

ask for money for my own uses, I hear nothing from Mr. Cotton' but "hard times," and "scarcity of money."

'Surely from all this abundance which I see around me you can spare something.'

'Ah, that is it, Mrs. Manly; it takes so much to keep up this "abundance," as you are pleased to call it. Those embroidered satin curtains cost me eight hundred dollars each—and there being four of them, they required no trifling sum, I assure you. Then the expenses of housekeeping, and of entertaining company—but I suppose I must give something.'

Placing a dollar in the hand of Mrs. Manly, Sophia turned to adjust her dress at the magnificent mirror which reached from the ceiling to the floor. Aunt Bankly, after many regrets of her little power to give, and muttering a little about "so many of these things forever coming," and "she did not see why people could not support themselves in this land of plenty," gave her half a dollar. Helen declared she thought she did her share towards taking care of the poor, by making fancy work for fairs, and so excused herself. The sweet and benevolent smile, with which Mrs. Manly repaid me for what I deemed it my duty to give her, has dwelt in my recollection ever since.

I begin to confound right and wrong. Every thing here is so different from my preconceived ideas, that I sometimes fancy I have always been under a mistake, respecting our duties to ourselves and others. If I should act upon these motives for action, which I often see predominant here, I must not be myself—I, in the country, and I, in the city, are two different persons. Let us hope, while my ideas are so confused, I shall not—like the man who swore he was a changeling, and not he himself—lose my own identity.—If I do, you must be the 'little dog at home' and prove that 'I be I.' However, I have, as yet, seen but little in this wonderful maze of city life, and may judge erroneously. At all events, I have viewed but one side of the picture, and should I ever send you another side, it may be a brighter one.

E. R. S.

[The preceding article portrays the causes of a good proportion of the city bankruptcies. Ladies can readily perceive to what degree they promote the ruin of their husbands, and the almost absolute extinction of their moral sensibilities,—in their desire for vain show, forgetting their duties to their neighbour, and in short, neglecting the chief design and object of their creation. In our next, we shall furnish 'Floretta's second letter,' which presents objects of great interest.—Genuine exalted worth and excellence are displayed in the character of an honourable bankrupt and his family. May they excite universal emulation.—*Am. paper.*]

(From the Ladies' Companion.)

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

BY F. H. HARRINGTON.

There is a grey-haired gentleman in New York, a retired merchant, whose bland and hearty countenance may be seen every day, in Broadway, through the window of his carriage, as he takes his airing. There is nothing ostentatious about his equipage—none of that laboured display, unfortunately characteristic of too many in New York. He does not ape the habits of foreign aristocracy, by attiring his servants in liveries; and his carriage, though evidently of costly manufacture, is so barren of tinsel, and of so unpretending a construction, that the passer by, as his eye falls upon it in the midst of the ambitious 'turn-outs' so numerous in Broadway, would never suspect its occupant to be the master of unbounded wealth—capable of buying up nine hundred and ninety-nine of the bedizened and bewiskered aspirants, who dash by him, as he leisurely rambles along, in their flashy gingerbread vehicles.

He is often accompanied by his wife and daughter; the former preserving in the wane of life, traces of loveliness; the latter in the dawning of lustrous beauty. The dress of these ladies corresponds with the elegant simplicity—that test of true elevation and real gentility, which we have remarked upon as distinguishing the husband and father. The jewels they wear are few and tasteful; and, in their plain and becoming attire, they do not make their bodies locomotive milliners' signs, nor tell a tale, by extravagance or ostentatiousness of display, that conscious of deficiency in mental superiority, they would make a parade of the gaudiness of the covering, to atone for the emptiness within it.

This gentleman came to this city when a young man, a poor adventurer. He left his father's humble fireside in the country, with a blessing, and a little pack of clothes, and with a five dollar note in his pocket, all he was worth in the world, he turned his steps towards New York; ignorant of mankind, of the world's guilt and crime of the thousands seeking like himself, a livelihood, who congregate in this moral whirlpool—but full of expectation, of hope, of determination, of energy. It was distant several days' travel, but he did not greatly diminish his scanty funds, for the farmer's door at which he applied at nightfall, was ever open to receive him, and a few hours of labour the succeeding day required, for he would have scorned to accept of charity, the hospitality extended to him. He sought a mean, cheap lodging house, when at last he trod, with eager foot, the streets of the city; and although wondering curiosity was awake, he wasted no time in idleness, but sedulously employed himself in seeking occupation. Appearances are deceitful, and it is dangerous to put faith in them; but the merchant who

listened to Jacob Flagg's story, and taking the honesty depicted in his face as an endorsement of its truth, made him his porter, never had reason to regret it.

