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THE YOUNG MERCHANT'S WIFE; OR, The Secret of Success.

"I like her!" exclaimed a young man with no inconsiderable degree of ardor.

"But can you support her in the style to which she has been accustomed? it costs something to get married now-a-days. We have to begin where our fathers ended," said his companion.

"True, Ned, if she would only *begin* with me—why she's poor herself."

"Yes, and proud, too; the fact is, women require so much waiting upon, or fashion requires it—so many servants, just such a style of living—that for my part, I have given up all thoughts of marrying." Ned said this with some bitterness, as if he had good reason for feeling it.

"My business is good," pursued the other, intent upon his own affairs; "uncle thinks my prospects very fair, if I live prudently—I might support a snug little establishment in the same expense."

"Yes, if snug little establishments were in the fashion, Charley."

"She is amiable and intelligent; she must be economical, because she has always been obliged to be," declared Charley, abruptly stopping as if a new thought struck him.

"Perhaps so—but will you both be *independent* enough to begin in a small way?—in fact, to live within your means—for if you intend to get along in the world, you must live within your means."

"Well it's a pity," said Charley, somewhat dashed by the inquiries of his friend; "I think what quiet, charming qualities I might have. I am heartily sick of the off-hand bachelor life we now lead. What! must I wait till I make a fortune before I marry?"

"Or to be over head and ears in debt," suggested Ned.

"That I will never do!" exclaimed Scott right earnestly; and it is to be regretted that every young man does not make a similar determination, with independence and judgment enough to keep it.

Here the two came to a turn in the street, and they took different directions. Charley bent his steps towards the store, and in no merry mood; Ned I know not where.

Charles Scott entered his counting room and shut the door; the business of the day was over, the clerks were beginning to leave, as an early shade of an autumn twilight were fast gathering round. He stirred open some dying embers, then throwing himself listlessly into a chair, and placing his feet upon the iron fender, he soon became wonderfully absorbed in his own reflection. He was a young man of domestic tastes and excellent habits. He remembered with joy his father's fire-side, and all the sweet sympathies of that dear home circle, of which he was once a loved and loving member. They had passed away, and he had long lived upon the cold bounties of a boarding-house. His heart yearned with an earnest desire for a place to call his own, with the delightful peculiarities, "*my* wife," "*my* fire-side," "*my* table." It does not appear to what conclusion Charles came, or whether he came to any at all. Evening found him at his toilet preparing for a party.

Long before the hour he was ready, and waiting the tardy movement of his watch. Though no one knew better how to fill up nooks of time with something useful and pleasant, there was now a restlessness of spirit which refused to be quieted. He sallied forth into the street, and after various turns, at length bent his steps towards the Clark's; in one hour mirth met his ear, bright lights streamed from the windows. Making his greeting to the ladies of the house, and uttering a few agreeable truisms to those about him, he sought among the bevies of fair women, one pretty maiden named Fanny Day. She bade him a welcome, which seemed to say "come hither." He stood aloof, not seeming to seek a place by her side, already half-occupied by another, whilst his eye discussed with keenest scrutiny the *tout ensemble* of Fanny's dress. Conscious of his earnest, admiring gaze, Fanny seemed to hear the quick beatings of her own heart, and hope and fear, and love, came and went, and came like smiles and shadows across her spirit. "A new and very splendid silk," thus ran Charley's thoughts, "that looks extravagant; the bracelet, I never saw before; I wonder if she is fond of such gew-gaws. What is that dangling from her hair? A gold pin or a gold tassel? I should like to know how much it cost;" not very love-like comments, it must be confessed; but he was looking beyond the betrothed and the bride, to what signified a great deal more, the wife. He was looking for a help mate, one for dark days as well as bright. "I am afraid she won't do for me; and this is her uncle's house—she will want to live just so."—Something like a sigh escaped him, as he walked away to the other side of the room. Fanny watched his departure, and wondered when he would return; she was sure he would rejoin her, by and by; he always had of late. But no return—had he only known that Fanny's silk was not a new one; newly turned and newly fitted it had indeed been, by her needle and skill, so as to make it quite as good as new; how persevering and thrifty that was! had he only known that the bracelet was a gift two years before; and the gold pin, why it was a decoration borrowed to please his eyes; so Fanny was not so culpable after all. I say, had Charles known all this he had not stayed away so strangely and coldly all that live long evening, while Fanny's heart was sinking. Mournfully did a tear gather in her eye, as she beheld him depart without a parting glance or a farewell word.

