

LITERATURE.

LAW VS. SAW.

Sitting in his office was a lawyer— Standing in the street a sawyer. On the lawyer's anxious face You could read a knotty case.

Needling law! While the sawyer, gaunt and grim: On a rough and knotty limb Ran his saw.

How the saw-horse seemed to me Like a double X in law. And the saw, Which every way "was thrust, Must be followed by the dust, Like the law.

And the law upon the track, Like the elf on the rack, Playing its part: As the tempered teeth of steel Made a wound that would not heal, Through the heart.

And each several stick that fell, In its falling seemed to tell All too plain, Of the many severed ties That in law suits will arise, Bringing pain.

Then methinks the sturdy paw, That was using axe and saw On the wood, Had a yielding mind of wealth, With his honest toil and health, Doing good.

If the chips that strewed the ground, By some stricken widow found In her need, Should by light and warmth impart Blessings in her aged heart— Happy deed!

The conclusion that I draw That no exercise of law Twisting India-rubber law, Is as good, As the exercise of law, Sowing wood.

THE YOUNG MERCHANT'S ORDEAL: OR, CONTENT VERSUS PLENTY.

"Arthur," said Mrs. Leeman, addressing her young husband, "it seems to me that Mr. Sharping is going ahead of you in business."

"Ah," uttered the young man looking up from his paper. "Yes," continued the wife. "He has just moved into his large new house, and I expect we shall be invited to the opening party."

Really, I wish that you could do the same. "And are you not contented here, Sarah?" asked Mr. Leeman, with a slight tinge of disappointment in his tone.

"No, yes, I am contented; but then I should like to have you look as well,—that is, appear as well as William Sharping does. You are as generally respected in the town, and you are as generally respected. Your store is as well situated, and you seem to possess all the advantages you could wish. I wish you could keep up with Sharping."

Arthur Leeman was a young merchant located in a large and flourishing village, where he had been in business nearly two years.—He had been brought up by virtuous parents, and his ideas of justice and honesty founded upon deep moral principle. Shortly before he entered business for himself he married a beautiful girl whom he had long and ardently loved, and who had, in return, reciprocated that love. He had received from her two thousand dollars, which sum had gone a great way towards purchasing his stock in trade.—He had rented a small cottage—a neat, retired abode—and here he settled down in a house of his own, and with every prospect of continued happiness; and this happiness he had a right to expect, for his young wife was mild and gentle, loving and true, and ever ready to his welfare. His expenses he carefully kept behind his income, and as might be expected he made but little domestic show.—His comforts were all solid, based upon the single idea of Content.

William Sharping also kept a store in the village. He had commenced about the same time that Arthur had, but he seemed to have made more money, for he settled down in his living, and, as has already been intimated, he was upon the point of making a still greater show of accumulating wealth. Sharping's wife was an intimate friend of Sarah Leeman, and hence the latter felt more sensibly the contrast between her own and her neighbor's outward circumstances.

In a few evenings William Sharping opened his new house for the reception of visitors, and of course Arthur and Sarah were invited. Arthur Leeman was wonder-struck by the appearance of his friend's domestic equipment. The furniture were rich and costly, and the carpets were all of the finest material. Large mirrors hung upon the walls, golden lamps adorned the marble mantel, and sumptuous ottomans and sofas offered their temptations to the weary.

"What a splendid house they have got, haven't they?" remarked one of the guests to Sarah Leeman. "Yes," returned Sarah; and as she spoke she thought her interlocutor was drawing a comparison between her own and Mrs. Sharping's domestic establishment.

Sarah heard, on all hands, praises of the things about her, and she wondered why her own husband could not do all this as well as Mr. Sharping. She let the evil spirit of envy into her bosom before she was aware of it, and from that moment she became unhappy. She took no more pleasure in viewing the costly articles about her, and at an early hour she drew her husband away from the company, and begged him to go home. When she reached her own snug, neat little sitting room, she forgot all the happiness she had enjoyed there. She only thought of the contrast between that and Mrs. Sharping's superb parlors.

"I'm sure I don't see why we may not make as good an appearance as Sharping," she murmured, after she and her husband had become seated. "I can hardly afford it now, Sarah," returned Arthur. "But why not, as well as William Sharping?"

"Because Sharping has more money. He makes more than I do."

"I don't see how he can do that. He must have some secret in trade that you do not possess. O, I wish we could keep up with them. People will see that Sharping is the most prosperous, and they will think him more of a business man than you are; and if he once takes the lead in trade he will be sure, not only to keep it, but also to gain on his competitors. You know how people like to trade at flourishing places."

