The Middlebury People's Press.

In this Paper are published the Public Orders, Resolutions, Laws, Public Treaties, Bankrupt Notices Etc. of the United States, By Authority.

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AGRICULTURAL.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE AGRICULTURE, ARTS, AND PRODUCTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Henry W. Ellsworth, U. S. Commissioner of Patents, and at the head of the Patent Office, has recently published his annual report of inventions. improvements in machinery, in arts, in economical processes, together with various statistics of population, production, &c.

We have not seen the report, but we find an abstract from it in the N. York Tribune, which shows it to be one of great interest as throwing much light on the resources, wealth, productive power, and the general capabilities of this country.

We copy from the Tribune as follows:

Indian corn may be raised in the West at $3 per acre—the cost of ploughing, planting and tilling, with the cultivator—and then turned into pork by allowing the hogs to gather it—the corn thus costing but a little over 6 cents per bushel, (ears.) Hogs in this way may be brought without feeding to 300 lbs., at which size, after taking off the two hams, they may be tried up by the new steaming process, and made to yield an average of 60 per cent. of lard. By this process hogs may be made to net in the West $3 to $3 50 per hundred instead of $1 50, which is the average now realized for them. A new article of lard of the purest white, very hard, and unaffected by the heat of the climate, is produced by a recently discovered process, at an extra cost of only half a cent per pound. Hogs may be easily kept through the winter by sowing fields of rye, and allowing them to run on them. Thus pork may be produced in unlimited quantity at a cost of $1 per hundred.

Lard oil is now manufactured in vast quantities at the West, and the business is rapidly extending. It is superior to olive or sperm oil for machinery, for the manufacture of woolens, &c., and can be furnished at half the price. Upon chemical analysis. it is found to be scarcely different in its elements from sperm.

An increase of only one cent per lb. on the product of the pork made in the U. S. would amount to $30,000,000 per annum, and more than this may easily be effected. If the skins of hogs were taken off on killing, the cost would be no greater than now, the pork would taste better, and the skins would be worth many millions of dollars.—The bristles, too, are generally wasted, as they should not be. The foreign market for pork, lard and oil is just opening, and is almost boundless. The quantity produced may easily be doubled, and its productiveness greatly increased.

A new mode of building cottages, or ordinary dwellings, has lately been adopted. The material is formed by removing the soil, digging up the common clay, (which is almost universal, especially at the West,) mixing it with water and straw, and treading it into mortar by oxen; from this brick are made of 18 by 12 by 9 inches, or 12 by 7 by 5 inches, in a plank mould, and struck with a piece of iron hoop. These brick are dried upon the ground, in 10 or 12 days, while the foundation of the building is preparing, and prairie wood sills or (which is better) a course of slate laid, on which the dried but unburnt brick are put up, a foot in thickness; the windows and doors being put in as it proceeds; division walls, a brick wide, or seven inches; roof of shingles or thatch, projecting a foot or two each way. The walls are then plastered with good lime mortar, and a second time with the same, pebble-dashed; the inside without dashing—and the house is built. This house is very cheap, is warm in winter and cool in summer, and affords no retreat for vermin. Its walls are not damp, unburnt brick absorbing no water. which the burnt, being porous, will do. Such a house may be safely carried up two or three stories is almost fire-proof, and nearly as cheap as a log cabin, (in some places more so,) and will last a century, if the foundation be well laid.

A new Wheat has been introduced from the Mediterranean, which is impregnable to the assaults of the Hessian fly and the rust.

A new mode of Fencing has been adopted; a trench is run with a plough and posts set in it; a heavy furrow is then turned up to them with a plow and scraper, making a ridge of some two feet; above which three light rails are inserted into the posts, each having its end sharpened angularly from one end to the other—or rather they are cut angularly, and when inserted to the post exactly fit to each other, just filling the hole in the post, and so jointed that one can hardly be removed without tearing up the post. This fence can be put up with unprecedented rapidity, and requires but nine rails of half the weight to forty on the old 'Virginia' plan. This improvement is of great value every where, but especially on the Western prairies.

