

Arriving now at his door, we find a notice, upon deciphering which, reads as follows:

Removed to Illinois.

"I wish to see Mr. Wheelwright."

"That's the gentleman, the further one."

"Mr. Wheelwright, I find a very small charge of fifty cents against you, sir, on Messrs. Lord & Co.'s books," at the same time presenting a bill.

"Yes, but wasn't that paid for when got?"

"No, sir, I think not."

"But I think it was; I think Mrs. W. told me she owed nothing now, and then again, such a small bill she would never contract."

"But, sir, she did contract it; I remember it well, and I had a few reflections at the time upon the propriety of people's buying fifty cents worth of anything and having it charged—book-keepers will reflect sometimes, sir. I thought then how much better the cash system was, especially in small matters. I said to myself, if I ever entered that state called wedlock, I would always furnish Mrs. Book-keeper with the cash to buy articles, or else Mrs. B. would go without articles. I recollect it distinctly, sir, I'll assure you."

"Well I don't know, I'll ask Mrs. Wheelwright about it."

Our slightly indignant overflow of reflections amounting to naught, and our probity in such a small matter thus doubted, we left Mr. Wheelwright with the "blues" fast increasing, they being in no way retarded, as we possess an extremely sensitive nature. Our next call was upon a gentleman who does not come in town until after 12 m., and thence to Mr. Turner's with a bill amounting to nearly two hundred dollars, who received it with a "Leave it, sir, and I'll have it examined."

Many other instances occur before the forenoon is over,—many being called upon and not found at their stores or offices, but enough has been cited to show that "dunning" is not the most pleasant occupation imaginable; and with tired steps we wend our way to the store and credit Mr. Pierce with \$1.50, that being the cash result of that forenoon's work.

[It seems that 'dunning' is not a very pleasant nor profitable occupation, and being dunned is, doubtless, still less pleasant. One's comfort, to say nothing of profit, would dictate practicing the 'pay down' principle, and by that beneficial operation all, who pursue a course so obviously wise and just, will escape many of the "ills which flesh is heir to." The inhabitants of Utah have a chance to avoid the unpleasant and unprofitable system of 'debt and credit,' especially, in dealing with non-residents, and it will certainly prove most politic to improve it, even though it may be at the expense of a little self-denial in doing without what we cannot pay for at the time of purchase.—Ed.]

### INFLUENCE OF A WIFE.

"Why do you keep me for so long a time at the door," said Edward —, passionately to his wife. The night passed, but the cold winds had entered the house, and Mrs. F.—, with a sorrowful heart unbolted the door.

"It is late Edward, and I could not keep from slumbering."

He said nothing in return to this, but flung himself into a chair and gazed intently on the fire. His son climbed upon his knees, and putting his little arm around his father's neck, and whispered—

Papa, what has mamma been crying for?"

Mr. F.— started and shook off his boy; and said with violence:

"Go to bed sir; what business has your mother to let you be up at this late hour of the night?"

The poor child's lower lip pouted, but he was at that time too much frightened to cry. His sister silently took him up and when he reached his bed, his heart discharged itself into a noisy grief. The mother heard his crying, and went to him—but she soon returned to the parlor.—She leaned upon her husband, and thus addressed him:

"Edward, I will not upbraid you on account of your rashness to me, but I do implore you not to act in this manner before your children. You are not, Edward, what you used to be. These heavy eyes tell of wretchedness as well as bad hours. You wrong me—you wrong yourself—thus let my hand show I am your wife, but at the same time let your heart know no singleness in matters of moment. I am aware of the kind of society in which you lately have indulged.—Tell me, Edward, for heaven's sake, tell me! we are ruined, is it not so?"

Edward had not a word to say to his wife; but a man's tears are more awful than his words.

"Well, be it so, Edward! our children may suffer from our fall; but it will redouble my exertions for them. And as for myself, you do not know me, if you think that circumstances can lessen my feelings for them. A woman's love, is like the plant, which shows its strength the more it is trodden on. Arouse yourself, my husband—leave the course you have of late pursued. It is true your father has cast you off; it is true that you are indebted to him in a serious sum; but Edward, he is not all the world—only consider your wife in that light."

A slight tap was now heard at the door, and Mrs. F. went to ascertain the cause. She returned to her husband:

"Mary is at the door—she says you always kissed her before you went to bed."

"My child," said the father, "God bless you—I am not very well, Mary. Nay, do not speak to me to-night. Go to rest now; give me one of your pretty smiles in the morning, then, my child, your father shall be happy again."