Arthur Leeman began to think there was some force in his wife's argument. He, too, began to lose sight of the sweet Content he had been for two years enjoying, and in the stead thereof he was looking upon what the world calls—Plenty. He might at first argued more with his wife, but he remembered that it was her money that helped materially to set him up in business, and he feared to touch a cord that might vibrate on that point. He did not know the real character of his wife,—he did not know how holy and pure was the soil in her soul that had thus given life to a few noxious weeds. Was but an fully known that the present envy was but an exotic, just springing into life by thoughtless transplanting, he might have sought more earnestly to pluck it out; but he gave heed to her words, and his own soul became the abode of discontent.

Before Arthur Leeman retired that night he told his wife that he would exert himself to outstrip his neighbor. A few evenings after that as Arthur was returning home from his business he had occasion to pass his neighbor's store, and as he saw a light gleaming through the chinks in the shutters, he thought he would enter.—Sharping was there alone, and he had just closed his ledger.

"Ha, Leeman, how are you? How's business?" cried Sharping, with the air of a man who is well pleased with himself. "O, so-so," returned Arthur, reaching over the desk to shake hands. "I've done capital to-day," resumed Sharping. "A profit of fifty-eight dollars and thirty-three cents."

"Not clear net profit?" said Arthur, opening his eyes. "Yes, clear profit. Ha, ha, ha." And as the young merchant thus laughed to himself he leaned over the counter and rubbed his hands exultingly.

"But I don't see how you do it," uttered Arthur, in a tone of nervous wishfulness. "Ha, ha, ha. What fools there are in this world, Leeman. Just look here," rattled the successful merchant, as he leaped back over his counter, and pulled a piece of goods from one of his shelves. "There, what do you call that?"

Leeman, carefully examined the article, with the air of one who understands the business. "It's made to look like the finest of silk," he said, "but the great body of the cloth is cotton. I never saw any like it, before." He continued, as he drew out a thread and ran it between the nails of his thumb and fore-finger, thereby stripping off the flossy silken covering from a stout thread of cotton. "No,—it's a new thing. I got it in New York. Sold a piece this afternoon—fifteen yards—for nine shillings a yard. Ha, ha, ha."

"Nine shillings!" repeated Arthur, in renewed surprise. "Why the stuff is not worth seventy-five cents."

"Bless your body, I only paid forty-two cents for it. Got it at auction. It's a new thing. Only think—off from fifty yards I have made a profit of sixteen dollars and twenty cents."

"But the one to whom you sold it must have thought it all silk." "Of course she did. You don't think she'd have paid that price if she didn't. But mind I tell you this in confidence, you are one of the trade, you know, and of course up to such things." Arthur Leeman was not "up to such things," but then he had not at that moment the many independence to know so. A new idea was working its way darkly through his mind.

"You didn't of course tell her it was really silk—pure silk," he said half carelessly. "O, no," returned Sharping with a knowing nod. "Let me alone for that. She wanted something rich for a dress—I took down that,—there," said I, "look at that—just what you want—splendid article—just examine it for yourself." "What do you ask?" said she—"Two dollars," said I. "Too high," she said. "But my dear madam, look at it—I must make myself whole." She begged and I groaned about the ruinous plan of selling below cost. At last she hit me upon nine shillings. 'Ruinous,' said I; 'but if you would mention it—if you'll promise not to tell of it, why—seeing it's yours—you may take it.' She promised—and took it. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha."

"Sixteen dollars and twenty cents!" muttered Arthur, aloud. "Ay, a good round profit," added Sharping. "But then we must do it. Must live, you know; and we might as well have their money as anybody. They've got it to spare, else they wouldn't spend it."

When Leeman returned to his home he had learned how William Sharping made his money, and half of that night he laid awake and thought of it. The next morning he walked very slowly towards his store. He was still thinking of what he had learned the night before, and he was trying hard to silence the "still small voice," that was whispering to his soul.

"It's only business, after all!" he said to himself. "I may as well have a living as other folks." It was with those words upon his lips that he entered his store. His clerk was there, and the place was all neat and clean. He had been in the store half an hour, and at the end of that time his clerk asked him if he was unwell. "Unwell? What put that into your head, Henry?" "O,—I thought that you looked flushed; feverish—I didn't know but that you might have caught cold."

"No, no; I am well."