The experiments of the last year have fully established the practicability and profit of making sugar from the stalks of the maize or Indian corn. The yield is 10 per cent of saccharine matter, while the cane yields 8½, and the beet but 3.

The silk culture is established in this country. The American raw silk is admitted to be superior to any other known. Its production is increasing in New England, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee. One establishment in Ohio pays $4 per bushel for cocoons, and profitably manufactures silk to the amount of $1,000 per month. One person there will feed 2.000.000 worms next year. Very great improvements in the business have been made within the last year.

Manufactories in New England are engaged in making chintzes highly credible to the skill of American artists. They are said to equal the best French goods of the same kind, in taste of design, strength of texture and color, and are sold at the low price of 12½ cents per yard, the usual cost of French goods of similar quality being 37½ per yard.

THE LARD OIL TRADE.

The Cincinnati Gazette states that the Lard Oil business was never in a more flourishing condition than at present There are four factories now in that city, driving the business successfully. R. W. Lee & Co. keep two gangs of hands constantly at work during the whole 24 hours, one set relieving the other at stated periods. They last week executed an order for their Oil to be shipped direct to France. Various improvements in the machinery and economy of the works daily suggest themselves at all the factories.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MOST ROMANTIC AFFIAR! *Two Elopements and a Wedding.* About a year since, a young man came to this city from Belchertown, in this State, and entered a dry goods store in Washington street as a salesman. His steady habits and attention to business won him the regard of his employer, while his respectful courtesy and manly beauty secured the good favor of the lady customers of the store. Among the latter was a very beautiful young daughter of one of our most respectable citizens. A sort of telegraphic intercourse was established between the two, and it was not long before it was followed by a regular introduction and intimacy. We should have said that Mr B——had inherited a small property from his deceased parents, and this may have been of some weight with the father and mother of the young lady, by whom the young man was soon regarded as their future son-in-law. So matters being arranged, all went "merry as a marriage bell"—when lo! there appeared upon the carpet a dashing New York tailor, who proposd to the father of the affianced girl, to remove to New York, and enter into business with him on a grand scale in Chatham street.

From the moment of this proposal the prospects of young l——changed—the parents of the young lady looked cold upon him, and the poor girl was soon informed that she must dismiss her suitor, and accept the hand of the dashing *schneider*, Her remoonstrances and tears were of no avail, and her family prepared to leave for New York. Her old lover, however, found means to see her and persuaded her to elope with him—and one day they rode out to Dedham and there took seats in the accommodation to Providence. At Providence, however, the steamboat in which they had engaged a passage to New York was detained by fog, and the father of the girl. who had somehow got wind of the affair arrived at Providence, obtained possession of his fugative daughter.

The lover returned to town alone and dispairing—and the family of the girl removed with her to New York a few days afterwards. In that city she was soon forced into giving a reluctant consent to marry the tailor. Every thing was arranged for celebrating the nuptials in a most splendid manner and strange to say, the girl appeared "nothing loath." The ceremony was to take place in St. John's chapel, and numerous guests were invited to the wedding party.

On the very day appointed for the marriage, however, the bride disapeared. There was as much 'racing and chasing' in pursuit of her as after the last bride of Netherby, 'but with equally bad success. In the mean time, the young lady, disguised in man attire, took passage on board the steamboat Cleopatry and, arriving safely in Boston, without any adventure, was received in the arms of a faithful female friend—a married lady residing in Pleasent street, Intelligence was conveyed to her lover, and in company with him and a fair companion, the twice promised bride, made an excursion to Brattleborough, Vt., where the nuptial knot was firmly tied. The parties returned to Boston on Tuesday evening, and we had the pleasure of shaking hands with them and wishing them all manner of felicity.—*Boston Times.*

KILL OR CURE.—A good story is told of a sharp fellow who promised a quack $50 to attend upon his wife through her sickness. kill or cure. The woman died, and the quack wanted his money.