Charles Scott was not quite satisfied. He really loved Fanny, but he was afraid to marry her. It was not a sickly sentimental love. It counted the costs and calculated the chances; albeit love, it is said, understands no arithmetic, and knows no reason. He had no fixed principles of action and settled rules to govern his choice of a wife; he did not mean that love should laugh him out of them, or blind him to their value. No, he determined to abide by them.

Some time passed away, and never was a man more devoted to business. Perhaps he dreamed of Fanny, but he did not visit her.

Behold a gathering of friends, a pleasant little company; Charles is there and Fanny too. He thought she never looked so well, whilst her simple braid of hair, and her modest fawn colored dress; there was something sad and reproachful in her eye; it made him to the heart—"Dear Fanny, how can she interpret my coolness?" why the question of returning fondness. "I mean to *see* her and be frank with her; and explain to her all my views—if she is a girl of good sense she cannot but approve; if she is not"—such a contingency remained unprovided for; an excellent resolution, Charles, abide by it. It so happened, or was contrived, (love matters are not always scrutable,) the two found themselves threading their way alone through the hushed streets at an early hour. Now for Charley's resolution—yes, he kept it.

"But Fanny," he continued with remarkable self-possession, with a few preliminary remarks, not to be repeated, I want you to understand exactly my situation. How I intend for the present to live, and what plans to pursue. I must live within my means, and just setting out in life, my means are necessarily small. I am liable to the fluctuations of the business world; we must begin with what we can independently afford, no dashing out with borrowed capital for me. You must take all these considerations before you answer. Perhaps you may feel that you cannot conform to such humble circumstances. I will not disappoint or deceive you." At the moment, Fanny thought she could decide instantly—for she saw only a roseatinted future.

Now Fanny listened.

"Do not decide now, Fanny; think this all over," was his parting injunction, at the close of this long walk, during which, though he had said a good deal, he had a great deal more to say—" and they decide carefully and conscientiously."

Fanny did think it all over; much that he had said was quite new to her. To be married, it must be confessed, had implied to her mind, what it does to the minds of too many young ladies, gay visions of wealth and independence, doing every thing one wishes—a lover in a husband, amusements in the parlor. Fanny belonged to that class of females who, without fortune or expectations, had been brought up amid the appliances of wealth. She was an orphan, and lived in the family of an uncle. With few parlor duties, and none in the kitchen, she had lived an easy, independent life, floating on society, with unused energies and undeveloped powers. Rich men did not seek her, because rich men did not generally seek to increase their wealth with matrimonial cares; a poor man might fear, and justly fear, as Charles Scott did, because females thus educated often shrink from household employments; they are slow in finding out that the hands are made to work with, and they are apt to regard labor as a menial service. If young men will do as Charles Scott did—frankly unfold to women their real situations and their true interest—explain to them the use and dignity of labor—encourage and stimulate exertion, there would be fewer ill-regulated households and thriftless wives. Fanny digested the whole matter, weighed it all, and decided.

Behold not many months afterwards, Fanny in her new home. It was indeed a snug home, full of comforts and blessings: there was a pleasant little sitting-room, with its sunbeams and smiles, with Kidderminster and flag bottoms, unencumbered by ottomans and divans, astral lamps or marble tables. Her kitchen near by, where Fanny was not ashamed to pass her morning hours.

