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## A Sabbath Hymn.

**HOW HATH HE LOVED US.**  
BY MR. HUGHES.  
"Unto him who hath loved us, and gave himself for us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."—Rev.

How hath he loved us? Ask the star,  
That on its wondrous mission sped,  
Hung trembling o'er that manger scene,  
Where He, the Eternal, bowed His head.  
He, who of earth doth seal the doom,  
Found in her lowliest inn no room.

How hath he loved us? Ask the dove,  
That flit His way with peaceful wing,  
As the weak friend's doleful tone,  
Scarcely His bitterest tears effaced.  
Ask the traitor's kiss and see  
What Jesus has endured for thee.

How hath he loved us? Ask the cross,  
Which in that unshaken hour of pain,  
His agonizing temples shed:  
The scourge, the thorn, who anguish bore,  
Like the unwearying lamb, He bore.

How hath he loved us? Ask the cross,  
The Roman soldier, the abandoned sky,  
Ask of the shrouded dead, who bear  
Their ceremonies at His fearful cry.  
Oh, ask no more; but bow thy prayer,  
And yield thy heart to Him who died.

## A Chilling Sketch.

### THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

We will be bold to say, that there is scarcely a man in the crowded throng of London, who cannot recollect among the people whom he "knows by sight," to use a familiar phrase, some being of abject and wretched appearance whom he remembers to have seen in a very different condition, whom he has observed looking lower and lower by almost imperceptible degrees, and the shabbiness and utter destitution of whose appearance, at last, strikes forcibly and painfully upon him as he passes by.—Is there any man who has mingled much with society, or whose avocations have caused him to mingle, at one time or other, with a great number of people, who cannot catch to mind the time when some shabby, miserable wretch in rags and filth, who shuffles past him now in all the splendor of disease and poverty, was a respectable tradesman, a clerk, or a man following some thriving pursuit, with good prospects and decent means;—or cannot any of our readers call to mind from among the list of their *quaint* acquaintance, some fallen and degraded man, who lives about the pavement in hunger and misery,—from whom every eye turns cloudy away, and who preserves himself from sheer starvation, nobody knows how? Alas! such cases are so frequent occurrences, that they are to be seen in any man's experience; and but too often arise from one cause—drunkenness—that fierce rage for the slow, sure poison, that oversteps every other consideration; that casts aside, wife, children, friends, happiness and station; and hurries its victims madly on to degradation and death.

Some of these men have been impelled by misfortune and misery, to the vice that has degraded them. The ruin of worldly expectations, the death of those they loved, the sorrow that slowly consumes, but will not break the heart, has driven them wild; and they present the hideous spectacle of madmen, slowly dying by their own hands. But, by far the greater part have willfully, and with open eyes, plunged into the gulf from which the man who once enters it never rises more, but into which he sinks deeper and deeper down, until recovery is hopeless.

Such a man as this once stood by the bed side of his dying wife, while his children knelt around, and mingled low bursts of grief with their innocent prayers. The room was scantily and meanly furnished; and it needed but a glance at the pale form from which the light of life was fast passing away, to know that grief, sad want, and anxious care, had been busy at the heart for many a weary year. An elderly female, with her face bathed in tears, was supporting the head of the dying woman—her daughter—on her arm. But it was not towards her that the wan face turned; it was not her hand that the cold and trembling fingers clasped; they pressed the husband's arm; the eyes so soon to be closed in death, rested on his face; and the man shook himself from his gaze. His dress was slowly and disordered, his face inflamed, his eyes bloodshot and heavy. He had been summoned from some wild debauch to the bed of sorrow and of death.

A shaded lamp by the bed side cast a dim light on the figures around, and left the remainder of the room in thick, deep shadow. The silence of death prevailed without the house, and the stillness of death was in the chamber. A watch hung over the mantelshelf; its low ticking was the only sound that broke the profound quiet, but it was a solemn one; for well they know, who heard it, that before it had recorded the passing of another hour, it would beat the knell of a departed spirit.