"Why," exclaimed the man, in utter consternation, "did you *kill* my wife?"

"The Lord preserve us—no!" replied the poor quack.

"Did you *cure* her?"

"Why, no!"

"Then I have nothing to pay you: I wanted you to kill or cure my wife—didn't care which—and you have done neither. Leave my house, sir: you must be an impostor."

BUSINESS AT CINCINNATI. The Cincinnati Gazette of a late date contains the following:

The pork season which commenced in November, is now nearly over, having occupied the last three months. Within that time there have been cut and packed in this city probably 250,000 hogs, worth about an average of five dollars each, and making in all an aggregate value of $1.950,000.—This is the value of the raw material. The commissions, labor, salt, barrels, &c., are estimated to be worth $760,000 more. making the whole value of the article as prepared for market, in the shape of pork, bacon, lard, &c. something like *two millions of dollars.*

The greater portion of this produce, has been purchased and packed for foreign account, and all of it for cash. About half a million was for the English and French markets now open for this species of American produce for the first time. Should the experiment prove successful, a very important branch will have been added to our trade.

During the same three months, the amount of Flour and Whiskey shipped from Cincinnati, has not been less than one million of dollars. These are also cash articles, for which the producers have been paid.

Without taking into consideration a great variety, and valuable amount of other products, which have gone forward from our wharves, there has been three millions of property sold in our market for cash, or short exchange, equal to cash, and for nearly all of which exchange on the eastern cities has been negotiated.

The Gazette says the only cause of embarrassment is the want of a currency—specie being about the only medium of exchange; the expense of transporting and insuring which bulky commodity being burdensome in the extreme.

THE BANKRUPT LAW.

The bill which had passed the House to repeal this Law, was, on Saturday, Feb. 25, passed by the Senate, by a strong vote, and if sanctioned by the President, the law will become a dead letter. All casses of Bankruptcy in progress or all which had been entered previous to the abrogation remain unaffected by the repeal.

With the many evils attendant upon the operations of the Law, there are manifold blessings, and many hearts have been gladdenedby the privileges conferred by the law No less probably, than 30.000 individuals have taken the benefit of it— most of whom were the proper subjects of mercy, while some, doubtless, who merited different treatment, have claimed privileges designed only for the unfortunate.

The number of applicants in Vermont is nearly 1700 and about two thirds have been discharged.—Those who have been discharged are released from *all legal obligations* to pay the debts due by them at the time they applied for the benefit of the law, but the *moral obligations* remain unchanged. For an honest man nothing farther than moral obligation is necesary to induce him to pay his just debts—and no one but a rogue will. if he can secure the means, refuse to pay all the debts he owes—even though the bankrupt law may screen him. He will use the liberty he has acquired to obtain the means to meet his suspended debts And public opinion will require of every discharged bankrupt that he fulfil his moral obligation; and no man will deserve a character for common honesty unless he makes all possible efforts to discharge them. Mercy has been shown him—and now let him show his sense of justice by paying an equal per cent to all his creditors so fast as he can command the means. This is expected of every honest man. To the credit of some who went into bankruptcy early, it can be said, they have already commenced paying off their old debts from which they will for so doing, establish for themselves characters for honesty more valuable to them than money, and more honorable to their children. We know of such men in Vermont. Such should be encouraged and their conduct markedly approved.—*Caledonian.*

"WHERE IS CAPT. SCHINLEY?"—The London Globe thus answers this oft-repeated interrogative:

Capt. Schinley who, some short time since, eloped with a young lady of 15 years of age, from the U. States, and which affair at the time caused considerable excitement in America, from the circumstances attending it, and a notice of which appeared in the London journals, is at present residing at Surinam, where he fills the office of Judge of her Majesty's Slave Commission Court, but intends to return, as the American papers state, in consequence of the ill health of his lady, and will then take the opportunity to endeavor to bring about an amicable reconciliation between himself and Mrs Schinley's family.

