

gloomy night that settled upon me, haunted by the ghosts of many hopes, many errors, and unavailing regrets. I truly mourned for him whose noble soul had found rest in the stormy sea, and for the mother whose martyr life had at length been crowned; from the accumulated sadness into which I fell I had no hope of ever issuing again.

I left the city, and went to reside in the country, for I felt that nature soothed me, and I used to lay down my weary head upon the grass, and weep until a great relief came upon me in the shedding of those very tears. One evening, just before sunset, I came down into a little valley where often in my walks I had stopped to rest. One bright evening cloud floated midway along the horizon in the opening of the hills, and a sound of music seemed to come from it—it was the same I had heard before, and I *knew* Carl Fergus spoke to me. The quiet evening cloud grew dim, the colors faded from the sky, the shadows upon the hills became a part of the pale night sky; yet I felt the shadows were clearing from my mind, and I knew that Carl and I were one in soul.

Weeks passed, when one day I was summoned below stairs, to meet a gentleman. It was Carl Fergus, and he sank on his knees before me, and, gathering me in his arms, held me tightly pressed to his heart. He had always loved, had never resigned me until my

letters ceased, and, after numerous epistles he had written had been returned unopened, weeks of suspense passed to him, when he heard of my brilliant career in B— and my marriage. After that, to please his mother, and because he thought Mrs. W— really attached to him, he had married her; but, even as the husband of another, he had never ceased to love me, and had loved me unutterably.

In a week, we were married, and if there is a blessed union of souls on this earth, such is ours. I kneel down and say my prayer of thanks every night for the great blessings vouchsafed to me—a happy, luxurious home, kind friends, and two loving children. I have no longer any ambition to be the leader of fashion, but in all that is good and noble I strive to excel, and work side by side with my husband.

Mrs. Fergus intercepted our letters, through the aid of the servant who accompanied her, and Mrs. W— was privy to it all. Carl's father, I believe, truly loves me, and is a real friend. His mother is proud of me, and for Carl's sake I receive her kindly, though I can never forget the misery she caused me. She is rejoiced at her son's second marriage, as his fortune and mine united have made her the mother of the richest man in the state—a poor ambition, but such an one only as she is capable of feeling.

A WHISPER TO A NEWLY-MARRIED PAIR.

A WHISPER TO THE HUSBAND.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

ONE of the most brilliant traits that can adorn the character of man is the quality which composes a good husband; and he who deserves a contrary appellation proclaims, in the strongest terms, his want of religion, his want of feeling, and his want of understanding. He cannot be a *good* man, because he violates one of the most sacred commands of God; he cannot be a *brave* man, because a brave man scorns to use with tyranny the power with which he is invested; and he cannot be a *feeling* man—O no! a man of feeling will never draw tears from those eyes which look to him for comfort, or voluntarily pain a heart that has given up so much for his sake!

Remember your wife has left her home, her parents, and her friends, to follow you and your fortunes through the world. She has unre-

servedly committed her happiness to your keeping; and in your hands has she placed her future comfort. Prize the sacred trust; and never give her cause to repent the confidence she has reposed in you.

In contemplating her character, recollect the materials human nature is composed of, and do not expect perfection. Do justice to her merits, and point out her faults; for I do not ask you to treat her *errors* with indulgence—*by no means!* but then endeavor to amend them with wisdom, with gentleness, and with love.

Allow me here to introduce a few lines taken from an admired little book, "The Economy of Human Life:" "Take unto thyself a wife, but examine with care, and fix not suddenly; on thy present choice depends the future happiness of thee and thy posterity. If much of her time is destroyed in dress and adornments; if

she is enamored with her own beauty, and delighted with her own praise; if she laugheth much, and talketh loud; if her foot abideth not in her father's house, and her eyes with boldness rove on the faces of men; though her beauty were as the sun in the firmament of heaven, turn thy face from her charms, turn thy feet from her paths, and suffer not thy soul to be ensnared by the allurements of thy imagination." "But when thou findest sensibility of heart joined with softness of manners, an accomplished mind with a form agreeable to thy fancy, take her home to thy house; she is worthy to be thy friend and companion." "Reprove her faults with gentleness; exact not her obedience with rigor; trust thy secrets in her heart, her counsels are sincere, thou shalt not be deceived." "She is the wife of thy bosom, treat her with love; she is the mistress of thy house, treat her with respect; she is the mother of thy children, be faithful to her bed."

