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TERMS.

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The Garland.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

FROM THE GETTSBURGH STAR AND BANNER.
Paraphrase
Of an extract from remarks made by THADDEUS SEWENS, Esq. in the Constitutional Convention, on the 8th of July, 1837.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEARSON.

Yest' rather would I be a soulless'd slave,
Beneath a Southern Master's iron sway;
Who looks for no redemption but the grave,
And sows with blood, and tears, his weary way;
Who grovels crush'd to earth by scorn and toil,
On whom hope never beams, joy's never smile!

Ah! rather this degraded slave I'd be,
Than the free subject of a Northern State,
Who basely fears to pour his soul out free
Amongst his country's children in debate!
I'll speak his boldly! Let the Concord fear,
I'll sooner die than feel the tyrant here!

Oh! that I could the whole degraded land
That lies a blot upon my country's name,
And I might break the chains from every bond,
And FREEDOM! to their startled ears proclaim!
Then should I witness a soul-thrilling sight,
Their first glad dance of Freedom's wild delight!

How glow'd that noble Speaker's generous breast
With the high ardour of the free and brave!
While the clear voice so dauntlessly express'd
This holy wish, of mercy for the Slave!

Oh! let this voice of rich Philanthropy
Re-echo through our land, from sea to sea,
LIBERTY, Tioga County, Pa.

HOME.

BY BERNARD BARTON.
Where burns the lov'd hearth-brightest,
Cheering the social breast,
Where beams the fond heart-lightest,
Its humble joys possess;
Where is the smile of sadness,
Of meek-eyed patience born,
With more than bright cheeks adorn?
Which mirth's blush cheeks adorn?
Pleasure is marked by fitness,
To those who ever roam;
While grief itself has sweetness
At home! dear home!

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief;
There eyes in all their splendour,
Are vocal to the heart,
And glances gay or tender,
Fresh eloquence impart;
Then dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O! I do not widely roam;
But seek that hidden treasure
At home! dear home!

Does pure religion charm thee
Far more than ought befit?
Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe?
Think not she dwelleth only
In temples built for prayer;
For home itself is lonely
Unless her smiles be there;
The devotee may falter,
The bigot blindly roam;
If worshipless her altar,
At home! dear home!

Love over it pretheth
With meek and watchful awe,
Its daily service guideth,
And shows its perfect law;
If there thy faith shall fail thee,
If there no shrine be found,
What can thy prayers avail thee
With kneeling—how is around?
Can leave thy gift unoffer'd,
Beneath religion's dome,
And be her first fruits proffer'd
At home! dear home!

SELBOTS TALES.

THE LOVE MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. HALE.

And they were wed—Oh, gentle love, how dear
Is thy sweet influence when thou thus dost rear
Amid our household gods thy sacred shrine,
And givest thy touch upon our hearts to shine,
Folding in calm repose thy radiant wings,
And gathering round our homes earth's purest
loveliest things."
"Dear, dear Henry, how glad I am to
see you! Oh! you cannot tell how very
long the hours seem when you are gone,"
exclaimed Mrs. Harrison, as she ran
with extended hands to welcome her
husband's entrance. He fondly returned
the caress of his young and lovely
wife, while she continued to speak of
her joy at seeing him, and his lonely
feelings during his absence.

"Do you think, Ellen, that I would
leave you, if it were not absolutely necessary?"
inquired he soothingly. "Can you
believe I would stay thus long from
you by design?"

"Oh! no, no—I do not think you would
and yet it does sometimes appear
strange that you can stay so long away;
and in the evening too. I am sure that
no business could detain me thus from
you."

"Not if it were necessary to secure
my happiness, Ellen?"

"I cannot understand how that would
be secured by a course which was
rendering you miserable."

He smiled sadly as he replied—"If
our home were in Eden, my love,
where our only occupation would be
tending flowers and gathering fruits on
which we could banquet the year round,
then we might consult our feelings only,
giving all cares for the future to the
winds. But we do not live in Eden."

