in the town. In frame he had been tall, stout.

compact and perfectly formed, while his face

room, and he would not break the bonds.

prayed long and earnestly, and her little ones

On the following morning Charles Nelson

was sick and faint, and liquor would not revive

him, for it would not remain on his stomach .-

side of a stone wall and was soon buried in a

himself to a sitting posture, he gazed about him.

because if any body should see us with those

girls they'd think we played with 'em. Come.'

'Never mind-we'll come out some time

So the two favored ones went away hand in

when those little ragged drunkard's girl are not

lately moved into the village.

upon the grass and cried.

her arms around her sister's neck.

seemed to stifle him, and he went out.

prayed with her.

morning in his lower having-field, and his eldest son, Obadiah, a smart bov. of thirteen, was opening the mown grass to the sun. Mr. Woodsum looked up towards his house and beheld goadstick, and telling his neighbor to let h his little daughter Harriet, ten years of age running towards him with her utmost speed. she came up, he perceived she was greatly agitated: tears were running down her cheeks, and ation had added such wings to his speed, the she had scarcely breath enough to speak.

will die before vou get there."

Mr. Woodsum was a man of a sober, sound mind and calm nerves: but he had, which sometimes happens in this cold and loveless world of ours, a tender attachment for his wife. which made the message of the little girl fall upon his heart like a dagger. He drouped his scythe, and ran with great haste to the house. Obadiah, who was at the other end of the field, seeing this unusual movement of his father. dropped his fork ond ran with all his might, and the two entered the house almost at the

ook his wife's hand. " My dear Sally," said he. what is the matter?"

"What is the matter?" echoed Mrs. Woodsum, with a plaintive groan. "I shouldn't think vou would need to ask what is the matter. Mr. tenderness, "don't you think it would be best Woodsum. Don't you see I am dying ?"

was dving. What is the matter? how do you "Oh. I shan't live till night," said Mrs. Woodsum with a heavy sigh; "I am going

Mr. Woodsum, without waiting to make further inquiries, told Obadiah to run and jump on the horse, and ride over after Doctor Fairfield. and get him to come over quick as he can come.

"Tell him I am afraid your mother is dving. If

over while you go and catch his." Obadiah, with tears in his eyes, and his heart in his mouth, flew as though he had wings added to his feet, and in three minutes' time was

full speed towards Doctor Fairfield's. "My dear," said Mr. Woodsum, leaning his about who you get, very." head upon the pillow, "how do you feel?" What makes you think you are dying?

and pressed her hand to his bosom "Oh, Samuel," for she generally called him

by his Christian name when under the influence of tender emotions; "Oh, Samuel, I feel dread. fully. I have pains darting throughout head, and most all over me; and I feel dizzy, and I can't hardly see; and my heart beats as though it would come through my side. And besides, I feel as though I was dving. I'm sure I can't live till light; and what will become of my poor children ?' And she sobbed heavily and burst into a flood of tears.

Mr. Woodsum was affected. He could not bring himself to believe that his wife was in such immediate danger of dissolution as she seemed to apprehend. He thought she had no appearance of a dving person; but still her earnest and positive declaration, that she should not live through the day, seut a thrill through his veins and a sinking to his heart that no language has power to describe. Mr. Woodsum was as ignorant of medicine as a child; he therefore did not attempt to do anything to relieve his wife, except to try to soothe her feelings by kind and encouraging words, till the doctor ar. rived. The half hour which elapsed, from the great earn stness and was leaning on her elbow, time Obadiah left till the doctor came seemed to Mr. Woodsum almost an age. He reneatedly went from the beside to the door, to look and I insist upon it." see if the doctor was anywhere near and as often returned to hear his wife groan, and say she was sinking fast, and could not stand it many

door, on Mr. Woodsum's Old Grev, and with saddle bags in hand, hastened into the house A brief examination of the patient convinced him that it was a decided case of hypochondria, and he soon spoke encouraging words to her. and told her although she was considerably un-

can't possibly live till night; I am sinking very | nah Lovejoy to be the mother of my children fast, Doctor, and I shall never see the sun rise No, that's what she never shall. So you may F

now, and my feet and hands are growing cold. more fire under the dinner pot." But I must see my dear children once more: do let 'em come in and bid me farwell." Here his work, and when he returned at noon, he she was so overwhelmed with sobs ond tears as found dinner well prepared, and his wife ready

to prevent her saying any more. The Doctor having administered the drugs in health from that day continued to improve, and

such case made and provided, is followed out she was never afterwards visited by the terrible by Mr. Woodsum, all anxiety to learn the real affliction of hypochondria - Way Down East, danger of the case. He is assured that it is only by Jack Downing. an attack of hypochondria, and the good lady herself ere long recovers. Again and again, however, is our friend Seth

summoned from his plow and the doctor from give below the story of

DEATH'S LAST ASSAULT.

