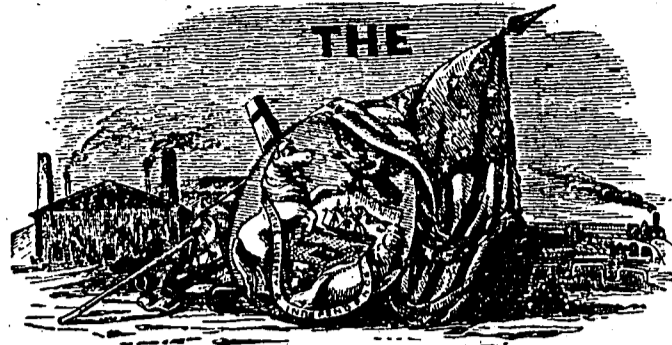


Lehigh



Register.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Devoted to News, Literature, Poetry, Science, Mechanics, Agriculture, the Diffusion of Useful Information, General Intelligence, Amusement, Markets, &c.

VOLUME IV.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., OCTOBER 11, 1849.

NUMBER 1.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER,
published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Thursday
BY AUGUSTUS L. RICHE,
At \$1 50 per annum, payable in advance, and \$2 00 if not paid until the end of the year. No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the proprietor.
Advertisements, making not more than one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar and for every subsequent insertion twenty-five cents. Larger advertisements charged in the same proportion. Those not exceeding ten lines, will be charged seventy-five cents, and those making six lines or less, three insertions for 50 cents.
A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.
Office in Hamilton Street, one door of German Reformed Church, and nearly opposite the "Friedensbote Office."

NOTICE.

William Wilson,
vs
William W. Selfridge, Administrator, &c., of Mathew Selfridge, deceased, Hannah Selfridge, widow of said deceased, and guardian of Mathew M. Selfridge, James L. Selfridge, Mathew M. Selfridge, Moses E. Coolbaugh, and Jane his wife, late Jane Selfridge, and Oliver P. Stark and Margaret his wife, late Margaret Selfridge, heirs and legal representatives of said deceased.
In the Court of Common Pleas of Lehigh County, of September Term 1849, No. 48.

And now, Sept 13, 1849, on motion of Mr. King, the Court make a rule and order, that notice in due form to the said widow and heirs named as Defendants in this case, be published in the Friedensbote and Lehigh Register, in Allentown, and in the Pennsylvania Inquirer, in Philadelphia, said notice to be published at least once in each week for four weeks, in each of said papers, the last of said publications, to be on the first day of next Term, to wit: on the first Monday of December next; and if they, or any of them, shall fail to appear on said day, Judgement will be rendered against them, or such of them as shall so fail to appear, for default of appearance.
From the Records.
Teste—NATHAN MILLER, Proth'y.
October 4.

NOTICE.

James Lackey,
vs
William W. Selfridge, Administrator, &c., of Mathew Selfridge, deceased, Hannah Selfridge, widow of said deceased, and guardian of Mathew M. Selfridge, James L. Selfridge, Mathew M. Selfridge, Moses E. Coolbaugh, and Jane his wife, late Jane Selfridge, and Oliver P. Stark and Margaret his wife, late Margaret Selfridge, heirs and legal representatives of said deceased.
In the Court of Common Pleas of Lehigh County, of September Term 1849, No. 47.

And now September 13, 1849, on motion of Mr. King, the Court make a rule and order, that notice in due form, to the said widow and heirs, named as Defendants in this case, be published in the Friedensbote and Lehigh Register, in Allentown, and in the Pennsylvania Inquirer in Philadelphia; said notice to be published at least once in each week for four weeks, in each of said newspapers, the last of said publications to be at least fifteen days before the first day of next Term, requiring said Defendants to appear on said first day of next Term, to wit: on the first Monday of December next; and if they, or any of them, shall fail to appear on said day, Judgement will be rendered against them, or such of them, as shall so fail to appear, for default of appearance.
From the Records.
Teste—NATHAN MILLER, Proth'y.
October 4.

