

each other. And you can assist me, not only with kind words, but with deeds.
 "Oh, any thing, Henry, only show me how! We will move out of this large house and let it, and the rent will comfortably maintain the family in a more modest tenement."

"My own dear wife! But I expected as much from you. We will move into a smaller house as you say; but would it not be better to sell, instead of renting this?"

"You forget, my dear husband, how, before our marriage, you insisted upon settling this house, my only patrimony, upon me, notwithstanding my earnest objections."

"Oh no, Fanny, but I remember your objections, and supposed you entertained them still."

"Times have changed since then, Henry. The wife trembled as she said this, and was aghast at her own boldness. It was the first word like reproach which she had uttered to him. A cloud passed over his brow, as he answered with some feeling:—

"And persons must have changed with them, when the wife can taunt her husband with his misfortunes."

"Forgive me if it sounded like a taunt, Henry. God knows how patient and silent I have been, and I find now that you have only underestimated my mind for the weakness and fond endurance of my affection. Forgive me if I speak plainly, but out of the fullness of a heart long pent up the mouth must speak at last."

Henry was astonished. He had not appreciated before the firmness of his wife's character, latent in the blind fondness of the meek and suffering wife, undeveloped till the duties of the wife and the claims of her children called it forth. He made a rapid stride or two across the room, took his hat in his hand, and strove to carry his point by a last violent effort.

"Mrs Price," he said with the calmness and slow pronunciation of deep and terrible anger; "I trust that you are not determined, by an exhibition of the folly and perverseness of your sex, to make me a laughing stock and a by-word. The house is already sold, conditioned upon your consent; the title deeds are ready for the signature of yourself and your trustees, and the money which we shall then receive will put me on my feet and make me a man again."

Fanny choked at this new insult! Her own house sold over her head and the consent of herself, as a weak, irresolute and foolish woman, counted upon as a thing of course. For herself alone she would not have dared to hesitate—for her babes she would dare everything.

"Henry," she answered, "if I alone were in the case, I should be content to wander homeless for your sake—penniless, destitute! But the strait which your tardy admissions and half confidences now betray, was the very one for which you told me the settlement of my patrimony upon me would provide. I am willing to be beggared—but I fully, finally, and firmly refuse, by any act of mine, however speciously represented it, to beggar those who must hereafter, I do believe, be dependant upon me. If I speak harshly it is you who, by presuming upon my weakness have provoked it."

Exhausted and terrified at what she had said, Fanny sank upon a chair and wept bitterly. Henry raised his hand to strike—but spared himself that disgrace, and audibly cursing mother and children left the house. That day he was proclaimed a bankrupt, and people said his wife had ruined him! What a lying world this is.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRUE MOTHER.

Poor Fanny was saved by the trouble of contriving how her large and cumbersome furniture, fitted for one of the palaces of our merchant princes could be crowded into a small house. Her husband's wreck carried every thing with it. Fanny rose with the exigence to a strength of character and purpose of which to no one had supposed her capable; or rather, we should say, adversity developed the traits in her character which under proper treatment from her husband, might have shown themselves long before and have prevented the ruin which had now overtaken him. To the articles of her own personal property and the other household chattels which the law preserves, she added, by the temporary aid of her friends, such things as were necessary and convenient, personally attending the vendue and purchasing in the absence of competition, which was withheld where she was the bidder. People were astonished at her firmness, and won upon by her lady-like appearance and absence of weakness or affectation. A better estimate began to be put upon her and she rose in respect as her husband sank in infamy. Yes, the word must be written; for the crash of his business, the assets which had disappeared unaccounted for investigations which necessarily attended the settlement, developed a course of shameless profligacy, conjugal infidelity and reckless gambling, which stamped him morally a swindler, if not as such amenable to the laws. Respect for his amiable and excellent wife and pity for his children, prevented legal proceedings which might have ended in his utter ruin.

