

Mrs. Jarvis seated at the window. She did not return the nod and smile that were accorded her, but hastily retired into her own carriage, and drove home.

When Mr. Howard came in at the usual dinner hour, he found his wife in the chamber, with pale cheek, and eyes from which the tears were not yet dried. His instant conclusion was that she had thought his words and his manner in the morning, could or arbitrary, and that she had felt the chill upon her young heart—that while he had been absorbed in his business, she had been weeping alone in her chamber.—To his tender inquiry, she related the cruel disappointment she had met and, the mortification to which she had been subjected.

"And what do you think was the cause of this, Emily?"

"The cause? How can I imagine any cause for such treatment?"

"I did not wish you to go this morning Emily and I had my reasons for it."

"And what was the reason dear husband?" she asked with an expression of alarm upon her countenance; a fearful suspicion arousing her mind.

Mr. Howard was silent for some moments, for he dreaded to make known to his wife what he knew she would learn too early. But, fearing to lose the opportunity, he at length took her hands in his, and looking steadily in her pale face, said:—

"My dear Emily, it is time for me to speak out plainly to you. A sudden and unexpected change has taken place in my affairs, which will, I doubt not, result in the total wreck of my little property. Such a change cannot, of course, take place, without becoming generally known among men of business. Mrs. Jarvis, doubtless learned the fact last evening from her husband and this will account to you for her conduct this morning."

Howard paused to see what effect this communication would have upon his wife. She seemed started and confused for a few moments, and then looked him in the face with an affectionate and encouraging smile, and said:—

"But my father my father, Henry, he is rich, and will hasten to your aid, when he learns your situation. I shall have much wealth coming to me, and it will all be yours."

"It pains me, Emily, to dash even that hope from your mind. Your father's affairs are in as bad conditions as my own. We will go down together."

It was not that the real character of Emily was to appear. Her husband expected her to sink at once into a state of distressing dependency; and had even fortified his mind to bear up under the double trials which such an event would occasion.—Such an effect was not, at least, instantaneously apparent. A great change did, indeed pass upon her, almost in an instant. The expression of her countenance, the tone of her voice, her manner, all seemed changed.

With a calm, earnest attention did she listen to a detail of the circumstances which had conspired to embarrass her husband.—From a thoughtless, giddy votary of fashion she seemed at once changed into a rational, sympathizing woman. After Mr. Howard had given her to understand fully the true position of his affairs, she looked him tenderly in the face, and said:—

"Dear Henry! I am your wife, still—here is no change," laying her hand upon her breast—"yes, there is a change, for you are now dear to me than ever.—Through prosperity or adversity, through evil report or good report, I am your wife, to share with you all that is good and to bear with you all that is evil."

How like wild and strangely beautiful music did the voice of his wife thrill upon the heart of Henry Howard! How did her face shine with new and surpassing loveliness, caught from the form of lively affections within! Could he do less than fold her to his heart as a treasure, worth more than all he was about to lose.

Light was the heat that beat in his bosom, when he returned to his store in the afternoon, and as evening came on, he felt impatient to get home again, to look upon the face of her whose countenance had changed the beauty of its expression, in correspondence with the elevation of character which so instantaneously occurred.—The smile that met his return was not a glad smile. It was something more quiet, subdued, affectionate; mingling an expression of tender concern for the one whose burdens she now seemed anxious to share. There was a great change too in her appearance. Most of her ornaments, such as rings, and chains, and other articles of jewelry, with which she had been fond of decking her person were removed; and in a simple white dress she met her husband. Never had she appeared in his eyes so lovely. Never before did such a charm invest her every movement.

During the evening Mrs. Howard introduced a subject which occupied much of her husband's thoughts—the subject of retrenchment.

"Had we not better," she said, looking him earnestly in the face; "take some early steps towards accommodating our style of living to our changed circumstances?"

"How greatly you have relieved my mind by thus alluding to a course that I feared I should have to urge upon your unwilling compliance," replied Mr. Howard, his eye beaming with an expression of pleasure that richly repaid the heart of his

wife for the real sacrifice she was forcing herself to make.

