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December 15, 1859.

(From the New York Waverly)

EDWARD MORTON, THE REFORMED GAMBLER,
—OR—
THE TEMPTATIONS OF CITY LIFE.

BY J. R. M.

The sun cast its long slanting rays through the open casement of an apartment in one of the fashionable boarding houses in the city of N — The occupant of this apartment was a young man apparently about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age He was seated at a table covered with books, and before him was an open volume, but from his quick, anxious glance, it was easily to be seen his mind was not on the pages of the book He sat in this way for sometime, whilst good resolutions and intentions were passing through his mind, and on the point of being made; when the sound of approaching footsteps fell upon his ears The door was flung open, and a man some years his senior, entered with a "Hallo, Ned Morton! You keep yourself as close as a hermit — Reading! I believe [illegible] book, and come with me to the saloon; we are going to have a grand time to night — Thompson, Eving, and Vincent are to be there, and perhaps some more of our friends, so I thought I would call round and have the pleasure of your company.

"Indeed," returned our friend Morton, "I fear I shall be unable to accompany you this evening, as I suffer from a severe headache, brought on by last night's excess."

A loud, derisive laugh followed this, which brought the blood of shame and anger to Edward's face.

"Come," said his evil companion, William Barker, "No more of your woman's stratagems and foolish excuses, but come right along; it is getting dark, and the others will be growing impatient at our long delay."

Without further excuses Edward prepared to accompany his evil friend, to one of the principal gambling hells of the city. * * * Three months anterior to the commencement of our story, Edward Morton was a stranger in the city. He had graduated at one of the Mercantile Colleges at the west, and came to N , to procure a situation in a mercantile house. He was [illegible] obtained in one of the largest and most thriving houses in the city For a time all went on well, but in a few weeks he fell in with evil companions, among whom was the before mentioned William Barker On the evening of the commencement of our story, he had been meditating on the waywardness of his course, and the certainty of his destruction if he persisted therein But alas, for the perversity of human nature! His half formed vows and resolutions were broken with the contemptuous laugh and speech of Barker

But let us follow them to the "club room," as it was termed, but which in reality was nothing less than a modern gambling hell Night had drawn her sable curtain over the face of nature, and the streets were jammed with masses of human beings hurrying along, each one intent on the goal they were striving to attain Many were hurrying on with troubled minds, weary limbs, and sickening hearts, others with sparkling eyes and smiling countenance, which bespoke their happiness, and the cheerful home which awaited their coming.

Our friends continued their way through the principal streets, until they came to the upper part of the city They entered a large and magnificent house, to all appearance a private dwelling. They were ushered into a large room, luxuriously furnished, and at one side of which was a bar with all the allurements of fashionable drinks, calculated to encourage the taste of the unwary. Several young men were seated around the tables, drinking smoking, and playing cards; and all laughing and talking in a boisterous manner.

When our friends entered there was a pause in the amusements. They were greeted with a hearty welcome by all, and invited to join them at the tables; and soon all were busy engaged in play as before.

Among them were Edward Morton and William Barker These two were engaged in playing a game of "poker;" staking small sums at first, and gradually increasing them. Morton continued, for a while, to win every game but the betting became heavy and the "luck" turned. Morton lost until the last cent was at stake He was calling his opponent's hand, when observing his quick movement in slipping a card into his sleeve, he accused him of playing unfairly. Barker became enraged, the lie was given, and both being excited with drink, they rushed upon each other, and a violent struggle ensued. Morton was about overpowering his adversary, when one of Barker's friends slipped a dagger into his hand, and he, furious with rage and intoxication, buried it to the hilt in the body of Morton. The stricken man staggered and fell, exclaiming, "The villain has killed me!" His body was carried away to the house of a friend; and William Barker, his murderer, was lodged in prison.