"And therefore must be miserable."
"Is that what you wish me to understand?"

"No; no—we need not be miserable
because we do not dwell in Paradise;
but we shall be disappointed if we expect
to find its perfect bliss in our cold
barren world. We are apt to forget
that life, for fallen man, has no real,
lasting, virtuous enjoyments, which are
not earned, by toil, or obtained by self-
sacrifice of some sort. Every pleasure
has its price. I could not enjoy this
happiness of folding you to my heart,
feeling that you are my own, and that
you are so provided with comforts as
not to regret that you have united your
lot with mine forever, if I did not practice
the self denial of leaving you to pursue
the business and studies of my pro-
fession many hours each day. Can you
understand this?"

The young wife looked up to her
husband, and the tear that moistened
her soft blue eye, added the lustre of
feeling to a glance of love which sunk
into his soul. He knew that she was
comprehended, was absolved. He had
never told her of the difficulties with
which he had to struggle; accustomed
as she had been from her birth, to every
luxury and indulgence that wealth can
command, he had thought the details of
anxieties, labors and disappointments,
which those who are born poor must
encounter in the stern strife of their
worldly career, would sound too harshly,
would make her unhappy. He could
not bear to see the shadow of a
cloud on her brow. He dreaded, worse
than worldly evil, that she should feel
the fear of poverty. His whole soul
had been engrossed, since the first cer-
tainty that she would be his wife, with
devising the means of supporting her in
that style which he fancied was abso-
lutely necessary to her happiness. Men
seldom form romantic ideas of love in a
cottage, if they have had to struggle
with the realities of poverty. Not that
Henry Harrison was an avaricious, or
even a worldly man, he did not covet
riches for himself; he was not ambitious
of show or parade; but he did tremble
lest his young wife should endure one
privation—lest even the winds of heav-
en should visit her too roughly.

The union of Henry Harrison and
Eller-Wise was truly a love marriage; pro-
mises and adventure had marked their
love from the beginning, and it seemed
hardly probable that their married life
would run on in the calm canal-like
current of common events; at least, they
fancied that some peculiar bliss was and
would continue to be theirs, because
their first meeting had been so strange,
and, in their estimation, so fortunate.

It happened that Henry Harrison, in
the summer of 1818, made a pedestrian
tour from New York to Canada. He
had just completed his study of the law;
and before entering on the duties of his
laborious profession in the "commercial"
emporium, determined that he would
make a little of the great world, and to
the greatest natural wonder, in the
world should be first among the object
of his tour. So he made Niagara the
point of his movements. He visit-

ed as he went, and on his homeward
journey. And while on the Table
Rock he minuted in his journal, that
his heart was so filled with awe and ad-
miration for the sublime spectacle be-
fore him, that it would be impossible
for a long, long time, to admit any
other sentiment!

That same afternoon, he received a
letter from a particular friend of his in
Troy, urging him to visit at his house
on his way home. The wardrobe of
Henry was, in the first instance, only
graduated to his travelling convenience
on foot, and it had borne the wear and
tear of four weeks' travel, its soiled and
dilapidated appearance was reason good
for promptly deciding to refuse the in-
vitation. But that night he had a
dream—a vision as he always called it.
He thought he saw a lady of a majestic
presence and serene countenance ap-
proach him. In her hand she held a
veiled picture which she advanced to-
wards him, with a smile of sweetness
that filled his soul with rapture. He
strove to raise his hand, that he might
lift the veil and examine the picture;
but the stately lady motioned him to
desist, and at the same time, addressing
him in a sweet, but deeply impressive
tone of voice, said; "Go visit your friend;
and the veil shall be raised."

Henry awoke in some perturbation;
though of course, he did not acknowl-
edge to himself, nor do we pretend,
that the dream influenced his conduct,
yet so it happened, that before he had
finished his breakfast, he had decided
on visiting his friend at Troy.