ON THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

If your wife is an amiable woman, "if," as the wise man says, "there be kindness, meekness, and comfort in her tongue, then is not her husband like other men." (*Ecclus.* xxxvi. 23.) Prize, therefore, her worth, understand her value, for great indeed is the treasure you possess. Speaking of woman, a late writer says: "I consider a religious, sensible, well-bred woman one of the noblest objects in creation; her conduct is so consistent and well regulated, her friendship so steady, her feelings so warm and gentle, her heart so replete with pity and tenderness." Nowhere does she appear to so much advantage as in the chamber of the sick; administering to the wants of the sufferer, sympathizing in his pain, and pointing the way to his heavenly rest, as the great Scottish bard says:—

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

"Oh, how much more lovely and interesting to the heart does she appear in such scenes than in all the blaze of beauty, armed for conquest, and decorated for the brilliant exhibition of a ball-room!"

Among the many amiable qualities of woman, I cannot help noticing two with which she appears gifted in a peculiar degree—resignation and fortitude. I remember hearing an eminent physician say that he has been constantly struck with the superior quietness and resignation with which women supported bodily pain and suffering, as well as all the other evils of human

life! When I speak thus, I of course allude to the sensible and superior part of the sex. Let not, therefore, the military or naval hero suppose that fortitude is confined to his own profession; that it could only be met with on the plains of Waterloo, the waves of the ocean, or the burning deserts of Egypt—no! it may also be sought and found in the gentle breast of woman. It accompanies her to the retired and silent chamber; it supports her under pain and sickness, sorrow and disappointment; it teaches her to sympathize with her husband and all around her, and to inspire them with patience by her words and example. And while she seeks no notice, no reward but the regard and approbation of her heavenly Father, she meekly acquiesces in his divine will, and says, under every trial, "Father, not MY will, but THINE be done!"

Has it never been remarked how very superior, in point of discretion, woman is to man? Now, reader, do not mistake me. I mean not to say she possesses more *sense* than man; in this particular, man claims, and we allow him, the prerogative; though, certainly, it is not *every* instance that proves its truth. But in the quality of *discretion* woman is decidedly and undoubtedly his superior. Unless it particularly concerns *himself*, a man seldom looks to the future consequences of what he either says or does, especially in small matters or commonplace occurrences. Now a sensible woman sees at once the *fit* from the *unfit*, attends to the minutiae of things, and looks through existing circumstances to their probable result. In short, a proper definition of the word *discretion* would exactly convey a just idea of my meaning.

Miss Hannah More says: "There is a large class of excellent female characters who, on account of that very excellence, are very little known; because to be known is not their object. Their ambition has a better taste; they pass through life honored and respected in their own small but not unimportant sphere, and approved by Him 'whose they are, and whom they serve,' though their faces are hardly known in promiscuous society. If they occasion little sensation abroad, they produce much happiness at home. These are the women who bless, dignify, and truly adorn society. The painter, indeed, does not make his fortune by their sitting to him; the jeweller is neither brought into vogue by furnishing their diamonds, nor undone by not being paid for them; the prosperity of the milliner does not depend on affixing their name to a cap or a color; the poet does not celebrate them; the novelist does

not dedicate to them; but they possess the affection of their husbands, the attachment of their children, the esteem of the wise and good, and, above all, they possess His favor, 'whom to know is life eternal.'" Oh, proud lord of creation! if Heaven, in its great kindness, has blessed you with such a wife, bright indeed rose the sun on your nuptial morn; prize her, love her, honor her, and be it the study of your life to make her happy.

But the Sacred Volume places the value and importance of domestic virtues in the female character in a point of view at once more grand and elevated than any modern production, as may be plainly perceived in the following extracts: "As the sun when it riseth in the high heaven, so is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of her house. The grace of a wife delighteth her husband, and a silent and loving woman is a gift of the Lord. A shamefaced and faithful woman is a double grace, and her continent mind cannot be valued. Blessed is the man that hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be double. A virtuous woman rejoiceth in her husband, and he shall fulfil the years of his life in peace." (*Ecclus.* xxvi.) "Hast thou a wife after thy mind? forsake her not; and give not thyself to a light woman." (*Ecclus.* vii. 26.) "A good wife is a good portion, which shall be given in the portion of them that fear the Lord." (*Ecclus.* xxvi. 3.) "Well is he that dwelleth with a wife of understanding." (*Ecclus.* xxv. 8.) "A friend and companion never meet amiss; but above both is a wife with her husband." (*Ecclus.* xl. 23.) "He that getteth a wife beginneth a possession, a help like unto himself, and a pillar of rest. Where no hedge is, there the possession is spoiled: and he that hath no wife will wander up and down mourning." (*Ecclus.* xxxvi. 24, 25.) "Rejoice with the wife of thy youth; and let her be as the loving hind and pleasant roe." (*Prov.* v. 18, 19.) "Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity." (*Eccles.* ix. 9.) "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength,

and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." (*Prov.* xxxi. 10—30.)