The courts of the County being in session, the trial come on immediately. Several witnesses testified to seeing Barker strike the fatal blow.; and said that life was totally extinct when the body was carried away.—The evidence was clear enough; but Barker's Attorney manouvered around and construed the deed into an unintentional act; stating the fact that the dagger had been placed in his hands whilst he was insane with drink and passion, and saying that in his cooler judgement he would have abhorred the act The jury retired, and, after a short delay, returned a verdict of "Guilty of assault with intent to kill"

Barker served the State for a number of years; but, through the influence of friends he was pardoned, and came out from the penitentiary not as might be supposed, a reformed man; but, if possible a more desperate and wicked man than before his entrance

Some time after his release, we were walking along the wharf, and saw a crowd of people collected around the dead body of a man which had just been drawn out of the river Upon inquiry we ascertained that it was the body of William Barker, that he had just been found; and that he had fallen into the river while in a state of intoxication Thus died this once loved and respected, but now fallen and depraved man His body was [illegible] ground, where the majestic oak and towering pine will cast their shadows over his grave, and through their branches the wild wintry winds will howl his mournful requiem

* * * * * *

We left Edward Morton as one who had passed the portals of eternity He was taken away by some of his friends to be prepared for his interment; but, strange to say, he revived His friends, who had taken charge of him, were so exasperated against his supposed murderer, that they would not utter a word or raise a finger in his defence. "He intended to kill him," and deserves the punishment he will have to bear. And, indeed, until after the trial and condemnation, Morton lay in so precarious a state that at times no hopes of his recovery were entertained But quiet and a strong constitution gained the mastery, and after a long illness he recovered and became strong again, both in body and mind

Since then he has been a reformed man. He married a young and lovely woman, who has, true to plighted vows, been true and faithful to him He is now sole proprietor of a large mercantile house, and is one of the [illegible] merchants in the city. He [illegible] the story of his early waywardness and concludes by adjuring them to beware of the gambling table and the wine cup

A Bachelor's Soliloquy

I'm single yet, I'm so lonely yet! What can the matter be, I was born of life's sun will set on my celibacy? I'm growing ancient, yet no "chain of promise" can I see. I am farther now from "coelebs" than what I used to be There was a time when I could move in jolity and fun among the lasses talk of love and kiss them every one There was a time when I'd rather meet a pretty girl as not, but now I beat a swift retreat, or "cave" upon the spot On el I was rigged from top to toe in gear of neatest trim a dashing, gay Lothario, a perfect "dandy Jim" Now note my wardrobe what a plight, my coat looks many stitches I have whittle pegs a sight to fasten up my breeches! My linen too, is passing use, fast "giving up the ghost," a bullet riddled flag of truce, between a warring host! My socks but poorly are concealed by antiquated boots, one leg "left upon the field," the other left a foot!

Abandoned now I pine alone, the maiden's all abhor me, because I am a woebegone, a rueful bachelor To me no comfort aught can give; my life is a lengthened sigh I walk the world afraid to live and more afraid to die! Where is our proudly boasted bliss—our independent home? "Non est inventus," and to this conclusion I have come — A bachelor's a human myth, mere animated squid; a man is "something" only with a rising little rib!

WHO IS WISE? I asked the Sateesman, "Who is wise?" He replied, "The man, who best understands the fundamental principles of civil and political government."

The man of the sword responds. "He is wise who can vanquish an army more powerful than his own.

The miser thought that every one knew that the wise man was he who gets much and spends nothing.

The men of letters informed me that he was wise and felt himself perfectly at home in the whole circle of the arts and sciences

The physician said, "He is the wisest who is successful in removing the diseases of the human system."

I heard these and various other replies, and being dissatisfied with them all, I sought the Bible, and with augmented earnestness I repeated my inquiry, "Who is wise?" and I met this satisfactory answer, "*He that winneth souls is wise.*"

Speaking of Gen. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, the Sunday Atlas says: "He was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, on the 9th day of October, 1782, and is now, therefore, in the 78th year of his age. It is said that Gen. Cass never had an overcoat on his back but once in his life, an instance that occurred two months ago during a moment of partial bodily prostration. The first drop of intoxicating liquors never yet passed his lips, still he respects those who, like Timothy, take a little for the stomach's sake."

