The Lancaster Intelligencer.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

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DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

BY W. G. CLARK.

Young mother, he is gone!
His dimpled cheek no more will touch thy breast;
No more the music-tone
Float from his lips to thine all fondly pressed;
His smile and happy laugh are lost to thee—
Earth must his mother and his pillow be.

His was the morning-hour;
And he hath passed in beauty from the day,
A bud—not yet a flower;
Torn in its sweetness from the parent spray,
The death-wind swept him to his soft repose,
As frost in spring-time blights the early rose.

Never on earth again
Will his rich accents charm the listening ear,
Like some Æolian strain,
Breathing at even-tide serene and clear;
His voice is choked in dust, and on his eyes
The unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.

And from the yearning heart,
Whose inmost core was warm with love for him,
A gladness must depart,
And those kind eyes with many tears be dim;
While lonely memories, an unceasing train,
Will turn the raptures of the past to pain.

Yet mourner! while the day
Rolls like the darkness of a funeral by,
And hope forbids one ray
To stream athwart the grief-discolored sky,
There breaks upon thy sorrow's evening gloom
A trembling lustre from beyond the tomb.

'Tis from the better land!
There, bathed in radiance that around them springs,
Thy loved one's wings expand,
As with the choiring cherubim he sings;
And all the glory of that God can see
Who said on earth to children, "Come to me."

Mother! thy child is blest:
And though his presence may be lost to thee,
And vacant leave thy breast,
And missed a sweet fond from the parent knee;
Though tones familiar from thy ear have passed,
Thou'll meet thy first-born with his Lord at last.

LYING.

BY TOM MOORE.

I do confess, in many a sigh,
My lips have breathed you many a lie;
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them, for a lie or two?

Nay,—look not thus, with brow reproving;
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving.
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
This world would be in strange confusion.
If ladies' eyes, were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy must leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes.
Oh, no—believe me, lovely girl,
When nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your amber locks to golden wire,
Then, only then, can Heaven decree,
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn,
We've swearing kiss'd, and kissing sworn.

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once I'll tell you truth, my dear.
Whenever you may chance to meet
Some loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false and he believes you,
Long as you trust and he deceives you,
So long as the blissful bond endures,
And while he lies, his heart is yours:
But, oh! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth.

Why Widow Jenkens Didn't Marry Dr. Wells.

Why didn't the Widow Jenkens marry Dr. Wells? *That* was the exciting subject of debate before the Gossiptown 'Ladies' Mutual improvement Widows' Relief Society,' at one of their weekly meetings.

Now, Dr. Wells had been very attentive to Mrs. Jenkens for a number of months. He invariably walked home with her from church, had escorted her to a number of pic-nics, and in many ways had evinced his partiality. As for the young and pretty widow, she did not appear to be at all displeased with these attentions; on the contrary, she received them with evident pleasure; so their marriage was considered a settled thing by the inhabitants of Gossiptown in general, and the members of the Ladies' Mutual Improvement and Widows' Relief Society,' in particular.

So when they learned that he had suddenly disappeared, without telling them where he was going, what he was going for, when he was coming back, &c., &c., all of which particulars they had an undisputed right to know, and without bidding any of them good bye, their astonishment and indignation were intense.

Strange and conflicting were their conjectures, and various were the rumors that were thereby set afloat. Some said that he had been arrested for high treason, some that he was a spy from the Confederate army, while others did not hesitate to say that he was a *bigamist*, one of those wandering gentry who go from town to town, deceiving with their perfidious wiles the susceptible hearts of that confiding sex whose *gullibility* has become proverbial.

