

pleasures to wean him from it by degrees. He would be grateful for your self-sacrifice—and what sacrifice ought a woman not to make to secure the affections of a husband?—and you would be fully repaid for your endurance by renewing of his love.

'Aunt, I cannot bring my mind to such a thing. The idea of sitting in a room with clouds of filthy smoke! then the abominable smell of stale tobacco in the morning, spoiling all my curtains and things! Low as I am sunk, I could not bear this. If my husband will not give up his disgusting habit, I must content myself to remain a neglected wife, for I never will give my consent to his bringing his pipe here.'

'Upon such trifles do women wreck their happiness, Mary!'

Though Mrs. Oswald was obstinate for the present, her aunt's observations made a deep impression on her mind; and when her husband succeeded in obtaining a good situation as clerk in a mercantile house, and they removed to a more convenient dwelling, she so far compromised her dignity as to allow him to take an occasional pipe in the KITCHEN—thus laying the first stone of their new temple of domestic affection.

Nearly two years had elapsed since the events related in the former part of our narrative. Let us take a peep at our old friends still occupying their pleasant domicile in Street. Mrs. Oswald is busily sewing,—not for a bazaar—in a neat, cheerful sitting-room, while two or three pretty children are amusing themselves with their toys upon the hearthrug. Opposite his wife, in his accustomed arm-chair, sits the once traunt husband, reading aloud from a certain popular journal. Presently the neat old servant comes in for the little ones, and they are sent off to bed. Rising and laying down her work, Mary Oswald opens a cupboard-door, and with a little artless show of mystery, furtively fills a handsome silver-mounted pipe, which she then presents to her wondering husband, placing a lighted slip of paper in his other hand.

'Dear George, this is my present to you, which you must accept in remembrance of this day two years. My folly and love of show then helped to ruin you in a pecuniary sense, and my selfishness and obstinacy well-nigh estranged your affections from me; but thanks to dear aunt Ayton's constant advice, matters have been improving lately. Allow me to put the last seal to my loving compliance, by begging you freely to enjoy your pipe here, where you always ought to have been, beside an affectionate wife. Say that you will always be happy by your own fireside, dear George, and that you forgive me for all my past misconduct.'

'Who that had beheld your exertions during the past year, Mary, would not long since have forgotten that you were ever different. I have no right to judge my fellow-sinner; I also have been to blame. Let us forget the part dearest. How shall I thank you for this beautiful gift? One thing is certain,' continued Mr Oswald, as he drew his wife closer to his side, and kissed her affectionately, 'that you have hastened your husband's intended reformation. It is better to be decided. Were I to commence by smoking only just so many pipes every evening, intending to diminish the number gradually, the habit might never be abandoned. Give me another kiss, darling; you have found the true way to manage a husband. I shall not put your affectionate self-denial to the test.'

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SOME OF THE INCONVENIENCES OF PAYING ONE'S DEBT'S.

This is a serious business.

All's Well that ends Well.

It is much to be regretted that virtue should have its penalties as well as its pleasures. I have myself been a martyr to one of its lowest forms: a martyr without any of the honor of martyrdom. Paul Pry's exclamation that "he would never do a good natured thing again as long as he lived," was an expressive phrase of unrequited kindness; but mine were not even acts of good nature.

As long as I moved ambiguously upon the surface of society I was comparatively happy. It was only when I had taken a good house and adopted the habit of regularly paying my debts, that I began to be miserable.

In no other way could I have been reputed wealthy. No one knew my income. Secretiveness was one of my largest phrenological developments, and my affairs had always been studiously kept to myself. It was solely therefore, because I was in the habit of paying my debts that I brought upon myself all the penalties of reputed wealth.

The "world" argued that any one might take a good house; but that to live in it, and continue to pay one's debts, was proof that there must be what is called a handsome property.

Of this one of the first painful consequences was an universal desire to make my acquaintance. I became suddenly appreciated:

Others could see, although myself could not. I was indeed "a marvellous proper man."

But all this was incompatible with my habits—I preferred making my own selection; and dire

was the offence. Mothers had sought me for their daughters' sakes. In vain I honorably refused attentions for which I could not make the expected return. In vain I assured them that I was really not a marrying man. Every one whose overture was rejected became an enemy. "That so wealthy a man should remain unmarried—it was a shame! Depend upon it there must be something wrong." Fortunately there was no tangible spot upon my character; but the usual machinery of "we would an' if we could," and such ambiguous givings out" were but into requisition; and although nothing was said, it was taken for granted that a great deal might have been said, "or Mr Blank would not have looked so serious, or have avoided the subject so pointedly as he had done." I had formed an innumerable speaking acquaintance at clubs, and libraries, and public places; and one of the great pleasures of my morning walk was to have a talk with them all; but now I was either coldly bowed to, or passed without notice. I was also designated as a shabby fellow, who had the means but not the inclination to be hospitable; and this was assumed merely because I had adopted the practice of paying my debts.

The next evil consequence was, that I became the prey of every designing philanthropist. If I attended a religious or charitable gathering, to amuse myself by listening to some celebrated speaker, I was sure to be waited upon the next morning by one of the gentlemen who had done "the heavy business" of the previous day—usually a clerical young man in black, with a long neck carefully done up in hot-pressed white—who referring to "our very interesting meeting," had called for "the favor of a donation or subscription." Every Mrs. Jellaby who had concocted a pet scheme of piety or charity, after inflicting upon me the reading of a long prospectus and correspondence, "had no doubt she should have my countenance and support." The common-places to which I was doomed to listen, while they were read to me with all the aggravations of exaggerated emphasis, would of themselves have been a grievous affliction. "It is our duty to do all in our power to promote the welfare of others;"—and then the reader would fix a pair of fiery gray eyes upon me, and wait for my assent to this obvious truism. But the attempt was not only upon my patience, but my money. Excellent in themselves, but endless in their number—Baths, Wash-houses, Ragged Schools, Mendicity Societies, Hospitals, Female Refuges, Reformatory Establishments, Sailors' Homes, Protestant Alliances, Irish Missions, Home Missions, the conversion of the Jews, and a long et cetera—all had their claims upon one who was accounted wealthy, merely because he was in the habit of paying his debts.

The only thing to which I contributed with unmixed satisfaction was the poor-box of a police office; for in that case I saw nothing of the recipients, and had not been asked to give.

What I had done, or what it was hoped I would do, led on to another infliction. My committee and board meetings were so numerous that I was induced to take into my service as amanuensis, an ingenious and sharp-witted juvenile delinquent, whose principal employment was to keep a record of my engagements and appointments. How that ended it would be premature to say.

My servants complained their time was wholly occupied in admitting applicants for my name—which they assured me would be of special service—as a subscriber to Encyclopedias, Dictionaries, Gazettes, Illustrated Scenery, Tables chronological, historical, biographical, or genealogical; Cathedral Antiquities, Lodge's Portraits, Casts from Shakespeare's Monument or the Elgin Marbles, and every form, in short, in which the ingenious make war upon the wealthy. The agents of every wine merchant upon the Continent waited upon me for orders. Whenever any real property, or an eligible investment was offered for sale, I was specially invited to be present; and estates were strongly recommended to me which would have been cheaply purchased at fifty thousand pounds.—I felt that I was occupying a false position; but it was no fault of mine. I had never pretended to be wealthy. I had merely been in the habit of paying my debts. The whole world seemed to have conspired against my peace. The exhibitors of circuses, plays, panoramas, dwarfs, wonders, objects of art, and assaults of arms, all came for my patronage and my money. If a musical professor had made his expenditure harmonize so badly with his means as to have incurred the threats of his creditors, he hoped I would lend him fifty pounds. If an actor had become "the unhappy victim of unforeseen circumstances," he threw himself upon what he was pleased to term "my well-known kindness and generosity." If a shop-keeper had eaten up his capital in the shape of hot suppers and champagne, he trusted that I would not refuse to assist him with a small sum to meet his Christmas engagements, when I might depend upon his repaying in three months; and in less than one he was in the Gazette. If some fellow, through ill usage or neglect, had lost his horse or cow, he seemed to think it nothing more than reasonable that I should give him the means of replacing it. If a bankrupt porter dealer had obtained the situation of tax collector, I was asked to be his security for five hundred pounds; and in six months had absconded.

Useless wives who (muddling away their husbands' gains.)

Spent little—yet had nothing left.

—daughters, as they assured me, of parents who had been in affluent circumstances;—the idle, the helpless, and the profligate, all found their way to the wretched being, whose purse was believed to be the poor man's California, merely because he had been in the habit of paying his debts.

Shut, shut the door, good John!

was unavailing. It did not succeed even when Pope himself was the appellant.

Life became intolerable; and I could see no remedy for its evils but to break up my establishment, and fly for refuge to the Continent.

Furniture, wine, horses, pictures, articles of "bigotry and virtue," were all brought to the hammer, with an effect that was instantaneous. The opinion of the "world" was changed as by the pantomimic wand of a magician. It now held that I could never have had "much of an income," and must have been living upon my principal; but it admitted that, at any rate, I had been in the habit of paying my debts.

Of this, the last and most grievous consequence was a long and unwished-for exile.

A SCENE.

"TRUTH IS STRANGE," OFTEN "STRANGER THAN FICTION."

It was during a professional engagement in the interior of Pennsylvania, in the summer of 1854, that the following incident occurred. It made an impression on my mind that years will not efface—that time cannot obliterate. A night of darkness had succeeded a hot and sultry day. Not a star glimmered in the heavens, and black clouds hung heavily over the earth, like a pall over the hearse of the departed.—The midnight hour had passed, and from a quick sleep I was roused by a hasty summons to the bed-side of a dying woman. I knew it was a long and dreary way, but I was soon following the footsteps of my guide, lighted only by the sparks from the shoes of his horse, as they grated over the rocks in his path. For more than an hour we rode in silence, and not a sound broke the stillness save the clattering of the horses' hoofs upon the parched and flinty earth, and a few rain drops on the fallen leaves around. We had left the public road and were winding our way up the bed of a mountain stream, now nearly dry, but which at times came foaming and roaring from its upland home, over the tangled brush-wood and loosened rocks in the path, until it loses itself in the creek that flows through the "Valley of Paradise," below—our destination bore a strange and mysterious name—the "Devil's Den." How, or why, or when, it first received its title, I was unable to learn, but far among the Pocono Hills is a dark and gloomy spot, that has long been known by this singular cognomen. It is inhabited by a few families, who seem to have retired from the world from motives of policy, or to avoid the recognition of those they had known in better days.

The ride was becoming wearisome, and the darkness and silence was indeed painful. I anxiously inquired the distance; when suddenly emerging from the forest, upon what seemed a small clearing, my guide pointed to a dim light that seemed to issue from the crevices of a log cabin, a short distance to the left, and turning his horse in another direction, I was left alone. Approaching the hut, I fastened my horse and knocked at the door. Receiving no summons to enter, I raised the latch and passed the threshold unbidden. The interior disclosed a scene of poverty and destitution, which is seldom seen in this country. In a large stone fireplace, a few embers were dimly burning, and by its side in uneasy slumber, upon a pallet of straw, lay the semblance of a man. I sought to arouse him, and as he attempted to rise I knew by the effluvia around him, and his bloated face and demoniac stare, that I was only awakening a drunkard from his filthy debauch. "Nelly's dying," was all he could utter, and again sank into sleep. A low moan and a feeble voice directed me to a couch at the back of the room, where lay the object of my visit. Stooping over and taking the hand, I saw that life was nearly extinct, and that no earthly aid could save her. No efforts could rouse her to consciousness, but the mind was wandering to other days. Names once familiar to my youthful days were uttered by that insensible and dying woman. Her name from his bloated lips struck a cord in my heart that vibrated with painful intensity, and I now knew that I saw before me those that I had known and loved in other far distant years. Backward over time's restless course, my mind rested on bright and beautiful scenes—landmarks in the pathway of life—that can never be blotted from memory's vivid page. Nearly three decades of years had passed, but brightly the scenes of those days passed before me. The world was then beautiful, and the untrodden pathway of life beamed with sunshine and gladness. One lovely vision of hope and happiness stood prominent in the memory of those days. It was a morn in early summer; the sun was rising over the distant hills, and the dew-drops lay thickly on the grass, sparkling like diamonds thrown broadcast around. In bush and tree the birds were humming their morning orisons, or soaring aloft, seemed winging their way joyously to Heaven. I had come forth thus

