

## An Old Story in a New Dress.

A very long time ago, in the western part of England, there lived an aged couple, whose time had passed away since early youth, in the very day-round of farm life, and who had never been known to have the least ill-feeling towards each other since the time when good old Parson Heriot had united them in the holy bonds of wedlock, twenty five years before. So well was the fact of their conjugal happiness known, that they were spoken of, far and near, as the happiest pair known. Now, the devil (excuse the abrupt mention of his name) had been trying for twenty years to create what is so commonly called 'a fuss in the family,' between those old companions. But much to his mortification, he had not been able to induce the old gentleman to grumble about breakfast being late once, or the old lady to give a single curtain lecture. After repeated efforts, the devil became discouraged, and had he not been a person of great determination, he would doubtless have given up the work in despair. One day as he walked along, in a very surly mood, after another attempt to get the old lady to quarrel about the pigs getting into the yard, he met an old woman, a near neighbor of the aged couple. As Mr. devil and the neighbor were very particular friends, they must needs stop on the way to chat a little.

"Good morning, sir," said she, "and pray what on earth makes you look so badly this beautiful morning, isn't the controversy between the churches doing good service?"

"Yes."

"Isn't Deacon W. making plenty of bad whisky?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is the matter, my honored master?"

"Everything else is going on well enough," replied the devil, "but, and here he looked as sour as a monkey on a crab-apple tree, 'old Blueford and his wife, over here, are injuring the cause terribly by their bad example, and after trying for years to induce them to do better, I must say I consider them hopeless.'"

The old hag stood for a moment in deep thought.

"Are you sure then you have tried every way?"

"Every one that I can think of."

"Are you certain?"

"Yes."

"Well, replied she, 'if you will promise to make me a present of a new pair of shoes, in case I succeed, I will make the attempt myself, and see if I can't raise a quarrel between them.'"

To this reasonable request the devil gladly consented. The old hag went her way to neighbor Blueford's house, and found old Mrs. Blueford very busily engaged in getting things ready for her husband's comfort on his return from work. After the usual compliments had passed, the following dialogue took place:

"Well, friend B., you and Mr. B. have lived a long time together."

"Five and twenty years come next November," replied Mrs. B.

"And in all this time you have never had the least quarrel."

"Not one."

"I am truly glad to hear it," continued the hag, "I consider it my duty to warn you, that though this is the case, yet you must not expect it to be so always. Have you not observed of late Mr. B. has grown peevish and sullen at times."

"A very little so," observed Mrs. Blueford.

"I know it," continued the hag, "and let me warn you in time to be on your guard."

Mrs. B. did think she had better do so, and asked advice as to how she ought to manage the case.

"Have you not noticed," said the hag, "that your husband has a bunch of long, coarse hair growing on a mole under his chin, on the side of his throat?"

"Yes."

"This is the cause of his trouble, and as long as it remains you had better look out. Now, as a friend, I would advise you to cut it off the first time you get a chance, and thus end the trouble."

"If you say—do so, I will," replied the credulous old lady.

Soon after this the hag started for home, and made it convenient to meet Mr. B. on the way. Much the same talk, in relation to his domestic happiness, passed between them as did between her and the old woman.

"But, friend Blueford," said she, "I think it my duty, as a Christian, to warn you to be on your guard, for I tell you that your wife intends your ruin."

Old Mr. B. was very much astonished; yet he could not wholly discredit her words. When he reached home he threw himself upon a bed in great perplexity, and feigning sleep, studied over the matter in his mind. His wife, thinking this a good opportunity for cutting off the obnoxious hair, took her husband's razor and crept softly to his side. Now the old lady was very much frightened at holding a razor so close to her husband's neck, and her hand was not so steady as it once was; so between the two, she went to work very awkwardly, and pulled the hairs instead of cutting them off. Mr. B. opened his eyes, and there stood his wife with a razor at his throat! After what had been told him, and seeing this, he could not doubt that she intended to murder him. He sprang from the bed in horror; and no explanation or entreaty could convince him to the contrary. So, from that time forth, there was no more peace for that house. It was jaw, jaw, quarrel and wrangling all the time.

With delight the devil heard of the success of the faithful emissary, and sent her word that if she would meet him at the end of the lawn, at a certain time, he would pay her the shoes.

At the appointed time she repaired to the spot and found the devil at the place. He put the shoes on the end of a long pole, and, standing on the opposite side of the fence, handed them over to her. She was very much pleased with them; they were exactly the article.

"But there is one thing, Mr. devil, that I would

like to have explained—that is, why you handed them to me on that stick?"

"Very easy to explain," replied he, "any one who has the cunning and meanness to do as you have done, don't get nearer than twenty feet of me." So saying, he fled in terror.

After a while the old woman died; and when she applied for admittance to the lower regions the devil would not let her in, for fear she might dethrone him, as she was so much his superior. So the woman is yet compelled to wander over the world, creating quarrels and strife in peaceful families and neighborhoods.

Would you know her name?

It is Madam Scandal. When she died, her children, the young Scandalizers, were left orphans; but the devil, in consideration of past service done by the mother, adopted them; and so, you see, he is the father of that respectable class called scandal mongers.

**MARRIED POLITENESS.**—There is much of truth as well as that kind of philosophy which comes into every-day requisition, helping to strengthen and to brighten the ties of affection, in the subjoined brief article:

"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice.

And the husband answered, "yes, my dear, with pleasure."

It was quietly but heartily said; the tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly natural and affectionate. We thought how pleasant that courteous reply; how gratifying it must be for the wife. Many husbands of ten years experience are ready enough with the courtesies of politeness to the young ladies of their acquaintance, while they speak with abruptness to their wife, and do many rude little things without considering them worth an apology. The stranger whom they have seen but yesterday is listened to with deference, and although the subject may not be of the most pleasant nature, with a ready smile; while the poor wife, if she relates a domestic grievance, is snubbed or listened to with ill-concealed patience. O! how wrong this is—all wrong.

Does she urge some request—"Oh, don't bother me!" cries her gracious lord and master. Does she ask for necessary funds for Susy's shoes or Tommy's hat—"Seems to me you are always wanting money!" is the handsome retort. Is any little extra demanded by his masculine appetite, it is ordered, not requested. "Look here, I want you to do so and so—just see that it's done," and off marches Mr. Boor, with a bow and a smile of gentlemanly polish and friendly sweetness for every casual acquaintance he may chance to recognize.

When we meet with such thoughtlessness, our thoughts revert to the voice and manner of the friend who said, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure." "I beg your pardon," comes as readily to his lips, when by any little awkwardness he has disconcerted her, as it would in the presence of the most fashionable stickler for etiquette. This is because he is a thorough gentleman, who thinks his wife in all things entitled to precedence. He loves her best—why should he hesitate to show it, not in sickly maudlin attentions, but in preferring her pleasure and honoring her in public as well as private. He knows her worth, why should he hesitate to attest it? And her husband, he praised her, with the holy writ; not by fulsome adulation, not by pushing her charms into notice, but by speaking as opportunity occurs, in a manly way of her virtues. Though words seem but little things, and slight attentions almost valueless, yet depend upon it, they keep the flame bright, especially if they are natural. The children grow up in a better moral atmosphere, and learn to respect their parents as they seem to respect each other. Many a boy will take advantage of a mother he loves, because he sees often the rudeness of his father. Insensibly he gathers to his bosom the same habits and the same thoughts they engender and in turn becomes the petty tyrant. Only his mother—why should he thank her? father never does. Thus the home becomes the seat of disorder and unhappiness. Only for strangers are kind words expressed and hypocrites go out from the hearth-stone fully prepared to render justice, benevolence and politeness to any and every one but those who have the justest claims. Ah! give us the kind glance, the happy homestead—the smiling wife and courteous children of the man who said so pleasantly, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

**SOME OF THE USES OF MARRIAGE.**—One of the London magazines has the following sensible observations upon the economy of marriage:

"In return for whatever you may have done for your wife, from what a complicated slavery does she deliver you? Only make the enumeration. From the slavery of baseness. If you have happiness beside your hearth, you will not go in the evening to court love under the smoky lamps of a dancing room, and to find drunkenness in the street. From the slavery of weakness. You will not drag your limbs along like your sad acquaintance, that pale, worn out, bloated young old man. From the slavery of melancholy. He who is strong and does a man's work—he who goes out to labor and leaves at home a cherished soul who loves him—will, from that sole circumstance, have a cheerful heart and be merry all day. From the slavery of money. Treasure this very exact arithmetical maxim, "Two persons spend more than one."

Many bachelors remain as they are, in alarm at the expense of married life, but who spend infinitely more. They live very dearly at the cafe and restaurateur's, very dearly at the theatre. The Havana cigar alone, smoked all day, is an outlay of itself. But if your wife has no female friends whose rivalry troubles her, and excites her to dress, she spends nothing. She reduces all your expenses to such a degree that the calculation just given is anything but just. It should not have been 'two people,' but 'four people spend less than one.'

## Daniel Webster and Joe D.

There is an incident connected with the life of our great statesman, Daniel Webster, which I have never seen reported, but, as I know it to be true, and as it illustrates one phase of his character not often presented to the world, I will tell the story as it occurred.

The year 1850 I passed in Plymouth, Massachusetts, making my home at the 'Samoset,' the house for a cool breeze, a social chat, and a quiet home. Parker and Tribou were the proprietors. I can almost hear Jim's step through the hall, his tireless tongue keeping time to his flying feet. He is in the 'Astor' now.

Mr. Webster's residence, at Marshfield, was about ten miles distant, but here he often came to meet his personal and political friends, and in the summer months it was his favorite resort, and often we had him for days together, an ever welcome guest. Here he seemed at home. Here we forgot that he was the statesman, but we never can forget that he was a social and agreeable gentleman. His table talk, his twilight conversations, will ever be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to enjoy them.

Fishing along a beautiful brook, winding through the forest of scrubby pines that covers the country a short distance from the bay, was his morning recreation. Dressed in his never failing blue coat, and gilt buttons, his memorable straw hat, and his long rubber boots, he presented to the stranger the appearance of any thing but godlike.

The stream he loved so well was famous for trout, and he was famous for not catching them. Often he would sit for hours on a moss-covered stone in a retired nook, his line dangling in and above the water, but never a bite; and if there had been, the fish was safe, for he was entirely unconscious of all around and about him. One warm sultry morning in July, while thus absorbed, he was aroused by hearing from over across the stream:

"Hullo, there! hullo, I say! How are you? Nice morning this! Got any fish?—have any bites? How d'ye get over there? I've been fishing two hours; nary bite. I see you have long boots on; what'll you take to carry me over? don't want to get my feet wet. I'll pay ye well; what'll ye take?"

Here he paused long enough for Mr. Webster, who had all the time been surveying the speaker (a slight-built, dandified youth), to ask,

"What will you give?"

"Well, quarter; that's 'nough ain't it?"

"Well, yes; I suppose it is."

So, quietly laying down his rod, he took his way to our Boston boy, Joe D., who, by the way, was as good a fellow as ever sold tape; he was now on a three days' furlough and bound to crowd all the fishing, sea-bathing, and sight-seeing of a season into the allotted three days' time, and one was rapidly passing away. Mr. Webster seated himself on the bank; Joe mounted his shoulders, and like Cæsar whom Cassius from the raging Tiber bore, so Joe upon the god-like shoulders safely crossed the stream. The quarter quickly changed hands. Mr. Webster quietly settled into his accustomed seat, while Joe, on further pleasure bent, hastened up the stream. Tired and hungry, he returned late for dinner and passed into the dining hall, where the guests were engaged in the last act of the drama.

Our Bostonian, however, fell to it with an appetite sharpened by his morning exercise, and with a full determination to make up in speed what he had lost in time.

So intent on his own affairs was he, that he took no notice of those around the table until some one requested Mr. Webster to relate his morning adventures.

"Joe looked up, and following with his own the direction of all eyes, he beheld his morning Aeneas. Turning to his nearest neighbor, he asked,

"Who is that?"

"That! why that's Daniel Webster."

"He found no further use for his knife and fork, and was silently leaving the table, when Mr. Webster saw and recognized him; with a look or nod (Joe could never tell which) detained him, and requested him to take wine. He took the wine with a trembling hand, and, with a look of earnest entreaty, begged Mr. Webster not to relate the circumstances which occurred in the morning.

Mr. Webster replied, "you should not be ashamed of the adventure, since there is no young man in the country, however lofty his aspirations, that will be likely to attain the position you this morning occupied."

Joe left the table, the house, and on the first train left town, satisfied that he had done enough for one season. In the evening Mr. Webster related the whole affair to the assembled guests, and to this day Joe enjoys the sobriquet of "Dan."—[Harpers' Magazine.

**DEATH TO THE BUGS.**—The following remedy is said to be infallible:—Take two pounds of alum, bruise it, and reduce nearly to powder; dissolve it in three quarts of boiling water, letting it remain in a warm place till the alum is dissolved. The alum water is to be applied hot, by means of a brush, to every joint and crevice. Brush the crevices in the floor of the skirting board if they are suspected places; whitewash the ceiling, putting in plenty of alum, and there will be an end to their dropping from thence.

**AUTHORS** will persist in writing 'He don't' instead of doesn't. Don't is an abridged 'do not,' or, possibly, 'doughnut,' as all learned persons agree that words, like the proud leaders in fashionable life, are frequently of very doubtful origin.

## A Midnight Adventure.

Females often possess presence of mind, and the power of self-control under circumstances of imminent peril, which seem almost foreign to their nature and beyond the endurance of a delicate physical organization. A striking instance of self-command, by a lady whose fears must have been powerfully excited; and whose life of affluence had probably never before given her nerves any severer trial than is incident to the vexations of domestic cares, is given in Chambers' Journal of last month.

We copy the adventure, premising, by way of explanation, that the lady was the daughter of a rector residing in a quiet, English country village, and was upon the eve of marriage.

The wedding day was to be on the morrow of that day on which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride, were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of strangers who had come down to a prize fight which had taken place in the neighborhood.

That night, Adelaide, who occupied a separate room from her sister, sat up late—long after all the household had retired to rest. She had a long interview with her father, and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed attention, and since had packed up her jewels, &c. She was consequently dressed when the church clock tolled midnight. As it ceased, she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened, but could distinguish nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or, perhaps, it was the cracking of the old trees. She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter winds for many moments afterward. House-breakers were mere myths in primitive Thydon, and the bride elect, without a thought of fear, resumed her occupation. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bedroom door softly opened. She turned, looked up, and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her.

She did not scream, for her first thought was for her father, who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old, feeble, and suffering from heart complaint. She confronted the robber boldly, and addressed him in a whisper: "You are come," she said, "to rob us. Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps next to my room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise, I beg of you."

The fellow was astonished and cowed. "We won't make any noise," he replied, sullenly, "if you give us everything quietly."

Adelaide drew back and let him take her jewels—without a pang, for they were precious love gifts—observing, at the same time, that two more masked ruffians stood at the half-opened door. As he took the jewel-case and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go into her father's room. She received a surly affirmative: "He wasn't going to run a risk and leave half the tin behind!" She proposed instantly that she should go herself, saying: "I will bring you whatever you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you."

The fellow consulted his comrades, and after a short parley, agreed to the proposal; and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage and entered the rector's room. Very gently she stole across the chamber, and removing his purse, watch and key, and desk, gave them up to the robbers who stood at the door. The old man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied?

The leader replied that they should be when they had got the show of plate spread out below, but that they couldn't let her out of sight, and that she must go with them. In compliance with this mandate, she followed them down stairs to the dining-room, where a splendid wedding breakfast had been laid, to save trouble and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise, the fellows—eight in number when assembled—seated themselves, and prepared to make a good meal. They ordered her to get them out wine, and to cut her own wedding cake for them; and then, seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel.

They ate and drank, laughed and joked; and Adelaide, quick of ear and eye, had thus time to study, in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole act.

When the repast was ended, and the plate was transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together, and glancing at the young lady. For the first time Adelaide's courage gave way, and she trembled; but it was not consultation against her; they told her they did not wish to harm her—that she was a "jolly wench, regular game," and they wouldn't hurt her, but that she must swear not to give the alarm until nine o'clock next day, when they should be all safe. To this she was, of course, obliged to assent, and then they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed during the parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone in the despoiled room, Adelaide, faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of daylight; then, as the robbers did not return, she stole up to her room, undressed, and fell into a disturbed slumber. The consternation of the family next morning might be imagined, and Adelaide's story was still more astounding than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of the midnight visitors, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying and swearing to, the "three-fingered Jack" being the clue to the discovery. The