# The Weekly Observer.

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## Weekly Almanack.

| Feb.—1840. | | Sun Rises. | Sun Sets. | Moon Rises. | Full Sea. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 26 | Wednesday - - | 6 43 | 5 43 | 3 41 | 5 9 |
| 27 | Thursday - - | 6 41 | 5 45 | 3 36 | 6 31 |
| 28 | Friday - - | 6 40 | 5 46 | 4 23 | 7 48 |
| 29 | Saturday - - | 6 39 | 5 47 | 5 1 | 8 51 |
| 1 | Sunday - - | 6 37 | 5 40 | 5 32 | 9 41 |
| 2 | Monday - - | 6 35 | 5 50 | 2 57 | 10 21 |
| 3 | Tuesday - - | 6 33 | 5 51 | Sets. 10 | 57 |

New Moon 3d, 11h. 26m. evening.


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## The Garland.

### THE BRIDE AND THE BURIAL.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAILEY.

When last I saw this church, it was the morn of a wedding,
And through the village crowd a glad murmur was spreading;
She comes! the lady comes! throw the gate open wider;
She came! it was the bride, with her husband beside her.
How beautiful she looked in the bridal procession,
Her features wore so pure and so blest an expression!
She smiled upon the friends who came near to caress her,
And I, although unknown, cried with fervor "God bless her!"

One year has passed away—to the same church returning.
I hear a muffled bell and the accents of mourning;
I cannot but look back to the morn of the wedding,
And oh! 'tis for the bride that these sad tears are shedding.
The youth now stands alone who beside her was kneeling—
Alone, his pallid face with his mantle concealing.
He prays to be relieved from the pangs that oppress him,
And I, although unknown, cried with fervor "God bless him!"

### QUEEN VICTORIA.

"The Rose of England's rich parterre
(Where every flower is passing fair;)
All youth, all hope, all loveliness,
Whom millions only name to bless.
How dazzling is that open brow!
Not even the diadem, whose glow
Encircles it with lustre bright,
Casts into shade its gentle light;
So dignified, so lofty, mild,
There meet the angel, woman, child.
O! who could gaze upon thy face,
Young scion of a royal race,
Without that warm and earnest feeling,
To hand, and heart, and sword appealing,
Which stirred so well in days gone by
Old England's glorious chivalry,
And now surrounds thy stately throne
With millions proud thy sway to own,
Ready the wide world to defy,
And quick to arm—and blest to die,
Ere from thy royal coronal
Its smallest gem shall fade or fall!"

## Miscellaneous.

[From the Lady's Book.]

### CURE OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

BY SEBA SMITH.

As Mr. Seth Woodsum was mowing one morning in his lower haying fields, and his eldest son, Obediah, a smart boy of thirteen, was opening the mown grass to the sun, Mr. Woodsum looked up towards his house, and beheld his little daughter Harriet, ten years of age, running towards him with her utmost speed. As she came up he perceived she was greatly agitated; tears were running down her cheeks, and she had scarcely breath enough to speak.

"O, father," she faintly articulated, "mother is dreadful sick; she's on the bed, and says she shall die before you get there."

Mr. Woodsum was a man of a sober, sound mind, and calm nerves; but he had what sometimes happens in this cold and loveless world of ours, a tender attachment for his wife, which made the message of the little girl fall upon his heart like a dagger. He dropped his scythe, and ran with great haste to the house. Obediah, who was at the other end of the field, seeing this unusual movement of his father, dropped his fork, and ran with all his might, and the two entered the house almost at the same time.

Mr. Woodsum hastened to the bed-side, and took his wife's hand. "My dear Sally," said he, "what is the matter?"

"What is the matter?" echoed Mrs. Woodsum, with a plaintive groan. "I shouldn't think you would need to ask what is the matter, Mr. Woodsum. Don't you see I am dying?"

"Why, no, Sally, you don't look as if you was dying. What *is* the matter? How do you feel?"

"Oh, I sha'nt live till night," said Mrs. Woodsum, with a heavy sigh; I am going fast."

Mr. Woodsum without waiting to make further inquiries, told Obediah to run and jump on to the horse, and ride over after Doctor Fairfield, and get him to come over as quick as he can come. "Tell him I am afraid your mother is dying. If the doctor's horse is away off in the pasture, ask him to take our horse, and come right away over, while you go and catch his."

Obediah, with tears in his eyes, and his heart in his mouth, flew as though he had wings added to his feet, and in three minutes time was mounted upon Old Gray, and galloping with full speed towards Doctor Fairfield's.

"My dear," said Mr. Woodsum, leaning his head upon the pillow, "how *do* you feel? What makes you think you are dying?" And he tenderly kissed her forehead as he spoke, and pressed her hand to his bosom.