"You see I have already begun," she said, alluding to her ornaments, just mentioned as having been laid aside.

"And bravely have you commenced; may your courage not fail when the extremity comes," replied her husband, with a voice that trembled with overpowering emotion. Opposition, distress, wretchedness, and almost despair, he had expected. But of such meek endurance; such an anticipation of his wishes he had never dreamed. "May kind Providence reward you a thousand fold," he said, drawing her to his breast, while the first drops that had moistened his eyes for years, fell upon her crimson cheek.

The evening was spent in plans and arrangements for the future; and in more minute explanations of the real state of Mr. Howard's affairs, and those of Mr. Justin. Mrs. Howard listened to these explanations with deep interest, and many painful thoughts crossed her mind as she perceived that it was alone through her father that her husband's affairs had become embarrassed. And keenly did she feel for the parent, who had ever been to her the kindest and most indulgent of fathers.

One month passed away, and a great change had taken place in the internal economy of Mr. Howard's family. The splendid mansion in Chestnut street had been exchanged for a neat two story dwelling in Southwark. The beautiful carriage and horses had been sold, servants dismissed, and with only a cook and chambermaid.—Mrs. Howard managed to get along very pleasantly. Many articles of furniture too massive for the parlors they now occupied had been disposed of; but still every thing was neat and even elegant. Not a single one of the many dear friends who had been so fond of Mrs. Howard called upon her in her new residence, and for a time she felt keenly the heartless desertion.—But the seclusion of home, passed in duties pertaining to her household, and in the society of her husband, whose real character she had never before understood, amply repaid her for all she had lost.

Time wore on, and at last the crisis came. That event, which a merchant looks forward to with even more fear than to death, a failure, happened to Mr. Howard. The paper upon which he had placed his name was protested, and he deemed it prudent at once to call a meeting of his creditors, and make an assignment of his effects. The trusteeship the creditors placed in his hands so entire was their confidence in his integrity; and he commenced closing up the business as fast as possible, preparatory to a division of the property.

It must not be supposed that Mrs. Howard had become at once superior to those feelings of pride which cause such deep mortification, when it first beginning to be known in the fashionable circles that an individual has lost caste by misfortune. It was a severe trial for her fortune to think of the heartless remarks that would be connected with her name, and the reputation of her husband. But she did not long suffer such thoughts to disturb her mind. The shock which the first announcement of reverse had occasioned, activity new and higher powers, and her true character continued to become more and more developed. From a thoughtless she had become a reflecting woman; and now that her affections were interested in right objects, she was becoming daily more and more strengthened to bear her changed condition, and received increased delight in the steady discharge of her duties.

About two months from the date of Mr. Howard's failure, at a time when he had so far progressed in the duties of his trusteeship, as to find it necessary to look about him for some new employment, in which to secure a support for his family, he came home one evening unusually serious and thoughtful. His affairs, in this time, had so far become settled as to show pretty accurately the result. Ninety cents in the dollar would certainly be paid.—Thus much for his creditors. Now his thoughts necessarily turned to his own prospects. While he had a certain property upon which to calculate his future movements, he could easily decide the best way. Then he could feel secure in the present, and confident of success in the future. But it was different now. He stood alone. The most he could expect for some time to come, was a fair salary as a clerk; and with the income of a clerk even his present style of living could not be sustained. As far as he was concerned, this would have given him no pain of mind; but his feelings shrank from the necessity of his wife becoming involved in the practice of such close economy as would be required, and in submission to privations to which those who had already endured were light and trifling.

He could not conceal from his wife the troubled state of his mind, she had learned to read his feelings at a glance. He did not attempt to evade her affectionate inquiries, for he knew that it would be best that she should know the worst aspect of his affairs.

"Are you certain of obtaining employment at once?" was her first question, after he had stated his present gloomy prospects.

"O yes I have ascertained that my old employers would gladly have my services; and my salary there was fifteen hundred dollars a year, and will no doubt be at least that again."

"Then I see nothing to cause despond-

ency," she said, with a smile so cheerful, that he felt it warming over his heart like a ray of sunshine. "Our world is now our own fireside. What need we care for all beyond it?"