H. LEVIN JR.,
LATE WILLIAM STOVER & SONS,
GROGGER
AND
DEALER IN COUNTRY PRODUCE,
No. 185 North Third Street, corner of Wood Street,
Philadelphia,
Has been replenished by the subscriber, with an entirely fresh and well selected assortment of every description of
Groceries
including prime coffee, choice flavored Teas, genuine Wines and Liquors, Spices &c. &c. Every article is strictly good of its kind and will be supplied to consumers and dealers at a small profit for cash.
H. LEVIN JR.
(late Wm. Stover & Sons, Phil.)
Country produce bought and taken in exchange for groceries.
September 27.

New Goods! New Goods! Fall Arrival.

Mertz & Landes,
Have just returned from Philadelphia, and are now unpacking a very large stock of Fall and Winter goods, which they offer to their customers and the public in general at the very lowest prices.
GENTLEMEN!
Your attention is particularly invited to the well selected stock of English, French, and Belgium Cloths, which we can sell cheaper than ever, from \$1.25 to \$5.00. A good assortment of Middlesex and fancy casimers, silk and satin vestings. All they ask of the public is a friendly call, and an examination of their stock will, they feel confident as to cheapness and quality, satisfy the most acute purchaser.
LADIES!
For you we have a very large assortment of Dress-Goods, Black mode, and fancy Striped Plaid Alpaccas, Mohair Lustre, a very handsome article of changeable silk, Plain and Fancy Cashmeres, Mousse de laines, Coburg Cloths, Parrametots, Alpines, &c. &c.
September 27.

Groceries & Queensware.
Earthenware &c. of which we always keep on hand a large and well selected stock.
MERTZ & LANDES
September 27.

WANTED.
1000 Bushels Potatoes for which the highest market price will be paid in cash or in exchange for goods.
MERTZ & LANDES.

WANTED.
1000 Cords good Hickory and Oak Wood, for which the highest market price will be allowed in trade by
MERTZ & LANDES.
September 27.

WANTED.
Persons who pay exclusive attention to Mourning Goods, and would invite the attention of all buyers, visiting the city to an examination of their stock.
As the utmost care is taken on the importing and selection of their goods, keeping a large assortment at all seasons, offering for sale only what is good and of the proper shade of black, no deception as to make or quality, no deviation in price, and every article sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere, those requiring mourning attire, can be satisfactorily suited, without the trouble, fatigue and loss of time of proceeding from store to store, by visiting at once this establishment.
Lupin's Bombazines, Bombazine finish Alpaccas, Plain Cashmeres, Silk Cashmeres, French Merinos, Wide Black Silks, Lupin's Mousselines, Mourning Hungarians, Mourning Chintzes, Long Shawls, Black Thibet, Sack Flannel Patent English Crapes, Mourning Veils, Collars, Pleece Silk Hosi, Bajous, Gloves &c &c. They open daily, new black and half mourning materials from low priced to the most costly.
Wholesale cash buyers will find it to their advantage to call.
Philadelphia, Sept. 27.

C. J. RUNK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Has taken the Office of the late Samuel Runk, Esq., and will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in this and the adjoining counties.
Mr. Runk may be consulted in the German, as well as English.
Refer to Hon. J. M. Porter, Easton, Pa. Prof. S. Greenleaf, Cambridge, Mass. Hon. W. Kent, New York City.
June 13.

NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned have taken out letters of Administration, of the estate of Nathan Schaffer, dec'd., late of Salsburg township, Lehigh County. Therefore all those who are indebted to said estate, will see the necessity of settling their accounts within six weeks from the date hereof, and such who may have any demands against said estate, will present their claims well authenticated within the above specified time.
HENRY SCHAFFER, } Adm'ors.
DANIEL RITTER, }

Friedensville Letter List.
The following Letters remain in the Post Office at Friedensville, Lehigh County, for the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1849.
Owen Ohle, C. W. H. Gangwere, Rudolph Smith, Jacob Yaeger, Henry Goover, Daniel Kocher, Miss Jane Laury, Miss B. M. Garland, John Gutheil.
A. F. HALBACH, P. M.
Oct. 4.