ency in his wife. One morning he went to his mouth thought it best to divide the number sendfield early, for he had a heavy day's work to do. and had engaged one of his neighbors to come ken in charge by the committee, and were imme with two yoke of oxen and a plough to help diately conveyed to the College. him "break up" an old mowing field. His neighbor could only help him that day, and he communicated to our committee. They have was very anxious to plough the whole field. He again procured the consent of Mr. Hume to make accordingly had left the children and nurse in application for them. It has been stated that Northe house, with strict charges to take good care of their mother. Mr. Woodsum was driving the team and his neighbor was holding the plough. and things went on to their mind till about ten o'clock in the forenoon, when little Harriet came running to the field, and told her father that her mother was "dreadful sick," and wanted him stands 61 Republicans; 67 Democ.ats, and 21 to come in as quick as he could, for she was Whigs. Two districts as yet unreturned are probcertainly dying now. Mr. Woodsum, without ably democratic.

saving a word, drove his team to the end of the furrow; but he looked thoughtful and perples ed. Although he felt persuaded that her day ger was imaginary, as it had always proved to be before, still, the idea of a bare possibility the this sickness might be unto death, pressed upon him with such power, that he laid down his cattle breathe awhile, walked deliberately wards the house. Before he had accomplished he found himself moving at a quick run, H. "Oh father." she faintly articulated, mother entered the house, and found his wife as he had is dreadful sick; she's on the bed, and says she so often found her before, in her own estimation almost ready to breathe her last. Her voice was faint and low, and her pillow was wet with tears. She had already taken her leave of he dear children, and waited only to exchange, few parting words with her beloved husband Mr. Woodsum approached the bedside, and took her hand tenderly, as be had ever been wont to

approaching dissolution different from what he had witnessed on a dezen former occasions "Now, my dear," said Mrs. Woodsum, faire ly, "the time has come at 1 st. I feel that I am on my deati-bed, and have but a short time Mr. Woodsum hastened to the bedside, and longer to stay with you. But I hope we shall feel resigned to the will of Heaven, I would go cheerfully dear, if it was not for my anxiety about you and the children. Now, don't you think, my dear," she continued, with increasing for you to be married again to some kind, good "Why, no, Sally, you don't look as if you woman, that would be a mother to our dear little ones, and make your home pleasant for all

do, but he could not perceive any synchous?

She paused and looked earnestly in his face. "Well, I've sometimes thought of late, it might be best," said Mr. Woodsum, with a very "Then you have been thinking about it said Mrs. Woodsum, with a slight contraction

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woolsum, "I have sometimes thought about it, since you've had the doctor's horse is away off in the pasture, ask him to take our horse and come right away spells of being so very sick, it makes me feet dreadfully to think of it, but I don't know har

it might be my duty." "Well, I do think it would," said Mrs. Woodsum, "if you can only get the right sort mounted upon Gld Grey, and galloping with of a person. Everything depends upon that my dear, and I hope you will be very particular

> "I certainly shall," said Mr. Woodsum: "don't give yourself any uneasiness about that cular. The person I shall probably have is a of the kindert and best tempered women in the

"But have you been thinking of any one in particular, my dear ?" said Mrs. Woodsum with a manifest look of uneasiness.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "there is one that I have the ught for some time past I should probably marry, if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us." "And pray, Mr. Woodsum, who can it be!"

said the wife, with an expression more of earth than heaven, returning to her eye. " Who is it Mr. Woodsum? You haven't named it to her "Oh. by no means," said Mr. Wordsum:

but my dear, we had better drop the sibject : it agitates you too much."

"But, Mr. Woodsum, you must tell me who it is: I never could die in peace till von do." "It is a subject too painful to think about." said Mr. Woodsum, "and it dont appear to me it would be best to call names."

"But I insist on it," said Mrs. Woodsum. who had by this time raised herself up with while her searching glance was reading ever muscle in her husband's face. "Mr. Woodsun

" Well, then," said Mr. Woodsnin, with a sigh, "if you insist upon it, my dear-I have thought if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us, to be here no more, I have At length Doctor Fairfield rode up to the thought I should marry for my second wife. Hannah Lovejov."