The Rat-tail Cactus.

The N. Y Leader, in giving a sketch of the late Mike Walsh, relates of him when a member of Congress, the following story, which, though old is worth repeating, as no one can by any possibility read it without laughing:

At the foot of the capitol gardens Pennsylvania avenue (on the right hand side as you are fronting that building) is an inclosed space—national property—containing one or more tenements and some conservatories and hot houses Here for some years past, and until his death enjoying Uncle Sam's patronage, sojourned a Frenchman, learned in botany and many other sciences Some companions, while passing these premises were vaunting his acquirements to Mike, who from a spirit of contradiction, called them in question He doubted whether these eminent botanists knew the difference between oats and wheat, and believed he said, that a Bowery boy could persuade them that their corn was clover. Finally, Mike undertook, "botanically," to deceive the [illegible] where they stood, in the skinning his premises From a wreck of flower-pots and rubbish, he selected one sound pot and a rat lying near the heap. Placing the rat in the flower pot he covered it up with mould leaving out the tail, which he fixed perpendicular by tying it carefully to a small green rubbish He next called on the Professor and told him that a friend Lieut ——, (who's ship having touched at one of the islands of the then terra incognita Japan, had exchd some interest,) had presented him with a very curious kind of cactus—This he wished the Professor to examine—No one, Mike said had been able to make it out, and he might have it for ten years and not find five people who would; so he hardly felt justified in keeping it out of a public collection and yet he did not like to part with a keepsake from a "friend."

The Professor eagerly repaired to examine the vegetable curiosity. After a close inspection he determined what it was, or at least christened it by a fine Greek name—two words as Mike said averaging sixteen letters The Professor exhausted himself in persuading Mike that the [illegible] from his ship, by surrendering this rare production of the vegetable kingdom to the keeping of the botanists. The reluctant Mike eventually consented, on the willing and solemn assurances of the Professor that it would be tended to with the utmost care and so it was Placed in a hot house it was cautiously but carefully besprinkled with water at a temperature of seventy degrees by the thermometer

It was noticed and described in the National Intelligencer The notice was copied into other papers The plant was exhibited with pride to several eminent individuals; at length with the heat and the moisture the tip of the tail began to excoriate The Professor was delighted it was budding It was examined with great interest by one of the chief patrons, the "Great Daniel," to whom the botanist promised one of the first slips for Marshfield "It was too good a joke to keep," said Mike, "especially in a hot-house, so before long they smelt a rat" The wrath and shame of the Professor were excessive, and so was the indignation of the great Daniel, not the author of the joke, but at the unfortunate botanist, whom he stigmatised as a "d ——d frog-eating Frenchman, through whom he had been taken in, and ought to have known better."

A Lady Rescued From the Savages.

A letter from Tuscon, Arizona Territory, gives the following information respecting the rescue of Mrs. Page, recently carried off by the Indians:

Mrs. Page is still alive, and is no longer with the Indians. She has passed through actual trials, hardships and difficulties during the last fortnight, exceeding in thrilling interest the most highly wrought pages of fiction. Last night a messenger arrived here from the Santa Rita Pinery, with a letter for Mr. John Page, stating that his wife had come in alive, after enduring almost incredible trial Mr. Page immediately set out, accompanied by a physician, and everything possible to be done for her relief will be done It seems from what we can learn, that Mrs Page, probably the day following her seizure by the Indians, finding that her friends were on the trail, refused to go on, and her savage masters lanced her in several places, and left her for dead. After some time she revived to find herself weak from loss of blood, with the wounds still open; foot sore from previous trials, without food, and miles from any habitation. What a position for a young woman of eighteen summers—a bride of two months—whose life hitherto had been all sunshine? Through all these trials Mrs Page struggled for two weeks and dragged her emaciated form by degrees toward the home from which she had so lately been torn by ruthless savages. No one suspected her presence in the mountain, and those who were looking for intelligence from her thought she was miles away amid the haunts of the red man. How she was enabled to suffer so much and reach home at length, is incomprehensible. But sad as have been her trials, how pleasing the consolation at last that she is once more surrounded by friends, and that she is no longer at the mercy of the savages.