"Do not come in the morning," said Fanny to a gay acquaintance. "You may, perhaps, find me making bread or ironing collars."

"Doing your girl's work! ugh!" exclaimed the lady distastefully.

"Oh, I am my own girl," replied Fanny, boldly, "with the exception of Nancy Dree, who comes in when I need her. I can make a soup, and roast a turkey, and I dare say can teach you a thousand interesting things that you don't know any thing about." Flora did not wish to be taught.

"I really pity Fanny," said this same Flora, passing by her door, one day, weary and dispirited with the frivolities of a series of fashionable calls.

Pity Fanny! she had no need of such pity. Was she not spreading the snowy cloth upon the dinner table, cutting sweet white loaves of her own making, fetching sauce of her own stewing, bringing pies of her own baking, products of her own skill, and did not the hearty, I am glad to see you Charley, and her nicely braided sleek quite compensate for the perplexities of her morning business? True, Fanny had her trials the cake did sometimes burn, and the potatoes were not always done, but then she did not have the blues, they swiftly sped away before early rising and simple employment. She had no time for ennui, or emnus, and never cried out, "Oh! I am dying for want of excitement," her chamber must be cared for, her pantry looked after, and flour to be sifted. Yes, Fanny understood how to use her hands. She was a producer as well as a consumer. What a delightful evening did they pass together, sewing and reading, or at a lecture, or enjoying the society of dear friends. Charley cheerful and happy in the consciousness that his receipts exceeded his expenses, was pleased with nothing so much as his wife; and Fanny rejoiced in the delightful consciousness of bearing her burden, of contributing her share to family comfort, enjoying an elasticity of spirit and vigor of health, of which the indolent and unoccupied can hardly conceive.

More than this, there were blessings this family could impart.

"I really cannot afford to do anything," replied the anxious mistress of a splendid mansion to a solicitor in behalf of the suffering poor; "I have so many uses for money—and I have paid away my very last cent this morning."

It was very true, her rose and ice creams and cut glass must be promptly paid for, while the poor seamstress, to whom she did not pay her last cent that morning, had been soliciting her just dues for weeks, and suffering in consequence of their long delay.

"Will you not do something?" concluded the same collector, timidly, after explaining the object to Mrs. Scott.

"I shall be very happy in the privilege of doing it," answered Fanny, cheerfully placing a bill in the hands of the thankful woman. Yes, and Fanny felt that the pleasure of having fine clothes and costly furniture, and many servants, could be no fair equivalent to the satisfaction of being able to lend timely aid to the poor, and carrying the balm of relief to suffering hearts. * * *

"Ned, how is it with you?" asked an old friend whom he unexpectedly met some few years afterward in the city; "and where is Charles Scott? A fine fellow; why, you are looking well—I am for the West."

"West! why so?"

"Oh, I can't get along here—hard times—family expenses are enormous."

"You won't do any better at the West. Be independent enough to endure one half the privations here which you must endure there, and you will get along cleverly," said Ned, in advice giving way.

"Yes, yes, I dare say—but it's the fashion there, and it's not here. I have had a hard time of it since we were boys together," continued the gentleman bitterly; "sleepless nights, devising means to make both ends meet, and when I couldn't, what could I do—get involved and bear it as best I could—hard work, however." Poor fellow! how many are in the same deplorable situation "But tell us of Charles Scott," he exclaimed, dashing away the memories of the past; "good fellow—I hope he is doing well."

"Doing well! capitally!—he has *such* a wife!" cried Ned, with a relish; "a wife worth having—she's no tax upon her husband—an intelligent, refined woman—with independence enough to begin housekeeping with him in a small, economical way—did her own work—managed her own concerns, let him always have money enough to meet all emergencies, (for emergencies, and trying ones, will occur sometimes in the business world,) without spending it upon fashion or show—and now," continued Ned, enthusiastically, "he is the most flourishing man in town—really flourishing well grounded—and they have got the best family of children I ever saw. After all, everything depends upon a good wife. Why, I would get married myself if I could get another like Fanny Scott,"—a great thing for Ned Green to say, confirmed bachelor as he is.