Nothing particular occurred, however
during the day he passed in that city,
and he was obliged to leave it early the
next morning. But his friend insisted
that he should, before setting out on
his journey, take a stroll with him to the
top of Mount Ida, then a very cele-
brated spot in the estimation of all lovers
of the picturesque, in that neighbor-
hood. The spirit of improvement is
now passing in triumph over the do-
main of romance, and has already laid
low the pride of the mountains; but
when our hero at that early day, ascend-
ed the height, and saw the wide amphitheatre
of green hills displayed around,
gently sloping downwards, till they
melted, as it were into a rich vale, where
rose the clustered dwellings of the city,
each house made beautiful by the
thought that it was the home of some
happy family—for to wander every
home seems a place of rest and happi-
ness—his heart rejoiced and his spirit
was glad. The first rays of the morn-
ing sun were illumining the earth. The
broad, bright Hudson in the distance
shone like a line of flashing diamonds,
and its ripples caught the sunbeams. But
the eastern sky was the object that drew
and riveted Henry's gaze. There is
something exalting to the soul of a man
in watching from a mountain top the
rising sun. Only the blue firmament
seems to intervene between the specta-
tor and Heaven, from which the clear
light of the new day appears to issue
like a stream from an inexhaustible
fountain.

As the two friends were about descend-
ing the hill, they saw a carriage ap-
proaching. Just as they gained the top
of the height, the horse became frightened
by the sudden flight of a hawk, which
had been scared by their approach from
its perch on the stump of a blasted tree,
that inclined over the road. The hawk
dashed directly in the face of the horses.
The startled animals reared high and
then plunged forward so suddenly,
that the driver was precipitated from
his seat, and the carriage, forced against
a projecting rock, was overturned and
broken. But even this catastrophic did
not effectually check the furious horses;
they were on the point of dragging the
shattered vehicle over the precipice in-
to the deep channel of rocks, where the
mountain stream is seen rushing and
throwing up its spray as if chafed with
rage at its confinement in that narrow
ravine. But at this critical moment,
young Harrison rushed forward, at the
peril of his own life, seized the reins,
and, with his strong grasp, forced the
horses' heads against a large tree, which
grew on the brink of the ledge. Here
he held them firmly, till the two persons
contained in the carriage were liberated
by his friend, when his strength being
exhausted they burst from him, and
plunged down the bank.

The persons thus saved from, as it
seemed, certain death, were the Honorable
Mr. Wise and daughter, of Philadel-
phia. The young lady, who, during
the terrific scene, had uttered no
cry of fear looked on her father and
fainted, when she saw the horse take
their fatal plunge over the precipice.
He was slightly injured; and so
much overcome, that Henry's friend
had to support him; therefore, none but
Henry remained to succor the lady. He
raised her up, and as her head reclined
on his arm he gazed uncheckd on her

face—the loveliest he had ever seen—
His dream flashed on his mind, and his
willing fancy gave it the force of proph-
cy.

"Yes," he mentally murmured, "yes,
she is destined to be mine." He look-
ed again on her face, and his heart affirm-
ed the decree—"She shall be mine!"
And that consummation he never doubt-
ed, though he could not then anticipate
a very speedy realization of his hopes.

The progress of the acquaintance we
will pass. The days of courtship were
not to the lovers a time of unclouded bliss,
though this falling in love at first sight
was certainly as bright a beginning as
a novel writer could desire. But then
the father of the fair damsel was a stum-
bling block to the course of true love. Mr.
Wise had held high offices, which confer-
red the title of Honorable on him, but the
soul of honor, the desire to do as he would
be done to, had never been infused into
his bosom. He was ambitious and ostentatious,
and had resolved that his daughter
should connect herself in marriage with
a man whose wealth and family placed
him in the first rank of fashion. The
gentleman he selected was the senior of
Ellen some 30 years or more, which time
had not all been passed in improving his
mind or morals. In short, though not ex-
actly an infamous man, he had been so
long hackneyed in fashionable follies,
that delicate phrase to soften the vices of
the rich, that he was as heartless as Ches-
terfield would have made his son, had his
"Principles of Politeness" been fully acted
out. And Mr. Kerney, the bridegroom
elect of Ellen Wise, had a head which
would have computed as shrewdly as the
noble lord himself, the worldly benefits of
those "principles." He derived from
them the benefits which he had calculated
closely to be a man of considerable property,
though not among the nabobs of wealth.
Ellen was an only child; her father had
offered to enter into a written engage-
ment; that all his property should descend
to Ellen at his decease, thereby cutting off
the possibility of a second marriage. (He
was a widower, or at least, the alienation
of his estate from his daughter. Then she
was very lovely; and though Mr. Kerney
was not in love with her, in the holy sense
of the term, yet he felt that she would be
a prize which it would give him a triumph
to obtain. Then she was young, and he
could mould and govern her as he chose.
And so the affair had been settled between
the father and the old beau bachelor. At
Providence had not sanctioned the treaty.