An earthly fire once more flashed from Mrs. Woodsum's eyes-she leaped from the bed like a cat, walked across the room, and seated herself

"What!" she exclaimed, in a trembling voice well, he did not doubt she would be better in a almost choked with agitation - " what!" marry that idle, sleepy slut of a Hannah Lovejoy! Mr. "Oh, Doctor, how can you say so!" said Woodsum, that is too much for flesh and blood Mrs. Woodsum; "don't you see I am dying? I to bear-I can't endure that, nor I won't. Hanto your plowing. Mr. Woodsum, and set you My heart sometimes almost stops its beating heart at rest. Susan," she continued, "make up

> Mr. Woodsum went to the field, and pursued to do the honors of the table. Mrs. Woodsum's

ARRIVALS OF THE ORPHANS IN RICH.

Yesterday evening there came up in the Curis his pills to administer consolation and relief in Peck twenty-eight children in charge of the Rev. her dying hour, and again does she recover. We Thomas Hume. They were all from Portsmouth They were of all ages from 15 months to 15 years. The number was smaller than was anticipated .-They were diminished from several causes-some At last the sober suddening days of autumn | were claimed by their relatives, others were decame on, Mr. Woodsum was in the midst of his tained by the desire of friends or relatives, who exfall work," which had been several times in pected to be able to take charge of them, &c; but terrupted by these periodical turns of despond. the chief reason was that the authorities of Ports ing a part at a time. Others will be sent hereafter. Upon the arrival of the children, they were is-

About the Norfolk urphans nothing has been folk will not part with them .- Rich. Despatch.

from 384 towns in Maine give Morr II, the Repubican candidate for Governor, 48,700 : Wells, antirepublican 45,200; and Reed, whig, 10,200 No Republican Senator has been chosen. The House

MAINE ELECTIONS .- Boston, Sept. 17 .- Returns

COMMUNICATIONS.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

New YORK, Sept. 15, 1855. A Centennial Letter-A Retrospect-Anti-Russian Sympathies-Queen Victoria in Paris-The Yellow Fever in Norfolk-Rachel in New York-Why she will not succeed in America-The magic of her name-Rachel clams !- Parodi Concerts-Maurice Strakosch-Madams Strakosch-Hot weather New Buildings-The Book Publishers Association—A Fruit-Festival to Authors-Crystal Palacs preparations-New Books-The "Newcomes" complete Bungeners "Council of Irent"-Panama-Simms' Guy Rivers-Bits of Blarney-Habits and Men-Southern writers Light and Darkness_"Alone" not alone_Representative Women-A forth coming book-Rabbits-Lippencott's great Gazetteer-A final deprecation.

My DEAR POST,-This is the hundredth letter of your "Metropolitan Correspondence"and it is always allowable, nav more, it is quite proper, that when this number is reached in any series of years, or of epistles, it should be especially mentioned. I have called this therefore "a Centennial Letter." One hundred times has " Cosmos" striven to amuse and inform your readers-not always successfully of course-but if frequently so he is more than satisfied. It is exceedingly uncertain that this correspondence will ever reach another century point. In all probability it will not. More than two years are embraced within the past period of it. It has been an eventful period in the history of the world. Europe has been involved during much of the time in a most fearful and destructive war. Little did I imagine when I began to chronicle the events of the Russsian campaign, that the story would be such a long one. Now indeed, it bids fair to "stretch out to the crack of doom," and every week deepens and broadens the issues it involves. I shall not dwell upon it here, for no one cares just now to hear anything more about it until they hear, on good authority, that the long beleagured city has fallen at last! Such inte ligence will come, let who will please to doubt it; and I am waiting for it with very great solicitude. I have no sympathies with Russia in this terrible conflict. I dare not desire the triumph of despotism-the most absolute and fatal. I cannot bear the thought that the Muscovite heel shall be put upon the neck of European civilization. My whole heart is warm d with yearnings for the success of those arms which will in the end, sustain Constitutional Lib erty and enlighted Christianity-the arms of Britain-never vet false to the cause of God and man. I wait therefore, for the fall of Sevastopol, as a matter in which I, as a lover of freedom of person and of conscience have a personal in-

You have heard all about Queen Victoria's triumphal visit to France-how she was feted and flattered and fanned on by the impulsive multitudes of la belle nation! It is one of the curious chronicles of the year 1855-I may say of the nineteenth century. It is four hundred vears since an English Monarch set foot in France, in pomp and power. What a comment is this royal visit on the mutations which time . Sabout. Victoria drops a tear upon the allow of him over whose lonely exile at St. Helhega the whole British nation once rejoiced as over a world-blessing! Verfly, "tempores mutantur, et nos mutantur illis."

