen thousand dollars involved in that enterprise."—Western Recorder.

OF A man's true prosperity often begins when he is said to be ruined; and his ruin when he is said to be prospering.