It is a dreadful thing to wait and watch for the approach of death; to know that hope is gone and recovery impossible; and to sit and count the dreary hours through long, long nights—such nights as only watchers by the bed of sickness know. It chills the blood to hear the dearest secrets of the heart—the pent up, hidden secrets of many years, poured forth by the unconscious helpless being before you; and to think how little the reserve and cunning of a whole life will avail, when fever and delirium tear off the mask at last. Strange tales have been told in the wanderings of dying men; tales so full of guilt, and crime, that those who stood by the sick person's couch have fled in horror and affright, lest they should be seized to madness by what they heard and saw; and many a wretch has died alone, raving of deeds, the very name of which has driven the boldest man away.

But no such ravings were to be heard at the bed side of which the children knelt. The half stifled sobs and moanings alone broke the silence of the lonely chamber. And when at last the mother's gasp relaxed, and turning one look from the child to their father, she vainly strove to speak, and fell backward on the pillow, all was so calm and tranquil that she seemed to sleep.—They leaned over her; they called upon her name, softly at first, and then in the loud and piercing tones of desperation. But there was no reply. They listened for her breath, but no sound came. They felt for the palpitation of the heart, but no faint throbbing responded to the touch. "That heart was broken, and she was dead!"

The husband sunk into a chair by the bed side, and clasped his hands upon his brain forehead. He gazed from child to child, but when a weeping eye met his, he quailed beneath its look. No word of comfort was whispered in his ear, no look of kindness lighted on his face. All shrank from him, and avoided him; and when at last he staggered from the room, no one sought to follow, or console the widower.

The time had been when many a friend would have crowded round him in his affliction, and many a heart-felt condolence would have met him in his grief. Where were they now? One by one, friends, relations, the commonest acquaintance even, had fallen off from and deserted the drunkard. His wife alone had clung to him in great evil, in sickness and poverty; and how had she rewarded her? He had reeled from the tavern to her bed side, in time to see her die.

He rushed from the house and walked swiftly through the streets. Remote, for, shame, all crowded on his mind. Stuffed with drink, and bewildered with the scene he had just witnessed, he re-entered the tavern he had quitted shortly before. Glass succeeded glass.—[His blood mounted and his brain whirled round. Death! Every one must die, and why not she? She was too good for him; her relations had often told him so.—] Curses on them! Had they not deserted her, and left her to whine away the time at home? Well, she was dead, and happy perhaps. It was better, at it was.—

Another glass—another more! Hurr! It was a merry life while it lasted! and he would make the most of it.

Time went on; the three children who were left to him grew up, and were children no longer; the father remained the same—poor, stammering, and more disolate looking, but the same confirmed and irremediable drunkard. The boys had, long ago, run wild in the streets; and to him; the girl alone remained, but she worked hard, and words or blows could always procure him something for the tavern. So he went on in the old course, and a merry life he led.

One night, as early as ten o'clock—for the girl had been sick for many days, and there was, consequently little to spend at the public house—he bent his steps homeward, bethinking himself that if he would have her able to earn money, it would be as well to apply to the parish surgeon, or, at all events, to take the trouble of inquiring what ailed her, which he had not yet thought it worth while to do. It was a wet December night; the wind blew piercing cold, and the rain poured heavily down. He begged a half pence from a passer by, and having bought a small loaf, (for it was his interest to keep the girl alive, if he could) he shuffled onwards as fast as the wind and rain would let him.

At the back of Fleet street, and lying between it and the water-side, are several mean and narrow courts, which form a portion of Whitefriars; it was to one of these he directed his steps.

The alley into which he turned might for silt and misery, have competed with the darkest corner of this ancient sanctuary in its dirtiest and most lawless time. The houses, varying from two stories in height to four, were stained with every indescribable hue that long exposure to the weather, damp, and rotteness can impart to tenements composed originally of the roughest and coarsest materials. The windows were patched with paper, and stuffed with the foulest rags; the doors were falling from their hinges; poles with lines on which to dry clothes, projected from every casement, and sounds of quarrelling and drunkenness issued from every room.