Clocks and Watches.

Charles S. Massey,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends that he has received at his establishment, nearly opposite the German Reformed church in Allentown, a large assortment of
JEWELRY, CLOCKS, WATCHES,
consisting of GOLD and SILVER Patent Levers, Quarter and plain English and French. Watch-chains, and as low as the same quality can be purchased at other establishments in town or elsewhere.
His assortment of Clocks consists of Brass eight day, thirty hours, and alarm, from 3 to 12 dollars.
His selection of Jewelry consists in part of Gold rings, Bracelets, Breastpins, Brooches, Gold and Silver Pencils, Watch-chains, Keys, Gold Pens, of a superior quality, &c. He has also on hand a variety of
FANCY ARTICLES,
Such as steel-beads for purses and work bags, Silver tea and table spoons, Gold and Silver Spectacles, to suit all ages, Spectacle glasses, Silver thimbles.
Every article sold by him, is warranted to be such as represented, and should they prove otherwise can be returned, and the money will be refunded.
His stock has been purchased with a view to supply the citizens of this county with good and genuine articles in his branch, and which have been selected from the best and most extensive houses in New-York and Philadelphia. He hopes by due attention to his business, and liberal prices, to have a share of patronage.
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner and at the shortest notice. Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for Goods. Call and see, then judge for yourselves.
No. 52, South 2d Street, near Chestnut, Morning Exclusively!!

THE FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Philadelphia.
OFFICE, No. 1634 CHESTNUT STREET near Fifth Street.
Directors: Charles N. Baucker, Geo. W. Richards, Thomas Hart, Mord. D. Lewis, Tobias Wagner, Adolph E. Borie, Samuel Grant, David S. Brown, Jacob R. Smith, Morris Patterson.
CONTINUE to make Insurance, permanent and limited, on every description of property, in town and country, at rates as low as are consistent with security.
The Company have reserved a large Contingent Fund, which with their Capital and Premiums, safely invested, afford ample protection to the assured.
The assets of the company, on January 1st, 1848, as published agreeably to an Act of Assembly, were as follows, viz:

Mortgages,	\$890,558 65
Real Estate,	108,338 00
Temporary Loans,	125,459 00
Stocks,	51,563 25
Cash, &c.,	46,158 87
\$1,220,097 67	

Since their incorporation, a period of eighteen years, they have paid upwards of one million, two hundred thousand dollars, losses by fire, thereby affording evidence of the advantages of insurance, as well as the ability and disposition to meet with promptness, all liabilities.
CHARLES N. BANCKER, President.
CHARLES G. BANCKER, Sec'y.

Hart's Gold Paint.
An entire new article, used for the purpose of gilding Signs, reguinding Looking-Glasses, writing visiting cards, &c., to be used with a quill pen, for writing, or a pencil brush for gilding, to be furnished with a piece of smooth ivory or agate. It will retain its color for years in being exposed to weather, being already sized. It can be done in a short time, and at a saving of more than one half over the gold leaf gilding. The article can be had at J. B. Moser's Apothecary Store, who is the sole Agent for R. E. HART.
No. 75, John Street New York, September 27.

NOTICE.
The Court of Common Pleas of Lehigh County, (sitting as a Court of Equity) having appointed the undersigned a Receiver for the late firm of Wagner & Huber, of the Borough of Allentown. All persons who are indebted to the said firm, are therefore required to make payment to the subscriber, his agent or attorney, and to any one else—and also all persons having in their possession property belonging to said firm, are requested to deliver the same to the said subscriber. Those having claims are requested to exhibit them at an early day.
H. C. LONGNECKER, Receiver.
Allentown Aug. 23.

Poetical Department.