The fearful ravages of the Yellow Fever i Norfolk and Portsmouth have spread a pall over our newspaper columns for weeks past. Those desolated cities excite our deepest pity. When will the destroyer be satisfied? Alas! for the public sorrow is but a faint echo of that wailing which is coming from a thousand broken hearts. The contributions for the relief of the suffewers in those cities, made in other places, amounts at present to \$120,000, of which sum this metrop olis has furnished about one-sixth. The need is still urgent, and I trust that humanity will meet its fullest demands, and that too in season. In circumstances like these-Ille bis dat, qui cele-

The greatest event of the month in this city, if judged by the space it occupies in the newspapers, is the advent of the famous French Tragedienne, Madame RACHEL, upon our shores. She is here—the great tradgedy Queen—playing at the Metropolitan Theatre, not to crowded but still to very large houses. I have not seen her, nor do I care to see her, for as I don't understand the French language sufficiently to comprehend her words, I should not, I am sure, enjoy her playing. She cannot make herself intelligible to the American public. Fashion and curiosity, and a desire to be thought knowing, may take many to her plays, but they will have no real enjoyment of them. Rachel great, doubtless very great in her role, and in here she must fail to reach the public soul. There is nothing in the woman moreover to win our hearts. She is not good as well as great. Her avarice is as stupendous as her tragic power. No halo of purity and gentleness and benevolence surrounds her; and lacking this she will not come into the sanctuary of our national heart. I have little doubt that her American adventure will be a pecuniary failure. Here however, just now she is the "bright particular star" of the city. The tradesmen are worshipping her. Already we have Rachel bonnets and Rachel slippers. The restaurants advertise Ruchel pudding, and to-day I saw in a window the follow-

RACHEL LONG NECK CLAMS!

RAPHAEL FELIX SOFT SHELL CRABS! Raphael Felix, my dear Post, is Madame Ra-

ing sign:

Last Tuesday night I enjoyed, in spite of the excessive heat, a grand concert at Niblo's, given by Mile. Parodi, and her delightful troupe of artistes. It was a rare treat I assure you. Pa rods has a magnificent contralto voice, anda lone, or in duos with the charming Madame Patti Strakosch she brought down the house with genuine and unstinted applause. Maurice Strakosch, the amiable favorite and scarcely excelled pianist, presided at the pianoforte, and occasionally gave admirable solos in his own fascinating style. The Brothers Mollenhauer, played on their twin violins with rare delicacy and precision of style. Aptommas made the barp discourse sweetly, and Signor Bernardi sung well with his deep baritone voice. But Parodi herself was queen of the night-maintaining her great reputation, and if possible increasing it. Madame Strakosch looked and sung English ballads quite as charmingly as ever she did. These Parodi concerts are quite too few for the public wish.

The accomplished troupe goes to Philadelphia | -it may be a little unhealthful excitement-is next week, to the regret of multitudes.

We have had some melting weather here this week, temperature which made me sigh for the land's" second adventure on the sea of authorgrassy glades of New England, so recently de- ship. Her first launch was "Alone", but it is wrought a perceptible change. Vacant lots are is a positive advance upon "Alone," and as beautiful Baptist Tabernacle. The new building fore her. "Marion Harland" is only a non de tioned a year ago as likely to be a popular ma- real name of the fair author will soon be a fa-

elegance of appearance. Book Publisher's Association, for the pupose of Sheldon, Lamport & Co., have just published of the author-craft. The association will give a of "Representative Women"-from the pen of grand Fruit Festival to the two crafts at the Rev. Dr. Baldwin, a Baptist clergyman of Troy. Crystal Palace, on the 27th inst. Besides the It contains numerous well delineated portrait oublishers to their recent issues.

ume. They have reluctantly forbore to read in their studies. It is a story of school girl life, the tempting instalments in the pages of Har- brilliant and witty-powerful and pathetic by a vast and aggregated pleasure in sitting down a spirit of evangelical piety. It will be just the to the whole story, its charm and freshness un | book to put into the hands of a young ladyader, who has any regard for health and duty. ready known as a successful writer, character fascinating and delightful.

of the Harpers this mouth is Bungener's "Coun- cessfully. Its author is Mr. C. N. Bement. the Huguenot' are extremely popular. The zetteer to decide which to buy! ward, an important part of ecclesiastical histo- rantable but not unprecedented length, Tam, ry, with the advantage of being coupled with a fr sh and picturesque style. The English renduring of the book appears to be characterized by great fidelity. It has been edited by the hev. Dr. McClintock of New York, who has prefixed to it a digest of the Acis of the Council. and thus made it as perfect as possible for the student and the general realer.

Panama in 1855 is the title of an agreeable little volume from the pen of Dr. Robert Towes and the prolific press of the Harpers. It is an account of things as they are at the Isthmus of Pauama, and the author had the favorable opportunity of seeing them which was afforded by the generous management of the Panama Rail | plete the sum of his happiness. He had one of way Company, which in February of this year the best of wives, and his children were intelliinvited a score of gentleman of various profess- gent and comely. He was a carpenter by trade, ions to go out as its guests and in-pect the re- and no man could command better wages, or gion of their work. They went-they gazed- be more sure of work. If any man attempted they feasted-they made sketches and notes by to build a house. Charles Nelson must boss the the way and in this little book many of the lat- lob, and for miles around, people sought him to ter are faithfully reproduced. Of course it is a work for them. But a change had come over

readable and information-full tome. Mr. Redfield has published three books this and he had turned back with the evil spirit .month .- First in interest, to me at least, is a A new and experienced carpenter had been sent new and versed edition of that most excellent for by those who could no longer depend upon story with which Mr. Simms commenced his fine | Nelson, and he had settled in the village, and career as a novelist. I allude to "Gun Rivers" now took Nelson's place. which is the first of that series of his books | On a back street, where the great trees threw which he appropriately calls Border Novels .- | their green branches over the way, stood a small It is a story of remarkable interest-for its fine cottage, which had once been the pride of its characterization-its daguerrectype pictures of inmates. Before it stretched a wide garden frontier life and its dramatic power-which lat- but tall, rank grass grew up among the cho-Europe where French is a common tongue, but | ter is a great element of the author's style.

"Bits of Blarney" is an amusing olla podrida broken in many places. The house itself had collected by Dr. R. Shelton McKenzie, the Ed- once been white, but it was now dingy and itor of Re Ifield's excellent editions of The Noc- dark. Bright green blinds had once adorned tes and the Odoherty Papers. Of course the the windows, but now they had been taken of book is brim full of genuine Irish humor, and and sold. And the windows themselves bespoke what humor can surpass it in any legitimate poverty and neglect, for in many places the element! To the reader who believes in the glass was gone, and shingles, rags and old hats laughing philosophy-this book is the very thing had taken its place. A single look at the house

Habits and Men, is the quaint title of a quainter book, by Dr. Doran, the author of Table Traits" and other popular miscellanies. It is a volume of entertaining gossip about look upon, the bloom was gone from her cheek. dresses and their wearers! Its staple is anec- and the brightness had faded from her eyes .dote and reminiscence, but it contains a great Poor Mary Nelson! Once she had been the deal of incidental information concerning vari- happiest among the happy, but now none could ous per ods of history. Among its most enter- be more miserable! Near her sat two children taining topics are Beaux, Beards, Wigs, Swords, both girls, and both beautiful in form and fea-Gloves, Hats, Tailors, etc. It is published in ture; but their garbs were all patched and worn. Redfield's usual excellent style.

The appearance of a book by a Southern wri- thirteen years of age, and the other two years ter was only a few years ago quite an event .- younger. The mother was hearing them re-Now, however, it is of so frequent occurrence that it scarcely elicits a special comment. I have before me now two new books by Virginia They could not attend the common school, for ladies-both of them young. One of these books is a first appearance, and is from the them the subject of sport and ridicule : but in press of the Appleton's. It is entitled " Light and Darkness," and its author is a Miss Petit -though there is no name on the title page.-It purports to be "a story of fashionable life" and without intending to be either severe or un- earned all the money that had been used in gallant. I must say that the book seems to be that house. People hired her to wash, iron about as frivolous and aimless as the society and sew for them, and besides the money paid. which it portrays. There is a good degree of they gave her many articles of food and clothvivacity in its style, but of moral or religious ing. So she lived on, and the only joys that principle, as a lesson to be inculcated through dwelt with her now were teaching her children its pages, not a whit! The time is misspent and praying to God. which is employed either in writing or reading | Supper time came, and Charles Nelson came such books as this. A few hours' amusement reeling home. He had worked the day before

at helping move a building, and thus had earn- Ask me no more questions, but believe me now ed money enough to find himself in rum for sev- while you see me true. Will you give me work? the sum total of their effect. The other Southern book is "Marion Hareral days. As he stumbled into the house the children crouched close to their mother, and Manly, in surprise, even she shrunk away, for sometimes her husband was ugly when thus intoxicated.

serted by me for this wilderness of brick and now no more alone. It has a companionmortar. New York, by the way, grows every which bears the name of " The Hidden Path." day more and more so-more a wilderness of Of this book it is safe to say that it is both well brick and stone I mean. The summer has and wisely written. As a literary production it now the sites of handsome buildings. The story of life and love, it reaches farther and Cooper Institute" is pushing up its massive deeper than that story-interesting and absorb walls of iron and brown stone. The Historical ing as it certainly was to most readers. The au-Society has commenced the erection of its per- thor of these books is still quite young, and it manent Hall on Second Avenue, adjoining the is safe to predict that a brilliant future lies beis to be constructed of the steatile, which I men. plume-as is perhaps generally known, but the terial for building here. It is of a light green- miliar word in the land. Ar. Derby is the pubish brown color, and blends great durability with lisher of the work. He has also just issued a novel called "Isora's Child"-of which I am There has been recently formed in this city a not yet prepared to express an opinion. Messrs. promoting the material interests of the craft and handsome and attractive book under the title ruits and delicacies of the table, there tures of Bible women—as the representatives of will be speeches from distinguished men, inclu- various classes beginning with Eve, as the ding Thackeray, Irwing, Prescott and Bancroft. "Tempted and Fallen Woman," and ending with It is supposed that while the author-world will "Mary the Mother of Jesus." Between these be there as guests, the reading world will go as illustrious names occur those of "Rebecca, the spectators and auditors. They are already fitting Managing Woman," "Ruth the Young Widow," up and furnishing the Crystal Palace for the fes- "Esther the Resistless Petitioner," and many ival and for the Fair of the American Institute others-affording both examples and admoni u October. And now let me turn from book tions. The same house have in press, and will publish next week, a book that judging from A very large number of readers have their the proof sheets I have read, will make its mark mpatience at length satisfied, by the completion upon the times. It is entitled "Aspiration" of Thackeray's brilliant novel of "The Newcomes." and is design d to set before young ladies at and its appearance in one large handsome vol- school—the importance of a high and holy aim er's Magazine, promising themselves doubtless, turns-while the whole narrative is pervaded by apaired by "broken doses." The volume, as not too frivolous to read for wise ends. The ist issued by the Harpers, contains over 400 name on the title-page is "Mrs. Manners" but ctave pages of double column print, and is a this is understood to be a pen name only. The good week's work even to an inveterate novel author is a sister of Mrs. Alice B. Neal, and al-

The Newcomes" is undoubtedly Thackeray's Mr. Saxon the agricultural publisher, has just crerest story, and he must be a droll reader is ned a handsome little volume on raising Rabwho does not find its portraitures of society and bits! It is called "The Rubbit Fancier," and conveys all desirable information about the kinds Another very noteworthy book from the press of rabbits and the manner of treating them suc-

col of Trent." Mr. Bungener is a Protestant Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., have comelergyman of France, whose brilliant pen has pleted and issued their magnificent "Gazette ready thrown an irresistible charm around the of the World"-which is beyond all question arrecters of royal and ecclesiastical persons of the best and completest and cheapest of its kind brilliant age of France. His books, "The in the world! It is needless to say more than Preacher and the King" and "The Priest and this to enable any one who wants a World Gu-

esent work is more strictly historical in its | Entreating you not to print this letter as manner than either of the foregoing, and indeed vou did my last, misplacing two whole pages of is by far the most striking and readable his- it, and separating the scientific gentleman from ry of that famous "Council of Trent" which their "ices fruits." &c., by an irrelevant batch has ever been written. It constitutes, hencefor- of book notes-and apologizing for its unwar-

MISCELLANEOUS

THE UNMEANT REBUKE.

A LIFE LESSON.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Charles Nelson had reached his thirty-fifth

year, and at that age he found himself going

down hill. He had once been the happiest of

mortals, and no blessing was wanted to com-

his life. A demon had met him on his way

king flowers, and the paling of the fence was

and their feet were shoeless. The eldest was

her children should not grow up in ignorance.

thoughtless children sneered at them and made

this respect they did not suffer, for their mother

was well educated, and she devoted such time

For more than two years, Mary Nelson had

as she could spare, to their instruction.

the drunkard's home!

Yours, for the hundredth time.