Arthur Leeman turned away, and wondered if he had been showing all his feelings.—Somehow the store did not seem so cheerful to him as usual. The neatly arranged shelves and boxes, and the choice goods, did not look near so inviting as they were wont.

During the first part of the day he sold some common articles, such as calicoes, lawns, threads, but it did not occur to him that even he might have overreached a simple customer. He did not think of getting some twelve and a half cents for some of his sixpenny prints. Sharping did it, but Leeman was not yet initiated.

At length an opportunity was offered for Arthur to try his newly discovered plan of business. Towards night a middle-aged gentleman entered the store and expressed a wish to purchase some cloth for a pair of pants.—He was a stranger, having but a few days before moved into the village.

"I should like a piece that is good—all wool, thick and firm," he said, as Arthur led the way to the cloth counter.

The gentleman looked over the goods, and at length his eye hit upon a piece of dark mixed doeskin. It felt firm and thick, and was in truth a handsome piece.

"How is that?" said Arthur. "I think it will suit me. It seems to be firm and good. Not quite so soft as clear wool generally is."

"It is excellent cloth—a few days' wear will soften it," said the young merchant trying to appear candid. "What is it a yard?"

Now that cloth cost Arthur just thirty-seven and a half cents per yard, and he had intended to have sold it for forty-two, and had placed its private mark upon it accordingly. It was just half cotton.

"One dollar!" said he; and the words, as he spoke them, struck startlingly upon his own ear. "You may cut me off three yards," said the man; and Arthur hid his face as he did the work.

After the cloth was done up the gentleman paid for it—three dollars—it was nearly two dollars more than it cost—a profit of almost two hundred per cent!

Arthur Leeman had always made it a practice to be social with his customers, but he could not be so now. He dared not meet the eye of the man with whom he had just traded.

It was a five dollar bill that the gentleman tendered in payment, and as he passed it over he remarked: "I suppose that is the lowest you will take."

"It is the lowest I ought to take, returned Arthur trying to hide his trepidation. "Very well," said the stranger. "I always wish to pay a fair living price to every one with whom I deal—always trusting," he added, with a smile, "that I shall be treated honestly in return."

He took his change and left the store.—Arthur took down his blotter and thought to enter the sale he had just made; but he hesitated. Those papers were all fair and honest. He dared not place there the record of the first dishonest deed he had ever done! O, how he wished that his customer had not come—he who he wished he could recall the thing he had done. But 'twas too late. He had tried the experiment!

"Why—what's the matter, Arthur?" asked Mrs. Leeman, as her husband drew back from the supper-table that evening. "You look unhappy."

"And I am unhappy, Sarah," faintly replied Arthur; for he had determined to tell his bitter experience. "What is it?" anxiously uttered the half-frightened wife, moving to her husband's side and placing her arm about his neck. "Sit down, sit down, Sarah, and I will tell you."

The woman sat down, but still kept her arm about her husband's neck. "Sarah," he said with a painful effort, "I have done that to-day which I never did before in my life. I have been dishonest! I have lied and cheated!"

"Lied! You my husband—cheated! O, no, no, Arthur!" "Yes—a man came into my store—he was a stranger—a new comer in town. He trusted to my honesty, and—I lied to him and cheated him! O, Sarah, I wish I had not done it!"

"But you did not do it—you could not." "Listen to me my wife. I thought I would try to make money as fast as William Sharping does. Last evening I was in his store, and I discovered his secret. If I disclose it to you, you will not tell of it."

Sarah promised, and then Arthur related to her all that had passed. He told her of Sharping's mode of dealing, and he described his own experiment that afternoon. "I have been dishonest, and I am unhappy," he said in conclusion. "I do not feel the same man that I did before, for there is one man in the world towards whom I have done wrong, and I should not dare to look him in the face."

For some time Sarah Leeman was silent. At length she raised her lips to her husband's face and kissed him.

"Forgive me," she whispered, "for it was I who did this wrong. O, forgive me, Arthur. I was blind—foolish. I was envious, O, I would rather live in the meanest rags of penury and want, than to live on the wages of my husband's dishonesty! I shall never be envious again. I will never again think of bartering away sweet Content for the desire of my neighbor's Plenty. It was I who wronged you. Forgive me."

It was a scene of mutual forgiveness that followed, and that night both husband and wife prayed that they might never heed the voice of the tempter again.