My Mother's Voice.
My mother's voice! I hear it now,
I felt her hand upon my brow,
As when in heartful joy,
She raised her evening hymn of praise,
And called down blessings on the days
Of her loved boy.
My mother's voice! I hear it now!
Her hands are on my burning brow,
As in that early hour,
When fever throbb'd through all my veins,
And that kind hand first soothed my pains,
With healing power.
My mother's voice! it sounds as when
She read to me of holy men—
The Patriarchs of old,
And gazing downward in my face,
She seems each infant thought to trace,
My young eyes told.
It comes—when thoughts unhallo'd throng
Woven in sweet, deceptive song,
And whispers round my heart;
As when, at eve, it rose on high;
I hear and think that she is nigh,
And they depart.
Though round my heart, all, all beside,
The love of friendship, love had died,
That voice would linger there,
As when, soft pillow'd on her breast,
Its tone first lull'd my infant breast,
Or rose in prayer.
(From Golden's Dollar Magazine.)

My Cousin Mary, or Love thy Neighbor
BY ENNA.
Countess reader, how shall I begin to tell you of my kind and excellent cousin Mary? "Of course," I hear you say; "begin at the beginning." But her gentleness and love for me began long before I had ever seen her or heard from her, and for the end it will only be with the end of time, for what is good comes from God, and therefore must remain. Well, then, it was (as in the month which calls the flowers to deck the chambers of the earth for the entrance of warm and welcome summer—that month which calls the birds to woodland haunts by gentle memories—that month when happy childhood, with the wings of its morning sports and dances to the lightest music, the music of a glad and guileless heart, I had left the home of infancy, and the love of kindred, and had bade farewell to the old haunts by the sea-shore, and the great rock and the shaded walks which led by the cleft chasm in it, and all the loved scenes which my infancy knew." I had felt the grasp of the faithful servants, grown gray in my father's service, as I left in each hand palm a token of remembrance, and with my two babies, I had looked and wept the last farewell to the wheels trampled the graveled lane of my father's grounds. As I have said, the day was the brightest that a clear sun and blue sky, and sweet flowers and happy faces could make it, as the loud voice of the captain bawled out, "Passengers for R—"; and there, on the deck, stood my husband, and close beside him an elderly gentleman—it could be none other than Cousin Paul, of whom I had frequently heard from Charles, who had preceded me a few days to escort the furniture for our new home. Our road for two miles led us through the most picturesque country. A deep ravine cleft the village in two distinct sections, in the bed of which boiled and dashed a foaming stream over rocks, and broken trees, and chasms, until it found its outlet in the Hudson; numberless sparkling rivulets leaped down the sides of the high hills were rising to swell the noisy current, and one natural fountain bubbled so unceasingly by the road-side with its clear waters, that seats had been placed for foot-passengers, and a great trough for the heated cattle, as they passed, to refresh themselves, without price; native cresses spread their crispy leaves in the brook, and the sweet flowers, we call forget-me-not, grew all about the shady borders. Westopped a moment, as our horses plunged their heads in the cool spring; and as I gathered a few of the bright, delicate lured love tokens, I felt that they were growing there with their appropriate emblem, bidding us forget not in passing the Author by whom this blessing was provided, and even in the cup of cold water to remember his bounty.

A lovely ride through long avenues of the sugar maple brought us in view of a small white-washed cottage, almost hidden by the briar, rose, and tall trees, and climbing vines from the passes, and I know, by the anxiety expressed in the features of my husband, that this was our little "Home." I could read his heart—words there were none, yet there was the reading—"Can she be happy in this humble cot? Will the love of her husband, the prattle of her babes, and the rural life she must lead cause no sorrow? When she lingers over the scenes of a brighter home, will not the vow for riches, for power be repented as her eye takes in the small compass of the low walls? I could see, hear, feel, all that was passing before his mind,