"Oh, Samuel," for she generally called him by his Christian name, when under the influence of tender emotions, "Oh, Samuel, I feel dreadfully. I have pains darting through my head, and most all over me; and I fell dizzy and can't hardly see; and my heart beats as though it would come through my side. And besides, I feel as though I was dying. I am sure I can't live till night; and what will become of my poor children?" and she sobbed heavily and burst into a flood of tears.

Mr. Woodsum was affected. He could not bring himself to believe that his wife was in such immediate danger of dissolution as she seemed to apprehend. He thought she had no appearance of a dying person; but still her earnest and pensive declarations, that she should not live through the day sent a chill through his veins, and a sinking to his heart, which no language has power to describe. Mr. Woodsum was as ignorant of medicine as a child; he therefore did not attempt to do anything to relieve his wife, except to try to soothe her feelings by kind and encouraging words, till the Doctor arrived. The half hour which elapsed, from the time Obediah started, till the doctor came, seemed to Mr. Woodsum almost an age. He repeatedly went from the bed-side to the door, to look and see if the Doctor was any where near, and as often returned to hear his wife groan, and say she was sinking fast, and could not stand it many minutes longer.

At length Dr. Fairfield rode up to the door, on Mr. Woodsum's old Gray, and with saddle bags in hand, hastened into the house. A brief examination of the patient convinced him that it was a decided case of hypochondria, and he soon spoke encouraging words to her, and told her although she was considerably unwell, he did not doubt she would be better in a little while.

"Oh, Doctor, how can you say so?" said Mrs. Woodsum; "don't you see I am dying? I can't possibly live till night; I am sinking very fast, Doctor. I shall never see the sun rise again. My heart sometimes almost stops its beating now, and my feet and hands are growing cold. But I *must* see my children once more; do let 'em come in and bid me farewell." Here she was so overwhelmed with sobs and tears as to prevent her saying more.

The Doctor, perceiving it was in vain to talk or try to reason with her, assured her that as long as there was life there was hope, and told her he would give her some medicine that he did not doubt would help her. He accordingly administered the drugs usually approved by the faculty in such cases, and telling her that he would call and see her in a day or two, he left the room. As he went out, Mr. Woodsum followed him, and desired to know in private his real opinion of the case. The Doctor assured him he did not consider it at all alarming.—It was an ordinary case of hypochondria, and with suitable treatment the patient would undoubtedly soon be better.

"This is a case," continued the Doctor, "in which the mind needs to be administered to as much as the body. Divert her attention as much as possible to cheerful objects; let her be surrounded by agreeable company; give her a light, but generous and nutritive diet; and as soon as may be get her to take gentle exercise in the open air, by riding on horseback, or running about the fields and gathering fruits and flowers in company with lively and cheerful companions. Follow these directions, and continue to administer the medicines I have ordered, and I think Mrs. Woodsum will soon enjoy good health again."

Mr. Woodsum felt much relieved after hearing the Doctor's opinion and prescriptions, and bade the kind physycian good morning with a tolerably cheerful countenance. Most assiduously did he follow the Doctor's directions, and in a few days he had the happiness to see his beloved wife again enjoying comfortable health, and pursuing her domestic duties with cheerfulness.

But, alas! his sunshine of hope was destined soon to be obscured again by the clouds of sorrow and disappointment. It was not long before some change in the weather, or changes in her habit of living, and neglect of proper exercise in the open air, brought on a return of Mrs. Woodsum's gloom and despondency, in all their terrific power. Again she was sighing and weeping on the bed, and again Mr. Woodsum was hastily summoned from the field, and leaving his plough in mid furrow, ran with breathless anxiety to the house, where the same scenes were again witnessed which we have already described. Not only once or twice, but repeatedly, week after week, and month after month, these alarms were given, and followed by similar results. Every relapse seemed to be more severe than the last, and on each occasion Mrs. Woodsum was more positive than ever that she was on her death bed, and that there was no longer any help for her.

On one of these occasions so strong was her impression that her dissolution was near, and so anxious did she appear to make every preparation for death, and with such solemn earnestness did she attend to certain details preparatory to leaving her family, for ever, that Mr. Woodsum almost lost the hope that usually attended him through these scenes, and felt, more than ever before, that what he had so often feared, was indeed about to become a painful and awful reality. Most tenderly did Mrs. Woodsum touch upon the subject of her separation from her husband and children.

"Our poor children—what will become of them when I am gone? And you, dear Samuel, how can I bear the thoughts of leaving you? I could feel reconciled to dying, if it was not for the thoughts of leaving you and the children. They will have nobody to take care of them, as a mother would, poor, things; and then you will be so lonesome—it breaks my heart to think of it."