The old friend sighed as he repeated, "yes, a great deal depends upon a wife."

"Direct Preaching."

A brother in the ministry, who for many years had been a close observer of the way in which many of our traders do business, and how the love of wealth leads to dishonesty, took occasion to preach on the passage in Luke xvi. 10—"He that is unjust in least is unjust also in much." The theme was, "that men who take advantage in small things, of a purchaser or seller, have the very element of character to wrong the community and individuals in great things where the prospect of escaping detection or censure is as little to be dreaded." The preacher exposed the various way by which people wrong others, such as borrowing; by mistakes in making change; by errors in account; by escaping taxes and custom house duties; by managing to escape postage; by finding articles, and never seeking owners, and by injuring articles borrowed, and never making the fact known to the owner. One lady the next week met the pastor, and said, "I have been up to Mr. ——, to rectify an error he made in giving me change a few weeks ago, for I felt bitterly your reproof yesterday." Another individual went to Boston to pay for one article not in her bill, which was not charged when she paid it. A man going home from meeting, said to his companion, "I do not believe there was a man in the meeting-house to-day who did not feel condemned." After applying the sermon to a score or more of his acquaintances, he continued, "did not the pastor utter something about finding a pair of wheels somewhere?" "I believe not, neighbor A. He spoke of keeping little things that had been found." "Well, I thought two or three times he said something about finding a pair of wheels, and really supposed he meant me. I found a pair down in my lot a little while ago." "Do you know whom they belong to? Mr. B. lost them a short time ago." The owner was soon in possession of the wheels.

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.

The civil polity of England is but a bundle of inequalities, but English law rules with an impartiality that is realized nowhere else in Europe. Whatever may be the theory of the British Constitution, British justice, in its domestic administration, is as even-handed as it is supreme; and it is this more than any other cause which for centuries has kept England so exalted among the nations. Royal prerogatives and aristocratic privileges shrink into absolute insignificance by the side of one of those solid rights which the meanest English subject inherits from his ancestors. The humblest cottage in Britain has a sanctity which the loftiest mansion on Continental Europe cannot claim. "The winds may whistle through it, and the rains of heaven may enter it, but the King of England cannot." These great prescriptive rights, too, differ from all similar rights in ancient or modern times, but in the universality of their application. They are rather territorial than personal, and overlay British soil everywhere like the atmosphere of Heaven. The vilest vagabond upon the face of the earth may enter the British realm unquestioned, and when once there the government, with all its eighty thousand soldiers at its heels, cannot harm a hair of his head so long as he yields an Englishman's obedience to the Law. The simple reply of Lord Palmerston in Parliament a fortnight ago, to the question of some jealous friend of liberty, whether the ministry thought of yielding to the solicitation of foreign powers to expel from the kingdom some of the most dangerous of the political refugees,—"The Government has no such power,"—bespeaks a nation which, with all her thousand faults, every free-born American must admire, though he may not love. The Englishman resents every encroachment by Authority upon Law, with a vehemence proportionate to his own reverent submissiveness to the Law. Almost every great civil disturbance that has ever occurred in England has been instigated by a determination, not to conquer new, but to preserve old constitutional and legal rights. Strangely unconcerned as Englishmen generally are about many of the political burdens bequeathed to them by ruder times, they still watch the administration of justice with the most jealous scrutiny. Nowhere else are judicial acts canvassed by the Press with so much freedom, and, if need be, severity; and nowhere else does an injury inflicted upon the meanest member of a community arouse such a general sense of personal wrong.