The property of which the lady is entitled, is about $2,000,000, near £500.000 sterling, and consists of real estate in Pittsburg—no small fortune for this gallant son of Mars to storm and capture. It is bequeathed to her under the will of her grand. father, the late Gen. O'Hara. The Pennsylvania Legislature passed an act setting aside this legacy. and giving the revenues to the trustees. It is most probable, if the law thus passed be correctly represented, that the lady's ultimate right to the property is fully conceded, and only prevents her claiming it until she becomes of age. At the time of her elopement she resided at Mrs. Inglis's Seminary at Staten Island. Capt. Schinley, immediatly after his nuptials, came to England, and was, with his presented to her Majesty on his appointment. He has been twice a widower, having married first the nice of Lord Fife, and secondly to the second daughter of Sir W. Pole. Barr.

TAHITI.

The French, it appears, have taken possession of this Island, in default of $10,000 black mail, levied by the authorities of that nation. The Boston Advertiser says, in relation to this matter, "we have seen letters from the American Consul at that place. Mr. Blackler, to Sept. 11, from which we learn that the French Admiral, Dupetit Thouars, arrived there on the 6th. and made a demand on the Tahitians, of the sum of $10,000. in reparation for abuses, and for a guaranty for their future adherence to treatics. It seems that they immediately entered into negociations for the surrender of the sovreignty of the Island. Four of the Chiefs on the 9th signed a paper to that effect, but the Queen had then refused to sign it. At the last date, the question of acknowledgment of the sovreignty of France was supposed to be settled, as all demonstrations of hostility had ceased, but the French flag was not yet hoisted. The Reine Blanche was at Tahiti."

From the Knickerbocker for Dec.

THE HOME VALENTINE.

Still fond and true, though wedded long
The bard, at eve retired,
Sat musing o'er the annual song
His home's dear Muse inspired:

And as he traced her virtues now
With all love's vernal glow,
A gray hair from his temples bended brow,
Like faded leaf from Autumn bough,
Fell to the page below.

He paused, and with a mournful mien
The sad memento raised.
And long upon its silvery sheen
In pensive silence gazed;

And if a sigh escaped him then,
It were not strange to say,
For Fancy's favorites are but men,
And who e'er felt the stoic when
First conscious of decay?

Just then a soft cheek pressed his own
With Beauty's fondest tear,
And sweet words breathed in sweeter tone
Thus murmured in his ear:

"Ah! sigh not, love to mark the trace
Of Time's unsparing wand;
It was not manhood's outward grace,
The charm of faultless form and face,
That won my heart and hand.

"Lo! dearest, mid these matron locks
Twin-fated with thine own,
A dawn of silvery lustre mocks
The midnight they have known:

But Time to blighted cheek and tress
May all his snows impart;
Yet shalt thou feel in my caress
No chill of waning tenderness,
No winter of the heart!"

"Forgive me, dearest Beatrice!"
The grateful bard replied,
As nearer and with tender kiss
He pressed her to his side;

"Forgive the momentary tear
To manhood's faded prime;
I should have felt hadst thou been near,
Our hearts indeed have nought to fear
From all the frosts of time!"

From the Lady's Book.

Modern Servitude.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LOSING AND WINNING,' 'SENSIBILITY,' ETC.

Concluded

'The loss of friends,' continued Mr. Parks, 'is the most hopeless, the most heat-rending of all afflictions. Whatever favourable changes may take place in our condition, nothing can restore to us the departed ones.'

'*Hopeless*, indeed, is our personal loss, our personal sorrow,' said Miss Sumner; 'but amid it all, there is an unspeakable joy in the transition of a dear friend from earth to Heaven!'

'Unquestionably; and from your remark I must suppose that your cousin left this world in the bright anticipation of a better.'

'Emphatically so. For ourselves, we *must* mourn the loss of one so dear and so good; but when I think only of her; that her many trials and sorrows are over; that all her tears are for ever wiped away, I feel a degree of gratitude that I cannot express.'

'Does your uncle participate in these feelings?'