The solitary oil lamp in the center of the court had been blown out, either by the violence of the wind or the act of some inhabitant who had excellent reasons for objecting to his residence being rendered too conspicuous; and the only light which fell upon the broken and uneven pavement, was derived from one miserable candle that here and there twinkled in the rooms of such of the more fortunate residents as could afford to indulge in so expensive a luxury. A gutter ran down the center of the Alley—all the sluggish odors of which had been called forth by the rain; and as the wind whistled through the old houses, the doors and shutters creaked upon their hinges, and the windows shook in their frames, with a violence which every moment seemed to threaten the destruction of the whole place.

The man whom we have followed into this den, walked on in darkness, sometimes stumbling into the main gutter, and at others into some narrow branch gutter, which had been formed by the rain, until he reached the last house in the court. The door, or rather what was left of it, stood ajar, for the convenience of the numerous lodgers; and he proceeded to grasp his way up the old and broken stair to the attic story.

He was within a step or two of his room door, when it opened, and a girl whose miserable and emaciated appearance was only to be equalled by that of the candle which she shaded with her hand, peeped anxiously out.

"Is that you, father?" said the girl.

"Who else should it be?" replied he gruffly. "What are you troubling at? It's little enough that I've had to drink to-day, for there's no drink without the money, and no money without work. What's the devil's the matter with the girl?"

"I am not well—not at all well," said the girl, bursting into tears.

"Ah!" replied the man, in a tone of a person who is compelled to admit a very unpleasant fact, to which he would rather remain blind, if he could. "You must get better somehow, for we must have money. You go to the parish doctor, and make him give you some medicine. They're paid for it, damn 'em. What are you standing before the door for? Let me come in, can't you?"

"Father," whispered the girl, shutting the door behind her, and placing herself before it. "William has come back."

"Who?" said the man, with a start.

"William," replied the girl, "William! brother William."

"And what he does he want?" said the man, with an effort at composure—"money! most! drink! He's come to the wrong shop for that, if he does. Give me the candle, fool; I ain't going to hurt him. He snatched the candle from her hand, and walked into the room.

Sitting on an old box, with his head resting on his hand and his eyes fixed on a wretched cedar fire that was smouldering on the hearth, was a young man of about two-and-twenty, miserably clad in an old coarse jacket and trousers. He started up when his father entered.

"Fasten the door, Mary," said the young man hastily—"fasten the door. You look as if you didn't know me father. It's long enough since you drove me from home; you may well forget me."

"And what do you want here now?" said the father, seating himself on a stool, on the other side of the fireplace.

"What do you want here now?"

"Shelter," replied the son, "I'm in trouble, that's all, though. If I'm caught, I shall swing; that's certain. Caught I be, unless I stop here; that's as certain. And there's an end to it."

"You mean to say, you've been robbing, or murdering, then?" said the father.

"Yes, I do," replied the son. "Does it surprise you, father?" He looked steadily in the man's face, but he withdrew his eyes, and bent them on the ground.

"Where's your brother?" he said after a long pause.

"Where they'll never trouble you," replied his son; "John's gone to America, and Henry's dead."

"Dead!" said the father, with a shudder, which even he could not repress.

"Dead," replied the young man. "He died in my arms—shot like a dog, by a game-keeper. He staggered back, I caught him, and his blood trickled down my hands. It poured out from his side like water. He was weak, and it blinded him, but he threw himself down on his knees, on the grass, and prayed to God, that if his mother was in Heaven, he would hear her prayers for pardon for her youngest son. 'I was her favorite boy,' Will," he said, "and I am glad to think, now, that when, who was dying, though I was a very young child then, and my little heart was almost bursting, I knelt down at the foot of the bed, and thanked God for having made me so

fond of her as to have never done any thing to bring the tears into her eyes. Oh, Will, why was she taken away and father left!" There's his dying word, father," said the young man; "make the best you can of 'em. You struck him across the face, in a drunken fit, the morning we ran away; and here's the end of it."