An illustration of this peculiarity has just occurred to the case of an old apple woman, expelled from Hyde Park by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. Any of our readers who has sauntered through Hyde Park, near the Serpentine, within six or seven years, has probably noticed the white stone cottage where apples and cakes were kept for sale by a bustling old lady, who rejoices in the plebeian name of Ann Hicks. Her grandfather was licensed by George II. to keep and apple-stand on this spot as *a reward*—in fact, as an *equivalent*, we suppose—for pulling his royal person out of the water. The privilege descended to his son, and afterwards to his grand daughter, the present Ann. The latter kept the plain old hereditary stall till a few years ago, when, by the permission of the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, she built a little lodge upon the spot, for the better accommodation of herself and customers. Here, in her own modest way, Ann lived and flourished; till suddenly one fine morning, just after the Crystal Palace had commenced rising "like an exhalation" in the immediate neighborhood, she received notice to quite the premises. It was a sore blow to poor Ann, but she had to yield, and her house was raised to the earth. The old lady was left completely destitute, for all her earnings had been invested in her little tenement. She applied to the Commissioners for compensation; they refused it, for she had strictly no legal claim to it. She interested Lord Ashley, Lord Dudley Stuart, and others in her case, and the matter was brought before Parliament. Lord Seymour, the Chief of the Commissioners, was sharply questioned, and delivered himself of a very lame explanation. The Press of all political shades took the matter up, and commented upon the unjust procedure of the Commission—although their idol, the Duke of Wellington, was upon the Board—with great asperity. For days the shabby old lady, who was then peddling three-penny cakes in the streets, was one of the most talked of persons in the United Kingdom. Her property, worth some five or six hundred dollars, had been taken from her for the public benefit, without the recompense which equity, not law, entitled her to; and the wrong at once kindled the public indignation. What the issue of the matter may be, we know not; but we are quite sure that our readers will unite with us in believing that much may be made of a people who so spiritedly cry—

"——Wo
To him that treads upon the free born toe"
of Ann Hicks, the old apple-woman.

Courier & Enquirer.

The Effect of Virtue.—It is the peculiar of virtue to make a man's chief happiness arise from himself and his own conduct. A bad man is wholly the creature of the world. He hangs upon favor, lives by smiles, and is happy or miserable, in proportion to his success. But to a virtuous man, success in worldly undertakings is but a secondary object. To discharge his own part with integrity and honor, is his chief aim. If he has done properly what was incumbent on him to do, his mind is at rest, to Providence he leaves the event. His witness is in heaven, and his record is on high, satisfied with the approbation of God, and the testimony of a good conscience, he enjoys himself, and despises the triumphs of guilt. In proportion as such manly principles rule your heart, you will become independent of the world, and will forbear complaining of its discouragements. It is the imperfection of your virtue which occasions you to be weary in well doing. It is because your heart remains divided between God and the world, that you are so often discontented—partly wishing to discharge your duty, and partly seeking your happiness from somewhat that is repugnant to your duty. Study to be more consistent in principle, and more uniform in practice, and your peace will be more unbroken.

Dr. Blair.

From Cumming's Evening Bulletin.

THE LATE GENERAL LOPEZ.

"Narciso Lopez was born of wealthy parents, in Venezuela, in 1799. He was the only son of his parents that grew to manhood, though he had a number of sisters. His father had a commercial house in Caracas, a branch of which at Valencia, in the interior, was placed under the charge of Narciso at an early age. During the troubles of 1814, young Lopez sided with the popular party, but afterwards enlisted in the Spanish army, when fortune turned in its favor, and at the end of the civil war he was made a Colonel, when only twenty-three years of age.

After the Spanish army evacuated Venezuela, Lopez went to Cuba, where he remained and established himself in life, soon making himself conspicuous by his advocacy of liberal principles. During the first Carlist troubles, he chanced to be in Madrid on private business. Having joined the royalist party, he was made aid-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, General Valdez, and received several military decorations. He was honored with several important offices by the Queen, and finally was made Governor of Madrid. Afterwards, as Senator from Sevile, he is said to have made the condition of Cuba his especial study, and the expulsion of the Cuban deputies from the Cortes induced him to resign his offices and return to the Island. There he held several posts under the Captain General Valdez. Finally he undertook the re-working of an abandoned copper mine in the Central Department, where he is said to have employed his time in instilling liberal principles into the minds of the populace.