For four years he was a faithful servant; diligent, industrious, honest, frugal. Closing his duties soon after nightfall, his evenings were his own; and by the light of a lamp, he devoted them to the improvement of his mind. At the end of the four years, with what he had saved from his earnings, and some little assistance from his employer, he opened a small retail shop in an obscure street, wherein he vended a small stock of dry goods. From the beginning he succeeded; slowly, indeed, yet he succeeded. And the majority may succeed in precisely the same way. Whatever one's income may be, however trifling, let him live within it, and he is even then prospering and to prosper. In a great city, frugality never finds itself at fault. Subsistence and a home may be procured, meeting to any quality of means; and he who casts false pride out of doors, and indulges rather in that more ennobling satisfaction, the consciousness that he is wronging no fellow being by unjust self-indulgence, is laying a foundation for prosperity that nothing can shake; for though the goods of earth may gather slowly, the soul will be heaping up treasures. Extravagance is a comparative term; and he who with an income of a few hundred, exceeds its bounds in his expenditures, is more extravagant than the possessor of millions, whose lavish hand scatters thousands upon thousands from his revenue. Jacob Flagg had a little something left of his first year's gains, and a yet larger sum at the close of the second—tenfold after the third.

As his condition improved, he cautiously and advisedly improved his mode of living. He removed to a more genteel boarding-house—and then a better still, ever careful, however, not to deceive himself and run ahead of duty. The second change was rife with momentous influences upon his destiny; for there boarded in the same house a widow and her pretty daughter, the last an heiress worth a thousand dollars! The widow named Watkins—not her real name by the by, for, on our veracity, we are telling a true story, and it might give offence to be too particular—was not overstocked with wit, and piqued herself as much on her slender jointure and the thousand dollars Helen was to possess on her wedding day, as though her hundreds had been thousands, and her daughter's thousand a million. Helen was sensible—very sensible; and resisted, in a good degree, the unhappy influence of her mother's weakness; but most women, not being conversant with business, do not appreciate the true value of money; and it is not amazing that Helen, when it was so constantly a theme of exultation and pride with her mother, should imagine at last, her thousand dollars—a fortune.

Flagg after a time loved her—loved her with his whole heart and was tenderly loved in return. He had always determined with an honest pride, never to fall in love with a woman with money; 'it should never be cast in his teeth by his wife's grumbling relations, that he was supported by her,—and there are few who will accuse him of swerving from his principles, although he did love Helen Watkins, and she had a thousand dollars.

He married her; and on her wedding day, pursuant to her father's will the thousand dollars were placed in Flagg's hands. Doing as he thought best for their mutual advantage, he invested it in his business, and instead of dashing out with an establishment, remained at the boarding house. For a time all went on well. A loving bride thinks little, for months, of any thing but love and happiness, and Helen never spoke of the thousand dollars. Flagg furnished her with money sufficient for her wants, and indeed for her desire—the engrossment of her thoughts otherwise limiting her wishes. But when a year had gone by, she oftener asked for articles of dress or luxury—luxury to them—which her husband could not afford to give, and gently but resolutely denied her. 'It's very strange' thought Helen to herself, 'that when he has all that thousand dollars of mine, he won't let me have what I want.' Her mother fostered these complaining thoughts, and on an occasion when she had set her heart on something which he refused to purchase, she ventured to vent her disappointment in reproaches; and referred to the thousand dollars, which she was sure she ought to be at liberty to spend, since it was all her own. Flagg was astonished, indignant; but refraining himself, kindly reasoned with her, and represented how paltry a sum in reality, a thousand dollars was, and how long ago it would have been exhausted, had it been in her own possession, by the procurement of half the articles she had solicited. But her pride prevented her from listening with calmness; and she only gathered enough of his explanation to excite, in her warped judgement, that it was only given to excuse himself for his meanness.

In a short time the thousand dollars came up again—and again—and again; the last time immediately after breakfast. Flagg could hear no more. Without a rejoinder, he suddenly left the house. His wife saw that he was more than ordinarily moved—that his face wore a startling expression, and regretful, penitent, and alarmed, she called earnestly and tearfully to him, but it was too late! It was a sullen, wintry, chilly day when Flagg left his home that morning; it was, too, at the very climax of one of those mercantile crises when the rich feel poor, and the poor beggars; and Flagg, breasting the storm bravely thus far, congratulated himself that a few days more he should be safe and his fortunes golden forever. How bitter were his sensations as he came down

Broadway that morning, plashing through the rain! He loved Helen dearly—he knew that she loved him. Their days were all happiness save that destroyed by this one foible, and let come what would, he determined to give her 'a lesson that should last her the rest of her life.'