ANGELS ARE THERE!

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

In the low cottage, away in the wild wood;
In halls of the haughty, in homes of the good;
Wherever a mortal is wrestling with care,
For good or for evil—angels are there!

E'er in life's battle, on land or on sea,
Whether in peace or in discord we be,
Hovering over us, unseen in air,
Guiding our wanderings—angels are there!

Visit the school-room or play-ground, where youth
Are quaffing from fountains of wisdom and truth;
Behold the bright smiles of the innocent fair—
Oh, what a legion of angels are there!

Go enter the chamber where sickness and pain
Are triumphing over health's primitive reign!
Breathe a fond hope, your sympathies share,
Hasten, oh quickly! Death's angel is there!

Yes, enter the mansion where darkness you see!
'Tis alienated from pleasure and glee:
Tread softly and gently, lest with the light air
You crush a freed spirit!—angels are there!

Go visit you temple where anthems arise
On ethereal incense unto the skies!
Then bow in submission and utter a prayer,
God is around you! and angels are there!

Armies of angels are guarding us all,
Lest in the path of temptation we fall;
Then let us be thankful (and bend to the rod)
For the goodness, the love, and the mercy of God!

A WHISPER TO A NEWLY-MARRIED PAIR.

A WHISPER TO THE HUSBAND.

ON GENERAL CONDUCT.

EARNESTLY endeavor to obtain among your acquaintance the character of a *good husband*; and abhor that *would-be* wit, which I have sometimes seen practised among men of the world—a kind of coarse jesting on the bondage of the *married* state, and a laugh at the shackles which a *wife* imposes. On the contrary, be it your pride to exhibit to the world that sight on which the wise man passes such an encomium: “Beautiful before God and men are a man and his wife that agree together.” (*Ecclus.* xxv. 1.)

Make it an established rule to consult your wife on all occasions. *Your* interest is *hers*: and undertake *no* plan contrary to her advice and approbation. Independent of better motives, what a responsibility does it free you from! for, if the affair turn out ill, you are spared reproaches both from her and from your own feelings. But the fact is, she who ought to have most influence on her husband's mind is often precisely the person who has least; and a man will frequently take the advice of a stranger who cares not for him nor his interest, in preference to the cordial and sensible opinion of his wife. A due consideration of the domestic evils such a line of conduct is calculated to produce, might, one would think, of itself be sufficient to prevent its adoption; but, independent of these, policy should influence you; for there is in woman an intuitive quickness, a sagacity, a penetration, and a foresight into the probable consequences of an event, that make her peculiarly calculated to give her opinion and advice. “If I was making up a plan of consequences,” said the great Lord Bolingbroke, “I should like first to consult with a sensible woman.”

Never witness a tear from your wife with apathy or indifference. Words, looks, actions—all may be artificial; but a *tear* is unequivocal; it comes direct from the *heart*, and speaks at once the language of truth, nature, and sincerity! Be assured, when you see a tear on her cheek, her heart is touched; and do not, I again repeat it, do not behold it with coldness or insensibility!

It is very unnecessary to say that contradiction is to be avoided at all times; but when in the presence of others, be most particularly watchful. A look, or word, that perhaps, in *reality*,

conveys no angry meaning, may at once lead people to think that their presence alone restrains the eruption of a discord, which probably has no existence whatsoever.

Some men, who are married to women of inferior fortune or connection, will frequently have the meanness to upbraid them with the disparity. My good sir, allow me to ask what was your motive in marrying? Was it to oblige or please *your wife*? No, truly; it was to oblige and please *yourself*, your own dear self. Had she refused to marry you, you would have been (in lover's phrase) a very miserable man. Did you never tell her so? Therefore, really, instead of upbraiding her, you should be very grateful to her for rescuing you from such an unhappy fate.

It is particularly painful to a woman whenever her husband is unkind enough to say a lessening or harsh word of any member of her family: invectives against herself are not half so wounding.

Should illness, or suffering of any kind, assail your wife, your tenderness and attention are then peculiarly called for; and if she be a woman of sensibility, believe me, a look of love, a word of pity or sympathy, will, at times, have a better effect than the prescriptions of her physicians.

Perhaps some calamity, peculiarly her own, may befall her. She may weep over the death of some dear relative or friend; or her spirits and feelings may be affected by various circumstances. Remember that your sympathy, tenderness, and attention, on such occasions, are particularly required.