Here, her feelings overpowered her, and she was unable to proceed any farther. Mr. Woodsum was for some time too much affected to make any reply. At last, summoning all his fortitude, and as much calmness as he could, he told her that if it was the will of Providence that she should be separated from them, he hoped her last hours would not be pained with anxious solicitude about the future welfare of the family. It was true, the world would be a dreary place to him when she was gone; but he should keep the children with him, and with the blessing of heaven, he thought he should be able to make them comfortable and happy.

"Well, there's one thing, dear Samuel," said Mrs. Woodsum, "that I feel it my duty to speak to you about." And she pressed his hand in hers, and looked most solemnly and earnestly in his face.—"You know, my dear," she continued, "how sad and desolate a family of children always is, when deprived of a mother. They may have a kind father and kind friends, but nobody can supply the place of a mother. I feel as if it would be your duty—and I could not die in peace if I didn't speak of it—I feel, dear Samuel, as if it would be your duty as soon after I am gone as would appear decent, to marry some good and kind woman, and bring her into the family to be the mother of our poor children, and to make your home happy. Promise me that you will do this, and I think it will relieve me of some of the distress I feel at the thoughts of dying."

This remark was, to Mr. Woodsum, most unexpected and most painful. It threw an angush into his heart such as he had never experienced till that moment. It forced upon his contemplation a thought that had never before occurred to him. The idea of being bereaved of the wife of his bosom, whom he had loved and cherished for fifteen years with the ardent attachment of a fond husband, had overwhelmed him with all the bitterness of woe; but the thought of transferring that attachment to another object, brought with it a double desolation. His associations before had all clothed his love for his wife with a feeling of immortality. She might be removed from him to another world, but he had not felt as though that would dissolve the holy bond that united them. His love would soon, follow her to these eternal realms of bliss, and rest upon her like a mantle for ever. But this new and startling idea, of love for another, came to him, as comes to the wicked the idea of annihilation of the soul—an idea, compared with which, no degree of misery imaginable, is half so terrible. A cloud of intense darkness seemed for a moment to overshadow him, his heart sank within him, and his whole frame trembled with agitation. It was some minutes before he could find power to speak. And when he did, it was only to beseech his wife, in a calm and solemn tone, not to allude to so distressing a subject again, a subject which he could not think of nor speak of, without suffering more than a thousand deaths.

The strong mental anguish of Mr. Woodsum seemed to have the effect to divert his wife's attention from her own sufferings, and by turning her emotions into a new channel, gave her system an opportunity to rally. She gradually grew better as she had done in like cases before, and even before night was able to sit up, and became quite composed and cheerful.

But her malady was only suspended, not cured; and again and again it returned upon her, and again and again her friends were summoned to witness her last sickness and take their last farewell. And on these occasions, she had so often slightly and delicately hinted to Mr. Woodsum the propriety of his marrying a second wife, that even *he* could at last listen to the suggestions with a degree of indifference which he had once thought he could never feel.

At last, the sober saddening days of autumn came on. Mr. Woodsum was in the midst of his "fall work," which had been several times interrupted by these periodical turns of despondency in his wife.—One morning he went to his field early, for he had a heavy days work to do, and had engaged one of his neighbors to come with two yoke of oxen and a plough to help him "break up" an old mowing field. He was exceedingly desirous not to be interrupted, for his neighbor could only help him that day, and he was very anxious to plough the whole field. He accordingly had left the children and nurse in the house, with strict charges to take good care of their mother, and see that nothing disturbed her through the day. Mr. Woodsum was driving the team and his neighbor was holding the plough, and things went on to their mind till about ten o'clock, in the forenoon, when little Harriet came running to the field, and told her father that her mother was "dreadful sick" and wanted him to come in as quick as he could, for she was certainly dying *now*. Mr. Woodsum, without saying a word, drove his team to the end of the furrow; but he looked thoughtful and perplexed. Although he felt persuaded that her danger was imaginary, as it had always proved to be before, still, the idea of the bare possibility that the sickness *might* be unto death, pressed upon him with such power, that he laid down his goad stick, and telling his neighbor to let the cattle breathe awhile, walked deliberately towards the house. Before he had accomplished the whole distance, however, his own imagination had added such wings to his speed, that he found himself moving at a quick run. He entered the house, and found his wife as he had so often found her before, in her own estimation, almost ready to breathe her last. Her voice was faint and low, and her pillow was wet with tears. She had already taken her leave of her dear children, and waited only to exchange a few parting words with her beloved husband. Mr. Woodsum approached the bedside, and took her hand tenderly, as he had ever been wont to do, but he could not perceive any symptoms of extreme sickness or approaching dissolution, different from what he had witnessed on a dozen former occasions.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Woodsum, faintly, "the time has come at last. I feel that I am on my death bed, and have but a short time longer to stay with you. But I hope we shall feel resigned to the will of Heaven. These things are undoubtedly all ordered for the best; and I would go cheerfully, if it was not for my anxiety about you and the children. Now don't you think my dear," she continued with increasing tenderness, "don't you think it would be best for you to be married again to some kind good woman, that would be a mother to our dear little ones, and make your home pleasant for all of you?"