and I hastened to inquire of our friend who it was that lived in the quiet, sweet little cottage. Had a cloud been removed from the sun, no brighter light could have played upon casement, tree, or flower, than did the light of my husband's eye beam upon me; yet there was no reply but pointing down a soft green vale to a large comfortable farm-house, he said, "Cousin Mary lives there." It was enough—I knew that she was our nearest neighbor; but little did I know that she was one who loved her neighbor as herself. The front was towards the south; as some winter has said, flowers in the door-yard bid you welcome. It must be true here, for every tree was budded with little blossoms—the windows were gay with them, and a great cluster now had found its way quite to the eaves of the house: All around wore the look of content; the house dog was lapping in the brook with the ducks; the coops, with broods of chickens, were placed like a small village; all white-washed so neatly, and so well supplied; and at the door stood the gentle and the good to welcome the stranger, and to take her in, with not a hand alone extended, but with arms. Enfolded me, I was close in the embrace of one whom, until that instant, I had never seen—one whom, only a few weeks before, had never heard of me, save as the wife of her young kinsman. Never before had I known that human nature could love, without the presence or knowledge of the sympathy which attracts; but here, in the valley, was the lesson taught me, one who, from childhood, had loved the world and found it loving, that the divine spark had already sent forth its rays to lighten the path of her, all unknowing of her worthiness. What marvel if I wept—was I among strangers? No. I was with a kindred spirit of kindness and truth. I can never forget my first introduction in that sunny dining-room. The warm creature even kissed my servant, a neat tidy young girl, for she said, as she turned to me, "They have so few to love them." A plentiful table was already prepared, and the homeliness of a new comer was banished by this hospitable family.

The meal was over, and no excuses could be made why we should not at once proceed to the cottage. I saw the shade gather again over Charles' countenance, and the smile depart, as we left the door of our cousin's house. How different had been his anticipations, when, a few short years before, he had wooed and won his bride. Then the world was bright before him, and hope, lured with silver pinions, and beckoned him to her bright bowers; but hope drooped, and the promises of merchandise forsok him, and with a broken fortune and shattered health, he had sought a home retired and apart from the toil of that world which had so cruelly deceived him. We had passed the gate, and were at the doorway. My heart almost misgave me; how cold and cheerless it would appear. Empty room—no fire—for our furniture had only the day before arrived) how different from the pleasant rooms we had just left. I felt a trembling hand on mine, and heard my husband say, "Do not be disappointed; I hate myself for bringing you to this mean place." We entered.

Oh, ye who languish in soft ease, and sigh for new delights, pass by my little tale; you can find no response in an humble leaf from Affection's Offering. I can furnish no fantastic threads to weave into the woof of your finer sensibilities.
Where were we? Was it the home of the fairies, and had the good little people been at work? Ah! no. It was only a charm wrought from the impulses of a loving heart. There, upon one side of a brightly polished stove, on the hearth of which was blazing a cheerful fire, was seated "Cousin Mary," who had quietly slipped up a nearer way, and entering the back-door, had arranged herself to receive her guests; a carpet was laid; the room, newly whitened, was hung with laurel branches, and glasses of the fresh blossoms decked the mantel; a tea-kettle was sending forth its song from the red coals; a cat was domesticated on the rug; the tray set, for tea; and this was home! Yes, it was home for gentle influences and kind words, and affectionate smiles were there, and what was wanting? I laid my hands, one in that of my husband, the other in the friend, whom God had sent; so clothing the rougher spots with a beauty, even the beauty of his love. "Ah! but," said Charles to my expressions of pleased surprise, "this is but the beginning; you have not felt the toil of living upon a small income, and leading your wants within the narrow limits of our slender means." Ah! little knew he woman's courage. It is not when the soft wind of prosperity brings odors, and butterfly friends glitter in the sun shine; it is not when music breathes from every chord of the harp, which hangs upon the temple of Home, that man discovers the strength of true affection; then she is his pride, his admiration, his household ornament. But let the rude storm of misfortune sweep down the false bulwark of worldly, professing friendship, and the adulation of society becomes an "sounding brass," then it is that he discovers a mine of wealth under his

own hearth-stone, and just at his foot-stool a mine of wealth so pure, that it need no refining process; and it is his—all his—no man can part him from the "treasure trove." Another bright day. It was a new thing for me to take the management of domestic duties, but stepping softly down, I thought to surprise Charles by my housewifery. Early as it was, there was a tap at the door, and Cousin Mary had sent her only domestic with a basket, and a kind message to keep the girl through the day to help me arrange and "brighten up things," and in the basket, steaming yet, for they were closely covered, was a great heap of warm cakes, all buttered and so nice. And such was the opening of our first friendship—such with many more added, the record of her good deeds, ever fulfilling the command to love her neighbor.