Mr. Wise and his daughter remained
about two weeks in N. York, before pro-
ceeding to their home in Philadelphia and
Henry Harrison improved the time to
confirm in the heart of Ellen the tender
impression which his gallant darning had
made. She promised to be his if her fa-
ther consented. She had never before
consented to the intended alliance with
Mr. Kerney, as she was only eighteen, and
just out of her boarding school.

"You had better not communicate the
arrangement to Ellen, till she is under
your own roof and control," said Mr. Ker-
ney to his intended father-in-law. The
young ladies at school will rally her, and
may induce her to dislike, merely because
you approve of the match.

Mr. Wise acquiesced and though dur-
ing this tour with his daughter he had
thrown out sundry hints about matrimony,
the advantage it conferred on a young
woman to become the bride of a rich and
fashionable man, yet she had never applied
one precept of this worldly wisdom to her
own case. And so little did she under-
stand the real character of her father, that
she fancied the only objection to the ap-
plication of Henry Harrison for her hand
would be her youth, and the impossibility
of so soon parting with her only child—
For was not Henry a lawyer, one of her
father's own profession, which he thought
the first in the land? And had not Henry
saved the life of her father and herself?

And though Henry might be poor, he
had told her that he had no fortune but
his education and his own exertions. Yet
did not her father, wealth sufficient for
both of them? And had he not always
been so kind and indulgent, even lavish in
gratifying every wish and wish of his
daughter, would he not be willing to make
a sacrifice, if it were a sacrifice to him,
that she should wed a poor man, when he
had learned that her happiness, and the
happiness of the map, who had saved her
life, were both at stake? Oh, she knew
he would consent!

But she was totally mistaken. She
knew not the spirit of worldly men. She
knew not how every gentle, generous feel-
ing in the human breast, may be blasted
by selfishness, as the vegetation of the fair-
est spring may be withered by the scorch-
ing simoon of the desert.

Mr. Wise was not satisfied with giving
a positive, irrevocable refusal to the lover's
modest request of permission to hope that
he might; if he proved himself worthy, he
accepted; but he insulted Henry with bit-
ter sarcasms on the folly of a young debi-
liant in a profession which required such
a length of time for success, presuming
to fall in love with, and raising his preten-
sions to a lady of wealth, when he had not
a dollar in the world. How the blood of
the young man boiled in his veins at these
taunts! But for the daughter's sake he
suppressed his wrath against the father—
As Aaron's rod became a serpent, swal-
lowed the other serpent, rods, so the feel-
ing of love, when raised to a passion, free-

quently abhors all others; and when it
does this, it cannot be easily overcome.

The lovers were separated, but not till
they had pledged their troth to each other.
And though Ellen would give Henry no
promise to marry without her father's con-
sent, yet she encouraged him to hope that
that consent would be gained. So they
parted, and as he was not in a situation to
support a wife, (and could not expect that
Mr. Wise would give him a fortune with
his daughter), perhaps the trial which El-
len's love was to undergo was not without
its secret satisfaction to him. He tri-
umphed in the thought that her affection
would be stimulated by these obstacles;
his own, he felt, would be firm and un-
changeable.