She paused, and seemed to look earnestly in his face for an answer.

"We'll I've sometimes thought of late, it might be best," said Mr. Woodsum, with a very solemn air.

"Then you have been thinking about it," said Mrs. Woodsum, with a slight contraction of the muscles of the face.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "I have sometimes thought about it, since you've had spells of being so very sick. It makes me feel dreadfully to think of it, but I don't know but it might be a matter of duty."

"Well, I do think it would," said Mrs. Woodsum, "if you can only get the right sort of a person.—Every thing depends upon that, my dear, and I hope you will be very particular about who you get, very."

"I certainly shall," said Mr. Woodsum; "don't give yourself any uneasiness about that, my dear, for I assure you I shall be very particular. The person I shall probably have is one of the kindest and best tempered women in the world."

"But have you been thinking of any one in particular my dear?" said Mrs. Woodsum, with a manifest look of uneasiness.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "there is one, that I have thought of for some time past, I should probably marry, if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us."

"And pray, Mr. Woodsum, who can it be?" said the wife, with an expression a little more of earth than heaven, returning to her eye. "Who is it, Mr. Woodsum? You hav'nt named it to her have you?"

"Oh, by no means," said Mr. Woodsum; "but my dear we had better drop the subject; it agitates you too much."

"But, Mr. Woodsum, you must tell me who it is; I could never die in peace till you do."

"It is a subject too painful to think about," said Mr. Woodsum, "and it don't appear to me it would be best to call names."

"But, I insist upon it," said Mrs. Woodsum, who had by this time raised herself up with great earnestness and was leaning on her elbow, while her searching glance was reading every muscle in her husband's face. "Mr. Woodsum, I insist upon it!"

"Well, then," said Mr. Woodsum, with a sigh, "if you insist upon it, my dear—I have thought if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us to be here no more, I have thought I should marry for my second wife, Hannah Lovejoy."

An earthly fire once more flashed from Mrs. Woodsum's eyes—she leaped from the bed like a cat; walked across the room, and seated herself in a chair.

"What!" she exclaimed in a trembling voice, almost choked with agitation—"what! marry that idle, sleepy slut of a Hannah Lovejoy! Mr. Woodsum that is too much for flesh and blood to bear—I can't endure that, nor I wont. Hannah Lovejoy to be the mother to my children! No, that's what she never shall. So you may go to your ploughing, Mr. Woodsum, and set your heart at rest.—"Susan," she continued, turning to one of the girls, "make up more fire under that dinner pot."

Mr. Woodsum went to the field, and pursued his work, and when he returned at the dinner hour, he found the family dinner well prepared, and his wife ready to do the honors of the table. Mrs. Woodsum's health from that day continued to improve, and she was never after visited by the terrible affliction of hypochondria.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

### A MARRIED MAN'S EYE.

"There's daggers in men's eyes!"

"Open the window, Hetty," said my uncle Andover, to the housemaid; "let in a little fresh air this fine morning." Hetty threw up the sash quickly, and smash went a pane of glass. The poor girl turned her frightened eye towards us, but my uncle went on talking as if he had heard no noise.

"Sir, Mr. Andover, please to look," said Hetty; "I have broken a pane of glass, and Miss Andover will be *so* angry."

"Angry?—for what? Here, take this money," said, he, "and run off quickly for the glazier. I will pick up the pieces while you are gone. Angry, indeed! Miss Andover does not get angry for such trifles; but be off before she comes home, if you are afraid."

Dear uncle Andover?—he screened every body from harm. All Camperdown knew the value of his friendship. He was turned of sixty, with a healthy, unbroken constitution, a fine flow of spirits, and an even temper. He was benevolent and untiring in his disposition to do good; and as all the world knew this, he was not suffered to remain unoccupied a moment. All this, added to a large income, and a larger heart, made him one of the most popular men in Camperdown.

With all these qualifications, it was a wonder that he never married, for he was a very handsome man, even at this advanced age. But he was a bachelor from choice, I assure you; for many a lady, even now, would be glad to receive an offer from him.—Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless really true, my uncle was never in love—that is violently in love, as I am at this moment—and therefore he never thought of marriage.

