

Then it appears, that on the last 'party-evening,' Cook entered upon undisguised hostilities with the helpless juvenile already mentioned, and produced various commotions during the entertainment, which were suspected to spring from other stimulants than a sense of duty. Cook is also capable of peculiar aggravations in her own special department, feeling no remorse, but rather betraying a depraved satisfaction at the occurrence and consequences of a culinary calamity—when, Horace having brought in a gentleman to dinner, ('Nothing but ham and chicken and an artichoke,') the chickens came up tough, and the artichokes raw, her mistress, as was inevitable, burst into tears and left the table.

This—she explains to you—is real trouble, heightened by the apprehensions of Horace for the effect of these distressing events upon her frail health—he continually urging her to 'pay the creatures their money, and let them go'; and Horace usually looks on and listens throughout these lamentations, and being (as somebody says in a book), 'a docile beast,' makes a very good pretence of believing them.

She is disgusted, too, with the 'state of society' in this Country, (choosing to forget that her lot is cast in pleasanter places than it ever knew before she came to this obnoxious land,) and superfluously careful as to who shall come 'betwixt the wind and her nobility,' and having no daughters of her own to astonish the world with, indignantly wonders what 'service men' mean by marrying in the Colonies.

And often, in startling and bitter contrast to all this finery, creeps cowering along, the aged form of poor old Mary Law—r. Many a kind word, and 'silver penny,' she had from you in the long ago; and still can faintly gasp out a remembrance of them. Her day is nearly done, and its closing is dreary indeed. For many years, until she became too old to be strong of hand and light of foot, was she a thoroughly trusted and respectable domestic in some of our best houses. Then when failing days came upon her, the lonely woman invested a trifling hoard in a small stock of small haberdashery, and wandered wearily about the outskirts of the town, with her insignificant wares, often walking many miles in a day, and returning to her poor bed and bare room, altogether worn out and miserable. It was not wonderful that her poor trade should soon fail, nor was it strange that her struggling poverty should sink into utter wretchedness. Luxurious men and women are often very unhappy, and urge with some reason—in extenuation of habits they cannot justify—the despair of a crushed and objectless life. But almost any sufferer might learn a lesson of endurance from Mary Law—r. With no circle to pity or applaud;—with no sister, brother, husband, or child, to inspire, sustain or suffer with her;—without the comfort of being necessary to the life of one human being;—suffering hunger and cold;—familiar with every privation;—tempted by all misery, this woman has been always decent, honest, and uncom-