'Not so much as I could wish. He was not as familiar with his daughter's causes of sorrow as I was, and therefore cannot as heartily rejoice at her release from them. He is well-nigh overwhelmed by his loss.'

'Does the depth of his affliction constrain him to leave you to perform the labours of the shop alone?'

'O no: he never indulges himself at the expense of others; but he is so lost in grief, that I pursuade him, when possible, to leave me by myself.'

'And do you not find it irksome to return to these duties, after such scenes as you have recently passed through?'

'Not more so than all other *trivial things*. Indeed, Mr. Parks, I feel it to be almost fearful to live in a world like this, made up of such incongruities! Mortal, and immortal, our time, our attention, even our affections, are divided between things of eternal moment, and those that pass away like a shadow.'

'It is a happiness, however,' said Mr. Parks, 'that even the most apparently trivial things of earth may be made subservient to our eternal interests.'

'It is a happiness indeed; yet all these things appear *so* trivial after attending at the bedside of a dying believer, that it is difficult to realize their actual importance. Yet my dear cousin, in her last days, often spoke of our worldly employments somewhat as you have just done; or, at least, she said that they need not, necessarily, lead us to forget and neglect things of higher importance. She once instanced the prophet Daniel, who, though prime minister of a vast empire, found ample time to worship his Creator; and I shall never forget how she looked when she added—'Daniel opened his window toward Jerusalem to pray: happy are we that we can open no window from whence we may not look toward Heaven!'

Before Mr. Parks had time to reply several young ladies came in, and soon after he retired.

His first leisure hour he devoted to Mrs. Berry and her daughters. Unfortunately, as he deemed it, he found them in the midst of a group of visitors. Whenever we have a new interest awakened in the heart, in a person, or family, we become tenacious of their exclusive society; and to find their attention divided betwixt ourselves and others tends to make us formal and reserved.

Mr. Parks was little more than a looker-on for the short time that he remained in Mrs. Berry's parlour; but he was pleased to notice that that lady and her daughters paid the customary tribute of respect to their deceased relative, by assuming the habiliments of mourning. There was, too, a change in their manner. True, there was no appearance of sorrow—of grief—except, perhaps, on the countenance of Diana; but there was a seriousness, a gravity that was quite new; something which showed that the feelings were chastened. All this pleased him; and still more was he pleased by the answer of Lucretia, when he asked her, apart, if he should meet her at Mrs. ——'s party in the evening.

'O no,' was her reply, 'you know we have very recently lost a friend!'

This decorum—this regard to the proprieties of life—this delicacy for the feelings of the afflicted, comported exactly with the views of Mr. Parks—with his sense of what was right. He went away reflecting on what he had heard and seen. He was gratified to see the Miss Berry's in a new position; gratified, that in every position, their deportment was such as he approved. Hitherto, all that he had learned of them served to increase his *general* approbation, his *particular* regard.

* * * * * *

One day, as Mr. Parks and Mr. Eaton were walking together, the latter made some remark concerning Diana Berry.

'I have long looked on that young lady as your future wife," said Mr. Parks.

'What could put such a thought in your head?' asked his friend; 'but rest assured you are mistaken: it will never be.'

'Why not? do you not like her?'

'Yes,' was the frank reply, 'I like her better than any young lady in the world.—I think her peculiarly amiable and interesting—to me, fascinating; nevertheless, I should not dare to marry her. To speak honestly, like her as well as I may, I have no taste for becoming a slave!'

'Not dare to marry her? How do you mean!' asked Mr. Parks, who seemed not to have heard what his friend last said.

'I mean,' was the answer, 'that with her habits, her notions, and brought up as she has been, my income must be altogether inadequate to the demands that would be made on it.'

'But with her fortune added to yours,' said Mr. Parks, 'I should think that every reasonable wish could be gratified.'

'Her fortune!' exclaimed his friend with evident surprise.

'Has she not a fortune!' asked Mr. Parks, 'or is the property all the mother's? But even if this last is the case, should Mrs. Berry have a daughter married, she would unquestionably endow her well.'