"If I kneed," said the young man, "I shall be carried back into the country, and hung for that man's murder. They cannot trace me here without your assistance, father. For aught I know, you may give me up to justice; but unless you do, here I stop, until I can venture to escape abroad." For two whole days, all three remained in the wretched room, without stirring out. On the third evening, however, the girl was worse than she had been yet, and the few scraps of food they had were gone. It was indispensably necessary that some body should go out and as the girl was too weak and ill, the father went, just at nightfall.

He got some medicine for the girl, and a trifle in the way of pecuniary assistance. On his way back, he earned six-pence by holding a horse; and he turned homeward with enough money to supply their most pressing wants for two or three days to come. He had to pass the public house. He lingered for an instant, walked past it, turned back again, lingered once more, and finally sank in. Two men whom he had not observed were on the watch. They were on the point of giving up their search in despair, when his lurking attracted their attention; and when he entered the public house, they followed him.

"You'll drink with me, master," said one of them, proffering him a glass of liquor.

"And me, too," said the other, replenishing the glass as soon as it was drained of its contents.

The man thought of his hungry children, and his son's danger. But they were nothing to the drunkard. He did drink; and his reason left him.

"A wet night, Warden," whispered one of the men in his ear, as he at length turned to go away, perhaps in liquor one-half of the money on which, perhaps, his daughter's life depended.

"The right sort of a night for our friends in hiding, Master Warden," whispered the other.

"Sit down here," said the one who had spoken first, drawing him into a corner. "We have been looking after the young man. We came to talk him into all right now, but we couldn't find him 'cause we hadn't got the precise direction. But that ain't strange, for I don't think he know'd it himself, when he come to London, did he?"

"No, he didn't," replied the father.

The two men exchanged glances.

"There's a vessel down at the docks, to sail at midnight, when it's high water," resumed the first speaker, "and we'll put him on board. His passage is taken in another name, and what's better than that, it's paid for. It's lucky we met you."

"Very," said the second.

"Capital luck," said the first, with a wink to his companion.

"Great," replied the second, with a slight nod of intelligence.

"Another glass here, quick!" said the first speaker. "And in five minutes more, the father had mechanically yielded up his own soul into the hangman's hands."

Slowly and heavily the time dragged along, as the brother and sister, in their miserable hiding place, listened in anxious suspense to the slightest sound. At length, a heavy footstep was heard upon the stairs; it approached nearer; it reached the landing; and the father staggered into the room.

The girl saw that he was intoxicated, and advanced with the candle in her hand to meet him; she stepped short, gave a loud scream, and fell senseless on the ground. She had caught sight of the shadow of a man, reflected on the floor. They both rushed in, and in another instant the young man was a prisoner, and handcuffed.

"Very quietly," said one of the men to his companion, "thank you to the old man—Lift up the girl, Tom—come, come, it's no use crying, young woman. It's all over now, and can't be helped."

The young man stooped for an instant over the girl, and then turned fiercely round upon his father, who had reeled against the wall, and was gazing on the group with drunken stupidity.

"Listen to me, father," he said, in a tone that made the drunkard's flesh creep. "My brother's blood, and mine, is on your head; I never had a kind word, or word of care, from you, and now you've killed me. I speak as a dead man now, and I warn you, father, that as surely as you must one day stand before my Maker, so surely shall your children to there, hand in hand, to cry for judgment against you." He raised his mangled hands in a threatening attitude, fixed his eyes on his shrieking parent, and slowly left the room; and neither father nor sister ever beheld him more on this side of the grave.

When the dim and misty light of a winter's morning penetrated into the narrow court, and struggled through the begimed window of the wretched room, Warden awoke from his heavy sleep, and found himself alone. He rose and looked round him; the old stock mattress on the floor was undisturbed; every thing was just as he remembered to have seen it last, and there were no signs of any one, save himself, having occupied the room during the night. He inquired of the other lodgers and of the neighbors; but his daughter had not been seen or heard of. He rambled through the streets, and scrutinized each wretched face among the crowds that thronged them, with anxious eyes. But his search was fruitless, and he returned to the garret when night came on, desolate and weary.