A man would not, on any account, take up a whip, or a stick, and beat his wife; but he will, without remorse, use to her language which strikes much deeper to her heart than the lash of any whip he could make use of. “He would not, for the world,” says an ingenious writer, “cut her with a *knife*, but he will, without the least hesitation, cut her with his *tongue*.”

I have known some unfeeling husbands, who have treated their luckless wives with unvaried and unremitting unkindness, till perhaps the arrival of their last illness, and who then became all assiduity and attention. But when that period approaches, their remorse, like the remorse of a murderer, is felt too late; the die is

cast; and kindness or unkindness can be of little consequence to the poor victim, who only waits to have her eyes closed in the long sleep of death!

Perhaps your wife may be destitute of youth and beauty, or other superficial attractions which distinguish many of her sex. Should this be the case, remember many a plain face conceals a heart of exquisite sensibility and merit; and her consciousness of the defect makes her peculiarly awake to the slightest attention or inattention from you: and just for a moment reflect—

“What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can loveliness of form, or look, or air,
With loveliness of words or deeds compare?
No: those at first the unwary heart may gain;
But these, these only can the heart retain.”

Your wife, though a gentle, amiable creature, may be deficient in mental endowments, and destitute of fancy or sentiment; and you, perhaps a man of taste and talents, are inclined to think lightly of her. This is unjust, unkind, and unwise. It is not, believe me, the woman most gifted by nature, or most stored with literary knowledge, who always makes the most comfortable wife; by no means: *your* gentle, amiable helpmate may contribute much more to your happiness, more to the regularity, economy, and discipline of your house, and may make your children a much better mother, than many a brilliant dame who could trace, with Moore, Scott, and Byron, every line on the map of taste and sentiment, and descant on the merits and demerits of poetry as if she had just arrived fresh from the neighborhood of Parnassus.

Should your wife be a woman of sense, worth, and cultivation, yet not very expert at cutting out a shirt, or making paste, pies, and puddings (though I would not by any means undervalue this necessary part of female knowledge, or tolerate ignorance in my sex respecting them), yet pray, my good sir, do not, on this account *only*, show discontent and ill-humor towards her. If she is qualified to be your bosom friend, to advise, to comfort, and to soothe you; if she can instruct your children, enliven your fireside by her conversation, and receive and entertain your friends in a manner which pleases and gratifies you, be satisfied: we cannot expect to meet in a wife, or indeed in any one, exactly all we could wish. “I can easily,” says a sensible friend of mine, “hire a woman to make my linen and dress my dinner,

but I cannot so readily procure a *friend* and *companion* for myself, and a preceptress for my children.” The remark was called forth by his mentioning that he had heard a gentleman, the day before, finding fault with his wife, an amiable, sensible, well-informed woman, because she was not clever at pies, puddings, and needle-work! On the other hand, should she be sensible, affectionate, amiable, domestic, yet prevented by circumstances in early life from obtaining much knowledge of books, or mental cultivation, do not therefore think lightly of her; still remember she is your companion, the friend in whom you may confide at all times, and from whom you may obtain counsel and comfort.

ON CONSTANCY AND FIDELITY.

THE manner and conduct which in a *bachelor* were perhaps appropriate and pleasing, are in a *married man* unbecoming and reprehensible; and he who, among a party of females, as a young man, was admired for his graceful gayety, will, most probably, be set down by the wise as a very flirting, careless husband, if he appears to prefer the company of every trifling, foolish girl to the society of his wife. And be assured, however good sense and pride may conceal her feelings, this levity of manner never fails to give her pain; and a poor return, indeed, is the smile of a silly chit, for calling forth any unpleasant sensations in the breast of a sensible and amiable woman.

When in the presence of others, let her laudable pride be indulged, by your showing you think her an object of importance and preference. The most trivial word or act of attention and love from you, gratifies her feelings; and a man never appears to more advantage than by proving to the world his affection and preference for his wife. I knew a gentleman (though he had been married for years) who would always, on going out, perhaps for only a day, step up to his wife, and affectionately kiss her; nor was there a person present at the moment who did not think more highly of him. In truth, there is scarcely a character which the world seems to value more than a good and tender husband.

I do not think that wives in general (though quite divested, in other respects, of envy or jealousy) feel any very great pleasure at hearing their husbands run on in enthusiastic encomiums on other women. I knew a gentleman who was constantly in the habit of saying, “O dear, such a charming woman! such beautiful eyes! such a fine-turned shape! such elegant

manners!" &c. And I have, at the same moment, glanced at his wife, and observed a degree of awkwardness on her countenance, struggling with an effort to look pleased. And yet, had any one but her husband been the

panegyrist, she would have listened most probably with pleasure, and heartily concurred in the encomium. You call this jealousy! No; in truth, I call it a *natural* feeling, which can be better felt than described.

"FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST.

(See plate.)

"AN 1812 soldier, did you say?"

"Yes, and as hale and hearty now in his seventy-fifth year, as he was at New Orleans at the head of his regiment. He is a splendid fellow, and I can promise you a hearty welcome on the strength of your uniform. By the way, put your heart in battle array, for the bright eyes of Agnes Lawrence will surely attack it."

"And who is Agnes Lawrence?"

"The Colonel's grandchild, as fair a cottage girl as lives in America. She is an orphan; the Colonel's housekeeper; face-washer and school-mistress to her little brother and sister, and—"

"Captivator of my friend George Hamilton's heart," said Norman Grant, laughing.

They were two light-hearted, brave young men who thus chatted, as they took the road to Somerville. The older of the two, Lieutenant George Hamilton, had invited his friend and classmate at West Point, Norman Grant—also Lieutenant in the United States Army—to join him in a ride to Somerville to visit Colonel Lawrence, an old soldier, who had won his title in the war of 1812.

Agnes Lawrence, the grandchild of the old soldier, was, at the time my story opens, in her seventeenth year. She was very beautiful, with wavy brown hair, large blue eyes, and a graceful figure. She had been educated in Boston, and could rank with many a city girl in her accomplishments, while her grandfather's good sense had reared these accomplishments on the basis of a good, solid English education. She had, too, other accomplishments besides languages and music. She could ride from the time her little hands were large enough to grasp a rein, she could shoot a pistol or gun with as firm a hand and unerring an aim as a woodsman, and her housekeeping was the admiration of all the Somerville matrons.

Colonel Lawrence made his idol of this fair girl. He loved Horace and little Mary, the other

children of his dead son, but Agnes was the pride of the old man's heart. If he took the lad to the woods to learn to shoot, he told him the feats his sister had done with a gun at his age, and Horace took all his lessons on horseback with his fearless sister by his side, mounted on a horse that the Colonel had trained to pace, march, charge, and curvet in true military style.

George Hamilton had been charged by his father, when he left his home in Georgia to go to West Point, to call upon Colonel Lawrence who lived at Somerville, some fifty miles from the military school; and after the first call, he became a frequent visitor. He was then but a lad, and Agnes was away at school; but the old campaigning stories, and the animated conversation of the Colonel possessed a charm for the young soldier, and when her mother's death called Agnes home, some six months before the date at which my story opens, the cottage lost no charm for the young man.

To return to the two riders whom we left on the way to Somerville. Chatting pleasantly, they rode on slowly, enjoying the cool afternoon air, till they stopped at the summit of a hill which overlooked the little village. At the foot of the hill was a stream, narrow, but running with that slow motion which shows deep water, and as the young men stopped, their eyes fell upon a young horsewoman who was approaching the bridge which spanned the water. It was but one wide plank, yet the rider rode fearlessly forward, keeping her horse at an easy trot. She wore a black cloth habit, and a small black hat, and the tiny hands were covered with black gauntlets. Her hair was braided in wide braids, touching each cheek, and the rich crimson there showed that she had not long been riding at her present moderate pace. Her horse, a tall white animal, strongly built, looked more like a dragoon's charger than a lady's steed, and he carried his head in a way that betokened

A WHISPER TO A NEWLY-MARRIED PAIR.

A WHISPER TO THE HUSBAND.

ON DOMESTIC HABITS.

A CLEVER writer says: "If a man, after the business and fatigues of the day, could return to his house where his wife was engaged with domestic cares and an attention to her offspring, he must be a monster of savageness and stupidity if he did not strongly feel the influence of her virtues, and if they did not convey a soft rapture to his heart."

I never knew a man who studied his wife's comfort, in truth I never knew any amiable or domestic man, fond of frequenting clubs or taverns; and, however a wife may conceal her displeasure, it must be always a matter of pain to her. It is such a useless expense (not to say a word of its *sinfulness*), such a worthless waste of time, such a sottish, gluttonous thing! A man leaves his comfortable fireside, an amiable wife, and smiling babies, perhaps neglects business of consequence, he does what is contrary to the Word of God and annoying to his wife, throws himself into the way of drinking, gambling, and a variety of temptations, squanders away money which most probably is wanted at home; and all for what? Just to pass an hour or two with a set of *bon-vivants*; and then, with his head inebriated, his pockets lightened, and his heart certainly not benefited by the company he has been in, he comes home; the foundation for discord, at all events for coldness, is laid; for, however his wife may have gentleness and good sense enough to avoid clamor and scolding, she certainly cannot feel much love or estimation for a man who seems to care so very little what she likes or dislikes.