The letters which passed between them
during the succeeding half year, were to
be a source of intense interest and happi-
ness. He gathered from her's, that,
though surrounded by all the luxuries of
wealth and blandishments of fashion, she
was still his own Ellen, counting one let-
ter of love from his hand more precious,
a thousand fold, than all the gay pleasures
in which she was rather a spectator than
a participant. And she learned that his busi-
ness was increasing—his hopes of success
brightening, and his heart and purpose an-
imated with the energy which a virtuous
love inspires. His noble sentiments and
just reasoning opened to her mind a world
of new and profound thoughts, and in her
turn she imparted by the revelation of her
pure feelings and delicate fancies, a light
to his path and that delicate perception of
the good and beautiful in nature and in
character, which refined his tastes, chasten-
ed his passions, and exalted his aims to
be worthy of the innocent, ingenious, and
lovely being, who was thus resting her
hopes of earthly felicity on his worth and
integrity.

Mr. Wise, in the mean time, was man-
aging with his deepest skill to bring about
the marriage of his daughter with Mr.
Kerney—Ellen was resolute in her re-
fusal to admit him as a lover; yet she was
so influenced by her desire to promote her
father's happiness, that she treated his
friend, as she always called Mr. Kerney,
with becoming respect. Mr. Wise would
not believe it possible that she would fore-
go the advantages of wealth and station,
which her union with Mr. Kerney prom-
ised.

How deeply did the father love the
world, which the daughter so highly prize!
It seemed as if its treasures and
pleasures were growing dearer to him ev-
ery day he lived. And he planned to live
long, while Death was shaking the last
sands from his glass.

Mr. Wise had been conversing with his
intended son-in-law on the subject of the
marriage; and when the latter expressed
his doubts that Ellen would not for a long
time consent to the union, the father sud-
denly rising, as if a pang shot through his
heart, exclaimed—"I assure you, Mr. Ker-
ney, that Ellen shall be yours—yes, if I
live one month, she shall be yours, or—"

What he would have added was never
known, perhaps some malediction against
his only child, if she refused to sell herself
for gold, was rising to his lips. But he
spared the sin of giving the expres-
sion of his thoughts utterance. He drew
one convulsed breath, between a sigh and
a groan, and fell backward—dead!

Ellen wept over him in deep and sin-
cere sorrow, and the world soon allowed
that she had cause of grief. It was found,
on examining the affairs of Mr. Wise that
he was a bankrupt to a large amount. The
creditors seized every thing, even Ellen's
harp was not spared; and Mr. Kerney
like a prudent man, he really was in pecu-
niary matters, fearing he might be ap-
pealed to on her behalf, took passage in
the first Havana packet, with the avowed
intention of passing several years abroad.

"Poor Ellen! what will become of her!"
exclaimed Miss Rickett, in that sentiment-
al tone, which she intended to sell herself
for compassion towards the destitute or-
phan. "Oh! do as pity her!" The ma-
licious sparkle of her eye told of a differ-
ent feeling.

"You may spare your pity for Miss
Wise needs it not," replied Mrs. Alden,
with that calm but deep expression which
tells the pretender to kind feelings that her
dissimulation, is perfectly understood.

"The orphan has a true friend,"
"Yourself, my dear Madam," enquired
the spinster, with an admiring smile.

"She will remain with me a few weeks
longer, then she is to be married."

"Married! indeed why, Mr. Kerney
has left the country?"

"True; but Miss Wise was never en-
gaged to him, and never would have mar-
ried such a man. She has happier pros-
pects."

"Some sentimental love affair, I pre-
sume," said Miss Rickett, with a short con-
temptuous laugh. "I think, Mrs. Alden,
you are the advocate of love marriages."

"I am the advocate of truth in all the
relations of life; and till the marriage ser-
vice sanctions the union of husband and
wife for the purpose of mere convenience,
I shall consider their love to each other, as
guilty of perjury, unless they feel what
they profess."

"A young lawyer from New York?"