Mr. F. was persuaded by his affectionate partner to retire; but sleep and rest were not for him, his wife and children had once given him happy dreams; but now the ruin he had brought upon them was an awakening reality. When the light of the morn faintly appeared above the light of the opposite houses, Mr. F. rose.

"Where are you going, Edward?" said his watchful wife.

"I have been considering," he said, calmly, "and I am determined to try my father. He loved me when I was a boy; he was proud of me. It is true, I have acted dishonorably by him, and should no doubt have ruined him. Yesterday I spoke harshly of him, but I did not know myself. Your deep affection, my dear wife, has completely altered me. Nay don't grieve me in this way—this is worse to me than all. I will be back soon."

The children appeared in the breakfast room, Mary was ready with her smile, and the boy was anxious for the voice of his father. In a short time Mr. F. returned.

"We must sink, my love! he will not assist me; he upbraided me; I did not, I could not answer a word. He spoke kindly of you, and our little ones, but he cast us off forever!"

The distressed man scarcely said this, when a person rudely came in. The purport of his visit was soon perceived. In the name of F.—'s father he took possession of the property, and had the power to make F. a prisoner.

"You shall not take papa away," said the little son, at the same time kicking at the officer.

"Mamma," whispered little Mary, "mamma, must father go to the prison? Won't they let us go too?"

"Here comes my authority," said the deputy sheriff. The elder Mr. F. doggedly placed himself in a chair.

"You shall not take papa away," cried out the little boy to his grandfather.

"Whatever may have been my conduct, sir," said the miserable Edward, "this is unkind in you. I have not a single feeling for myself; but my wife, my children! you have no right to harass them with your presence."

"Nay, husband," responded Mrs. F. "think not of me. Your father cannot distress me. I have not known you from childhood as he has done, but he shall see how I can cling to you in poverty. He has forgotten his youthful days—he has lost sight of his own thoughtless years."

The old gentleman directed his law agent to leave the room. He then slowly and nervously answered thus:

"Madam, I have not forgotten my thoughtless days. I have not forgotten that I once had a wife as amiable and noble minded as yourself. I have not forgotten that your husband was her favorite child. An old man hides his sorrows, but let not the world think him unfeeling, especially as that world taught him to do so. The distress that I have this moment caused was premiated on my part. It has had, its full effect. A mortal gets advice by single steps, and many think the victim must return by the degrees. I know Edward's disposition, and that with him a single leap was sufficient. The leap he has taken. He is again in my memory as the favorite of his poor mother; the merry laughing son of a pshaw!—of a—old fool! for what am I crying?"

Little Mary had insensibly drawn herself towards her old philosopher, and without uttering a word pressed his hand, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. The boy, also, now left his parents, and walked up with his round cheek, said—

"Then you won't take papa away?"

"No, you little impudent rascal, but I'll take you away, and when your mother comes for you, I will treat her so well that I'll make your father follow after."

Thus came happiness at the heels of ruin. If husbands more often appreciated the exquisite and heaven-like affection of their wives, many happy firesides would be seen. "One in love and one in mind," should be the motto of every married pair. And fathers would many a time check improvidences, if they were to make use of reflection and kindness, rather than prejudice and strictness.

[Olive Branch of Feb'y 17.]

### Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Feb'y 3d, 1855.

Washington is remarkably dull this season. Everybody almost looks blue. Hotel-keepers look blue because it's a short session, and the pickings will soon give out. Boarding-house women look blue for the same reason, and are cross and crabbed, and a good deal shorter than their own pie-crust.

Hack-drivers can't look blue, because they are all darkies; but they look a good deal blacker than they do in a long session, or in an inaugural session.

Congress-men look blue because their pay is going to foot up so small, and because they have got to stay at home with their wives next year; and lobby-members look blue at the little chance there is to pick Uncle Sam's pocket between this and the 4th of March.

I have never seen so few people as there are here now. Bed-room doors at the National stand wide open, gaping for customers, and Brown's entrance-hall is piled up with old last year's trunks and boxes. A solitary old nigger on half pay, helps you on with your coat at Willard's, and Kirkwood talks of coming down to a "tip" for a gin-sling. Verily, Washington looks blue.

Congress, having but little important business which it expects to get through with before adjournment, the members find some time for fun and considerable time for fighting. The way a

couple of them on the floor last week called each other liar, and d—d liar was truly edifying to Christian spectators; and then the science they exhibited in poking their fists into each other's faces, and hanging each other's eyes, show them to be true disciples of Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan.