"My dear uncle," said I, when the glazier had gone, "how has it happened that you never married? You have always been rich, and from what I can now see, you must have been very handsome." Here my uncle pulled up his collar, and settled his chin, casting his eye toward the glass.

"Why, as to that, Leo, I believe I *was* tolerably well-looking in my youth, and I cannot but say I had many inducements to marry. My parents were very desirous that I should fall in love, and many a beauty was pointed out to me; but I suppose I had no turn for the tender passion. The fact is, Leo, I loved every woman so well, that I was afraid of hurting the feelings of the whole sex, if I gave one the preference. This was not, however, the only reason," said he, after a pause. "I had another and a stronger one. All my life I have been watching the behaviour of men to their wives, and I have never met with one man—no, not even your father, and he came of a gentle kind—who did not *scourge* his wife the very moment she was in his power. And, Leo, mark my words, yon will do it too. It is human nature; it seems a thing not to be helped."

"Scourge their wives! I scourge a woman!—such a lovely creature as Flora Webb!" thought I. But what do you mean by 'scourging'?"

"I mean what I say. Do you think there is only one kind of scourging? I certainly do not mean *beating*, though many a fellow if he dared, would strike his wife, or slap her face if she only acted a little perversely, just as he had acted, perhaps, only a moment before; but the scourging of which I speak, is with the *eye*: ay, you may stare, but it is the *Married Man's Eye*. Come, let us go to the village; I owe every body a visit, particularly Ormsby, who is just married to my little pet." Every young woman, by the way, was uncle Andover's pet. "I cannot tell in what way she offends his married eye, but I will warrant that he has begun his scourging already. There is your aunt Phillida, she sees this matter as I do, and that has kept her from marrying. Before we settled in Camperdown, she had plenty of offers, for rich women are scarce. That old Mr. Root offered his hand to her full thirty years ago."

"Look over the way, uncle; there stands that little red-haired Davison, the meanest looking man I ever saw. Is it true that he made an attempt to address my sister Fanny, while I was in Europe?"

"Yes, he made a desperate attempt, but was repulsed with scorn. Do not speak of it before your aunt, for it puts her in a passion. I only wish we could keep him from coming so often to Camperdown, for he is hateful to me, as well as to her; and Mrs. Campbell—that is our Jenny Hart that *was*—has set her face against him, and that has decided his fate here."

"What! is Mrs. Campbell the Jenny Hart of the thread and needle store!—she whom all the young men used to gaze at so? the one that every one was in love with?"

"Yes; and I will take you there to-morrow,—She is on a visit to New-York. Your aunt told her all about Davison: and so, as I said, having set her face against him, he will not find it very convenient to settle in our neighbourhood. Let him remain at Starkford."

"Why uncle, I never knew you so bitter toward any one before. What has he done to merit all this?"

"Well, Leo, we talked of scourging; of married men scourging their wives with the eye; but this man, for one that calls himself a man, is more brutal than a savage. Just look at him, a little paltry fellow, not bigger than my thumb; with red hair, a freckled face, a nose that you can hardly see, deep-set little red eyes, an ear like a long oyster, and a neck like a crane. There he goes; and he has a laugh and a joke with every one he meets. There comes our good friend Mr. Foster, the engineer. Ah! Alfred Grey does not stop; he touches his hat and walks on. It has cowed Davison for a second; but there comes Job Martin, the tax gatherer; now Davison has said a good thing, and they are laughing at it. There comes our good Mr. Parsells. See how Davison's hat goes off to him; there was a bow for you!

"He is a retired merchant, and has bought an estate at Wicklowe in the next village. He is very rich, and little Davison fawns and cringes before him like a spaniel. I see it all now; there is an only daughter there, too. Miss Parsells is not what I call an ugly woman, but if it were not for her immense expectations, ugly as Davison is himself, he would look for more beauty. The fellow has been twice married. Yes, there he goes; he has left the others, and has walked off with the good natured Jemmy Parsells."

"But supposing Miss Parsells *is* ugly? Surely this man can have no pretensions to her hand; he is upward of forty by his looks."

"There is nothing better or worse to be said of him, than that he scourged his wife to death. He married an only child; I speak of his first wife, for the second one, poor thing!—no, lucky creature!—died of a pleurisy, before he had time to commence operations. His first wife was a young lady of good birth, and, as was supposed at the time, of good fortune. She was an intimate school friend of your aunt Phillida, but their intercourse was interrupted after the marriage. Mr. Dell, the father of Christina, was reputed to be rich, and Davison so ingratiated himself with him, that being a hypochondriac, and not a good business man, the fellow soon became his factotum. Every thing fell into his hands; and the short of it is, that he determined to have Mr. Dell's money and his daughter into the bargain, since he could not have one without he had the other."