But I will not suppose you addicted to drinking. This habit has become such an ungentlemanly vice, that what morality had failed to do, fashion has nearly effected. In respectable life, a drunkard now-a-days is nearly a phenomenon; and happy it is for the female world that such is the case! for the woman who has the misery to be chained to a drunken husband, in the emphatic language of Scripture, *has no joy*.

Much to be condemned is a married man, constantly rambling and wandering from his home for the purpose of passing away time. I really cannot understand what a husband, a father, and master of a house, can mean by the

words "passing away time." Surely, if he wants employment, his house and grounds will amply furnish him with it; and if he wishes for society, he will find in his wife, children, and books, the best society in the world. Such a man may be at a loss for *company*, but certainly not for *society*.

There are some men who will sit an entire day with their wives, and a word scarcely escape their lips. Their social cup of tea comes on; and instead of enlivening the hour by kind and familiar chat, a pompous "Yes," or "No," is perhaps all that is uttered by the grand and sullen lord. Is this a mode of treating the companion of your bosom? a companion with whom you might fearlessly "think aloud?" into whose faithful breast you might pour forth your thoughts, your plans, your intentions, your opinions of *everything* and *every one*? And is this companion (perhaps the only one in the world who would not betray you), is she to be treated with sullen silence and cold reserve? *The heart of her husband may safely trust in her* (Prov. xxxi. 11), says the inspired writer; and yet this safe and faithful confidante is slighted, and her proud lord turns from her to bestow his frankness and loquacity on some one or other, who just hearkens to him, and then hies away, perhaps to betray him to the next listener.

I own I love to see man and wife enjoying the pleasure of a little social walk; and when the *tête-à-tête* is sweetened by confidential and affectionate conversation, it is, as the wise man observes, *a sight beautiful before God and man*. But, in general, how reversed is the picture! He saunters out with her careless, cold, and uninterested; scarcely, during the walk, uttering a word, or, when he does speak, so cold, so inanimate are his brief remarks! And if her health is too delicate (as is often the case) to admit her to walk, instead of actively preparing the horses and vehicle to drive her out each day, "she may sit, and sigh, and fade away;" and her once sparkling eyes may look languid, and her once brilliant cheek may grow pale, for want of exercise; still he makes no exertion; something is the matter with the horses, or the carriage, or the jaunting-car! and thus day after day is allowed to pass over.

Sometimes, if husband and wife happen to

spend the day, or evening, from home, scarcely does his lordship address a word to her during the time; scarcely does he go near her; and at night, when a little attention would be really necessary in muffling and preparing her to go out, *he* do such an unfashionable thing? No, truly. She may wrap round her mantle, or tie down her bonnet, herself; and coughs and colds, "with all their train of rheumatic ills," may await her; but *he* will pay her no such attention. Admirable character!

Other men there are, all cheerfulness, gayety, and good-humor while in the houses of their neighbors; who, as they return home, and knock at their own hall door, appear to turn round, and say to their harmonious attendants, Cheerfulness and Good-humor, "My good friends, I am now about entering my *own* doors, where I shall probably remain, for a few days, totally destitute of all society but that of my *wife and family*. Of course, it will be quite unnecessary for me to trouble you again till Monday next, when I am to dine at my friend, Mr. B.'s, with a large party; I know I may be certain of your attendance on that day; till then, good-by!—shake hands!—good-by, my two worthy friends—good-by!" Then, entering the hall, he hangs up his violin (as some one or other remarks) behind the door, and, proceeding, he arrives in the parlor. "O dear, such a fire! Just five o'clock, and no sign of dinner! Well, what an irregular house!" His wife then pulls the bell, and up comes dinner. "Why, I thought this beef was to have been roasted? You know I detest boiled beef! Oh, really, those fowls are quite underdone!" "Why, surely, you might yourself have given some directions!" "Oh! ay, an excuse! Excuses never fail when there is occasion for them!" Such is the language of this fine *manly* man; his ill-humor and loud speaking rising in proportion to the silence and gentleness of his wife. Admirable character, again say I! a mausoleum should be erected to your memory!

ON ABSENCE.