'Mrs. Berry! The property all the mother's!' repeated the astonished Eaton. 'In the name of wonder, what do you mean?'

'Just what I say,' replied Mr. Parks. 'I have always supposed—for perhaps I never heard anything said about it—that Mrs. Berry was *rich*; for I cannot conceive how an establishment like hers could be supported by a *poor* widow.'

'By a poor *widow*—no, nor any one else!' said Mr. Eaton, laughing. 'But who told you that Mrs. Berry *was* a widow?'

'From your question, I suppose *no one*,' said Mr. Parks looking up with more visible astonishment than he often betrayed; 'yet as I have never heard either Mrs. Berry, or any one else, speak of her husband; nor the daughters, nor any other person, speak of their father, I knew not that my conclusion was so *very* extraordinary!'

'This comes,' said Mr. Eaton laughing heartily at his friend's amazement, which was not unmingled with chagrin—'this comes of your wise habits of never asking questions about people. A pretty *scrape* you might have been drawn into! And so you did not know that the Mr. Berry who keeps the variety store in ——— street, where you have so often been, was the husband of *our* Mrs. Berry, and the father of Lucretia and Diana?'

'Most assuredly I did not! and how could I?—I have never seen the slightest intercourse between them—never met him at the house, except on the evening when the whole town was there. And you, Mr. Eaton, must be mistaken, for the Mr. Berry of——— street has just lost a daughter!'

'Most certainly he has; but why does that render it improbable that he is Mrs. Berry's husband?'

'You do not mean to intimate,' said Mr. Parks, 'that Mrs. Berry has lost a daughter, and the young ladies a sister?'

'I mean to *assert*,' was his friend's answer, 'that Mrs. Berry has lost a *step-daughter*, and the young ladies a *half-sister*.'

The amazement of Mr. Parks continued every moment to increase. 'Then you *do* assert,' said he 'that *that* Mr. Berry is the husband of her, whom I supposed a widow; and that *his* indefatigable toil, *his* unceasing labour, supports the style I have witnessed at her house?'

'I *do* assert it,' answered Mr. Eaton; and I also assert that the deceased daughter was doomed to labour as severe as her father's. Perhaps you can now understand why I *dare* not marry Diana—why I said I had no taste for becoming a slave!'

'And the poor dependent niece,' said Mr. Parks pursuing his own train of thought without answering his friend; 'it seems that she, too, is doomed to a life of toil, that the others may repose in elegant idleness!'

'The dependent niece! Do you mean Mary Sumner?' asked Mr. Eaton.

'Who else could I mean!' said Mr Parks. 'But pray,' continued he, in a tone that betrayed some little impatience—'pray repeat no more of my words, but tell me at once something about this strange family.'

'I will,' said Mr. Eaton, 'because for so *intimate* an acquaintance, your ignorance is truly wonderful. The family, however, is no more strange than hundreds of other families in our country, where the husband and father drudges on in perpetual servitude, that his family may live in *elegant idleness*, as you call it. But to my story: Mr. Berry married his present wife, when Elizabeth, than his only child, was nine or ten years old. Mrs. Berry *was* and *is* just like a whole host of other women; good-tempered enough, if nothing crosses her will; and kind-hearted enough, if nothing comes in contact with her selfishness. I have heard my mother say that until she had daughters of her own, she treated Elizabeth passably well; but from that period, till the children no longer needed care of that kind, she was an overwrought nursery-maid.'

'Where was her father!' demanded Mr. Parks indignantly.

'Attending to his business,' answered his friend; 'and Elizabeth was a sweet tempered, uncomplaining child. But don't interrupt me. When the little misses were old enough to go to school, Elizabeth was permitted to go also; for from the period of Lucretia's birth, there had been almost an entire suspension of her school education. This, however, did not last long; for her mother found her so *very* useful at home, that she could not spare her. From that time to the period of her last sickness, she was as faithful a domestic drudge, as any family was ever blest with, filling all offices by turns—seamstress, laundress, chamber-maid, cook and nurse.'