"Ah, uncle, I recollect now; did I not see a Mrs. Davison with aunt Phillida at the Springs, the summer before I went abroad?"

"Yes, about four years ago, just before she died; and it was there that I saw how the wretch treated her; and yet no one else perceived it but your aunt and myself. Very few look deeply into such matters. Christina was compelled into the marriage; but your aunt thinks that if all the property had been settled on her, Davidson would have treated her differently. I doubt it."

"It is scarcely possible to tell you in what his deviltries consisted; but they were of such a nature that in ten years—it was a slow poison, that eye of his—he fairly worked this gentle creature out of existence. I only wish you dared ask your aunt all about it, for women understand this misery better than men; but it almost sets her raving. Our principal reason for quitting Starkford was, because he had bought an estate there. Before the wretch married poor Christina Dell, he was the most devoted, the most obsequious, the most tender of lovers. He had to work hard to get the innocent young creature, for her dislike to him at first amounted almost to aversion. He consulted her taste in every thing, and seemed to have no will but hers.

"Well, Leo, only look at this man one year after marriage, nay, one month, for he began immediately. He could not bear to hear her laugh; he could not bear to see her pleased with any one's conversation; he sneered at her whenever she opened her lips—unobserved, mind, by others. By his hard manner he drove off all her early associates, those who loved her dearly and could have comforted her. His eye—that little red eye of his—was kept on her whenever she opened her lips to speak, or to give an opinion; and it had the power of a serpent over her. There is no thraldom, Leo, like the thraldom of a married man's eye. He expected impossibilities, almost, from her, for her constitution was very delicate, and when she did the utmost that her feeble strength allowed, he sneered at her. At table, he never helped her to any thing he thought she liked. She could not bear rare meat, neither could he; yet I am told that in his own house he would not allow the cook to send the meat up well done, lest his wife might perchance get a piece that she liked. He actually punished himself, that he might scourge his unoffending wife. If, in the most humble way, when she thought he was particularly good humored, she asked him for a piece not quite so rare, he would say some brutal or unfeeling thing to her, for which the very negro in waiting would like to kick him. If he deigned to help her to another piece, it was cut from a burnt hard part, equally unpalatable. She never ate a mouthful at that wretch's table, without insult or taunt.

"It was fortunate that this poor young creature had no children; for his nature was such that I verily believe he would have tormented them for the pleasure of tormenting his wife. When she found that all happiness was denied her in this world, she turned her affections to another and a better. There she found peace and *love*—a love tender and enduring.

She fell sick at length; and then you should have seen the hypocrite. Oh, how he would run for the leecher, and bleeder—for the doctor and the clergyman! You would have thought him the most devoted and tender of husbands—almost every one, save the servants and your aunt Phillida, were deceived. Even the doctor called him a pattern of a husband.

"How he must have shrunk from the touch of the good clergyman on the day after the funeral! The reverend man dearly loved his pure and gentle wife, and it went hard with him to part with her; but with all the confidence she reposed in him, she never breathed a syllable of her husband's undeviating petty tyranny. 'Rest, therefore, in peace, my son!' said he, as he rose to leave the room, placing his hand on her cruel husband's head, 'as she for whom we mourn is now an angel in heaven. You tenderly loved her; you sustained her in sickness and sorrow, and you comforted her in the last trying moments. Your conscience must acquit you of the slightest intentional unkindness, for you were all that a tender and considerate husband should be.—Grieve not, therefore, like one without hope, but let us imitate the purity and integrity of her life, so that in the end your spirit may be united to hers.'

"Would you believe it, Leo?—the hypocrite told all this to one of his friends! There he comes again. Only hear that laugh! Just so he roared and 'made fun,' when he was breaking his wife's heart at home. Jokes! No one could have a dinner or a supper party without him. He afterwards married Lavinia Marks, on the strength of his goodness to his wife; and I have no doubt the same thing will operate on the mind of Miss Parsells and her father. Poor Christina Dell! But she is happier where she is now, than she could be now, even if Davidson was not a brute. But come, let us sally out; it is visiting time, and we owe a great many visits. So, here we are; this is Ormsby's house.—Now, Leo, look out for the married man's eye."

The newly married couple were sitting together very lovingly, and every thing around them was bride-like and comfortable. They jumped up quickly to welcome us, for my uncle, as I said, was a general favorite. He praised every thing over and over again; and even the ugly clock on the mantelpiece had his kind notice.