Few women are insensible of tender treatment; and I believe the number of those is small, indeed, who would not recompense it with the most grateful returns. They are naturally frank and affectionate; and, in general, there is nothing but austerity of look and distance of behavior that can prevent those amiable qualities from being evinced on every occasion. There are, probably, but few men who have not experienced, during the intervals

of leisure and reflection, a conviction of this truth. In the hour of absence and of solitude, who has not felt his heart cleaving to the wife of his bosom? who has not been, at some seasons, deeply impressed with a sense of her amiable disposition and demeanor, of her unwearied endeavors to promote and perpetuate his happiness, and of its being his indispensable duty to show, by the most unequivocal expressions of attachment and of tenderness, his full approbation of her assiduity and faithfulness? But lives not he that has often returned to his habitation fully determined to requite the kindness he has constantly experienced, yet, notwithstanding, has beheld the woman of his heart joyful at his approach without even attempting to execute his purpose? who has still withheld the rewards of esteem and affection; and, from some motive, the cause of which I never could develop, shrunk from the task of duty, and repressed those soft emotions which might have gladdened the breast of her that was ever anxious to please, always prompt to anticipate his desires, and eager to contribute everything that affection could suggest, or diligence perform, in order to promote and perpetuate his felicity?

When absent, let your letters to your wife be warm and affectionate. A woman's heart is peculiarly formed for tenderness; and every expression of endearment from the man she loves is flattering and pleasing to her. With pride and pleasure does she dwell on each assurance of his affection: and, surely, it is a cold, unmanly thing to deprive her virtuous heart of such a cheap and easy mode of gratifying it. But, really, a man should endeavor not only for an affectionate, but an agreeable manner of writing to his wife. I remember hearing a lady say, "When my husband writes to me, if he can at all glean out any little piece of good news, or pleasing intelligence, he is sure to mention it." Another lady used to remark, "My husband does not intend to give me pain, or to say anything unpleasant when he writes; and yet, I don't know how it is, but I never received a letter from him that I did not, when I finished it, feel comfortless and dissatisfied."

I really think a husband, whenever he goes from home, should always endeavor, if possible, to bring back some little present to his wife. If ever so trifling or valueless, still the attention gratifies her; and to call forth a smile of good-humor should be always a matter of importance.

Every one who knows anything of the human mind agrees in acknowledging the power of *trifles*, in imparting either pain or pleasure.

pitiless dragon, and their hearts brimmed and boiled with such passions as youth and infancy should never know.

Heaven is merciful, and to human endurance—even to woman's endurance—there must come an end. Through the tedious, darksome winter, Rose Gray suffered and worked with the fortitude of the Christian martyr who sees the end not far off. Early in the spring, a feeble babe, a tiny caricature of healthy, plump infancy, so puny was its skeleton frame, sent up one tremulous wail in the dwelling of the Grays, one piteous cry, that sounded like a deprecation of life and a prayer for death, and its brief existence was over.

"It is dead!" said the grandmother, in her cold, hard tone.

Mrs. Pierson looked anxiously towards the

bed; but the caution came too late, if there had been any disposition to regard it.

"Bring my baby to me, please, mother!" petitioned a sweet, weak voice.

They laid it upon her arm, and her thin fingers passed caressingly over the meagre little face. Tears dimmed Mrs. Pierson's vision, and the tender-hearted Fanny drew back out of sight to weep.

"I am very thankful!" said the gentle tones, weaker and sweeter than before, "very thankful! The Father is good to it and to me, for you know, mother, *it was a girl*, and—it—is—best—so!"

Her head drooped towards the baby-daughter, a fluttering sigh was breathed upon its unconscious brow, and with the mother, too, it was well!

A WHISPER TO A NEWLY-MARRIED PAIR.

A WHISPER TO THE HUSBAND.

ON EXPENDITURE.

IN pecuniary matters, do not be penurious, or too particular. Your wife has an equal right with yourself to all your worldly possessions. "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," was one of the most solemn vows that ever escaped your lips; and if she be a woman of prudence, she will in all her expenses be reasonable and economical; what more can you desire? Besides, really, a woman has innumerable trifling demands on her purse, innumerable little wants, which it is not necessary for a man to be informed of, and which, if he even went to the trouble of investigating, he would hardly understand.

You give your wife a certain sum of money. If she be a woman of prudence, if your table be comfortably kept, and your household managed with economy and regularity, I really cannot see the necessity of obliging her to account to you for the *exact* manner in which she has laid it out. Pray, do allow her the power of buying a yard of muslin, or a few pennyworth of pins, without consulting the august tribunal of *your* judgment whether they shall be quaker-pins or minikins.

I have often with wonder remarked the indifference with which some men regard the amiable and superior qualities of their wives! I by no means intend to say that every wife possesses those qualities; I only speak of a description of females who are, in truth, an

ornament to their sex—women who would go the world over with the husband they love, and endure, without shrinking, every hardship that world could inflict. Is his income stinted? With what cleverness will a wife of this description act, and economize, and endeavor to abridge her expenses; sitting down with such cheerfulness to her scanty meal, suffering privations that probably she never was accustomed to, concealing their poverty from the world, and endeavoring to gild it over with a genteel and respectable appearance; nursing and educating her children, and assuming, perhaps in the same day, the varied character of gentlewoman, preceptress, and housewife; and yet insensibility to her merit, oftentimes unkind language, is perhaps the return she receives from her unworthy husband.