'But you are crying, Nelly,' 'Oh, I can't help it,' sobbed the stricken one. 'Why do they blame us?' murmured Nancy, gazing up into her sister's face. 'O, we are not to blame. We are good and kind, and loving, and we never hurt anybody. O. I wish barber's and to the hatter's. Yet nothing was somebody would love us; I should be so happy.' said upon the all-important subject. Charles our noble mother. Who could love us as she him. In the morning the husband arose first

'I know-I know, Nelly; but that aren't all. Why don't papa leve us as he used to ? Don't you remember when he used to kiss us and make us so happy? O, how I wish he could be so good to us once more.' He is not-'-sh, sissy! don't say anything more. He may be good to us again; if he knew how we loved him I know he would. And then I believe God is good, and surely he will help us sometime, for mother prays to him every day.'

'Yes,' answered Nancy, 'I know she does: and God must be our Father sometime.' 'He is our Father now, sissy.' 'I know it; but he must be all we shall have by and by, for don't you remember that moth-

er told us that she might leave us one of these days? She said a cold finger was upon her heart, and-and-' '-sh. Don't, don't Nancy: you'll-' The words were choked up with sobs and tears, and the sisters wept long together. At

length they arose and went away, for they saw more children coming. As soon as the little ones were out of sight. Charles Nelson started to his feet. His hands were clenched, and his eyes were fixed upon a

vacant point with an eager gaze. thoug Charles had never been unfortunate at "My God!' he gasped, 'what a villain I am! Look at me now! What a state I am in, and what have I sacrificed to bring myself to it!-

And they love me yet, and pray for me! He said no more, but for some moments h stood with his hands still clenched, and eves fixed. At length his gaze was turned unward. and its accompaniments told the story. It was and his clasped hands were raised above his head. A moment he remained so, and then his Within sat a woman yet in the early years hands dropped by his side, and he started of life, and though she was still handsome to

When he reached his home he found his wife and children in tears, but he affected to notice it not. He drew a shilling from his pocketit was his last-and handing it to his wife, he asked her if she would send and get him some milk and flour, and make him some porridge. The wife was startled by the strange tone in

which this was spoken, for it sounded just as that voice had sounded in days gone by. The porridge was made nice and nourishing and Charles ate it all. He went to bed early and early on the following morning he was up. He asked his wife if she had milk and flour enough to make him another bowl of porridge.

'Yes, Charles,' she said. "We have not touched it.'

The wife moved quickly about the work, and ere long the food was prepared. The husband ate it and he felt better. He washed and dressed, and would have shaved had his hand been steady enough. He left his home and went at once to a man who had just commenced garden smiled, and in every way did the imto frame a house.

'Mr. Manly,' he said, addressing the gentle- son among the happiest of the happy, and her man alluded to, 'I have drank the last drop of children chose their own associates now .- Balalcoholic beverage that ever passes my lips .- lou's Pictorial.

'Charles Nelson, are you in earnest?' asked-'So much so, sir, that were death to stand upon my right hand, and yonder bar-room upon Oh, how that man had changed within two my left, I would go with the grim messenger

years! Once there was not a finer looking man first.' 'Then here is my house lying about us in rough timber and boards. I place it all in your bore the very beau-ideal of manly beauty. His hands, and shall look to you to finish it. While noble form was now bent, his limbs shrunken I can trust you, you may trust me. Come into and tremulous, and his face all bloated and dis- my office and you shall have the plan I have figured. He was not the man who had once drawn.'

We will not tell how the stout man wept, nor been the fond husband and doting father. The loving wife had prayed, and wept, and implor- how his noble friend shed tears to see him thus: ed, but all to no purpose; the husband was but Charles Nelson took the plan, and having studied it for a while, he went out where the bound to the drinking companions of the barmen were at work getting the timber together. and Mr. Manly introduced him as their master. That evening Mary Nelson ate no supper, for That day he worked but little for he was not all the food she had in the house there was not strong yet, but he arranged the timber, and more than enough for her husband and children: gave directions for framing. At night he asked but when her husband had gone she went out and picked a few berries, and thus kept her vital his employer if he dared trust him with a dol-

energy alive. That night the poor woman lar. 'Why, you've earned three,' returned Manly. 'And will you pay me three dollars a day?' 'If you are as faithful as you have been to-

day, for you will save me money at that.' sought the bar-room as soon as he arose, but he Ti e poor man could not speak his thanks in words, but his looks spoke for him, and Manly understood them. He received his three dol-He had drank very deeply the night before, and he felt miserable. At length, however, he lars, and on his way home he stopped and bought first a basket, then three loaves of bread, managed to keep down a few glasses of hot a pound of butter, some tea, sugar, and a piece sling, but the close atmosphere of the bar-room of beef-steak, and he had just one dollar and The poor man had sense enough to know that seventy-five cents left. With this load he went home. It was sometime before he could comif he could sleep he should feel better, and he had just feeling enough to wish to keep away pose himself to enter the house, but at length he from home; so he wandered off towards a wood | went in and set the basket upon the table.