On the next morning the first person who came into the store, after Arthur arrived, was the man to whom the cloth had been sold the day before. The young merchant felt a sudden trembling coming to his limbs, and the worst fears sprang to his mind. He feared that his wickedness had been detected, and that he should not have it in his power to make a free restitution. But he was mistaken. The gentleman had only come for some stuff for linings and facings to the pants he was going to have made; and Arthur's heart leaped again, for now he should have the opportunity that he had so longed for.

"Ah, sir," he said, after the articles called for had been rolled up. "I fear there was a small mistake made yesterday, and I am glad you have called, for I wish it rectified."

"I was not aware of any," returned the stranger, wonderingly. "Step this way, sir," Arthur led the way to the counter where the sale the day before had been made, and laying his hand upon the piece of cloth from which he had cut the three yards, he continued: "You took a pattern from this piece."

"Yes, sir."

"And paid me one dollar per yard."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir—I was very nervous—very uncomfortable at the time, and I made a sad mistake. I should have asked you but forty-two cents per yard for it. It is part cotton. You may return it and take another piece, or I will pay you back the difference, just as you please."

The gentleman chose to keep the cloth, and Arthur paid him back one dollar and seventy cents. He was very thankful for the restitution thus made, and remained in the store while and chatted with the merchant, often making a remark upon the charm which he always experienced when doing business with one in whose honor he could confide.—He proved afterwards to be not only a good customer, but a valuable friend, to the young merchant.

That night Arthur Leeman was happy, and his sweet wife was never happier in her life, for she had learned the real value of the blessings she possessed, and which she had well nigh thrown from her—the sweetest treasure of life—Content.

Time sped on. Arthur Leeman remained strict in his integrity. One by one the customers of William Sharping dropped into his store. They had learned the real character of the dishonest merchant, and they fled from his counter. In the course of time Sharping was deeply in debt—his great home was put up for sale. Arthur Leeman bought it, and when he paid for it he had the sweet satisfaction of knowing that every dollar of the purchase money had been honestly earned by fair and virtuous dealing.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE ABOVE PREPARATION HAS ESTABLISHED A NEW ERA IN THE HISTORY OF THE HEALING ART. It is the result of the great efforts of the Age, because it will cure more than any other medicine a class of distressing diseases incident to females in every stage of life, and which have heretofore resisted the best efforts of the medical profession in all countries, to its degree beyond that of almost every other remedy. The diseases to which we refer are usually known by the term

FEMALE COMPLAINTS, and comprise all the derangements to which females are liable by their organic system. Among these are: PROLAPSE Uteri, or Falling of the Womb; CHRONIC INFLAMMATION and ILLITERATION of the WOMB; DYSMENORRHOEA, or PAINFUL PERIODS; ALBES, or WHITES; CHLOROSIS; PALENESS; SUPPRESSED and IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION, &c., with all their accompanying evils. (Under each title) of a class of cases, and ALL THESE COMPLAINTS can be pleasantly, safely, and effectually remedied by this preparation.

THE CLAIMS OF THIS MEDICINE to the confidence of the public are strengthened by the fact of its having received the approbation and liberal patronage of MANY PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE MEDICAL FACULTY in the United States, some of whom have voluntarily given letters of commendation, (see pamphlet), sustaining all that is claimed for the Catholicon as a curative agent.

REFERENCES. P. B. FERRIS, M. D., Utes, N. Y. L. D. FLEMING, M. D., Canaan, N. Y. M. H. HES, M. D., Rochester, N. Y. J. W. RAY, M. D., New York. PROF. DESBAY, M. D., Baltimore, Md. J. C. OBERICK, M. D., New York. W. W. RAY, M. D., City of New York. W. PLESTON, M. D., Concord, N. H.

Dr. Mott's Celebrated Female Regulating Pills. Persons suffering from Dyspepsia, either at the turn of life, or at other times, should immediately have recourse to these Pills, as hundreds of persons are annually cured, by their use, of this distressing complaint in its different stages, when all other means had failed.

CURE OF A PAIN AND TIGHTNESS IN THE CHEST AND STOMACH OF A PERSON 81 YEARS OF AGE. From Messrs. Thompson & Son, Proprietors of the Linn's Advertiser, who give for the following statement—(August 2nd, 1851).

To Professor Mott's Pills, in cases of Dropsy. Persons suffering from Dropsy, either at the turn of life, or at other times, should immediately have recourse to these Pills, as hundreds of persons are annually cured, by their use, of this distressing complaint in its different stages, when all other means had failed.

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The Road to Health.



Holloway's PILLS.