He did not return to dinner. Helen waited for him, and, robbed by her anxiety and remorse of her appetite, would not go down herself, but sat all the afternoon, looking from the window into the deserted and dreary street; weeping sometimes as if her heart would break. When daylight had nearly gone, and she had begun to strain her eyes to distinguish objects without, she discovered him approaching. She could not—she dared not go to meet him, but when he opened the door she could not repress a shriek at the haggardness of his countenance. He came to her side, and taking her hand, said in a voice broken by exhaustion and emotion, while he extended with the other a roll of bank notes—

'Helen, there are your thousand dollars. I have had toil and anguish, and pain enough to get them for you, in these dreadful times, but I had resolved, and would not be disappointed. Take them, do with them as you like, and we will be wholly happy; for you can never reproach me more.'

'No, no, not for the world!' sobbed Helen, sinking on her knees in shame; 'oh husband forgive me, forgive me! I shall never be guilty again!' and she tried to make him accept the notes.

He was, however, resolute; and well knowing from his character, that what he had determined on, as a proper course, he would not swerve from, she dismissed the subject, and they were afterwards indeed happy. He never asked to what purpose she devoted her thousand dollars, but it was plain enough that she expended them neither for dress nor ornament. If any thing, she was more frugal than ever; and he was compelled to question her of her wants and wishes, when he was disposed to gratify them; as he was liberally and freely, so soon as his prosperity would authorize it.

Reader, this Flagg is the same hale old fellow whom we have spoken of as riding in his carriage in Broadway; and that wife is the same Helen. That daughter—ah, I can tell a story of her! She is to be married next week to a young man not worth a penny—but who loves her, and cares not a pin for her father's money, confiding as he does in his own energies, which the old gentleman took care to make sure of before he gave his consent. As to that thousand dollars, it has been accumulating these twenty years—has been added to constantly by the mother, and is now a good round sum—we have it from good authority—at least twenty thousand, will be a gift to her daughter on the marriage day; but we warrant you, she will hear the whole story of 'the thousand dollars,' and be warned not to suspect an honest, highminded, loving man, of marrying for money!

FUNERAL OF BISHOP MACDONELL.

A solemn dirge was performed over the remains of Dr. Macdonell, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kingston, Upper Canada, in St. Mary's Chapel, Broughton Street, Edinburgh, on Saturday, January 25. The chapel was crowded, all having been admitted by tickets, which had been profusely distributed. The chapel windows were blocked up and covered with black cloth, and upon each were gilded the devices of death's head and cross bones, and the Bishop's mitre, alternately. The pulpit, the front of the gallery, and the bottom of the altar, were also covered with black cloth. To the left of the altar, a superb hatchment was erected, surmounted by a plumed canopy of black tapestry bordered with silver. In front of this burned an immense number of candles of various sizes, in honour of the deceased's rank in the R. C. Church. In front of these was placed the coffin containing the body, covered with crimson velvet. The altar was lighted with six large candles in high gilded candlesticks. Among those who assisted at the ceremony were Bishops Carruthers and Gillis, of Edinburgh; Bishop Murdoch, of Glasgow; and Bishop Scott, of Greenock. As the Bishops and Clergy entered the church in procession, the band performed the Dead March in Saul. Mass having been said by Dr. Gillis, Bishop Murdoch delivered a discourse, in the course of which he passed a high eulogium on the character of his deceased brother, and adverted to his zeal and indefatigable perseverance in forwarding and propagating the tenets of the Catholic faith, both in his native land, and in the interior of Upper Canada. The priests then left the chapel in the same manner in which they had entered, the band playing the same solemn march; and the body of the deceased having been placed in front of the altar, the priests re-entered in the same order, and proceeded to pronounce a last and impressive benediction over the deceased. The remains were then removed from the chapel to a splendid hearse, which was covered with purple velvet, emblazoned with the late prelate's arms, and the mitre, drawn by six horses. The hearse, being preceded by an imposing array of the members of the Roman Catholic congregation, and marshalled by mutes, &c. moved in slow procession, followed by coaches containing the bishops and priests, to the vaults of St. Mary's Chapel, where the remains were deposited.

Health is a blessing, prized most by those who need it.—*Jenkins.*