But there is, undoubtedly, a great deal of talent in the House, and a great many good men who reflect credit upon their constituents, and honor upon their country. There is also a goodly number of queer men—eccentric characters—rowdy men and asses. How they got into Congress is a puzzler. Maybe their constituents know how they came to send them here, but I guess not. Perhaps they sent them here to get rid of them. I have known the President, even, to appoint men to distant offices, to get rid of their importunities. A bore, that is a scientific bore, is always sure to get something.

It looks odd to see Benton in the House. He looks there as Sam Houston said of Douglass for the Presidency, as though he had been 'sot back,' a few years—or as a collegian would look, who had been degraded to a primary school. But nevertheless there are times when Benton's himself again—especially when he gets upon his great Central railroad to the Pacific, or when somebody gets up a scheme that may tend to retard its commencement, or that favors a Southern route. Tom Benton's great—then, the Huerfano Butte, wild buffaloes, and 'my son, Charles John Fremont, sir,—are hurled about the House as though they were so many thunderbolts to crush pigmies. Benton must be a great naturalist—all his tropes and figures, facts and illustrations are drawn from nature.—He is great on buffaloes. Were he in the Massachusetts Legislature, he would most indubitably oppose the Hoosac tunnel project, because it had never been a buffalo track. He would no sooner concede that a railroad might be run where there was no buffalo track, than he would that he didn't succeed in making gold run up the Mississippi.

But lately the Colonel has got on to snakes and Digger Indians. Last Wednesday Eddy and Alden of Maine, were trying to work their telegraph scheme to California through the House. They want to lay it under ground, encased in gutta percha, and they want two million acres of the public lands as a premium for their enterprise. 'Subterranean line of telegraph' exclaims Old Bullion. 'Sir, if the gentleman from Maine (Mr. Farley) lived a little nearer to the country through which this telegraph is to pass, he would know that some of the Indians who inhabit that country are diggers—root-diggers, sir. They understand it perfectly, sir. You may make a hole anywhere in the ground, sir, and cover it up, sir, and by looking at it, they will know there is a hole there, sir. Two millions acres of land for this purpose! Protection, sir! I undertake to say that two millions of men could not protect it from these diggers. I undertake to say that the best men of Maine—and there are as good men there, sir, as vigilant and brave, as there are in the world—might stand straddling the line of a dark night, sir, and the Indians would come and cut it under them. I wish to be informed, sir, to what use the Digger Indians would apply the wires, the plantina? I will state what I think on this point. These Diggers have each one, a stick, a long slender stick, with a hook at the end of it, and the purpose of these sticks and hooks is described in Fremont's report of his expeditions. Mr. Fremont reports that he saw no Diggers without this long, slender stick, with a hook at the end of it. The object of the hook, sir, is to assist them in pursuing the lizard, a chief article of food with them. The lizard runs for his life when he sees one of these Diggers with his stick, and gets into a hole, sir. The Indian puts in this hooked stick, and brings it out, and quick he is boiled and eaten. (I suppose the colonel means to say the lizard is boiled, not the Indians.) 'Now this will be a God-send to these Diggers. They will bless this government for it, sir,—for this liberal supply of fifteen hundred or two thousand miles of wire, every part of which they will cut into three inch pieces, and make into hooks to hook out these lizards—so much the better for this purpose than the crook at the end of a stick.

In that point of view, sir, it will be a God-send to the Indians, but death to the lizards. It is no laughing business, sir. It will be an immense accommodation to the Digger Indian, but cruel upon lizards!"

The next day Messrs. Alden and Eddy dropped the two millions acres, and only asked for the right of way. Down came Benton again—Snakes this time. 'This morning, sir, they only ask a right of way. The striking out of the land beats the snake story all hollow. The man said he had seen five hundred snakes. When this was doubted, he came down to one hundred; then to fifty-six, and finally to twenty-five, when he would not fall another snake.'

But there is a deal of sound hard horse common sense, as the Virginians phrase it, under this cover of fun of Benton's. It has been said that the 'Peace-maker' when it burst and knocked the Colonel over, put a large portion of his brains on the retired list. If that be the case, he must have been well supplied, originally—for he has enough of the article left, to furnish the upper stories of half a dozen Congressmen, take 'em as they run.

The President's soiree, last night, was well attended. Whatever may be said against Gen. Pierce, politically, all agree that, socially, no predecessor has ever been more popular. His manner is peculiarly kind and pleasing. He possesses in a remarkable degree, that savoir faire

that marks the accomplished host of miscellaneous drawing-room assemblages.

The permanent residents of Washington are not doing so much in the way of entertaining as last year. I saw the following paragraph in the Star the day I arrived here:—

'A FASHIONABLE SOIREE.—We are informed that one of our millionaires who is the father of three charming daughters, will, on to-morrow evening, give a soiree in a style, if equalled, never before surpassed in our city. Seven hundred invitations have already been sent out. The confectionary is to be of the most rare and costly kind. Musicians have been engaged in New York city. The dresses for the young ladies, each, cost \$300—the lace on each costing \$160 alone, saying nothing of the jewelry and other ornaments. On this occasion, the splendid, new mansion of the host will, for the first time, be thrown open, exhibiting the most beautiful furniture amid the bright glare of gas-lights.'

This 'millionaire' must be a snob. I'll bet a last year's bird's nest that his father peddled herrings. Any one can see that his 'charming daughters' have not long been used to wearing good clothes, or they wouldn't advertise the cost of their skirts and petticoats.—[F. W. R.]

BE COMPREHENSIVE.—Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it. The faculty some possess of making one idea cover a quire of paper, is not good for much. Be comprehensive in all you say or write. To fill a volume upon nothing is a credit to nobody; though Lord Chesterfield wrote a very clever poem upon nothing.

There are men who get one idea into their heads, and but one, and they make the most of it. You can see it, and almost feel it when in their presence. On all occasions it is produced till it is worn as thin as chaff. They remind one of a twenty-four pounder discharged at a humming bird. You hear a tremendous noise, see a volume of smoke, but you look in vain for the effects. The bird is scattered to atoms. Just so with the idea. It is enveloped in a cloud, and lost amid the rumblings of words and flourishes. Short letters, sermons, speeches, and paragraphs, are favorites with us. Commend us to the young man who wrote to his father—

'Dear Sir, I am going to be married,' and also to the old gentleman, who replied—

'Dear sir, go ahead.'

Such are the men for action. They do more than they say. The half is not told in their cases. They are worth their weight in gold for every purpose in life. Reader, be short; and we will be short with the advice.—[John Neal.]

SAGACITY OF AN ELEPHANT.—We passed an elephant working on a road, and it was most interesting to watch the half reasoning brute as he was tearing out large roots from the ground by means of a hook and chain, fastened round his neck with a species of collar. He pulled like a man, or rather like a number of men, with a succession of steady hauls, throwing his whole weight into it, and almost going down on his knees, turning round every now and then to see what progress he was making.

Really the instinct displayed by the elephant in its domestic state is little short of reason in its fullest sense. There is no doubt they do think, and also act upon experience and memory. The remarkable nicety and trouble they take in squaring and arranging the blocks of hewn stone when building a bridge is incredible, unless seen, they place them with as much skill as any mason, and will return two or three times to give the finishing touches when they think the work is not quite perfect. They retire a few yards and consider what they have effected, and you almost fancy you can detect them turning their sagacious old noddles on one side and shutting one eye in a knowing manner, to detect any irregularities in the arrangement. —[The Bungalow and the Tent, by E. Sullivan.]

A NEWSPAPER.—It was Bishop Horner's opinion, that there is no better moralist than a newspaper. He says, 'The follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitude displayed in a newspaper, are so many beacons constantly burning to turn others from the rock on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerful dissuasive from suspicion, jealousy, and anger, than the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel? What caution likely to be more effectual against gambling and profligacy, than the mournful relation of an execution, or the fate of a despairing suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy, than the auctions of estates, houses and furniture? Only take a newspaper, and consider it will—pay for it—and it will instruct you.'—[Very true.]

MEASURES, NOT MEN.—A young man was frequently cautioned by his father to vote for 'measures, not men.' He promised to do so, and soon after received a bonus to vote for a Mr. Peck. His father, astonished at his voting for a man whom he deemed objectionable, inquired his reasons for voting so.

'Surely father,' said the youth, 'you told me to vote for 'measures,' and if 'Peck' is not a measure, I don't know what is.'

Why are naughty children at school, like gunned motto wafers? Because, you must lick 'em back to make them stick to your letters.

THEY TELL US TO WAIT—that time will bring what we want. Friends, time will ripen the corn; but time will not plough the field.

Carlyle says: "Make yourself a good man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world."