But finally, after due deliberation and careful consideration of all the pros and cons, the whys and wherefores, by the directors of the above mentioned society, to wit:—Miss Dorothy Wormwood, Miss Lovetalk, Mrs. Pickflaw and Mrs. Makefuss—they came to the unanimous conclusion, 'that his mysterious disappearance was occasioned by the rejection of Dr. Wells by the Widow Jenkins, for some cause to them unknown, but supposed to be some terrible crime committed by the aforesaid Doctor, and discovered by the aforesaid Widow; and that the aforesaid gentleman had left Gossiptown clandestinely to his discomfiture and avoid the shame of a disclosure.'

Indeed, Miss Lovetalk testified 'that one day, as she was walking past the Widow's house, she saw the Doctor and Mrs. Jenkins together in the garden, and distinctly heard the latter tell the former, 'that she should certainly expose his conduct.' And that the Doctor replied, 'that he hoped she wouldn't, as it would be the ruin of him.' Upon which the Widow gave a sort of derisive laugh.'

Whereupon, Mrs. Pickflaw shook her head, and said, 'that she didn't know what stronger proof they wanted than that. For *her* part she was free to own that she never did like Dr. Wells. She knew he was a great favorite with some folks, but his smooth, oily way didn't go down with *her!* She never had said anything, because she didn't wish to injure the young man's prospects, but it had long been her private opinion that he was nothing but a wolf in sheep's clothing! Mothers ought to be very careful,' she added, drawing herself up with dignity, 'with whom they allow their daughters to associate. I took an early opportunity to warn my daughters against him; and it is very gratifying to me to reflect that they had the wisdom to profit by the advice.' [MEM. When Dr. Wells first came to Gossiptown, this wise and prudent matron was very assiduous in her attentions, using every art in her power to entrap him into a marriage with one of her five unmarried daughters.

"And the Widow Jenkens is of the same piece, I'm of the opinion,' said the amiable Miss Dorothy Wormwood, 'The airs that woman puts on are perfectly ridiculous. I should think after *this* that she'd hold her head a little lower.'

'I should think so, too,' chimed in the charitable Mrs. Makefuss. 'I guess, if the truth was known, it would be found out that she's no better than she ought to be. To my certain knowledge, she has been altogether too free, not only with Dr. Wells, but with other gentlemen I could mention. For my part, I should be glad if her conduct could be considered only in the light of imprudence.'

'It seems that she wasn't imprudent enough to marry Dr. Wells,' remarked Miss Lovetalk; 'though one could see, with half an eye, that she was over head and ears in love with him. What could have been the reason?'

This was re-echoed by the company, while deep perplexity sat upon all countenances.

And this brings us back to the commencement of our story. Why didn't the Widow Jenkens marry Dr. Wells?

It was clear to these astute minds, that the Widow herself was the only person who could settle this vexed question. But with all her kindness of heart and affability, there was a gentle dignity in this lady's manner that prevented any attempts at familiarity, so no one was bold enough to ask her point blank, and hints and insinuations she either could not, or would not understand.

Miss Lovetalk once ventured to ask, 'If she expected to hear from the Doctor?' To which she received a decided negative. And they had each, respectively, expressed their astonishment at his sudden disappearance, in the hope of obtaining some clue to the mystery, but the Widow listened in grave silence, giving them no intimation, by word or by look, that she knew any more about it than they; so they were completely baffled.

'There is Hattie Burns going by,' said Mrs. Wormwood, suddenly, as she happened to glance out of the window, 'I'll warrant she knows something about it, if she was only a mind to tell; she is over to the Widow's more'n half the time.'

I shouldn't wonder if she did, exclaimed Miss Lovetalk, 'I mean to call her in.'

Hattie was called in accordingly; and no important witness ever underwent a sharper cross-questioning at the most ingenious criminal lawyer than did the astonished girl before this self-constituted 'Court of Inquiry.'

But they elicited nothing of importance. Hattie solemny declared "that she hadn't heard Mrs. Jenkens mention the Doctor's name, though she had thought she seemed more sober than usual since he went away.'

At last by the dint of tea and flattery, with which they plied her liberally, Hattie, who was but a young, giddy girl, and not a little elated at the idea of being a person of much importance, was induced to promise that she would ask Mrs. Jenkens why she refused Dr. Wells, for that she had refused him they were fully convinced, and duly report her reply.

Hattie had hardly left the house before she heartly repented of the promise that she had so thoughtlessly made, but as she had given her word she determined to redeem it.

So the next morning she set out upon her errand. The nearer she approached the house, the more unpleasant she felt; for she was a sensible, though impulsive girl, and could not but feel, upon reflection, that this inquiry was impertinent, and one which their intimacy, open and unrestrained as it was, gave her no right to make.

When she reached the house, the cloud upon her usually sunny brow and the unwonted constraint of her manner, could not fail to be noticed by Mrs. Jenkins, who, though but a few years her senior, felt a motherly interest in the young girl, who was an orphan.

'What ails you, Hattie?' she inquired kindly; 'are you sick?'

'No—yes,' stammered poor Hattie, who began to feel what little courage she had been able to muster oozing out of the end of her fingers; 'that is, I don't feel very well. The fact is,' she added desperately, 'I've got into a scrape.'

The kind hearted woman looked a little anxious, for she was well acquainted with Hattie's impulsive disposition, but she said quietly:

'And you have come to ask me help you out of it?'

'Yes. And if you only will, my dear Mrs. Jenkins, I promise you that I will never get into such another.'

'You may be sure that I will do the best that I can for you, Hattie, but you must tell me what it is.'

'Well, the 'society ladies' yesterday made me promise to ask you a question, a very impertinent one, I am sure you will say, when you have heard it.'

Mrs. Jenkins' countenance cleared.—'Is that all, you silly child?' she said.—'Why, I thought it was something terrible. But do, pray, tell me what the question is; I am very curious to know.'

'They want to know,' said Hattie, hesitatingly, 'why you didn't marry Doctor Wells? They will have it he has turned out some terrible character, a pirate, a robber, to say the least; and that you have found it out, and dismissed him.'

Mrs. Jenkins' expressive countenance, as she heard this, underwent vaaious changes; first she looked astonished, then indignant, then she colored and then smiled.

'I hope you are not angry,' said Hattie, in some trepidation, as Mrs. Jenkins made no reply. 'I promised to ask you, so I thought I must. But you needn't tell me; indeed, I hope you won't. I don't see why it should be any of their business, and I'm sure it's none of mine.'

'I am not in the least angry with you, Hattie,' said the Widow, smiling. 'Though I should advise you not to be so hasty, another time, in giving your promise, inasmuch as this occasioned you so much uneasiness. You may tell these ladies that I invite them to take tea at my house tomorrow afternoon, and that I will then and there answer that important question; I trust to their entire satisfaction. You may come too, Hattie,' she added, as the young girl caught up her hat, preparatory to making a hasty exit.

This message was received by the aforesaid ladies with mingled surprise and self-congratulation. With surprise, because Mrs. Jenkins had, hitherto, stood steadily aloof from the society; being so uncharitable as to declare it to be nothing but a 'school for scandal,' and that it accomplished more mischief than good. With self congratulation, because they felt, to use Miss Wormwood's felicitous expression 'that something was coming now that would astonish *some* folks.'

The next day, at the appointed hour, found them all quietly seated in Mrs. Jenkins' pleasant little parlor.

Mrs. Jenkins received them with her usual affability. Indeed, she was more than usually sociable, and seemed to be particularly desirous of making her guests feel perfectly at home. But there was a certain constraint in their manner, but especially in their tongues which were more than usually quiet, and their minds seemed to be solemnly impressed with the important disclosure that was about to be made. Every time their hostess opened her mouth to speek, all eyes were fixed upon her in eager expectancy, and as there fell from them some casual remark, as far as possible from the subject of their thoughts, their disappointment was evident.

But the Widow seemed to be quite unconscious of all this. She looked as cool and comfortable in her simple white muslin, laughed as gaily and chatted as cheerfully as though there was no such person as Dr. Wells in existence, and nothing in the mystery of his disappearance that she was expected to clear up.

The afternoon wore slowly away, and Mrs. Jenkens led her guests out to the supper table, whose bountifully spread board seemed to have a benign effect upon those for whom it was provided.

And as they seated themselves around it, and sipped the fragrant nectar, vulgarly called tea, their hearts began to expand under its genial influence, and they all commenced with one accord, to praise the light and crisp biscuits, the spicy loaf-cakes, the delicious custards and preserves, &c., &c., which they severally declared were the best they had ever tasted. All of which were made by the small white hands of their hostess, who was a notable little housekeeper, and though she kept one servant, generally spent part of each morning in the kitchen.

The pretty Widow bore the honors very meekly; though she did not, in accordance with a time-honored custom, declare, 'that there was nothing on the table fit to eat, and that she was really afraid that none of them would be able to make out a supper.'

But the supper, like all sublunary joys came to an end at last, and the whole party adjourned to the parlor. As soon as they had seated themselves, deep silence reigned, for they perceived by the Widow's look and manner that she was about to speak.

This time Mrs. Jenkens did not disappoint them. 'Ladies,' she said, in a tone that instantly secured attention, 'I have understood that you are all very anxious to know why I haven't married Dr. Wells. Have I been correctly informed?'

'Yes, my dear Mrs. Jenkens,' said Miss Dorothy Wormwood, who being president of the 'society,' and accustomed to speaking in public,' volunteered to become spokesman for the rest, 'we are. Not from motives of curiosity, oh no; we are above such feeling, but because we are anxious that the villain should be unmasked who has so basely deceived us. That in case he should return, which God forbid, he should not be allowed to desecrate with his unholy presence our virtuous and peaceful homes!'

Having given vent to this burst of eloquence, the amiable spinster settled back into her chair, and subsided into a solemn silence, whose dignity struggled unsuccessfully with the impatience distinctly visible in every glance of the keen, restless eyes, and in each line of the sharp angular face.

Mrs. Jenkens continued: 'In order that I may relieve the disinterested, and highly commendable anxiety which has so distracted your minds for some weeks past, and silence the many rumors to which it has given rise, I have concluded to answer that important question, to the best of my ability, upon two conditions. The first one is that the secret which I shall unfold to you be strictly confined to your own bosoms!'

This was said with a look and tone of great solemnity, and as the reader will readily imagine, it produced a corresponding degree of curiosity and excitement in those who heard it.

They all, individually and collectively, began immediately to declare, 'that they would never breathe a syllable of it to any living being!' Miss Wormwood heroically adding, 'No, not if she was to be stretched upon the rack!' which, as there was little danger of the occurrence of that rather unpleasant alternative, seemed to be somewhat superfluous.

'My other condition,' resumed Mrs. Jenkens, 'is that none of you ask me another question concerning it.'

This last condition was harder to be complied with; but as the Widow declined to proceed without it, they gave their consent to that also.

'Then, ladies,' said Mrs. Jenkens, speaking slowly and distinctly, 'I will inform you that the reason why I haven't married Dr. Wells, is—because *he has never asked me!*'

So completely absorbed were the ladies in this anxiously expected revelation, they had not observed that they had an addition to their numbers, in the form of a tall, fine-looking gentleman, who had stood for the last few moments upon the threshhold of the half-opened door, evidently uncertain as to whether he had better advance or retreat. Neither did the widow observe it, until, at the conclusion of her sentence, she raised her eyes, and met the gaze of the large and handsome pair that were fixed upon her countenance, in which there was a singular blending of mirthfulness and humor.

The consciousness that he had heard what she had said, sent the warm blood to her cheeks, but she did not lose, otherwise, the quiet self-possession that characterized her usual manner.

Dr. Wells, for it was he, had already received an inkling of the rumors that were afloat concerning him, so he was at no loss to understand the present state of affairs. But without appearing to notice the evident consternation of the company at his unexpected entrance, he turned to the Widow, and said quietly, 'Good evening Mrs. Jenkens. I rang twice at the door, but receiving no attention, and hearing the sound of voices within, I ventured to enter unannounced.'

Then, without waiting for a reply, he turned to the rest of the company, and inclining his head, remarked, 'I believe that I owe an apology to some of my good friends here for my abrupt departure. But the sudden and alarming illness of a near relative will prove, I am confident, to such *kind* and *charitable* hearts a sufficient excuse.'

A deep silence followed these words, which was broken by Miss Dorothy Wormwood, who rising from her seat, said, 'That it was getting dark, and she guessed she would have to be going.'

Whereupon a number of others started up declaring, that they had no idea it was so late!

So, one by one, they stole out, confusion upon their countenances, and shame and discomfiture in their hearts, leaving the Doctor and the Widow to themselves.

Now, we would not have the reader suppose for a moment, that we would be guilty of such a breach of confidence as to relate the conversation that followed; besides, we are well aware, though the most delightful thing imaginable to the parties themselves, that it is sufficiently flat and stupid to everybody else, especially when put upon paper. But this we may safely say, that if the Widow Jenkens didn't marry Dr. Wells, *it wasn't because he didn't ask her!*

Autobiography of a Lawyer.

I believe I started life under the auspices of my father's aunt, Deborah, a maiden lady of sixty-four, who, in the place of the father and mother, whom I never saw, alternately petted me and scolded me as long as she was able. I escaped from both when eleven years old by running away, and although she sent me innumerable messages when she discovered my whereabouts, to return to her, and be sent to school and fitted for college, I undutifully refused ever to go near her again.

I had hired out with a small farmer to do his 'chores' for my board and clothes, and I staid three years, at the end of which time my roving propensities moved me to run off from him. I had made my arrangements, and was even mounted on the top of the Reading stage, when who should come into the tavern yard but the farmer.

'Where are you going, boy?' he called out in a hard and severe tone.

'To Boston, sir.'

'To Boston!'

I cannot describe the manner in which he said this; but it woke up all the memories of a flogging which left scars—yet I have not time to tell you how many more than the immortal Fubos had. He was a course, profane man, and he launched out into a strain of abuse which would have made my blood chill if I had been afraid of him, and bade me instantly go home.

'Thank you, sir,' I said, 'I am engaged to somebody else.'

At this moment the stage started. He ordered the driver to stop and let me down; but he drove on, and I am almost ashamed to record that I made significant gesture with my thumb and finger upon my very decent Roman nose, and calling out:

'Good by, sir, you shall hear from me some day.' I went off in the exultant triumph of freedom.

I was delighted with the fine prospect which I enjoyed in my elevated seat. The driver was very kind to me, refusing my money for the whole journey, and offering to find me a stopping place in the city.

At that time there was a very old house in Howard-street, since demolished, in which a Mr Jones kept boarders for a number of years. Here he stopped the stage for me to get down.

'What shall I do, driver?' I asked.

'Just ring that bell, my lad,' he answered, 'and somebody will come and let you in.'

I looked up at the top of the door.

I don't see any bell, sir,' I said timidly.

The man burst into a loud laugh.

'Pull that knob, greeny,' he said; and straightway I pulled it again and again, until Mr. Jones, a queer looking fellow, with one leg and a dilapidated eye, came to the door and looked daggers out of his remaining orb of vision, upon the luckless weight who had broken his bell wire.

'Let that youngster stay with you and mamma Jones till I come to supper,' said the still laughing driver; and I staid.

Mamma Jones was a lady who would have made a fine companion for Daniel Lambert. Sheltered beneath her capacious wings, I could bid defiance to little Mr. Jones, who dared not attack anything that his wife might take a fancy for petting. This knowledge, together with the daily sight of my old friend the driver, kept me happy through the winter. I scoured knives, and performed quite a series of similar dignified labors every morning; but when boys of my age were around, I sometimes thought, while looking at their good and respectable clothing, that it would not have been a bad plan for me to have accepted Aunt Deborah's offer of sending me to college.

An opportunity offering of going to sea, I prepared to go, despite the tears and entreaties of the fat lady. When she saw I was determined, she provided me with everything needful for a voyage, hugged me to her capacious heart, and bade me God speed. Jones, who was so angry because I staid there, was still more so when I went away—and in his wife's absence taunted me of my new clothes, which he more than half suspected came from her, although they passed as the gift of the stage driver.

The servants were assembled to see me go away, and their hearty 'Good by, Sam!—a safe return to you, old fellow?' was probably more sincere than nine-tenths of all the good wishes that have been expressed for me since that time.

I shall say but little about my sea life. It did not answer my expectations at all. I never passed a day without intolerable seasickness, and being a light delicate boy, the captain advised me, as a friend, to stay in future upon land. Going on shore, the mate stepped forward and took my hand, saying:

'Well, Sam, you have killed a sailor, after all!'

I did not then know the meaning of this phrase, but when I got back to the old house in Howard-street, my friend, the driver, and from him I got an explanation of the term.

I could not go back to the kitchen to work again after my voyage, so I looked diligently for some employment. An advertisement in the paper for a printer's boy caught my eye, and I applied and was received. Here I was quite happy. I made myself a favorite in the office, and fortunately succeeded in learning the business so that my services would command a fair remuneration.

At twenty-one I married Susan Russell, the daughter of my employer. I am thus brief in recording this, because by no alchemy whatever could I convert the old-fashioned, matter-of-fact liking for each other and subsequent union fate to anything like romance. The whole might be compressed into a single sentence: I liked her and married her when I found she liked me.

My description of my new home will be quite as brief. We took two rooms, furnished them comfortably, and Susan kept them shining like silver the whole year round. If ever I enjoyed true, real unremitted happiness, without care or anxiety, or fear for the future, it was in those days. What peace we enjoyed! Our two eldest children were born there; and then our limits seemed too small; but it was real pain to both of us to move from the abode which had been the scene of so many calm and peaceful hours.

We removed to a cottage in the suburbs of Boston; not those miniature cities which now rise up beside the veritable Trimountain, but a small and obscure village, since risen to the size and importance it deserves.

About the time that we removed and got quietly settled, a very important law case was on the docket, and when it came on we were very busy printing the reports of the trial as it progressed. I became immensely absorbed in it, not so much from sympathy with the parties concerned as from feelings that, were I acquainted with the technicalities of the law, I could seize upon many points of importance which I believed the attorneys overlooked altogether. This idea grew stronger and stronger upon my mind. I had access to law books which were in my employer's sanctum, and pored over them sometimes all night long.

Mr. Russell had been bred to the law, but had relinquished his profession for that of an editor some years before the birth of my wife. I frankly stated to him my wishes in regard to fitting myself for the bar.

He first laughed at me, then seriously tried to dissuade me from attempting it. Opposition only strengthened my purpose, and I entered the office of an eminent lawyer, who overlooked deficiencies in some respects, in consideration, as he was pleased to term it, of the talent and acumen which my replies to his question displayed.

I now wrote for the journal I had been accustomed to print, and with such secresy Mr. Russell did not find out who his new contributor was. He would often wonder, in my presence, who it could be, and describe to me a degree of the talent and brilliancy of expression as I had hardly hoped to deserve. He often, too, imputed my articles to——, and——, then the two leading writers of the day, and express his opinion that they would not remain incog, a great while. The flattery pleased me, but I did not show any vanity to lead me into betraying myself. Through a third party I received a larger compensation for my labors than I should have had my wise father-in-law had the least suspicion who his correspondent was.