Acting as a free agent, untrammelled by her husband's follies and unchecked by fear of him, Fanny, with the assistance of her friends, put her affairs in the best possible posture. Her house was repaired, repainted, and profitably rented, and in a little tenement in a humble street, neat without and comfortably and tastefully furnished within, she lived with and for her children. Careful economy without meanness kept herself and children prettily and comfortably clad; and the improvement of every article and of every moment to some

sensible and profitable purpose left her a surplus both of time and of means to relieve the utterly destitute. She was grieved at the fall and disappearance of her husband—pained that he should treat her so ill as entirely to forget and neglect her, and forced, in a few moments of unoccupied solitude which her avocations left her, to drop an occasional tear to the memory of her early love. But a mind conscious of rectitude—a busy attention to her duties, and above all, the reliance of true piety upon the good God who sustains and comforts the widowed and the fatherless, strengthened and encouraged her. Her children were growing up about her, all that her heart could wish; and though seldom or never merry she was always cheerful and contented.

Three years had passed and not a word from him—four, and he had become to her almost as one of the dead. It was again the anniversary of her wedding, but she never marked the children's comfort by reminding them of a day marked in her calendar only by sorrowful recollections of confidence abused and love neglected. She sat a silent though abstracted observer of their amusements, occasionally called to herself to smile an instant at some juvenile sally, and then forgetting it to lose the present in tracing in the dim light the features of her husband whose portrait hung above the mantel. As she gazed the canvass seemed almost ready to speak to her, and she fancied that the lineaments took the expression of kindness and confidence. She shuddered and started to her feet, for the bitter memory came up how on such a night as this he had artfully put on that expression to win her to her ruin! She mentally thanked God, who had enabled her to resist, and turning to her oldest daughter, said:—

"Is it not almost time for the little ones to think of retiring?"

A few "ohs!" and "ahs!" of objection were smiled down by the resolute yet gentle mother, and all arranged themselves in a quiet and respectful attitude, when the eldest daughter commenced a simple and touching evening hymn, with the words of which all were familiar; and the whole joined in the sweet and plaintive air. The second child then read in a clear and understanding voice, as one who comprehended what she read, a chapter in one of the gospels, and then mother and children knelt to acknowledge the care which had preserved them to that hour—to thank God for his many benefits and to implore a continuance of his protection through the silent watches of the night. On this occasion the mother and wife, who often remembered him in her silent prayers, could not forget the absent and erring but still beloved husband; and when they rose from their knees he stood silent and in tears before them! He had knocked unheard—or if heard by the children unnoticed—in their habits of reverence, and knowing the voice that was speaking had crept silently in. Fanny took him by both hands—studied his face an instant, but in that instant, with all a woman's tact and quickness she read all she wanted to know—and throwing herself into his willing arms she wept tears of joy upon his bosom. Deserted wife and mother—all the past was forgotten, and Fanny Price was Fanny Price—confiding, loving, self-sacrificing Fanny Price still!

We need not further describe the particulars of that meeting. Nor need we very minutely follow the story which Fanny would not permit her husband to commence until the children were kissed off to bed. Then she placed the wanderer in his own chair, which she had still preserved, and drawing up the ottoman worked by her fingers during the past days of her married happiness and leisure, she rested her elbow upon his knee and looked up trustingly in his face as he proceeded in his narrative. Could he have deceived her while those gentle eyes were fixed upon his face? He neither did nor desired to.

When first in difficulty, he applied for loans to his gay friends, but they soon taught him the difference which they perceived between a "good fellow" with plenty of money, and a "poor fellow" who wanted assistance. The very basest of the parasites, male and female, who had fattened upon his ruin, spurned him with contempt. Conscious of having forfeited the esteem and respect of the good, he thought with love, regret and shame of his abused wife.

"Oh," interrupted Fanny, "if you had only come to her then!"

"It is better as it is," he said, as he looked affectionately in her face. "I have learned wisdom in my absence."

The naval service which catches many a disappointed man and helpless malcontent, had been the place in which for three years the broken merchant had hidden his wounded pride. He had written, and more than once to, and was deeply grieved that his wife had not received his letters; but the postman could not so readily find her in her retirement, as when her letters came directed to the care of Henry Price, Esq.