"Yes, I knew you would like it," said the lively little lady; "but James does not think it suitable for this small room. It is rather large, to be sure; but then bronze is so much more fashionable than gold. I am sorry now, since he dislikes it so much, that I did not take the gilt one; but, Mr. Andover, how could I tell, then, that he preferred the gilt one? Then, he thought as I thought; and as I uniformly preferred the bronze clock, why, he was only too happy to approve—was you not, James? I never heard then, of his dislike to this poor clock; but a month after marriage makes a great difference, you know, Mr. Andover."

While she was laughing out gaily, in the pride and joy of a young bride's heart, Ormsby was trying to catch her eye. I saw her prattle disconcerted him, and he wanted to stop her; but she ran on, and my uncle listened with as much glee and innocence as herself. Ormsby walked across the room, so as to get in front of her, under pretence of pushing the clock straight.

"I believe James is satisfied with all my purchases," said she, "but that foolish clock; and if I could, I would change it yet for the gold one. Why, only a little before you came in——'

Her husband caught her eye this time, and his look quelled her; for her laugh and her joyousness were at an end. She was puzzled to know why her little nonsense was taken amiss now, when it was always so pleasantly listened to before her marrige. This was evidently the first stroke of the married man's eye. It embarrassed her: she cast a timid glance at her husband, and was silent.

"Did you see the fellow's eye?" asked my uncle, when on our way to the next house. "Now the poor child said nothing amiss; she was only a little bridish. Ormsby did not like the exposure. It showed he had struck the false colors of courtship, and had nailed up the red, stern flag to the masthead. Men are all alike, Leo." [*To be continued.*]

Of all the diplomates at Washington, the British minister is the most peculiar. He is a perfect riddle to the country members; reversing all the habitudes of life; rising at mid-day, dining when others go to bed, and going to bed when others rise. He pays no attention to the formalities of diplomatic etiquette and cares nothing about the opinions of society. * * With all this he is a man of talents, information and experience; and has conducted himself with great judgment and liberality in all his transactions with our government. He is represented as a man of wit and humour; and a story is told of him when at Paris, about sixteen years since, which shows that he was somewhat of a wag in his younger days. * * There was at this time an Irish lady, Mrs. C—— of some fashion, residing in Paris, who had a great passion for foreigners of rank. She had invited a large party to dinner, on the 1st of April, when Mr. Fox wrote her a note, in the character of a Count of her acquaintance, informing her that he had just arrived, and requesting to have the pleasure of introducing to her his Hungarian friend, the Prince of Seidlitz Powderz, who intended to stay but two or three days in Paris. With this note was sent a card, engraved:—*The Prince of Seidlitz Powderz, at Meurice's Hotel.*

Mrs. C—— immediately replied to this note, by inviting him and his friend to dinner. In the course of the morning, she called on two or three of her fashionable friends, who were to have soirees, requesting permission to introduce the Prince to them. * * * The hour of dinner arrived, but the Prince did not make his appearance. The viands were kept back until they were nearly spoiled; still no Prince was forthcoming. The dinner was at last served. Various speculations were indulged, in the course of the repast, about the Prince; what kind of man he might be; whether young or old, tall or short, dark or fair. A Hungarian present did not know of such a title among their nobility, and hinted, cautiously, that it was possible he might be an impostor. Mrs. C—— would not listen for a moment to such a suggestion. At length, about nine o'clock, a letter with a black margin, was received from the Prince, regretting that he could not avail himself of Mrs. C——'s kind invitation, as he had just heard of the death of his cousin, the Bishop of Epsom Salts, who had died at Cheltenham! In a corner of the note was written, "*Poisson d'Avril!*"—[Knickerbocker.

### THE FIRE BELL.

'With like timorous accent and dire yell,
As when by night and negligence the fire
Is cried in populous cities!'

Next to the knell of the departed, perhaps there is no sound more doleful than a fire bell at night. In fact, the sensations awakened by the alarm of midnight flames have in them more of the terrible than even the peal that tells of death. Sorrow alone is the feeling excited by the one, while that uncertain dread of calamity, where we cannot see its termination, is mingled in the other. Though the element of destruction should not be raging around our own homes, yet, having homes, and feeling our liability to misfortune, our hearts are alive to the distress falling upon others. Our very selfishness here teaches us sympathy. To the young, who are inexperienced in domestic cares, the quick stroke of the fire bell at night conveys a wild exhilaration which is generally attributable to the lively curiosity to behold wonders, but in after years we recognize in it feelings more solemn, and more nearly allied to the terrible. In the night, to be called from our balmy slumbers to look upon the wreck of our neighbors' long years of industry and toil, conveys appalling terrors to the heart.—Or to stand, helpless as an infant, and see the furious element of destruction sweeping away the gathered comforts of our own habitations—what affliction can be more harrowing to the sensibilities of our nature? The howl of the storm-wind to the mariner exposed upon the mountain surges of the ocean, lashed to the solitary plank, can scarcely be more desolate than the midnight pealing of the fire bell. It tells out dreary sounds that thrill through every fibre of sensation, and like the conjuration of a bad spirit, 'strange images of horror' gather before our excited minds, prostrating energy and destroying hope.—*N. Orleans Picayune.*