"Oh, some Yankee speculator, I pre-
sume," remarked Miss Rickett spitefully.
"But I hope Miss Wise will be cautious.
This Strophe may enact the second part
of the Mercenary Lover, and be off like
the old beau."

Mrs. Alden gave a look! How emphatic
may be the language of a look! Miss
Rickett felt that she was an object of ut-
ter contempt to the good matron, and for
once, the silent rebuke was effectual; not
another word of slander or satire did she
utter. What a poor figure, detected envy
and malice display.

They were married—Henry Harrison
and Ellen Wise; and they were happy, for
their love was of that deep and tender na-
ture, which perfect sympathy of feeling
and congeniality of mind and taste in-
spire. So he was exalted, too; for it was
based on perfect faith in the worth, and
truth of each other. Yet Henry had not
ventured to open all his heart to his young
bride. His profession had hitherto afford-
ed him but little more income than suffi-
cient for his own support on a very eco-
nomical scale; and had he felt himself free
to obey the dictates of prudence, he could
hardly have justified to himself the step
he had taken, of marrying without the
prospect, rationally speaking, of obtaining
the means to live.

It was a season, too, of great depression
in business, and the times were gloomy
and discouraging. But Ellen was desti-
tute of a home and protector, and he
could hesitate no longer! He must shield
her from want and dependence, though
care, a thousand fold, were multiplied on
him. So he married, and after all expen-
ses attending the important event were
settled, his lodgings furnished, and his
bride seated in her genteel parlor, arrang-
ed in a pretty, tho' not expensive style, he
found he had barely cash enough left to
pay the first month's board. True, he
had debts due from several clients, but he
knew it was very uncertain when he would
obtain his pay. How would he enter into
the details to his young and utterly in-
experienced wife?

Mr. Wise had always destined his
daughter for a rich husband. She was,
he well knew, exceedingly beautiful;
he had studied to educate her in the
manner which would best set off her natural
graces, and make her loveliness inas-
tractive. Holding in the most sovereign
contempt the philosophy which inculcates
the greatest happiness of the greatest num-
ber, his efforts had only selfish indulgence
for their object; and he had trained Ellen
in his own luxurious habits and expensive
tastes. But the pure diamond will glow
in the dark mine as brightly as on the
cornet of a King. Ellen had a disposition
which prosperity could not corrupt.
Her mind was naturally upright, or, as a
philologist would say, she had large
conscientiousness. And this simple integ-
rity of heart had always resisted the bland-
ishments which her father's vanity had
drawn around her. Yet she had had no
practical experience in lessons of self-denial,
and could not, therefore, know the
little methods of management, and those
daily sacrifices of taste and even ease
and comfort, which real poverty imposes.
She was aware that her husband had no
fortune; but his profession was, in her
estimation, a pledge that he would rise,
for the law, she thought, was a sure pas-
sage to honor and office. So she had been
taught by her father, and she never doubt-
ed her Henry's ability to maintain her ac-
cording to her station.

But these few words, that sad, and lov-
ing expression in her husband's eye, as he
gazed so tenderly on her when he said,
"Can you understand this? told the struggle
of his soul. She felt that she was the wife
of a poor man, who, to shield her, from suf-
fering was sacrificing himself. The whole
depth of that adversity, from which he
had rescued her, at the peril of his own
peace, was in a moment unsealed; and
that night during which she scarcely closed
her eyes, there was opened, before her
roused faculties, a new world of thoughts,
hopes, and resolutions.

The next morning her manner towards
her husband evinced more than usual ten-
derness and when he left her, for his daily
toil, her parting kiss was given with the
heart-devoted affection, which, to him
was a recompense for every care.

As soon as Henry was gone, Ellen hast-
ened to a shop, where she knew fancy
work was sold. She could devise no way
of earning money, except by her needle.
Her education, though it had cost more
money than is required to carry half a
dozen economical young men through col-
lege, had been unsystematic and unprag-
matic. Her masters had taught her the
results of the sciences, and the show of
accomplishments; but the principles,
which must be comprehended and made
clear to the mind before one is qualified
to communicate knowledge to other
minds, she had never acquired.

She played the harp and piano divinely,
but could not have given a lesson on
either, or, at least, she dared not attempt
it. She could draw and paint beautif-
fully, but knew not the principles of either
art. But in needle work she excelled,
and she had a natural ingenuity and taste
which had often excited the admiration of
her companions. And, as melancholy
reflections on the waste of precious time
and money, which she felt had been the
result of her superficial mode of educa-
tion, passed through her mind, she turned
with something of exultation to the

thought that she had loved needle-work,
and could execute almost every kind with
great skill. "Oh, I will employ every
moment, I will earn enough to pay my
own board! Dear Henry shall not feel
distressed on my account!" were her men-
tal exclamations, as she entered the shop
of Mrs. Millet.

These bright dreams were soon disper-
sed. Mrs. Millet wanted no muslin or
fancy work of any kind; and when she
did give out such work the prices she
paid were so inadequate to the time re-
quired for such nice performances, that
Ellen found she could not earn half
enough to pay her board. While she lin-
gered in doubt what next to attempt, a
young lady entered, and enquired for
daisy buttons and frogs. Mrs. Millet
had none in the shop.

"I thought you always kept a variety,
Where can I go to find them? I was told
I should certainly find them here," said
the young lady.

"I have had the best assortment in the
city," replied the shop-woman, "but the
girl that has made them for me is dying,
she was so inadequate to the time re-
quired for such nice performances, that
Ellen found she could not earn half
enough to pay her board. While she lin-
gered in doubt what next to attempt, a
young lady entered, and enquired for
daisy buttons and frogs. Mrs. Millet
had none in the shop."

"Can you make such as these, Miss?"
asked the woman, thinking from Ellen's
blushing face, that she was a diligent
school-girl, and, from her earnest man-
ner that she would, perhaps, try to make
them very nice—cause, if you can, I
will pay you a high price, three sixpences
a dozen."

Three sixpences! Ellen Wise working
for sixpences, seeking employment by
sixpences! I were the first thoughts that
flashed over her mind. "But she recov-
ered her calmness in a moment. 'I will try'
she said meekly, 'if you will let me have
the materials.'

"Oh! certainly; but you must pay for the
silk and moulds; you need only take a
few skeins of silk for you may waste it
all, and I cannot afford to lose it. I will
give you the price, I named for good
buttons, and four shillings a dozen for
frogs."

Ellen took the materials sufficient for
an experiment, a few buttons also, for
models, and when she had paid for her
purchase, found she had only one sixpence
remaining. "Well," thought she, "if the
old proverb be correct, that necessity is
the mother of invention, I shall succeed;
I have need enough to arouse my inge-
nuity."

And she did succeed, wonderfully, as
Mrs. Millet said, and would certainly
earn a fortune. In truth Ellen felt that
she was rich, when in a week from her
first essay, she found herself able to earn
from six to nine shillings per day. The
hours passed like moments, the days were
over before she had time to think of wear-
iness. She only worked while her hus-
band was absent, for she wished to sur-
prise him, at the end of the month with
the sight of her wealth. When his heart
was heavy with care, how blessed would
it be to find that she had sympathized
with him.

They had just entered on the third
month of their married life, when Ellen
commenced her button-making business.
The first day of the fourth month she
landedly sewed up, as usual her bill with
the tea equipage. "She made it a prin-
ciple," she very modestly observed, never
to disturb a boarder with a bill except
when his mind was at leisure, when it
must be over the tea table."

Ellen watched her husband's counte-
nance, when after tea he opened the pa-
per. As he raised his eyes to her's she
could not forbear smiling. "I am glad
you are so happy my love," observed he.

"Are you not happy, Henry?"

"Yes, yes—I shall always be happy
while I can see you so. But I have some-
times feared."

"That we should be poor, and then that
I should be discontented and miserable."

Henry looked earnestly on his wife,
while she went on, her face growing more
animated and lovely as she spoke.

"I know, my dear husband, that