It remains only to say that Henry's reformation was thorough and lasting. He thanked again and again the prudence which had saved an asylum for his children from the wreck of his fortunes, and studied only the more to esteem and respect the character of her who had shown herself more equal to the emergency of misfortune than her husband. He commenced life anew under better auspices and with better associations, and Fanny Price is again in her own house, the acknowledged and respected mistress of it; her husband the happiest of married men and a walking bundle of cautions against all friends, male or female, who would

set up man or woman, by disparaging the mate who should be protected if weak—shielded from observation if erring, and loved at all hazard!

From the Columbian Magazine.

THE SEA.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

"—and thou majestic main,
 A secret world of wonder in thyself."

I LOVE to ride on the deep blue sea!

Ho! the land is a thousand miles away,

The decks are wet with the feathery spray,

Our gallant swan with her wings outspread,

But, like a barque rides the waves of dread.

Now up the watery hills she flies,

Her tall masts hid in the bending skies;

Now down the black and fearful vale

She goes—while above her shrieks the gale;

Back from her noble brow the main

Retreats, as it spends its rage in vain.

Again she walks like a thing of life

With her flag amidst the tempest's strife.

Beautiful flag of my country, hail!

Thus ever survive in the stormy gale,

Bright 'mid the battle-cloud beam as now!

No banner to me is so fair as thou,

With the streams of the morning thy folds

are dyed,

And bright in the cloud shine thy stars of

pride.

Ay! even so let their splendor burn

Till the world into liberty's altar turn!

Through the foam of the billowy sea,

Swift as an Indian's shaft go we—

Around us the creatures of ocean sweep,

Startled as they are in their native deep,

That man in his pride with hand so rude

Should break their terrible solitude.

Now the porpoise rolls his heavy form.

The herald be of the coming storm.

With the whale in our wake and the sword-

fish dread,

And the flying-fish with wings outspread.

Oh, the fresh, the beautiful, the boundless

sea!

There is nothing in nature so grand to me.

With the sky above in its blue—and the

main

Rolling beneath without a chain—

Scorning all rule from lord or king,

It wakes to the tempest's gathering.

It is a lone and watery world;

From zone to zone are its dark waves hurled.

Regardless of edict, power or sway;

Sleeping not ever, by night or day—

Save when a transient calm descends,

And the war of its billows a moment ends—

It slumbers awhile like a gentle child,

To awake with a cry of terror wild!

When the prophet bird from its bosom

springs—

The petrel flapping its stormy wings.

Majestic seal how unchanged art thou!

The finger of Time darst not wrinkle thy

brow.

Men may blight the earth for fame,

May wrap proud cities in wasting flame,

But on thy field his power is gone,

Though his puny fleets awhile sweep on;

Thou'rt start as a giant from troubled sleep,

And whelm him for aye in thy soundless

deep.

Without a coffin—without a stone—

Sinks the hero proud in thy waters lone;

Likeness of all that is great and bright,

Eternity with its quenchless light—

Grandeur—and power—and death—and life,

Gentle peace—and the battle's strife—

Infancy, in its sleeping hour—

Beauty's self, with its witching power.

But above all is He, who made

Thy dark-blue waves, in thy self portrayed,

Mirrored in thee is that mighty One,

Who nightly walks on thy path so lone.

Who breathes on thy waters and bids them

roll

From the burning East to the icy pole.

I may not behold thee, and not be awed,

For thou seem'st to me the throne of God.

New Works.

EGYPTIAN AMUSEMENTS.

The people generally of Egypt, whether of the Egyptian or Arab race, are good natured and light-hearted, and, like all idle and ill-educated people, passionately fond of low buffoonery. Day after day, and all day long, groups are seen on the Esbekieh, clustering with intense interest round some coarse posture-master or bad conjuror. The party which appeared to me to be the most attractive, stationed always under the glow of the same west wall, and always surrounded by a throng of unwearied admirers, consisted of a white bearded old

man, with the green turban of a Hadji, who sat on the ground dancing two puppets on a string, to the sound of three little drums of an hour glass shape thumped with straps by another man, and two veiled women sitting opposite to him. Before these three were conjuring cups and vases, which they occasionally turned up and out of which would crawl a serpent, or hop forth a tame bird,—one should say when least expected, if one judged by the buzz of surprise with which the apparition was always received. But the same event happened so often, and in just the same manner that there was, in truth, no moment at which the spectators had not a fair right to expect it. To this party of performers belonged a clown or jester, whose running commentary on the feats of the others was above measure popular. But his principal jest was this; every now and then he would pick a quarrel with the puppets and aim a blow at them with a strap or courbash, apparently with intent to kill, but always contriving to make the instrument miss his intended victim and come round with a loud crack on his own shoulders. This was always received, happen as often as it would, with shrieks of delight by the standers—children, women, and men of all ages and conditions. There was one venerable and well dressed old gentleman, in a flowing caftan of yellow silk, with ample turban, with a large chaplet of beads round his neck, and a long amberlipped chibonk, which he silently and gravely smoked, never disturbing it, save on often as this event of the clown's self-castigation occurred. This, however, was too much for his gravity, which, from his appearance at all other moments, I doubt whether anything else ever did or could affect. This never failed. I do not remember ever passing this group without seeing this same old gentleman always contemplating this performance, and his pipe always a-light. He was probably some merchant or agent who daily set forth with intent to cross the Esbekieh on business, but never could succeed in passing this spot. And every night, and throughout the night, these places are occupied by another class of buffoons, creators of tuneless ballads, and tellers of endless stories, by torch light, who vary their entertainments about as little, and excite the same unvarying interest in their audience.—*Lord Nugent's Lands, Classical and Sacred.*

WIDOW OF CAPTAIN COOK.

The widow of the great voyager Cook survived him for more than half a century. To the last she cherished the most devoted affection for his memory; and even after the lapse of so many years, could not speak of his fate without emotion. Such was her sensibility, that on receiving the news of the death of her son James, in the vain hope of banishing from her mind the recollection of her losses, she committed to the flames almost all the letters she had received from his father. Her latter years passed away in intercourse with her friends, and in the discharge of those offices of charity and kindness in which her benevolent mind delighted. The affliction of her husband and children, though borne with submissive resignation, was never effaced from her memory; and we are informed that there were certain melancholy anniversaries which to the end of her days she devoted to seclusion and pious observance. She died on the 13th of May, 1825, in the 94th year, of her age. Her body was deposited in a vault in the church of St. Andrew the Great, at Cambridge, where her sons James and Hugh were interred. To the parish in which she was buried she assigned £1000, under the conditions, that, from the interest of that sum, the monument she had erected to the memory of her family should be kept in perfect repair; that the parochial clergyman should receive a small annual remuneration for his attention to the due discharge of the trust; that the remainder should be equally divided yearly, on St. Thomas's day, among five poor and aged women residing in the parish, but deriving no relief therefrom. Besides many legacies to her relatives and servants, she left to the poor of Clapham £750, and to the schools for the Indigent Blind, and the Royal Maternity Charity about £1000. The Copley Medal, awarded to her husband, and one of the gold medals struck to his honour by the Royal Society, she bequeathed to the British Museum.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

THE WISDOM OF GOD.

The distance at which the heavenly bodies, particularly the sun, are placed from the earth, is a manifest evidence of Divine Wisdom. If the sun were much nearer to us than he is at present, the earth, as now constituted, would be wasted and parched with excessive heat; the waters would be turned into vapour, and the rivers, seas, and oceans would soon disappear, leaving nothing behind them but frightful barren deserts and gloomy caverns; vegetation would completely cease, and the tribes of animated nature languish and die. On the other hand, were the sun much farther distant than he now is, or were his bulk or the influence of his rays diminished one half of what it now is, the land and the ocean would soon become one frozen mass, and universal desolation and sterility would overspread the fair face of nature; and instead of a pleasant and comfortable abode, our globe would become a frightful desert, a state of misery and perpetual punishment. But herein is the wisdom of God displayed, that he has formed the sun of such a determinate size, and placed it at such a convenient distance, as not to annoy, but to refresh and cheer us, and to enliven the soil with its genial influence; so that we plainly perceive, to use the language of the prophet, that "He hath established the world by his wisdom, and stretched out the heavens by his understanding."—*Dr. Dick.*