'I can respect Mr Berry no longer!' exclaimed Mr. Parks.

'You must and will,' said Mr. Eaton, 'for he is very every way worthy of respect. The fact was. his daughter never complained, and he suffered himself to be hoodwinked. Hearing of no unkind or unreasonable usage, he suspected none."

"He could not be ignorant," said Mr. Parks, "that she filled only the place of an upper servant from her being excluded from society!"

"She was not excluded from society," said Mr. Eaton. "For the gay and fashionable circle in which her mother and sismoved, she had little relish; but her associates were among the first, both in respectability and rank.'

'But she had no education,' remarked Mr. Parks.

'Her mind was much more highly cultivated than either Lucretia's or Diana's said Mr. Eaton. 'All the leisure time she had was devoted to this object, instead of being spent in the acquisition of showy accomplishments, adorning her person or in gay society. Mrs. Berry designed that *her* daughters should have finished educations; but she fell into the mistake which is so common to vulgar minds, that usefulness and gentility are incompatible; consequently, the education of the young ladies is far more brilliant than solid.'

'With Mrs. Berry I have never been particularly pleased,' said Mr. Parks; 'but with such a mother as you describe her to be, I cannot understand how the daughters became what they are—so amiable, and so well principled.'

'The *instincts* of Diana,' Mr. Eaton replied, 'were all of an amiable character; and she yielded herself in some degree to the influence of her sister Elizabeth. Yet after all, she is the child of *impulse* rather than principle; and notwithstanding all her attractions, she is the most useless creature alive.'

'But from whence came the superiority of Lucretia?' inquired Mr. Parks.

'Superiority in what?' demanded his friend.

'In principle, and in both elegant and useful mental acquirements,' replied Mr. Parks.

Mr. Eaton hesitated awhile, and then looking his friend full in the face, said—'Do you wish me to speak the whole truth? or are you too much in love to bear it?'

'Were I ever so much in love,' answered Mr. Parks, 'the *truth* is just what I should wish to learn.'

'Well then, I will speak freely. And I think that away from her mother and sister, and under a good influence, Diana Berry might yet make a very valuable, as well as lovely woman: but Lucretia, never!—She is past all hope; a perfect compound of artifice, deceit, arroganee and selfishness!'

Mr. Parks started as if stung by a viper 'Do you mean what you say?' he inquired.

'I not only *mean* what I say, but *know* that I say truth. Her only principle of action, is to secure her own ease, her own advantage, and to attain her own ends, let who will suffer. Pride and selfishness are her dominant passions; and to gratify these, all her artifice and deceit are called into exercise. You know nothing of what she *is* by what she *appears*, beyond the mere externals.'

For some time the friends walked on in silence; but Mr. Parks at length said—

'All this time you have told me nothing of Mary Sumner.'

'All about her is soon told. Her mother who was Mr. Berry's sister, died two or three years since, and left her, an only child, under the care of her uncle, with a property valued at two or three thousand dollars. She went to reside in her uncle's family; and as Mrs. Berry understands making every one's daughters useful except her own, she found it very convenient to send Mary, who is some two years younger than Diana, of all sorts of errands, especially to the store. By this means, Mary attained the knowledge of Mr. Berry's incessant labour; and freqently when she was in the shop, would assist him in folding goods, and services of that kind. Occasionally, as she became a little acquainted with the business, she would wait on a customer; until at length she became her uncle's regular assistant—Mr. Berry never felt able to keep a clerk, and Mary's heart ached when she witnessed his unremitting toil. Beside this, she loved him very tenderly; and to be always near him was a reward for her labour. I have been told by those who knew the fact, that at first she tried hard to share with Elizabeth in her labours; but her cousin peremptorily said—'No. If she once took on herself any household employment she would escape from it, only by marriage or death!'

'Poor Elizabeth!' said Mr. Parks. 'I am heartily glad she has received her own discharge!'