early to attend the wedding of long cherished friends. With a light foot and lighter heart, I hurried along and soon found myself at the door of a small but lovely cottage, near the base of the Green Mountains. A small party had assembled, and the good pastor had taken his place, awaiting the entrance of the bridal train. They soon appeared, and words were uttered which united them as one; a brief prayer and blessing was pronounced, and the parting hand was pressed, and they entered the carriage which was to convey them on their way to their new home in the Empire State. Few had a brighter or fairer prospect in the future, than George W.—and his beautiful bride Nelly B.—. Fortune and health were theirs, and long years of love and happiness seemed waiting their approach.

I was then a lone student, pouring over the musty records of the past, with years before I could enter upon the active duties of life, and I envied their happiness, and with a deep sigh, swelling up from the depths of the heart, again returned to my studies.

One event of that day raises dimly before me. The voice of temperance had not been heard, and the drink cup passed freely round, and even the man of God set the example, and the bridegroom and bride partook often and with a seeming relish. I then looked down the stream of time with painful forebodings, but I saw not the fearful reality. A pang shot through my heart at that hour, but I dreamed not of the utter destitution and wretchedness of this.

A decade of years passed and I often heard from them, and they spoke of bright prospects, and joyful days to come; but as years passed on, rumours of dark and blighting import were heard and they passed from the knowledge and memory of former friends. And now, by the mystery of Providence, I find them drinking in the very dregs of poverty and wretchedness, one clothed in the drapery of the grave, and the other a bloated, blighted, withering curse on earth. Providence had given them no heirs to inherit a father's shame and a mother's sorrows.

The morning of that night dawned upon the lifeless form of my patient, and with the aid of a neighbor, I saw her decently buried, and he wandered away—whither none knew.

THE HALF REASONING ELEPHANT.

THE rejah had brought a number of these sagacious animals, and there was one whose keeper had been at times particularly neglectful of him, and who had frequently pilfered from him his food on the line of march. Upon every such occasion the elephant discovered evident signs of anger and resentment, as if he was neither insensible to the negligence nor ignorant of the malpractices of his keeper; but as the noble-minded animal continued only to menace, the fellow became to be less mindful of him, until at length he wholly disregarded the frequency of his threats. One morning the cattle were ordered to be mustered for review, and when the commanding officer, in going along the line, passed in front of this elephant, the animal roared out as if to attract his attention. When he perceived that the eye of the general was directed towards him, immediately the ill-used beast laid hold of the keeper with his proboscis, put him under his foot, and instantly crushed him to death. The avenger of his own wrongs than fell on his knees, saluted the inspecting officer for pardon. The singularity of this act caused an immediate inquiry, when it appeared evident that the elephant had, contrary to his natural disposition, been forced to inflict that punishment upon his dishonest keeper. The following is a contrast to this tragical circumstance, it was shown in the conduct of another elephant that received kind treatment from his keeper. The attachment between man and beast was so great, that whenever the former went to his dinner he always left a little ugly black infant under the care of the latter, who watched the child with the greatest tenderness, and prevented it crawling out of sight. One day the elephant was superintending his charge in a spot where some young trees tempted him to browse, and while, doing so, the swarthy young imp rolled into a puddle of yellow clay. The elephant heard a scream and saw the scrape he had got into by neglecting his trust; he therefore took measures not to be found out by his kind master. Going down to a stream, he charged his mouth with clear water, and taking up the squalling blackboy with his trunk, on a level with his eyes, he turned him on one side, and sluiced his dirty skin all over with a deluge of water. Then turning the child round, he performed a similar operation on the other side, cleansing away with copious showers every speck of mud. When the parents returned, the elephant had just placed the infant in the sun to dry, and looked as grave and attentive over his charge as if nothing had occurred.—Yarns of an Old Tar.

One of Sir Boyle Roche's invitations to an Irish nobleman was amusingly equivocal. "I hope, my lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house that you'll stay there all night."