CURE OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND BAD DIGESTION. Copy of a Letter from Mr. R. W. Kirkus, Chemist, Princes Street, Liverpool, dated 6th June, 1851.

To Professor Holloway. Sir,—Your Pills and Ointment have stood the highest on our sale list of Proprietary Medicines for some years. A customer to whom I can refer for any enquiries, desires me to let you know the particulars of her case. She has been troubled for years with a disordered liver, and bad digestion. On the last occasion, however, the violence of her attack was so alarming, and the inflammation set in so severely, that doctors were retained for her not being able to bear up under it; fortunately she was induced to try your Pills, and she informed me that after the first, and each succeeding dose, she had great relief. She continued to take them, and although she used only three Boxes, she is now in the enjoyment of perfect health. I could have sent you many more cases, but the above, from the severity of the attack, and the speedy cure, I think speaks more in favour of your astonishing Pills. (Signed) R. W. KIRKUS.

An Extraordinary Cure of Rheumatic Fever. In Van Diemen's Land. Copy of a Letter inserted in the Hobart-Town Courier, of the 1st March, 1851, by Major J. Walsh.

Margaret M. Canning, sixteen years of age, residing in New-Town, had been suffering from a violent rheumatic fever for upwards of two months, which had entirely cut her under the care of her family during this period she had been confined to her bed, and was unable to get up. Her father, Mr. Thomas Clark, a Settler at Lake George, had been a considerable time in the use of Holloway's celebrated Pills, which she succeeded to do, and in an incredible short space of time they effected perfect cure.

WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, IN CASES OF DROPSY. Persons suffering from Dropsy, either at the turn of life, or at other times, should immediately have recourse to these Pills, as hundreds of persons are annually cured, by their use, of this distressing complaint in its different stages, when all other means had failed.

CURE OF A PAIN AND TIGHTNESS IN THE CHEST AND STOMACH OF A PERSON 81 YEARS OF AGE. From Messrs. Thompson & Son, Proprietors of the Linn's Advertiser, who give for the following statement—(August 2nd, 1851).

To Professor Holloway. Sir,—I desire to bear testimony to the good effects of your Pills. For some years I suffered severely from a pain and tightness in the stomach which was also accompanied by a shortness of breath, that prevented me from walking about. I am 54 years of age, and notwithstanding my advanced state of life, these Pills have so relieved me, that I am desirous that others should be made acquainted with their virtues. I am now restored by their use, and am comparatively active, and can take exercise without inconvenience or pain, which I could not do before. (Signed) HENRY COE, North Street, Lynn, Norfolk.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF THE GRAVEL AND A MOST DANGEROUS FEVER COMPLAINT. Copy of a Letter addressed to J. K. Hopley, Esq., Esq., of New South Wales, dated 17th Feb., 1851.

Sir—A Mr. Thomas Clark, a Settler at Lake George, had been a considerable time in the use of Holloway's celebrated Pills, which she succeeded to do, and in an incredible short space of time they effected perfect cure.

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints. Ague, Asthma, Bilious Complaints, Blotches on the Skin, Bowel Complaints, Colic, Constipation of the Bowels, Consumption, Debility, Dropsy, Dysentery, Erysipelas, Female Irregularities, Fevers of all kinds, Fits, Gravel, Head-ache, Indigestion, Inflammation, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Lumbago, Piles, Rheumatism, Retention of Urine, Scrofula or King's Evil, Stone Terrets, Stone and Gravel, Secondary Symptoms, Tic Douloureux, Tumours, Ulcers, Venereal Affections, Worms of all kinds, Weakness from whatever cause, &c. &c.

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and by S. L. TILLEY, Provincial Agent, No. 15, King Street, St. John, N. B. A. Coy & Son, Fredericton; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend of Pettaquamscutt; O. K. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; J. A. Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Ganning; and James G. White, Belleisle. In Pots and Boxes, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients are affixed to each Box.

PROFESSOR MOTT'S Celebrated Female Regulating Pills. These wonderful Pills are compounded entirely from the vegetable kingdom, and they are now recommended to the Female sex as an invaluable remedy for many complaints to which they are subject. In obstruction—either total or partial, they have been found of inestimable benefit for the healthiest action. The Aperient stimulant and tonic properties are so admirably combined in the composition of these Pills, that they clear the Bowels from all corrupt and vitiated matter—rouse up the sluggish action of the Heart, Blood, and Lungs, fluids from all Humours—strengthen the nerves and muscles, and give tone and energy to the whole system.

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