Years have passed, and long ago we bade adieu to the cottage, and fortune has again smiled upon our prospects, and we have sought and found our dwelling in a new place and among new faces; but never can the memory of the pleasant months spent by the side of the dear neighbor be forgotten. I can see her now in all her varied cares as friend, counsellor, and companion; sometimes in her pretty neat garden, gathering, perhaps, early fruit for "a poor sick girl," or sifting from the "abundance and to spare," from the large vegetable bed, some empty basket of a less favored person; sometimes I see her seated beside our hearth, with her soft sweet smile, knitting for the carpenter's child, for she would say, "Cousin Lucy, thee knows the poor wife is so delicate and works so hard." And thus did her many kindnesses flow by the door-way of the poor, like a little thread of silver, decking their hard case with beauty. Thus did her gentle voice speak in the houses of the rich, giving comfort where a word is more precious than a gift, thus did her unostentatious life give joy to her own large household, for even the great dog seemed to take pleasure in turning the heavy churn wheel while she was near, and the flowers sprung up, as it were, in her wake, as a character which needed no adorning to show forth the perfections of her works; it was the majesty of righteousness with the simplicity of a Christian. I have said it is years since I listened to her voice. My present home is spacious; its situation is one of the most picturesque in our country; but when I entered, for the first time, the great hall which my husband proudly called mine, and opened, successively, the parlors and dining-room, the library and neat sewing-room, on either side—as I loaded upon the lofty ceilings and washed floors, and ascended the broad staircase, with its highly polished handrails, and was in the lonely looking sleeping apartments, shall I tell you how I felt? I turned without a word, as my husband waited for my gratified reply—"I turned, and laid my head upon his shoulder, and wept—not those tears I had shed years ago, from a heart filled with gratitude in the welcome home of the farm-house—they were now tears of regret. Whether should I look for the warm embrace, the cheerful smile, the bright hearth, and the sweet flowers?—all looked desolate, and I cast a lingering sight to the low roof, the little domestic fowls, the simple but delightful memories of the humble cot.

Who shall I call my neighbor? said I, one evening, as we were stented, enjoying the cool air as it came drawing from the bay and fanning the light summer draperies, for we were all settled, or as the country people say we were "all to rights." We have been here six weeks, and we have only decayed a few bare-footed, but bright faced urchins into the "big house;" we will never find a Cousin Mary here—no nice warm cakes—no sweet rolls of yellow butter."

Charles smiled at my simplicity, but said, Remember, we come here not requiring sympathy, and they fear to overstep the mark which bounds propriety, such as they deem we call good breeding." Alas! that formality should dare to usurp the throne whereon is inscribed, Love thy neighbor: alas! that it should, with its tangled weeds, choke up the spring which ever wells in the heart of the unsophisticated towards its kindred and its fellow; but the days of probation had nearly passed; for, after visiting all the stores of the village, and appearing past the mill, late in the day, with "nothing but a calico dress," and sending home divers house cleaners, with a few "greens for soup," there began to be a rumor that the "city folks, after all, were like other folks and that Farmer Macy's wife and daughters had serious thoughts, being, as we seemed, made of the same clay, of stepping in"—and they did step in, and, in time, many others; and now I have no cause of complaint, for, as my old grandmother used to say, I have those who are "real neighbors as well as nigh dwellers." But will I ever again find a Cousin Mary?

A young man lately thought he had a "call" to act—falling on the stage," he descended to the "omnibus" line—but finding his talents unsuited even to this grade, he is now employed in the "ary-matic profession."

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