Again the friends walked on in silence, and again the silence was broken by Mr. Parks, who said—

'Your opinion of Lucretia Berry, my friend must be the result of prejudice Her choice of books proves her taste and her principles. In this rule I have never been mistaken.'

'And what kind of reading does she prefer?' asked Mr. Eaton.

Mr. Parks mentioned the works in which he had seen her engaged, and which were always lying near her, ready for use.

'Snares, gins, and traps, my dear fellow; rely on it!' said Mr. Eaton. 'I question,' he added, 'whether she has read a hundred pages, except light poetry, and lighter novels. until within a few months past, since she emerged from the school-room. And so well do I know her, that I would not fear to bet my right hand, that these very books were displayed to entrap a friend of mine, whose name I will not mention!'

'But,' pursued Mr. Parks. 'her manner is perfectly consistent with the principles I have heard her express. How will you account for this?'

'Did I not tell you, in the outset, of the depth of her artifice?' said Mr Eaton.—'She is thorough. There is a precision, a circumspection about her, very unusual. I *must* grant, that Lucretia Berry sins with greater *decorum* than any young lady I ever knew! She never forgets *Lucretia Berry* for a single instant. Gay or sad, pleased or displeased. frowning or smiling, sociable or reserved, all—all is done for effect. But, my friend,' he added seriously, 'you need not take *my* word concerning her *real* character. Study her for yourself; yet be not in haste to betray an attachment toward her. even if you feel it. In a matter of so much consequence, you should take ample time to be satisfied. whether her principles are, or are not, such as you have supposed them to be.' With this the friends parted.

When Mr. Parks had time for calm reflection, he found that the principles of Miss Berry, even if such as he had heard her declare, must be *theoretical* rather than *practical*. The very mistakes into which he had fallen, spoke volumes against her.—The longer he thought, the more he compared and investigated, the more fully was he convinced that his friend had spoken only the truth. The recollection of one circumstance struck him forcibly. Elizabeth Berry was ill. when he made his morning call at Mr. Berry's, previous to his journey; but there was Lucretia, bright, cheerful, happy as usual, pursuing her own pleasures, while her sister was lying sick—sick unto death! The mask was torn away, and Mr. Parks was a free man.

It might be some four or five weeks after the preceding conversation between the two friends. that the following short dialogue took place betwixt Lucretia Berry and her sister. The former was sitting by her worktable and the latter standing near, took up a book that was lying upon it. It was a volume of Moore's poetry.

'So you have done studying Milton, and returned to Moore!' said Diana. Successively she looked at the three or four books that lay on the table. 'Practical Piety, too,' she added, 'has retreated to its former hiding place; and Fenelon has gone to bear it company! By the way, Lu., what has become of Mr. Parks. He has not been here for an age!'

'You had better ask him why he has left calling on us,' said Lucretia, with a peculiar smile, and a look of much meaning.

Diana look steadily at her sister for a minute, and then said—'Now Lucretia, you need not try to make me believe that you have *frowned* Mr. Parks away, for I know better. You strove to engage him with all your power, and I am sorry you did not succeed, for I like him exceedingly well. But for some cause or other, he has taken himself off.'

'I repeat it.' said Lucretia, with precisely the same look as before, 'you had better ask Mr. Parks himself the reason of his neglect.'

'Lu., you are *too* bad!' exclaimed Diana. 'You deceived me. But I will know for certainty the *true* cause why Parks stays away; for I have promised to walk with Willie Eaton this afternoon, and I will ask him.'

Lucretia's countenance instantly grew black as midnight. Shutting her teeth firmly together, while her eyes flashed lightning, she said—'Diana Berry, if you breathe a syllable to Mr. Eaton, that bears the shadow of resemblance to the conversation we have just had, I will be revenged on you, if I die the next hour!'

'Don't be angry, Lu.,' said Diana, 'nor think to gain anything by threatening. I have too much regard for any family, to say or do anything that will disgrace it; but it *does* vex me, to have you suppose you can *look* me into the belief of an untruth. As I said before, you strove to engage Mr. Parks