Mormon Idea of Heaven.

Elder Middlemas, one of the saints of Mormondom, in a recent sermon at Salt Lake City, thus gave his idea of Heaven.

"I do not believe that Heaven is that fairy, airy, place of fancy that most people think it is It is a *bona fide* place of materiality, much resembling the earth only it is thousands of times larger and everything there exists in greater perfection than on earth. It is a home of God and the angels That passage in the Scripture which reads "A day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as a day," clearly establishes the fact that Heaven is a planet a notable globe, governed by the same natural laws and astronomical principles, that this earth is governed by: but it is so much larger than our little star, that it takes 36,000 times longer to make a revolution upon its orbits than the earth So we see that is a fact that one of God's days, or a day in Heaven, is as a thousand years.

"They eat, and drink, and sleep in Heaven [illegible] a complete and a miniature of Heaven. I believe they have a printing office in Heaven, and electric telegraph and reporters, why not? Are they not great than on earth? I believe there is a channel of communication extending from my mouth to the home of the angels, and probably an angel at the telegraph office is now awaiting for the news from here and as soon as he gets it he will take it right up to the printers; they will set it up in type and print it in newspaper, and then boys or men will jump on horses and ride around, giving the inhabitants of Heaven the latest news concerning the kingdom of God on earth. There are more than two reporters here, more than brother Long and brother Watt: I believe there is a reporter here from Heaven to find out who is speaking, and what he is speaking about and everything else of interest He sends the items as fast as he gets them right to Heaven and they are printed"

Wesley and His Companion.

He could be noble in his reproofs as in all things. Joseph Bradford was for many years pastor of Wesley's chapel in London. Wesley was subject to changes of temper. Wesley directed him to carry a package of letters to the post. Bradford wished to hear his sermon first Wesley was urgent and insisted. Bradford refused.

"Then," said Wesley, "you and I must part"

"Very good sir," replied Bradford.

They slept over it On rising the next morning, Wesley accosted his old friend and asked him if he had considered what he had said, that "they must part"

"Yes sir" replied Bradford.

"And must we part?"

"Please yourself," was the reply.

"Will you ask my pardon?" rejoined Wesley

"No sir"

"You won't?"

"No, sir."

"Then I will ask yours!" replied the great man

Bradford melted under the example and wept like a child.

An eccentric friend stepped into a store which shall be nameless, where some "colored brethren" were doing a little trading. "Ah! Mr —," said our friend, "you have your cousins in, I see" The young merchant said nothing, but looked mad. Our friend stepped out, but in a few minutes returned, after the sable customers had departed "I hope you won't take any offence at what I remarked just now," said he "Oh, no" said the merchant, "I never take offence at anything you say" "Glad of it," replied our quizzer, "the niggers are as mad as the d l" and then sloped, narrowly missing a flying yard stick.

NOT HALF THROUGH YET.—A good kind of a soul, accustomed to make "six mile prayers," had over-persuaded a guest, much against his inclination, to stay to breakfast. The old man prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began to think seriously of edgeing way quietly; but, in attempting it, waked up the old man's son, who was asleep in his chair "How soon will your father be through?" whispered the guest. "Don't know," said the boy, "has he got to Jerusalem yet?" "No," said the other. "Wal, then he ain't half through yet." The guest bolted.

"Why were you not at church yesterday?" inquired a parson in Brooklyn of a member of his congregation, who was absent from his place on Sunday. "Other business to attend to," was the blunt reply. "My dear friend," said the clergyman solemnly, "there will be no preaching in hell." "Well it wont be for the want of ministers, was the quick rejoinder.