"But, Emily, you have never been used to the cares which such limited circumstances will bring. They will be irksome; and I fear your mind will faint under them."

"Do not fear me, my dear husband. I am in earnest when I tell you that I have known more true happiness since my banishment from fashionable life, than I ever before experienced. Nor would I wish to go back to the circle of false friends again, were you richer than ever."

"The last word had scarcely died on her lips, when the parlor door was suddenly thrown open, and Mr. Justin came bounding in as if wild with some passion of grief or joy. Before either Mr. Howard or his wife had time to rise, he had sprung to the side of the former, and after shaking his hand violently for a moment, exclaimed:—

"Good news, my boy!—good news I tell you! It was all a false alarm! The house of R—and P—is as sound as any in the world. I am not ruined!—hurrah!"

"Oh my father, are you sure?"—said his daughter breathlessly, springing to his side, and looking him earnestly in the face.

"Am I sure, you jade? Yes I am sure. And hark! Em, you shall have a carriage that will eclipse Madam Jarvis, and live in a larger house than ever. Dy'e hear that Em?" said the delighted old man, kissing her cheek fervently.

"I want no carriage and no fine horses father, and care not to live in better style than now. But make haste and explain, for I am eager to know all."

"Listen to this then"—and Mr. Justin drew a letter from his pocket and read:—

"Lima, June 10, 18—

"Shipped on board the brig Selina, in good order, by R—and P—, etc., etc.,—boxes, containing one hundred thousand dollars in Spanish Dollars and Doubloons, etc., etc., to be delivered to Mark Justin or order, of Philadelphia, U. S. of America, etc., etc."

"Do you hear that! And here is another Bill of lading for copper, to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, shipped on board the Jane. And what is better, the Selina has arrived, and the Jane is inside of the Capes. What do you think of that my boy?"—said the delighted old man slapping his son-in-law on the shoulder. "Won't we come out again with flying colours!—ha!—won't we!—ha! ha! ha!"

"Good news truly!"—responded Howard. "How strange are the ways of Providence!"

It was an hour before old Mr. Justin could calm his feelings at all; and he went away late, still in a high state of pleasurable excitement.

The house of R—and P—, in Lima, had temporarily suspended at the last advices, but were again in a healthy condition in a few weeks. From the date of this news, there was no arrival from the Pacific for four months, during which time Mr. Justin's affairs had become deranged as just stated, involving Mr. Howard in a like ruin of his worldly prospects.

One year has passed away since the night their worldly prospects so suddenly assumed a brighter aspect, and Mr. Howard is again doing a large and profitable business. We will look in upon them once more, before we take our final leave of them. Shall we find them again amid the splendor and blandishments of fashion? Is Emily Howard again a worshipper at the shrine of a false God? We shall see.

How softly the light is diffused over this elegantly furnished room. How refined a taste must preside here, for every thing seems to form a part of a beautiful whole.—There is nothing redundant, nothing wanting. And is that beautiful woman, carrying a smiling babe, the once gay and thoughtless Emily Howard? It is the same. And this is the neat two story brick house in Southwark, where there has been no change in the internal arrangements since it first became a pleasant retreat amid the storms of adversity. What a sweet expectant smile plays upon her face as she suddenly looks towards the door! It opens and Henry Howard, changed only in the happier expression of his countenance, is by her side. Who will say that the lesson of adversity have not proved sweet to them! How mysterious are the ways of Providence—but how fraught with kindness are they children of men! That Being, whose essential nature is love and wisdom, does not bring sorrow or trouble upon any of his children, except for their ultimate happiness and whether the individuals stand amid the rich and the proud, or with the poor and the humble the chastening is alike for good. And with such wisdom are afflictions always sent, that few come out of them without being better and wiser.

**Assaulting a Woman.**—The Court of General Sessions have laid down a rule, from which they will depart in any case to inflict the penalty of imprisonment on every man who shall be convicted before them of an assault and battery on a female. This is an excellent rule, and one that is creditable to the hearts, as well as the heads, the gallantry, as well as the integrity, of the judges.—*Spirit of the Times.*

From the Pennsylvania of July 23.  
**MR. VAN BUREN AND THE CATHOLICS.**

Our readers will remember that on Saturday last we published a correspondence between Bishop England and Mr. Patrick Sharp of this city, in reference to an effort on the part of Mr. Van Buren to exclude Mr. Francis Cooper, a Catholic, from a seat in the New York Legislature. The Bishop, in his letter to Mr. Sharp, promised to give an explanation of the charge in the United States Catholic Miscellany, the paper in which it was originally published, in order that it might have equal publicity with the charge itself.

We find, accordingly, in the last number of the Miscellany the following statement, which must effectually silence those who have had recourse to this mode of electioneering against Mr. Van Buren:

**RETRACTION.**  
To the Editor of the U. S. Catholic Miscellany:

Sir: I have within the last week received letters from some of the friends of Mr. Van Buren in Pennsylvania, calling upon me to explain to the Catholics of that place a charge made against that gentleman in the Miscellany of December 14th, 1833.

I have also received letters from the friends of General Harrison in Ohio, calling upon me to furnish something on the same subject, and to give my opinions respecting the present political contest for the Presidency.

That I have my opinions clearly and decidedly formed as to what I think best for the country, I will not deny; but I must be excused from entering into any political discussion or giving any other expressions to my sentiments or opinions, save what I may at the ballot box.

My object is now to do an act of justice which I ought perhaps long to have done, but which I cannot at present in honor or in conscience defer, and I do so without any reference to the qualifications of either candidate for the Presidency, and not seeking to promote the views of either of the two great parties in this contest.

The article in the Miscellany, and which is now going the rounds of the press, is the following:

"It is now a long time since Mr. Van Buren, at the commencement of his political career, sought to exclude Francis Cooper, the first Catholic selected by the citizens of New York to their Legislature, from his seat, because Mr. Cooper refused to take oath incompatible with his conscientious conviction; for New York then had a test oath as a qualification for office, but the legislators of that State in the case of Cooper, left the present Vice President in a very slender minority; and the offices in that State, as well as the seats in her Assembly, have since then been open to Catholics."

The above is a paragraph from an article treating of the injustice formerly done to the Catholics in some of our States, which article I find, upon examination, was written by me; and if Mr. Van Buren has not been guilty of the misconduct there described and denounced, I have done him great injustice.

I need not inform you that when I wrote the article I did believe him guilty, and upon what I considered excellent grounds.

My authority was the Rev. Michael Hurley, of Philadelphia, now dead, but formerly a clergyman doing duty in New York, and I believe at the time that Mr. Cooper was elected, and after a hard struggle, admitted to his seat in the Legislature. Mr. Hurley gave me the information in the year 1821. I also conversed with Mr. Cooper who is still living, and he confirmed to me Mr. Hurley's account. I wrote the article in December, 1833.

Some time afterwards, I was conversing on the subject with a friend of mine, a supporter of General Jackson's administration, Mr. Robert Barry, of Baltimore, since dead, who expressed his astonishment at the charge, and I mentioned to him my authority. He knew Mr. Hurley intimately, and frequently met him, and remarked that my authority was good, if there is no mistake; and further added the expression of his astonishment that Mr. Hurley never spoke of it to him. In two or three days afterwards Mr. Barry met Mr. Van Buren, and asked for an explanation. He then stated to me, the result was his conviction that there must be a mistake, for that Mr. Van Buren was not at the time in public life, and did not enter the Assembly of New York until more than a year after Mr. Cooper's admission, and that Mr. Van Buren had also assured him, and that he had never opposed any man for his religion, Catholic or Protestant. He told me that he would see Mr. Hurley on the subject. However, I had an opportunity of seeing him before Mr. Barry had, and reminded him of what he told me more than thirteen years previously. Mr. Hurley told me that my statement was perfectly correct in every particular except the name: he said that Mr. Van Buren was not at the time in the Legislature, but that Mr. Van ——— (it is unnecessary for me to give the name of the dead) led the opposition to Mr. Cooper, and that it was supported by two other Vans, but that Mr. Van Buren was altogether innocent of the bigotry; but that from the similarity of names I must have been led to a mistake, and had done the Vice President an injustice. I saw Mr. Cooper in a short time afterwards, who upon my asking him whether it was not Mr. Van Buren that led the opposition to his taken his seat, said, that it was not, for Mr. Van Buren was not then in the House, and that he believed

him incapable of any such misconduct.—He gave me the names that Mr. Hurley did.

I may now be asked why, when I was convinced of my mistake, I did not publicly correct it. My answer is, that I thought the statement had passed away from the minds of those who had read it and felt a great reluctance to come before the public with what I considered a valueless certificate in a political contest. At present the case is very different—I find that my mistake is used for the purpose of influencing a large body of voters in different States, and I therefore feel that I would be wanting to honor and justice were I to seek protection to my private feelings by permitting the injury of a high public officer, and that of a large body of my fellow-citizens, who identify their feelings with his policy, and who consider that the loss of his election would be a great national calamity. I do no injustice to General Harrison, by stating that Mr. Van Buren has not been guilty of the bigotry with which I wrongly charged him, under the influence of a serious mistake. And whichever candidate may be the object of my preference, it would be to me a source of deep regret that Mr. Van Buren should lose a single vote by reason of misrepresentation origination through me. And I trust the friends of his opponent are too honorable and just to desire success by means of delusion and fraud; and that if any of the papers that seek his elevation have given currency to my charge against Mr. Van Buren, they will have the sense of justice to state also, that, upon proof of its want of truth, it has been retracted.

I am, dear sir,  
Your obedient humble servant,  
JOHN. Bishop of Charleston.  
Charleston, July 16, 1840.

**Louisiana Election.**—The result of this affair complete, is as below. The increase in the first district is well calculated to make one wonder, but the wonder ceases, when it becomes known that the ballot boxes, whilst the election was pending, were kept in a bank, under officers, not a whit more honest than those who conducted the election in Adams county Millerstown district," in 1838.

The Senate will stand—8 Feds and 9 Van Buren men. In the House there will be a Fed majority, probably not exceeding 1 or 2. In the last Legislature the state of parties in the Senate was reversed; and in the House the Feds had a majority of 8 or 10.

**First District—Complete.**

WHITE, (H.) LEONARD, (Dem.)	
New Orleans, 1793	674
St. Bernard, 72	211
Jefferson, 272	87
Plaquemine, 10	258
St. Charles, 19	46
St. John the B., 136	62
St. James, 445	13
Ascension, 237	186
Assumption, 393	181
Lafourche Interior, 280	22
Terrebonne, 145	7
3802	1757

**Second District—Complete.**

MORGAN, (H.) DAWSON, (Dem.)	
E. Baton Rouge, 308	279
W. Baton Rouge, 165	74
E. Feliciana, 180	281
W. Feliciana, 337	406
Point Coupee, 117	106
Iberville, 185	168
Washington, 148	136
St. Tammany, 186	116
St. Helena, 164	227
Livingston, 130	141
1920	1933

**Third District.**

MOORE, (H.) WINN, (Dem.)	
St. Landry, 535	330
Rapides, 355	398
St. Mary, 314	86
St. Martin, 361	69
Lafayette, 288	301
Natchitoches, 289	483
Carroll, 54	122
Ouachita, 196	146
Concordia, 212	75
Caldwell, 37	111
Madison, 113	117
Union, 47	
Avoyelles, 121	
Caddo, 62	
Catahoula, 187	
Calcasieu, 108	
2752	2763

The New Orleans Courier of July 21st, says: "We understand that a gentleman, who arrived in town this morning, reports that Mr. Winn has been elected to Congress by a majority of 21 or 22 votes, in the Third district."

**RECAPITULATION.**—First district, Gov. White elected—no change from Federalism.

Second district—Richard Winn elected—democratic gain.

Whole gain—two-thirds of the congressional representation. A reversal of the majority in the Senate, and a gain of 9 in the House—making a tie on joint ballot.—Not so bad for the extreme south.—Mr. VAN BUREN will carry the state!—*Reporter.*

The people of the United States consume about eight millions pounds of tea per annum.