I studied hard, and had at length the inexpressible satisfaction of being admitted to the Suffolk bar. I took an office with another young lawyer, in order to reduce our expenses, and I waited anxiously for the brief period what should be offered.

Poor Susan! My heart aches at the recollection of certain privations to which with angel sweetness, she submitted at this period, in order that I might appear respectable. My contributions to various literary journals barely gave us the means of sustenance, and I had so nearly offended Mr. Russell by slighting his advice, that I did not dare to apply to him for any assistance.

One day in passing from our suburban residence to the city, I met my old landlady, Mrs. Jones. She looked at me hard and I returned it. There was no mistaking that good, honest countenance and expansive form, even when dressed as it was in deep mourning. A widow's ample veil hung over the back of her head, and nearly swept the street. The recognition was mutual, and the old lady's rapture at finding me was almost too strong for out-door exhibition. She told me of Jones' death; of their removing to the country when the old house in Howard street was torn down.

'And now,' she said, 'I am alone in the world.'

'Come and live with me,' were my first words. 'You gave me a home when I was a lone child.'

I stopped, for the though passed back upon me that I was poor and unable to maintain even my own family. A strange smile flitted over the face my friend, while she inquired of my situation. I told her, and described my wife and children.

'I will go to you, for I can help your wife enough to pay my board.'

I was almost displeased at what I had done when I considered the immense appetite which I had inconsiderately offered to supply, and which I well remembered of old. But I clung to my bargain, and begged her to come with me immediately.

'You will find me in rather close quarters,' I said, 'but you shall come and be welcome.'

We agreed that she should be there on Monday, and I went home to Susan, whom I met with rather an embarrassed air. She looked at the matter more philosophically than I had expected, and prepared her best chamber for Mrs. Jones' reception, heroically carrying in many little conveniences of which we had no duplicates.

My relation of Mrs. Jones' former kindness to me, and my description of her present lonely and widowed state, made Susan shed tears. She promised to do everything in her power for the forlorn woman, who she now thought would be thrown upon me for maintenance, and herself for companionship.

Mrs. Jones' arrived on Monday morning, carpet-bag in hand, and followed by a hand cart, bearing her old-fashioned and somewhat dilapidated hair trunk. We received her kindly, and she seemed pleased and happy, when she sat down to Susan's simple but excellent dinner. The children were attentive, and kept passing food to the new guest.

A fortnight passed away and we began to feel that we could scarcely do without Mrs. Jones. She was invaluable as an assistant to Susan, and marketing for us, her services were beyond all praise. We gave her our slender purse every morning, as she thought she could do better with it than we could—and it was perfectly amazing to see the loads of provisions and the superior quality of the same which she obtained.

Susan and I began to think we had been grievously cheated in our former purchases. So when our wardrobe imperatively called for additions, Mrs. Jones would go out with the money for a six-penny print, and return with something really handsome and valuable for my wife and a nice remnant for Katy, and then she would sit down and make them both up, with all the skill of an experienced mantua-maker.

Susan handed me some bills one day, that she said were left there by the collectors, including one for our rent, and one for the last suit of clothes which I had been unwillingly forced to buy, in order to keep up a respectable appearance. My face, I fancy, fell some degrees, for I had no money to pay them.

Mrs. Jones was bustling around the dinner table, and she said, rather sadly, that she felt that she ought not to be living upon us, and perhaps she had better go away.

'Never mind, my good friend!' said I, and 'Never,' uttered Susy.

I assured her that I would not listen to her leaving us—that I trusted very soon to get business, and that come to us what would she should share our last loaf. The good old soul hugged both at once; and then setting her cap and wiping her eyes, she went quietly back to her work. After dinner she went out, but we reiterated the injunction that she should not seek another home as long as she could put up with ours.

I called around in the evening at the various places from whence I had received the bills. To my utter surprise the answer was that they had been settled. I inquired by whom, but no one could recollect. They were all cancelled on the various books. I was thoroughly amazed, for I knew of no one but Mr. Russell who could do it for me, and I hardly believed it of him. Susy was as surprised as myself; but she rather inclined to the belief that it was her father, so I quietly let her indulge in the pleasant belief.

We got through the summer, but the winter was coming on, and I actually trembled at its approach. Industrious as I was—prudent as Susy had ever been—we could not hope to go through the cold seasons without both suffering and toil, and with debt supperadded.

I had been in the office all one gloomy November day, anxiously doubting whether I should go back to printing again. I considered the whys and wherefores, counting the cost of living, and could not find that the change would benefit me a single sou. I was toiling unremittingly now, and should have to do so if I returned to printing, and with no more pay. I became heartily discouraged. If I had been alone in the world I could have patiently borne it. Suffering and privation brought no terror to me, but the thought of those at home unmanned me; and the darker the prospect, the more I shrank from allowing Mrs. Jones to feel that she was a burden. No, come what would, the good old soul should not be removed from the circle in which she seemed to have placed all her happiness. She should remain, if we were reduced to beggary, we would beg for her, too.

I started up and paced the office impatiently. It may seem strange that a strong healthy man should be so powerless, but so it was. I had intended sending fuel home, but was disappointed in receiving money, and I now dreaded that there was a darkness on the hearth at home. I was just locking when a boy came to me with a folded paper. It read thus: 'Come to No.—, Tremont-street, about six o'clock.'

I saw no alternative but to go. The boy had gone, so I had no excuse. I walked over the damp leaves which the November blast had that very hour shaken from the trees. I went over the ground rapidly, for I panted to learn the errand and be away.

I rang at the number designated. It was a neat brick house, with substantial steps, a well lighted vestibule with glass doors, and I could see the whole front was lighted with gas. I heard little feet scampering through the hall, but as the doors were of ground glass, could see nothing.

A servant came to the door and waited on me to a handsome drawing-room with plain but good furniture. There was no plate on the outer door, so I could not even tell the name of the person wishing to see me. I was standing by the chimney-piece, when a little child ran into the room. It was so like little Katty that I would have called her so had not the pretty embroidered robe and silk apron looked so differently from our children's plain clothes. But another little head was peeping through the open door, and that was little Charlie, only for the scarlet frock and neat gaiters, and then the two made a long rush over the floor and ran into my arms, while slowly and majestically sweeping in her ample crapes and bombazines, came portly Mrs. Jones, and behind her Susy, smiling and blushing like the dawn.

I felt a sort of faintness, and passed my hand across my eyes, to be sure I was awake. Susy laid her hand on my shoulder.

'You owe it to your kind friend here,' said she gently. 'She has been trying you very deeply.'

'Trying me?' I repeated.

'Yes, my good friend,' said Mrs. Jones, 'I was rich, and had none but selfish and interested people about me, who wanted my money. I have long owned this house, and lived in it when first I met you; but a thought suggested by your invitation to go to you, induced me to try if you would keep me if I happened to be poor, and I am well satisfied with the result. We made money at the old house in Howard-street, which no one but ourselves knew of, and I always intended to find you out and make you my heir; I had, however, rather you would enjoy my property while I can have the pleasure of seeing you; so I invite you to return my visit. You will find a handsome office fitted up for you in Court-street, when you go down in the morning. The boy who will wait on you has the key of the door.

* * I took possession of my grand office next day. Briefs poured in upon me; for who will not require the services of a rich lawyer, and who wants those of a poor one? I rose rapidly, and am still standing in high places. I speak it with reverence—I owe it all to a woman.

We bought the cottage with its little garden, and go there in summer and play poverty for a few of the hottest weeks. We have four children now, and Mrs. Jones pets them all. She is trying to have me seek out my old Aunt Deborah, and perhaps I will. The old farmer, too.—I intend now that he shall hear from me.

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