"Miss Josephine," said a thick, cherry looking lipped negro, to one of Africa's daughters, "Miss Josephine, will you do dis niggar de anticipation of dancin' a Werginia reel wid 'im?" "I doesn't assent to dance wulgaracious dances ob dat sort Mr. Casus," said Miss Josephina, turning up still higher her well rounded lip, "I dances only de poker!"

"I Wish I Had a Capital."

So heard I great strapping young man exclaim the other day. I did want to tell him a piece of mind so bad. But I'll just write it to him You want a capital, do you?—And suppose you had what you call capital, what would you do with it? You want capital! Haven't you got hands and feet and body and muscle, and bone and brains; and don't you call them capital? What more capital did God give to any body? Oh! but they are not money say you But they are more than money If you will use them they will make money and nobody can take them from you Don't you know how to use them? If you don't it is time you were learning Take hold of the first plow or hoe or jack-plane or broad ax that you can find, and go to work Your capital will soon yield you a large interest. Aye, but there's the rub: you don't want to work, you want money or credit that you may play the gentleman and speculate, and end it in playing the vagabond; or you want a plantation and negroes, that you may [illegible] them, while you run over the country and dissipate and get in debt; or want to marry some rich girl who may be foolish enough to take you for your fine clothes and good looks that she may support you

Shame upon you young man! Go to work with the capital you have, and you'll soon make interest enough upon it and with it to give you as much money as you want, and make you feel like a man If you can't make money upon which capital you have you couldn't make it if you had a million of dollars in money. If you don't know how to use bone and muscle and brains you would not know how to use gold. If you let the capital you have be idle and waste and rust out, it would be the same thing with you if you had gold: you would only know how to waste.

Then don't stand about like a great helpless child, waiting for somebody to come in and feed you, but go to work. Take the first work you can find, no matter what it is so that you be sure to do it like Billy Gray did his drumming—well. Yes, whatever you undertake, do it well; always do your best; and if you can't or won't manage the capital God has given you, you will never have any other to manage. Do you hear young man?

A BRUTAL ACT A MAN PULLS A HORSE'S TONGUE FROM ITS MOUTH.—The Troy Times of the 22d inst publishes the account of a brutal act perpetrated in that city on Monday last, by a man named Thomas Downing It appears that Downing's team were in the cellarway, pulling on a heavy load of stones or dirt. They refused to draw, when Downing, in a momentary fit of passion stepped to the head of one of the animals and opening its mouth, caught hold of the tongue and pulled it out! At least three inches of the tongue was pulled off and the piece was left lying for some time afterwards on a stone it being witnessed by quite a number of persons The story of the cruelty was rapidly circulated, and a gentleman went to have the passionate man arrested under the statute punishing with severity such cruelty to dumb beasts Downing followed him to the detective's office, and begged so hard to be let off, that the gentleman did not care to press the matter further, though it is probable that the man will be arrested, since all agree that something should be done to punish him for his unnatural crime Downing states that he did not mean to pull the horse's tongue out, but only took hold of it in order to make the horse draw. He says he has seen other persons do so, and had no idea that the tongue would come off He thinks the bit cut it in the first place, so that with the strain of his pulling it separated from the mouth. The animal belongs to him, and will probably have to be despatched, as it will be impossible for the poor beast to eat hereafter

It is to be hoped that such a cruel act will meet with suitable punishment.

Carlyle says:—Nine tenths of the miseries and vices of manhood proceed from idleness: with men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments and schemes oft baffled: and men fail in their schemes not so much from want of strength as from ill direction of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers upon a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything—The drop, by continued falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock—the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.

Typographical errors come in odd sometimes. The other day we were reading a description of enthusiastic demonstrations at a political gathering, when the type went on to say—"The air was rent with the *snouts* of three thousand people!" A still more ridiculous "bull" was once made by the foreman of a daily office in Indianapolis. In making up the forms he accidentally placed a large display line belonging to a stage advertisement, over a patent medicine. In the paper he was surprised to read, "Through by Daylight! Braggs' Celebrated Pills."