'Come, Mary,' he said, 'Ihave brought somenot far from the village, and sank down by the thing home for supper. Here, Nelly, you take profound slumber. When he awoke, the sun the pail and run over to Mr. Brown's and get was shining down hot upon him, and raising a couple quarts of milk.'

He handed the child a shilling as he spoke. and in a half bewildered state she took the mo-He knew that it was afternoon, for the sun was nev and hurried away.

turning toward the west. He was just upon the The wife started when she raised the cover of point of rising, when his motion was arrested by the basket, but she dared not speak. She the sound of voices near at hand. He looked moved about like one in a dream, and ever and through a chink in the wall, and just upon the anou she would cast a furtive glance at her husother side he saw his two children picking berhand. He had not been drinking-she knew ries while a little further off were two more it--and yet he had money to buy rum with i girls, the children of the carpenter who had he had wanted it. What could it mean? Had her prayers been answered? O, how fervently 'Come, Katy,' said one of these latter wirls. to her companion, 'let's go away from here,

Soon Nelly returned with the milk, and Mrs. Nesson set the table out. After supper Charles he tenderly kissed her forehead as he spoke, my dear, for I assure you I shall be very paris arose, and said to his wife:

'I must go up to Mr. Manly's office to help him arrange some plans for his new house, but will be at home early.

A pang shot through the wife's heart as she saw her husband turn away, but still she was far happier than sice had been before for a long hand, and Nelly and Naucy Nelson sat down while. There was something in his manner 'Don't cry, Nancy,' said the eldest, throwing that assured her, and gave her hope.'

Just as the clock struck nine, the well-known footfall was heard, strong and steady. The door opened, and Charles entered. His wife cast a quick, keen glance into his face, and she almost uttered a cry of joy when she saw how he was changed for the better. He had been to the But we are loved, Nancy. Only think of wished to retire early, and his wife went with and built the fire. Mary had not slept until long after midnight, having been kept awake by the tumultuous emotions that had started up in her bosom, and hence she awoke not so early as usual. But she came out just as the teaketile and potatoes began to boil, and breakfast

After the meal was eaten, Charles arose put on his hat, and then turning to his wife he What do you do to-day?

'Are you willing to obey me once more?' 'O-yes.' 'Then work for me to-day. Send Nelly over to tell Mrs. Bixby that you are not well enough to wash, for you are not. Here is a dollar, and do with it as you please. Buy something that

'I must wash for Mrs. Bixby ?'

will keen you busy for yourself or children.' Mr. Nelson turned towards the door, and his hand was upon the latch. He hesitated, and then turned back. He did not speak, but he opened his arms, and his wife sank upon his bosom. He kissed her, and then having gently placed her in a seat, he left the house. When he went to his work that morning he felt well, and very happy. Mr. Manly was by to cheer him, and this he did by talking and acting as

It was Saturday evening, and Nelson had been almost a week without rum. He had earn ed fifteen dollars, ten of which he now had in

'Mary,' he said, after the supper-table had been cleared away, 'here are ten dollars for you. and I want you to expend it in clothing for yourself and chil ren. I have earned fifteen dollars during the last five days. I am to build Squire Manly's great house, and he pays me three dollars a day. A good job, isn't it ?"

Mary looked up, and her lips moved, but she could not speak a word. She struggled a few moments, and then burst into tears. Her husband took her by the arm and drew her upon his lap, and then pressed her to his bosom.

'Mary, he whispered, while the tears ran down his own cheeks, 'you are not deceived .-I am Charley Nelson once more, and will be while I live. Not by an act of mine shall an other cloud cross your brow. And then he told of the words he had heard on the previous Monday, while he lay behind the wall. Never before,' he said, 'did I fully realize how

low I had fallen, but the scales dropped from" my eyes then as though some one had struck 'Then if you are willing, I should like some them off with a sledge. My soul started up to a stand point from which all the tempters of earth cannot move it. Your prayers are answered, my wife,'

Time passed on, and the cottage once more assumed its garb of pure white, and its whole windows, and green blinds. The roses in the provement work. Once again was Mary Nel-

March 81, 1800