For many days he occupied himself in the same manner, but no traces of his daughter did he meet with, and no word of her reached his ears. At length he gave up the pursuit as hopeless. He had long thought of the probability of her leaving him, and endeavoring to gain her bread in quiet elsewhere. She had left him at last to starve alone. He ground his teeth, and cursed her!

He begged his bread from door to door.—Every half-penny he could wring from the pity or credulity of those to whom he addressed himself, was spent in the old way. A year passed over his head; the roof of a jail was the only one that had sheltered him for many months. He slept under archways, and brick fields—any where, where there was some warmth or shelter from the cold or rain. But in the last stage of poverty, disease, and houseless want, he was a drunkard still.

At last one bitter night, he sunk down on a door-step, faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him into the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid; his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim.—His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long-forgotten scenes of a mispent life crowded thick and fast upon him.—He thought of the time when he had a home—a happy, cheerful home—and of those who peopled it, and looked about him then, until the forms of the elder children seemed to rise from the grave, and stand about him; so plain, so clear, and so distinct they were that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten were fixed upon him once more; voices long since hushed in death sounded in his ears like the music of the village bells. But it was only for an instant.—The rain beat heavily upon him; and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart again.

He rose, and dragged his feeble limbs a few paces farther. The street was silent and empty; the few pas-

sengers who passed by, at that late hour, hurried quickly on, and his tramulous voice was lost in the violence of the storm. Again, that heavy chill struck through his frame; and his blood seemed to stagnate beneath it. He coiled himself up in a projecting doorway, and tried to sleep.

But sleep had fled from his dull and glazed eyes. His mind wandered strangely, but he was awake, and conscious. The well-known sound of drunken mirth sounded in his ear, the glass was at his lips, the beard was covered with choice rich food; they were before him; he could see them all, he had but to reach out his hand, and take them; and, though the illusion was really itself, he knew that he was sitting alone in the deserted street, watching the rain-drops on the pattered on the stones, that death was coming upon him by inches; and there was none to care for or help him.

Suddenly, he started up in the extremity of terror. He had heard his own voice shouting in the night air, he knew not what, or why.—Hark! a groan!—another! His senses were leaving him; half-formed and incoherent words burst from his lips, and his hands sought to tear and lacerate his flesh. He was going mad, and he shrieked for help till his voice failed him.

He raised his head, and looked up the long, dismal street. He recollected that outside his cell, condemned to wander day and night in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with his own loneliness. He remembered to have heard many years before, that a homeless wretch had once been found in a solitary corner, sharpening a rusty knife to plunge into his own heart, and preferring that to endless, weary wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken; his limbs received new life; he ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath until he reached the river-side.

He crept slowly down the steep stone stairs that lead from the commencement of Waterloo Bridge, down to the water-level. He crouched under a corner, and held his breath, as the patrol passed. Never did a prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life half so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to him, but he remained unobserved; after waiting till the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended, and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing-place of the river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, and the wind was lulled, and all was for a moment, still and quiet—so quiet that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there, was distinctly audible to the ear. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface, and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onwards. He returned a few paces, took a short run, a desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

Not five minutes had passed when he rose to the water's surface—but what a change had taken place in that short time, in all his thoughts and feelings! Life—in any form, poverty, misery, starvation—anything but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own sin ran in his ears. The shore—but one foot of dry ground he could almost touch the spot. One hand's breadth nearer, and he was saved—but the tide bore him onward, under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom.

Again he rose, and struggled for life. For one instant—for one brief instant—the buildings on the river banks, the lights on the bridge, through which the current had borne him, the black water, and the fast flying clouds, were distinctly visible—once more he sank and once again he rose. Bright flames of fire shot up from earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, while the water thundered in his ears, and stung him with its furious roar.

A week afterwards the body was washed ashore, some miles below the bridge, a swollen and disfigured mass. Unrecognized and unquipped, it was huried to the grave, and there it has long since mouldered!

## Select Poetry and Miscellany.

### THE POPULAR CREDO.

Dimes and dollars: dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes:  
If a man is down, give him a thrust—  
Trample the beggar into the dust!  
Presumptuous poverty's quite appalling—  
Knock him over: kick him for falling!  
If a man is up, oh! lift him higher:  
Your sons for sale and he is a buyer—  
Dimes and dollars: dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a poor, but worthy youth,  
Whose hopes are built on a Maldivian truth:  
But the maiden will break her vows with ease,  
For a woe-come cometh whose chains are these—  
A hollow heart an empty head,  
A face well tinged with the brandy red,  
And well worn in village school-  
And Cash—sweet Cash!—the knowest rule:  
Dimes and dollars: dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a bold and honest man,  
Who strives to live on the Christian plan,  
But poor he is, and poor will be,  
A scorned and hated wretch he be;  
At home he weds a starving wife,  
And heeds not the leaver's life—  
They struggle against a fearful odds  
Who will not bow to the people's gods:  
Dimes and dollars: dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

So get ye wealth, no matter how!  
"No question asked" of the rich I row—  
Reet by night, and reet by day,  
(Hoing it all in a legal way)  
Join the Church and never forsake her,  
Learn to eat and insult your Maker;  
Be hypocrite, liar, knave and fool,  
But don't be poor—remember the rule:  
Dimes and dollars: dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

### ONE OF THE WEDDINGS.

A few days ago, there arrived, at a hotel in Boston, a couple from Rhode Island, who came to get joined, quietly, in the bands of matrimony. As soon as they were fairly domiciled, the would-be-bridegroom, who was a rough, but apparently honest specimen of the country Yankee, sent for the proprietor of the hotel, who quickly answered his summons.

"Say, landlord," proposed the stranger, pointing to his modest dulcinea, in the corner of the parlor, "this is my young woman, Naow, we've come all the way from Rhode Island, and we want to be spliced. Send for a minister, will yer? Want it done up rite straight!"

The landlord smiled and went out, and half an hour afterward a licensed minister made his appearance, and the obliging host, with one or two waggish friends were called in, as witnesses to the "scene."

"Naow, Mr. Stiggins," said the Yankee, "deu it up brown, and your 'innings' ready;" and forthwith the reverend gentleman commenced by directing the parties to join their hands. The Yankee stuck up to his blushing lady-love, like a sick kitten hugging a hot brick, seized her hand, and was as much plussed as a rascal might be supposed to be with two tails.

"You promise, Mr. A.," said the parson, "to take this woman—"

"Yas," said the Yankee, at once.

"To be your lawful and wedded wife?"

"Yas—yas."

"That you will cling to her, and to her only, so long as both of you shall live."

"Yas, indeed—nathin' else!" continued the Yankee, in the most delighted and earnest manner; but here the reverend gentleman halted, much to the surprise of all present, and more especially to the annoyance and discomfort of the intended bridegroom.

"Yas—yas, I said," added the Yankee.

"One moment, my friend," responded the minister, slowly, for it suddenly occurred to him that the laws of Massachusetts did not permit of this performance, without the observance of a "publication," etc., for a certain length of time.

"V'it'n thunder's the matter, mister? Don't stop—go on—put 'er through. Nothin's split, eh? Aint sick, mister, are yer?"

"Just at this moment, my friend, I have thought that you can't be married in Massachusetts—"

"Can't? wot'n hender's the reason? I like her, she likes me; wot's to bother?"

"You haven't been published, sir, I think."

"I aint goin' to do nothin', neither; 'ats wot we cum 'ere fur. On the sly! Go on—go on, old fellow."

"Really, Wal, go ahead!" "Ain't fair, you see, 'taint I; I saw you; you married me, and hain't touched her!"

"On—don't stop 'ere! 'at aint jos' the thing, now, by grassh 'taint!"

"I will consent!"

"No you want—no you don't—consent 'nother, no! nobody, all this 'ere business is concluded, now mind I tell you," said Jonathan, resolutely;—and in an instant had turned the key in and out of the lock, amid the uttering of the "witnesses," who were nearly choked with incrimination.

"Naow say, mister, as we were—" continued the Yankee, seizing his intended by the hand again—"go on, rite straight from wate you I-tell you; you can't cum nun to this half-v'it'n business with this child; so put 'er through, or no dodgin'." It will be like it—go it!"

The parson reflected a moment, and concluding to risk, continued—

"You promise, madam, to take this man to be your lawful husband?"

"Yas," said the Yankee, as the lady bowed.

"That you will love, honor and obey—"

"Them's um!" said Jonathan, as the lady bowed again.

"And that you will cling to him so long as you both shall live?"

"That's the talk!" said John; and the lady said "yes," again.

"Thou, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife—"

"Hoarh!" shouted Jonathan, leaping nearly to the ceiling, with joy.

"And what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

"Hoarh!" continued John. "Wot's the price? how much? split (out)—don't be afraid—don't be afraid like a dog, old fellow!—eres a V; never mind the change—see for a lack, landlord, give us your bill—I've got her!"

"Hall Columby, happy land!" roared the poor fellow, enjoying unable to control his joy; and ten minutes afterward, he was on his way again to Providence depot with his wife, the happiest man out of jail.

We heard the details of the above scene from an eyewitness of the ceremony, and we could not avoid putting it down as one of the weddings.—*American Union.*

### A MARRIED LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

'Tis wondrous strange how great the change since I was in my teens; then I had a nose and bill-et-doux, and joined the gayest scene. But lovers now have ceased to vow; no way they now continue—no poison, hang or drown themselves—because I'm thirty-five. Once, if the night was o'er so bright, I'd go abroad; could pass without—"The blue—the hour, Miss, of seeing you safe home." But now I go through rain and snow—fagged and scared all through all the dark, without a spark because I'm thirty-five.

### IMPORTANCE OF WELL-DIRECTED LABOR.

A single stroke of an axe is of little consequence; yet by the continual application of that small power, properly directed, what amazing effects are produced! The sturdy oak and lofty pine do not simply own its power, but whole forests lie before it, and the wilderness becomes a garden. Industry, well directed, will give a man a competency in a few years. The greatest industry misapplied is useless.

As an example there is my neighbor, Seth Steady, the blacksmith, is not only an industrious man, but his industry is applied to one object. His hammer is heard at dawn of day, and the fire blazes in his shop, during the evenings, from the 23rd of September to the 20th of March. Go to his shop at any time of the day for any kind of work, you are sure to be waited upon. The consequence is, his purse is filled with dollars, and his cellar well filled with provision; and that's what I call quiet comfort. Although suitably liberal, and enjoying the good things of this life as he goes on, ten years of health will enable him to buy a pretty good farm. As a contrast, there is my friend Nat National, the most business and most industrious mortal in existence; as the old saying is, "the law has too many fires in the fire," and with all his industry, he goes behindhand.

He has a fine farm, but instead of pursuing the cultivation of it, he lies off, and seizes on every new project that occurs.

A few years ago, he concluded to give up the dairy business, in consequence of the low price of butter and cheese; sold his cows at a low figure, and purchased sheep at a high rate, for wool then demanded a high price. By the time he got fairly into the raising of wool, down went the price of wool, and up went the price of butter and cheese. He then sold his sheep, and purchased cows again, for cheese was up and wool was down. And finally he changed his business so often, because he wasn't contented to thrive, little by little as Seth Steady did, that he got completely used up, and is now shy for California, or some other wool-gathering project.

So you see that well-directed labor is sure to meet its reward; while he who keeps a dozen fires in the fire, and none of them hot, will as surely meet the fate of poor Nat National.

### A LITTLE ANECDOTE FOR LADIES.

We remember somewhere to have read a story of a youth, who hesitating in his choice between two young ladies, by both of whom he was loved, was brought to a decision by means of a rose. It happened one day, as all the three were wandering in a garden, that one of the girls in her haste to pluck a new blown rose, wounded her finger with a thorn; it bled freely; and applying the petals of the white rose to the wound, she said, smiling, "I am a second Venus; I have dyed this white rose red." At that moment, they heard a scream, and fearing the other young lady, who looked behind, had met with an accident, hastened back to assist her. The fair one's scream had been called forth by no worse an accident than had befallen her companion. She had angrily thrown away the offending flower, and made so pertentious and trifling a lamentation over her wounded finger, that the youth, after a little reflection, resolved on a speedy union with the least handsome, but more amiable of the two young females. Happy would it be for many a kind-hearted woman, did she know by what seeming trifles the affection of those whom she likes may be confirmed or alienated forever.—*Alamy Knickerbocker.*

### FOR YOUNG BACHELORS.

Our admirable sculpture, Hiram Powers, writing to a friend of what people call the folly of marrying without the means of supporting a family, expresses frankly his own fears when he found himself in his very position; but, he adds, with characteristic candor and good sense:

"To tell the truth, however, family and poverty have done more to support me than I have to support them.—They have compelled me to make exertions that I hardly thought myself capable of; and often, when on the eve of despairing, they have forced me, like a coward in a corner, to fight like a hero, not for myself, but for my wife and little ones."

The fact is that the expense of matrimony need not be more than the expense of living as many of our young men do, and if all the living which they want as a thousand ways were economically managed by nice wife, they would find that it would cost less for two than for one—that a man could actually save money and have the nice wife besides.

In short, marriage to a young man, is everything. To elderly men it may be politic or expedient—to men in middle life it may be a comfort and a solace. But to young men it is salvation itself; temporarily. It is the great spring of manly and honorable effort. It is the safeguard against a thousand temptations and follies, and, in the highest sense of Solomon's declaration, that young man who finds a good wife, finds a good thing.

### THE CALIFORNIA CAPITAL.

One of Bayard Taylor's late letters to the Tribune, gives the following description of the Pueblo of San Jose, which was, according to the late accounts, selected by the State Constitutional Convention as the Capital of California:

Pueblo San Jose situated about five miles from the southern extremity of the Bay of San Francisco, and in the mouth of the beautiful valley of San Jose, is one of the most flourishing inland towns in California. The valley, 15 miles in breadth, is well watered, and may be made to produce the finest wheat crop in the world. It is of a perfectly level, and dotted all over its surface with clumps of magnificent oak, eucalyptus and sycamores.—A few miles westward there is a large forest of redwood, or California cypress, and the quicksilver mines of Santa Clara are in the same vicinity. Sheltered from the cold winds of the sea, the climate is like that of Italy. The air is a flou balia.

The town is a collection of adobe houses, with tents and a few clapboard dwellings, of this season's growth, scattered over a square half mile.

### A HUMBY BODY AND THE HOUR OF DAY.

Seal yourself at a table. Attach a piece of metal (say a shilling) to a thread. Having placed your elbow on the table, hold the thread between the points of the thumb and forefinger; and allow the shilling to hang in the center of a glass tumbler; the pulso will immediately cause the shilling to vibrate like a pendulum, and the vibrations will increase until the shilling strikes the side of the glass; and suppose the time of the experiment be the hour of seven, or half past seven, the pendulum will strike the glass seven times, and then loses its momentum and returns to the centre; if you hold the thread a sufficient length of time the effect will be repeated; but not until a sufficient space of time has elapsed to convince you that the experiment is most complete. I need not add that the vibrating motion will be counteracted. At whatever hour of the day or night, the experiment is made, the coincidence will be the same.

"We'll have a bill of exceptions," said Sam Rice to a client, in Randolph, who had been convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to the penitentiary for fifteen years. "Not by my consent," replied the happy fellow; "I'll stand on this hand; they might hang me next time!"—*Chambers (Atl.) Tribune.*

"The Dutch have a singular contrivance to cure laziness. If a pauper, who is able, refuses to work, they put him into a cistern, and let in a sluice of water. It comes in just so fast that, by briskly plunging a pump, which the cistern is furnished, he keeps himself from drowning.