Dr. Fuller and the Press.

The Rev. Dr Fuller, in a recent address at one of the religious anniversaries in New York, paid the following tribute to "the Press:"

"Who can measure the power of the Press? An ounce of lead moulded into a bullet, and put into a Minie rifle, with a few grains of powder beneath it, will go two miles, and do its errand to an efficient amount, if it encounter no obstacles But that ounce of lead multiplied into types and put into one of Hoe's presses, when impressed, will go thousands of miles and do its errand effectively not on one man merely but on millions, and that though oceans rivers and mountains may intervene A steam printing press! Did you ever go down in one of the spacious vaults beneath your sidewalks here and watch the monsters? Why, my friends I feel something like awe in looking at them I feel like taking off my hat to the huge machine. [Laughter.] It seems to me to be a living thing—one of God's [illegible] a man and the soul of many waters and the living eye in the wheel! He asks no permission, knows no arrears. How it [illegible] with a strength that makes [illegible] might of he giant and with a delicacy as if it would deign to pick a straw without injuring it. At last was a delicate and precision unattainable by human hand. It received a tablet so delicate that a mere touch would rend it, and in an hour in the twinkling of an eye that which it cost hours to compose. It flings off sheet after sheet to enlighten instruct regenerate and bless the earth None of us have yet begun to begin to appreciate the influence of the press as an agent to make the Bible in volumes, pamphlets or above all through the daily newspaper the moral mission which has revolutionized not only the literary, but the commercial and political world

If you have read the Constitution, you will remember that there are only two estates in Congress, the Senate and the House of Representatives, but a third estate has sprung up, or rather from the [illegible] after Congress adjourns, or anywhere and at all times. It is composed of the Representatives of the press

Genuine Religion.

How beautiful is that religion which teaches me to love God above all things and my neighbor as myself! Religion is benevolence and benevolence includes every virtue The benevolent can not be uncharitable, can not be unfaithful, can not be censorious, can not be impure in act or thought, can not be selfish they love God and their neighbors and they do as they would be done by. He who is religious? who is benevolent? who is at all times free from censoriousness, from uncharitableness? None No, not one The precepts taught us as those on which hang all the law and the prophets," *the love of God and the love of thy neighbor*, may be inscribed upon the heart and have the whole controlled as out of the understanding while the mind is in this state, the individual is religious But the cares of the world and their jarring collisions must at times occupy the thoughts, and divert the mind from this whole some state The passions which have been cherished by bad education the indulgences that have become habitual before the beauty of wisdom was perceived by the thousand and ten thousand occurrences which tempt the mind to uncharitableness, and the poor to envy and malice, all by turns drive the truth from the mind This has led men to the desert and to the monastery: to become hermits and monks. Truth becomes effective by frequent contemplation; and the habitual recurrence of its precepts induces practice.

A FAMOUS PISTOL.—It is stated that the pistol which the friends of Mr Fowler, late postmaster at New York, found under his pillow the night previous to his flight, was the same weapon which was presented to him by Hon Robert J. Walker, and with which Fowler accidentally wounded Samuel F Butterworth Fowler, at the time made a present of the pistol to the injured party, which was one of the weapons used by Daniel E Sickles in shooting Barton Key, in Butterworth's presence.

THE HEENAN TESTIMONIAL.—At an adjourned meeting of the gentlemen having this matter in charge, held at the Malta, on Friday night last, $1,500 in cash was handed in. The subscription thrives finely all over the country, and the prospect now is that $25,000 will be raised. Heenan will doubtless be home this week.—*New York Tribune.*

"So you are going to keep house, are you?" said an elderly maiden to a newly married feminine." "Yes," was the reply. "Going to have a girl, I suppose was queried. The newly made wife colored and then quietly responded that She really didn't know whether it would be a girl or a boy.

The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter. And those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity.