

'Could you let Biddy take care of my children to-night, while I am gone to the opera.'

'No, madam, I could not,' returned Mrs Boyd, in a very exasperated tone. 'You have imposed on my good nature, Mrs Skates, till I am wholly out of patience. If you want your children taken care of, you may hire somebody to do it. I should expect my family to go to rack and ruin if I went gadding about like you do, Mrs Skates; and if you understood what belonged to your station, or even to common propriety you would not do it, madam.'

Mrs Boyd's black eyes flashed angrily as she discharged this petulant and unlady-like speech, and she turned on her heel and closed the door in Mrs Skates's face.

'I will take care of your little ones, Mrs Skates; you may leave them with me,' said Mrs Morrow, an elegant and high bred woman, whose rooms were in the neighborhood, and who had heard Mrs Boyd's indignant refusal to oblige Mrs Skates: though she could not commend the course Mrs Skates chose to pursue, in imposing the trouble of her children so frequently on her neighbors, her heart was far too kind and generous not to relieve her of the present embarrassment, even at a personal sacrifice.

'I am very much obliged to you, Mrs Morrow,' replied Mrs Skates, tears of vexation standing in her eyes. 'I shall be very glad to leave them with you, and shall feel much safer about them than if they were in some people's care.'

Had Mrs Skates understood true politeness she would have thanked Mrs Morrow, without afflicting her with two such restless children for a whole evening, especially as that lady was quite unused to the noise and mischief they made, and had no servant. But Mrs Skates wanted to go out, and she was selfishly willing to avail herself of anybody's good offices, more particularly since Mrs Boyd had treated her so rudely, and rebuked her so sharply. So she sent the children very early into Mrs Morrow's apartment, and, with Sophronia's assistance, prepared herself for the opera, indulging meantime in a variety of invectives towards that snarling woman, Mrs Boyd. Did you ever, Sophronia?

Mrs Skates did not enjoy the evening as much as she had expected—there were some pangs in her heart which militated sadly against her enjoyment—the manner in which her husband had left her, Mrs Boyd's rudeness, and other nameless things quite diverted her from the notice she meant to take of the new dresses and dashing people she should see. Sophronia was coarsely hilarious, and rallied Mrs Skates on her 'mopishness,' but Mrs Skates was glad when she could go home. It was past eleven, however, and, when she entered the hall leading to her room, she heard both her children screaming piteously, and a soft voice trying to hush and soothe them. When she opened the door of her own chamber she was transfixed with surprise. Mrs Morrow was carrying the baby about in her weary and trembling arms, her face flushed with the fatigue she had suffered; Mr Morrow trotting little James in his night gown, and poor Mr Skates pacing the room with the handkerchief to his eyes, convulsively sobbing.

'What on earth is the matter? I'm scared to death,' shrieked Mrs Skates, almost hysterically. The two children both screamed louder than ever at the sight of their mother, and were only pacified when she had them both in her arms.

'What is the matter?' again groaned Katy, ready to faint with alarm. 'Dear Mrs Morrow do tell me!'

'Your husband is in some trouble, madam,' replied Mr Morrow, kindly; 'I presume he will like best to explain it to you alone. Mrs Morrow shall we withdraw if we can be of no further service?'

They both retired, and then Katy tearfully threw her arms round her husband's neck, and begged to know what had happened to occasion so much distress. Amidst tears and choking sobs, Mr Skates informed his lady that several very heavy bills had that evening been presented to him from their hostess, jewellers, merchants, &c., and that he had nothing to pay one of them with; he had taken up his wages three months in advance, for her pocket money, and his employers had called him an extravagant knave, and refused to trust him, or employ him any longer. He was a ruined man, and wished he had never been wheedled to the city by two crazy cutters.

Katy was very much shocked, and her tears flowed profusely. But she said she knew Sophronia would lend them the money to meet this emergency, and then they would begin again, and go on nicely. Mr Skates wiped his eyes, and declared he would not begin again, not there, if he could get out of this scrape, he would go home to his business, and be a man again. Mrs Skates pouted resolutely at that. She would not go back into obscurity—indeed she would not—after once getting foothold in genteel life; to which Mr Skates responded that she would go, or he'd quit her, and she might take care of herself.

Poor Katy cried all night, and in the morning she hastened to Miss Thompson's boarding-place, to tell her of the unfortunate position her husband was placed in, and ask her to help them out of their unexpected difficulties.

Miss Thompson looked like a thunder-cloud. 'Don't come to me, Skates,' she snarled out. 'This is really a pretty coming out at the little end of the horn! Why didn't you count the cost before you went into such extravagance, to see if you could weather it? I haven't a cent to spare for nobody. I lent

all I had to the hon. Captain Powers, and he has run away, nobody knows where, the old rascal. Oh, if I could only catch him, I'd mince him up, indeed I would!'

It was very evident that Miss Thompson either could not assist them, or was not in the mood to do it if she could. The story was true that the 'hon. Captain' had persuaded her that three thousand dollars would be as safe in his pockets as they would be in a bank, and a great deal safer, besides yielding her an enormous per centage. He had squandered the whole sum in 'riotous living,' and now that his creditors began to clamour and threaten the 'hon. Captain' had made a precipitated and inglorious retreat. Sophronia was bankrupt; her whole fortune that she was going to be a lady for ever upon was entirely gone in the most provoking manner possible, and no wonder her manner was somewhat ruffled at the prospect of drooping out of the patrician ranks, to cut only a private figure among the working-classes again.

Mrs Skates returned home very much dejected and very miserable, and Mr Skates left exasperated that Sophronia had got them into the tangle, and then would not help them out.

Good Mr Morrow, however, came to the rescue. He furnished money to pay all the bills, and to take Mr and Mrs Skates back again to the country cottage, together with a short chapter on the very best advice concerning contentment, and the respectability of honest industry.

As a kind providence would have it, the tenant to whom Mr Skates had rented his house had failed to come, and there it stood all ready for them to be happy in again. Every echo seemed to say 'Welcome!' as they ran from room to room as gleefully as delighted children; and, with the aid of their kind but somewhat inquisitive neighbors, they were soon reinstated in their dear little home. It seemed like a paradise, perfectly free from trouble of every nature. Mr Skates could have kissed for joy and love every 'awl' and 'last' in his shop, and the very pieces of leather he had forsaken in the hour of his ambition smelt and felt deliciously. His first effort was to restore to Mr Morrow, his benefactor, the amount with which he had accommodated him, accompanied by the most stylish pair of boots he could make, and a neat and tasteful pair of wrought slippers from Katy to Mrs Morrow.

Mrs Skates was completely cured of her turn for city life and false gentility. She had learned a lesson that had made her a better and happier woman and wife as long as she lived. Though somewhat sensitive for a while on the result of her city experiment, she soon became entirely rational, and talked of it, as indeed it was, a most unwise and unpardonable stretch of foolish ambition, which attempted a sunward flight on the frailest waxen wings; and she hesitated not at all to criminate herself alone, and to bless the event, though painful enough in experience, which had opened their eyes, and driven them back to the sphere—a sphere of real usefulness—they were qualified to occupy, and to the profitable business they were qualified to prosecute.

Cousin Sophronia bore her misfortune with far less meekness and wisdom. It galled and soured her sour spirit into melancholy and misanthropy. She wrote not a single word to Mrs Skates for a whole year, and then it was to say that 'she had never heard a word from the hon. Captain Powers, but she hoped the gallus had got him; his wife had run away with somebody, and that the daughters were out to service, and she was glad of it. For herself, she had been obliged to fall back upon her detestable old trade, and she constantly went out to custom work, and she feared that both she and they must resign themselves to be what they were before—jest nobody!'

From the London Family Economist.

#### COMMON THINGS.

BY MRS HAWKSHAW.

The sunshine is a glorious thing,  
That comes alike to all,  
Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,  
The noble's painted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing,  
It through the window gleams  
Upon the snowy pillow where  
The happy infant dreams.

It shines upon the fisher's boat  
Out on the lovely sea;  
Or where the little lambskins lie  
Beneath the old oak tree.

The dew drops on the summer morn  
Sparkle upon the grass;  
The village children brush them off,  
That through the meadows pass.

There are no gems in monarch's crowns  
More beautiful than they;  
And yet we scarcely notice them,  
But tread them off in play.

Poor Robin on the pear tree sings,  
Beside the cottage door;  
The heath-flower fills the air with sweets  
Upon the pathless moor.

There are as many lovely things,  
As many pleasant tones,  
For those who sit by cottage hearths,  
As those who sit on thrones.

#### YOUNG MEN.

WHAT are you doing for the improvement of your minds? Are you aware that you are

on the great railway of time, rushing and whirling past the station of youth? The world is all before you—it is yours—God gives you a lease of it: You see the philosophers, the statesmen, and the teachers of the present time: are their places to be filled? What mean those telegraph posts and wires, those cars and boats, those fast printing presses? They are monuments of genius: the genius of men now passing away. Up! bestir yourselves, with a firm purpose and a stern resolve to penetrate still farther into the arena of nature, and open to human gaze mysteries unrevealed from the foundation of the world. Prove the nobility of your natures by deep-diving into scientific research, by a higher flight of genius, and by a wider range of thought. Shall the mind of the succeeding age be charged with effeminacy or imbecility? These questions we cannot answer. We see what has been done in fifty years; we are staggered by the sight, and exclaim: how slight a prospect of such a vision in the future! Who are to be men of eminence in the age before us? Not you who are lounging there on the sidewalks, or on the streets! Not you who are spending your time with boisterous companions, repeating unmeaning gibes, and senseless jokes! Not you who are wasting the midnight oil over Eugene and Paul de Kock! Not you who frequent bowling saloons and bar rooms. No—you must pass through a different discipline: you must bend down the undivided energies of your ardent souls to persevering, unremitting and laborious study. You must acquire an intimate and thorough acquaintance with the world, discover the hidden intricacies of human character, and acquaint yourselves with the operation of natural laws. You must bring truth from chaos to the golden sunlight of order and system.—This has been the work of the mighty minds of the last century.

Say you that you have no time for this! that your hours are those of toil? that the workshop, the counter, and the mill demand your time. So they do—but that toil will indurate mind as well as body. It is the union of manual and mental toil that makes the iron men to grasp the mighty things of the universe. You indulge an idle whim. The mind can be revolving weighty things while the hands are in motion. In your leisure, even if it be in the silent hour of night, feed the immortal mind with food worthy of it, and the hours of toil will be cheered by the light of the intellect. The mind of Franklin gave birth to sublime imaginings, even while at the compositor's case and the pressman's lever. Learn to think—think deeply, that you may act wisely.—*Cherry Valley Gazette.*

#### THE PRESENT AND FUTURE.

MANHOOD will come and old age will come, and the dying bed will come, and the very last look you shall ever cast on your acquaintances will come, and the agony of the parting breath will come, and the time when you are stretched a lifeless corpse before the eyes of weeping relatives will come, and the coffin that is to enclose you will come, and that hour when the company assemble to carry you to the churchyard will come, and that minute when you are put into the grave will come, and the throwing in of the loose earth into the narrow house where you are laid, and the spreading of the green sod over it—all all will come on every living creature who now hears me; and in a few little years the minister who now speaks, and the people who now listen, will be carried to their long homes, and make room for another generation. Now, all this, you know, must and will happen—your common sense and common experience serve to convince you of it. Perhaps it may have been little thought of in the days of careless, and thoughtless, and thankless unconcern which you have spent hitherto; but I call upon you to think of it now, to lay it seriously to heart, and no longer to trifle and delay, when the high matters of death, judgment and eternity are thus set so evidently before. And the tidings where-with I am charged—and the blood lieth upon your own head and not upon mine, if you will not listen to them—the object of my coming amongst you, is to let you know what more things are to come; it is to carry you beyond the regions of sight and of sense to the regions of faith, and to assure you, in the name of Him who cannot lie, that as sure as the laying of the body in the grave comes, so surely will also come the hour of the spirit returning to the God who gave it. Yes, and the day of final reckoning will come, and the appearance of the Son of God in heaven, and his mighty angels around him, will come, and the opening of the books will come, and the standing of the men of all generations before the judgment seat will come, and the solemn passing of that sentence which is to fix you for eternity will come.—*Dr. Chalmers's Sermons in Posthumous Works.*

PAT'S INVESTMENT.—An Irishman being told that a friend of his had placed his money in the stocks.

'Well,' said he, 'I never had a farthing in the stocks; but I've had my legs in them often enough.'

CHEERFULNESS.—Nothing is more likely to produce and to sustain cheerfulness, than the conviction that everything we do is telling more or less for the welfare of mankind.

HONEST INDUSTRY.—If there is a man who can eat his bread at peace with God and man, it is that man who has brought that bread out of the earth by his own honest industry. It is cankered by no fraud—it is wet by no tear—it is stained by no blood.

The Bible is our best directory in fath and practice.

## European News.

From Willmer and Smith's European Times, November 1.

*The Earlier Life of Kossuth.*—The Vienna correspondent of the London Daily News, referring to the slanders lately propagated against the Magyar chief, gives the following statement as the facts of the case:

I perceive that the attention of the public in England has again been drawn to certain facts connected with the earlier life of Kossuth, which are considered by his enemies to have left the stain of dishonesty upon his character. It is just to that individual that the real facts of the case should be widely spread; that his friends may know what value to place upon the lying attacks of his adversaries. Full five and twenty years ago, when Kossuth, was barely eighteen or nineteen years of age, he succeeded in winning for himself the independent position of fiscal agent to a lady in the Zemplin comitat or county. His duties are not to be compared to those of a land agent or steward to a nobleman in England, though what that individual fulfils the fiscal agent also does, but still more. The relations of landlord and tenant in Hungary are very different, and require a different management. Whether the personal advantages of the youthful lawyer had attracted the lady's favorable notice before or after the situation was given to him is not quite clear; but it is unhappily established beyond the possibility of doubt that Kossuth found favor in her eyes, and that the closest intimacy ensued. During the period of unbounded affection the lady gave to her agent lover written control over all her property and her purse. As is too often the case in such affairs, it ended in mutual coldness and hatred. The lady, carried too far in her changed affection, demanded statements of accounts from her agent, and even prosecuted him for misappropriation of a sum of 14,300 florins (£1450). Kossuth had at that period, young as he was, already acquired political notoriety; and had made enemies. The accusation was urged with malicious bitterness, and after a long series of *nisi prius* formalities and technicalities, in the use of which England is surpassed only in Hungary. Kossuth at last appeared before the Jury in the Sedrin or County Assizes. To save himself from the penalty of felony, Kossuth was compelled to lay bare the intimate relations in which he had stood to his accuser, and to produce letters, which have never been disavowed, authorising him to make use of the lady's funds to any amount. The scandal which ensued, on this denouement, was great, and Kossuth left the country. I believe the amount which he was accused of having misappropriated was subsequently refunded. An event not unusual in Hungary occurred soon after; the documents of the case vanished; but there is no evidence to shew that Kossuth was concerned in their disappearance. These are the true facts well known to every person in Hungary. Indeed, they were brought to light again by the Diet by an attack made by Szechenyi on Kossuth. They were never considered in Hungary, nor will they be thought in England, to tarnish the well merited reputation of the Hungarian statesman. That Kossuth is not a revolutionary or a visionary democrat must be evident to all but the willfully blind. Kossuth did not proclaim a republic, he caused the dethronement of the house of Hapsburg for continued wilful treachery of the worst sort. Had Kossuth wished to overturn the whole empire, he need but to have ordered the Hungarian army to march on Vienna after the defeat of Jellachich, and the slow progress of putrefaction which is now going on would have been at once accomplished. His moderate views prevailed. The dynasty was not overthrown, and it is felt by many that the rancorous enmity displayed by the Imperial family and their immediate friends towards Kossuth, is nurtured chiefly by the hateful idea, that they owe the existence of their houses to him.

*Ingenuity Outwitted.*—The reason why the gentlemen of the swell mob have pursued their professional avocations with so little success at the Crystal Palace was told by Chief Barron Pollock, at the Middlesex agricultural dinner. He would tell them the reason. At the first opening there were only three doors opened for entrance, and the persons entering were supplied with cards, which directed them to the places reserved for their accommodation. There were police-officers skilled in the knowledge of the persons of the most remarkable thieves in Europe stationed at the doors; and when members of what was called "the swell mob" presented themselves, they received cards which sent them all to a particular box, where some thirty seven members of the confraternity found themselves assembled, to practice upon the pockets of one another! whereupon they came to the unanimous resolution that the police regulations were too perfect for them, and so they had better go home at once.

*The Railway in Egypt.*—On the 5th inst., the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer Indus, arrived at Alexandria from Southampton, with one hundred and forty passengers, including Mr Stephenson and his staff of engineers for the Egyptian Railway. Mr Borthwick is to be superintending engineer, Mr H. Rouse, resident engineer at Alexandria, and Mr H. Swinburn, resident engineer at Cairo, and twelve others are to be spread over the line between the two towns. They proceed to Cairo on the 10th, to present themselves to the Viceroy, and will commence operations forthwith. The arrival of these en-