How often is a woman grieved by the foolish extravagance of her husband! Among other absurdities, will he not sometimes give for a horse, or a dog, or spend at a tavern or a club, a sum of money absolutely wanted for the necessary comforts of his family; thus squandering, in a moment of simple folly, what perhaps has cost his wife many a hard effort to save.

When once a man has entered the marriage state, he should look on his property as *belonging to his family*, and act and economize accordingly. I remember being acquainted with a gentleman who was constantly saying, "It is true, my property is large, but then it belongs

not to myself alone, but also to my children: and I must act as a frugal agent for them. To my wife, as well as these children, I feel accountable either for economy or extravagance." Another gentleman of my acquaintance, who was in stinted circumstances, was constantly debarring himself of a thousand little comforts, even a glass of wine after dinner, sooner than infringe on what he used to call *his children's birthright*.

The three following remarks, from the pen of the excellent Mrs. Taylor, are well worth attention: "To what sufferings are those wives exposed, who are not allowed a sufficiency to defray the expenses of their establishment, and who never obtain even their scanty allowance, but at the price of peace! Men who act in this way often defeat their own intentions; and by constant opposition render their wives lavish and improvident, who would be quite the reverse were they treated in a more liberal manner. Wherever it is adopted, it is utterly destructive of connubial confidence, and often compels women to shelter themselves under mean contrivances and low arts." You complain that your wife uses manœuvres and efforts to get money from you: be generous to her, treat her as a wife ought to be treated, and I venture to affirm you shall have no further cause of complaint. "A man who supplies unavoidable and necessary expenses with a parsimonious hand, will rarely be attentive to the extra calls of sickness, or endeavor to alleviate, by his kindness, the sufferings of a constitution perhaps wearing out in his service. It was observed, upon the subject of cruelty to animals, that many, because they would not drown, burn, or scourge a poor animal to death, think themselves sufficiently humane, though they suffer them to famish with hunger; and does not the conduct of many husbands suggest a similar idea? They imagine that if they provide carefully for the maintenance of their families; if their conduct is moral; if they neither beat, starve, nor imprison their families; they are all that is requisite to constitute good husbands, and they pass for such among the crowd: but as their domestic virtues are chiefly of the negative kind, the happiness of her whose lot it is to be united to such an one for life, must be of the same description. Even the large allowance, 'Have what you like,' is insufficient to satisfy the feelings of many a woman, who would be more gratified by the presentation of a flower, accompanied with expressions of tenderness, than by the most costly indulgence they could procure for themselves."

CONCLUSION.

And now, proud lord, farewell! my whisper is nearly ended, and I am very certain my silence will not grieve you. But ere we finally part, allow me to call to your recollection that most important period of your life, when, at the altar of your God, and in the presence of your fellow-creatures, you solemnly vowed to *love your wife, to comfort her, to honor and keep her, in sickness and in health, for better for worse, in poverty and in riches, and, forsaking all others, to keep thee only unto her, as long as you both should live!* Let me ask, have you kept this solemn vow? Commune with your own heart, ask your conscience and your feelings; and tremble before an offended God if you have dared to break it.

FROM MY WINDOW.

O'er the meadow's clover bloom
A snowy white veil is spread,
And purer than folds which fall
From a fair bride's drooping head,
Ice-spangled like inwoven pearls,
And fastened with wreaths of snow;
And garlands of frost hang bright
From bushes which bend so low.

On the summer flowers and grass,
The snow rests heavily down;
And upon the evergreens
Is laid a glistening crown;
The osiers shuddering bend
In sad, leafless sighings o'er
The waves, that with glittering links
Are bound to the snowy shore.

The shivering, leafless trees
Their long, pleading arms uplift
To the cold and pitiless sky,
Where the snow clouds silent drift;
And winds, through the brown, sere boughs
Only sad murmurings bring,
As if they had weary grown
In waiting for blue-eyed spring.

O'er the beds of spotless snow
The hills bow their darkened heads,
As a sorrowing mourner bends
In gloom o'er the shrouded dead.
All things look gloomily dark
'Gainst the snow so pure and white,
Oh, thus do our human lives
Look dark in heaven's pure light!

Do our deeds in the Book of Life
On its snowy pages lie,
Like spots on the stainless snow,
Or clouds in the spotless sky?
There is One who can wash them out,
Ere we reach that upper fold,
And walk with soft, angel steps
Through the streets of pearl and gold.