Capt. Smith's Life Boat.—One of the most important inventions to provide against accidents in steam vessels, which came under the notice of the commissioners appointed by the committee of the Privy Council last session, is the life-boat of Captain George Smith of the Royal Navy. At that period, the only practical experiment that had been made to attest the utility of the invention was on the Carron, a Government steamer of between 200 and 300 tons burden. In consequence of the favorable report made respecting the success of that experiment, the Lords of the Admiralty, some time ago, gave Capt. Smith authority to fit up two boats for the Firefly steamer, a vessel of a much larger class, which has lately been fitted up, preparatory to her proceeding to the West Indies, with one of Captain Smith's life-boats on the top—or rather they form the covering to each—of the paddle wheels, of sufficient dimensions to carry, with ease, forty persons, and at least fifty on an emergency. Instead of in any manner disfiguring the appearance of the vessel, the boats are closely fitted on with the bottom upwards, so that they rather add to the beauty and symmetry of the ship than otherwise. So closely indeed are they identified with the vessel, that even an experienced seaman may be readily deceived, and have no idea but that the eye is fixed upon an ordinary paddle-box. There is, therefore, no incumbrance of the decks of the vessel; as the figure presents a part of a circle, like an inverted cone, instead of the usual form of a square, the progress of the vessel will rather be accelerated than impeded when proceeding against a head wind, as it offers less resistance to it. The greatest advantage, however, yet remains to be described. By the erection of a simple apparatus, which runs little hazard of being deranged, the boats may be launched by six men in the space of two minutes and a half, whereas an ordinary ship's boat of the same dimensions would require from fifteen to twenty minutes, with the aid of the whole crew. This, it will be obvious, is an incalculable advantage in cases of fire, or other contingency, where the saving of life is entirely a question of time. The Firefly is now lying in the river, opposite Woolwich dock-yard, where she will remain a few days; and we cannot too strongly recommend all persons connected with our mercantile steamers to pay her a visit, and satisfy themselves of the great utility of Capt. Smith's invention. Judging from experience, we confidently affirm that all visitors will be treated with great civility by the officers on board, and every facility afforded them to inspect the principle on which the life-boats are constructed. —*London Shipping Gazette.*

New Method of Determining the Longitude.—On March 8, a paper was read to the Royal Society, proposing "A new method of determining the longitude by an absolute altitude of the moon," by J. C. Bowring, Esq. This method was proposed many years ago by Pingree and Lemmonier, when the principal difficulty in its way was its requiring the exact determination of the moon's declination reduced to the place of observation.—This difficulty the author professes to have removed by supposing two meridians, for which the altitudes are to be calculated; and the only requisite is the accurate determination of the latitude, which presents no great difficulty, either on land or at sea.—Examples are given of the practical working of this method; showing that if the latitude of the place of observation be obtained within a few seconds, the longitude will be found by means of a single observation of the altitude of the moon.—*Army and Navy Chronicle.*

To Eradicate Corns.—Every one knows that the surface of the body is covered—above the *true skin*—by the *cuticle* or *scurf skin*. This is a thin membrane, save when it is exposed to pressure and rubbing, (friction). In this case it becomes much thickened and hardened, as on the soles of the feet, and on the palms of the hands. And it is not unworthy of remark, that the induration is in direct proportion to the exigency of Nature. But there is a *morbid induration* when the pressure exceeds, or is applied where it is not necessary. In this case, the distinguished name of *Corns* has been applied to the diseased parts.

Every one who has seen a poultice applied may remark, that it has the effect of softening—generally of detaching the cuticle. Now, let a poultice, of such size and consistency as will preserve its moisture around the part, be applied to the offending Corn at bed time; on the following morning the greater part of the indurated cuticle (the Corn) may be removed by the fingers. A little spermaceti ointment may be used during the following day, or the part may be entirely neglected. It may, in some cases, be necessary to repeat this process once or twice, and the cure will be safe, easy, and *certain*.

Books are instructive and agreeable companions, that can be entertained without ceremony and dismissed without offence, whenever you please.