In 1849, when he thought every thing was ripe for a revolution, he came to the United States, and got up the immature and worse than useless attempt at an invasion, known as the Round Island Expedition. In May, 1850, the famous invasion and sudden evacuation of Cardenas took place.

In August, 1851, he again landed in Cuba, at Bahia Honda. His followers, [separated and overcome by hunger,] were speedily destroyed, and he himself, a fugitive among the mountains, was taken on the 27th of August. On the 1st of September, he suffered the ignominious death of the Garotte, at Havana. These are the principal events of a life remarkable for its inconsistencies. Lopez's integrity as a patriot has been often questioned, but we are not disposed to discuss it now.

From a Correspondent of the Scientific American, under date of London, Aug. 29, 1851.

The great Exhibition is beginning to thin off, and by the end of next month its halls will be silent. Among the American articles here, one has claimed a great deal of attention from the ex-soldiers and seamen with one leg, of which there are a great many in England—I mean Palmer's Patent Artificial Leg. It is the theme of general conversation, and is universally admired. It has been said that American ingenuity could only *copy* the English or French in anotomical mechanism. But they are shown an American invention which differs in every respect from anything of the kind they have ever seen, and which is so perfect in its action as to enable the wearer of Palmer's artificial leg to walk in such a manner as almost entirely to conceal his misfortune. That the invention does this is demonstrated to the satisfaction of the most incredulous in Dr. Palmer himself; and I must confess that I have seen that gentleman every week at the Crystal Palace during the last four months, and although I noticed that in walking there was a slight lameness, yet I did not know till recently that he wore an artificial leg. Dr. Palmer has an attentive crowd of listeners round his glass cases every day, and they examine his specimens with deep interest. Some of the most distinguished surgeons of the metropolis have spoken highly of his invention, and strongly recommended it;—among the number are Sir Benjamin Brodie, Prof. Ferguson, and William Lawrence, F. R. S., President of the Royal Academy of Surgeons.

There are artificial limbs in the exhibition from about thirty of the most renowned manufacturers in the World, but Palmer's artificial leg is acknowledged to be unapproached, either in utility, symmetry of form, or beauty of action and finish. The fact that the jurors recommended the first class gold medal prize to be awarded to this invention, is the best proof of its value.

I have just been informed that our Hobbs has succeeded in opening the famous Bramah Lock, and claims the reward—about $1,000, I believe. Jonathan has been going it during the last week; the best of him comes last—a capital sign of his wearing qualities.

The Garrote.—The garrote is a mode of Punishment in Spain, by strangulation. The victim is seated upon a stool, behind which is a post to which is affixed an iron collar with a screw. This collar clasps the throat of the victim, and one turn of the screw produces immediate strangulation. It is stated by some, also, that a sharp, broad blade is inserted in the post, and that when the screw is turned the knife penetrates the back of the neck and severs the spinal chord. This produces as instant death as a bullet shot through the heart, and must deprive the victime of all sense of pain.

A Spunky Railroad Man.—At the Railroad meeting here on the 12th inst., when it was a little doubtful whether the stock would be subscribed, a patriotic old citizen, who has a large family to support and whose circumstances are slender, stepped forward and made a proffer of twenty-seven Turkies as subscription to the stock, exclaiming "gentlemen, I have no money; but if you will accept the *turkeys*, which are all I have, I will give them freely." He's a spunky Railroad man certain.

Warrenton News.

Human Beings.—Every being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, and to do what no other can do. Every human being has a work to carry on within, duties to perform abroad, influences to exert which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach.