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NUMBER 25.

Away, Away with the Bridal Veil.

BY MARY J. BEVIER.
Away, away with the bridal veil,
And the orange garland fair,
For the smooth young brow is cold and pale,
That we destined these to wear.
And the slender form is still and low,
Which we thought should be this night
Arrayed in those robes of spotless snow,
And decked with these jewels bright.
We'll wrap her form in the winding sheet,
And a rose-lip white shall rest
Of her own pure life an emblem sweet
On her cold and pulseless breast.
Her sunny locks we will leave as free
As they were in by-gone days,
When she tossed them back, in girlish gleam,
From her fair and smiling face.
O, then away with the bridal veil,
And the orange garland fair,
For the smooth young brow is cold and pale,
That we destined these to wear.

And the crimson lip and the eye of blue,
And gone is the trembling wild-rose hue,
That played on her trembling cheek.
The angel-bands in the world above
Have welcomed a sister home,
And bright is she in that land of love,
Where the ill of earth ne'er come.

Away, away with the flashing gems,
And the brilliant robes of white,
For her brow is grey with a dardun,
And her robes are like the light.
But there is one who will see her rest,
In her silent beauty there,
With speechless love in his achings breast,
And a look of mute despair.

He will come with a joyful heart, to claim
His lovely and youthful bride;
He will go again, but not as he came,
With a soul of joy and pride.
He will go with a wondrous weary heart,
To mourn for the treasure fled,
To bear in his breast grief's pointed dart,
And wish that he, too, were dead.

Oh joy, for the young bride, pure and bright,
With the angelic lilies blest,
But was for him on whose soul the light
Of a mourner's grief doth rest.

Lucyville Journal.

THE HUSBAND'S PRESENT.

Or "The Beginning of a New Year."

It was a bitter cold night on the 24th of December. The snowy dew upon the frozen earth, and the bright moon, riding half way up the bright heavens lent a crystalline lustre to the scene, in the high road, a short distance from a quiet, reposing village, stood the form of a human being. His garments were scant and tattered, by far insufficient to keep out the biting frosts; his frame shook and trembled like the icicle-boughs of a weeping willow that grew near him, and his face, as the moon beams now danced upon it, exhibited all the fearful footprints of the demon Intemperance. Poor, wretched, debased he looked—and such in truth he was.

Before him, at the end of a neatly fenced and trellised enclosure, stood a small cottage. It was elegant in its simple neatness, and just such an one as the humble lover of true comfort and joy would seek for a home. The tears rolled down the bloated cheeks of the poor inebriate, as he gazed upon the cottage; and at length as he clasped his hands in agony, he murmured:

"O, Thou fond home of my happiest days, thou lookest like a heaven of the past. Beneath thy roof I was married to the idol of my soul, and within thy walls God gave me two blessed children. Then peace and plenty were mine—and loved and joy. My wife—God bless her gentle soul, was happy then; and my children—may heaven protect them—laughed and played in gleesome pleasure. Gladness smiled upon us then, and every hour was a season of bliss. But I lost these as the fool loseth his own salvation! Six years have passed since the demon that I took to my heart, drove us from our sheltering roof.—And those six years! O, what misery, what agony, what sorrow, and what degradation, have they brought to me and my poor family! Home, health, wealth, peace, joy and friends are gone—all gone! O, thou fatal cup—no I will not blame thee—it was I who did it! Year after year, I tampered with thy deadly sting, when I knew that destruction lurked in thy smiles. But, but," and the poor man raised his eyes to heaven as he spoke, "there is room on earth for another man, and I will be that man!"

Within the only apartment of a miserable and almost broken down hotel, sat a woman and two children, a boy and girl. The cold wind found its entrance through a hundred crevices as its biting gusts swept through the room, the mother and her children crouched nearer to the few embers that still moldered on the hearth.—The only furniture was four poor stools, a rickety table, and a scantily covered bed; while in one corner, nearest to the fire place was a heap of straw and tattered blankets, which served as a resting place for the brother and sister. Part of a tall candle was burning upon the table, and by its dim light one might have seen that wretched mother's countenance; it was pale and wan, and wet with tears.—The faces of her children were both buried in her lap, and they seemed to sleep peacefully under her prayerful guardian-

ship.
At length the sound of footsteps upon the snow crust struck upon the mother's ear, and hastily arousing her children, she hurried them to their lowly couch, and

hardly had they crouched beneath the thin blankets, when the door was opened, and the man whom we have already seen beneath that pretty cottage entered the place. With a trembling, fearful look, the wife gazed into her husband's face, and seemed ready to crouch back from his approach, when the mark of a tear-drop upon his cheek caught his eye. Could it be, tho't she, that that pearly drop was in truth a tear? No, perhaps a snow flake had fallen there and melted.

Once or twice, Thomas Wilkins seemed upon the point of speaking some words to his wife, but at length he turned away, and silently undressed himself; and soon after his wearied limbs had touched the bed he was asleep.
Long and earnestly did Mrs. Wilkins gaze upon the features of her husband, after he had fallen asleep. There was something strange in his manner, something unaccountable. Surely he had not been drinking, for his countenance had none of that vacant, wild, demoniac look, that usually rested there. His features were rather sad and thoughtful than otherwise; and O, heavens! is it possible? a smile played about his mouth, and a sound, as of prayer, issued from his lips while yet he slept!

A faint hope, like the misty vapor of approaching morn, flitted before the heart-broken wife. But she could not grasp it, she had no foundation for it, and with a deep groan she felt the phantom pass.—One after another the tender cords of friendship that used to bind me to the world have snapped asunder; my name has become a by-word, and upon the earth I have found a foil. But, sir, from henceforth I am a man! Up from the depths of its long grave, I have dragged forth my heart, and love still has its home therein. I have sworn to touch the fatal cup no more; and while in my heart there is life, my wife and my children shall suffer no more for the sins they never committed. I have seen my old employer at the machine shop, and he has given me a situation, and is anxious that I should come back; and, sir, he has been kind enough to give me an order in advance for necessary articles of clothing, food and furniture. To-morrow morning I commence work."

"And you came to see if you could obtain your cottage back again to live in?" said Capt. Walker, as Wilkins hesitated.
"Yes, sir, to see if I could hire it of you," returned the poor man.
"Wilkins, how much can you make at your business?" bluntly asked the old Captain without seeming to heed the request.
"My employer is going to put me on job work sir, and as soon as I get my hand in, I can easily make from twelve to fourteen dollars a week."
"And how much will it take to support your family?"
"As soon as I get cleared up, I can easily get along with five or six dollars a week."
"Then you might be able to save about four hundred dollars a year?"
"I mean to do that, sir."

A few moments Captain Walker gazed into the face of his visitor, and then asked: "Have you pledged yourself yet?"
"Before God and in my heart I have; but one of my errands here was to get you to write me a pledge, and have it made to my wife and children."
Captain Walker sat down to his table and wrote out the required pledge, and then in a trembling but bold hand, "Thomas Wilkins signed it."
"Wilkins," said the old man, as he took his visitor by the hand, "I have watched well your countenance and weighed your words. I know you speak the truth.—When I bought that cottage from your creditors six years ago, I paid them one thousand dollars for it. It has not been harmed, and is as good as it was then.—Most of the time I have received good rent for it. Now, sir, you shall have it for just what I paid for it, and each month you shall pay me such a sum as you can comfortably spare until it is all paid. I will ask you for no rent, nor for a cent of interest. You shall have a deed of the estate, and in return I will take but a simple note and mortgage, upon which you can have your own time."

Thomas Wilkins tried to thank the old man for his kindness, but he only sank back into his chair and wept like a child; and while he yet sat with his face buried in his hands, the old man slipped from the room. And when he returned, he bore in his hands a neatly covered basket.
"Come, come," the Captain exclaimed, "cheer up, my friend. Here are some bits for your wife and children—take them home; and believe me, Wilkins, if you feel half as happy in receiving my favor as I do in bestowing it, you are happy indeed."
"God will bless you for this, sir," exclaimed the kindness-stricken man; "and when I betray your confidence may I die on the instant."
"Stick to your pledge, Wilkins, and I will take care of the rest," said the old captain, as his friend took the basket, "if you have time to-morrow, call on me, and I will arrange the papers."

As Thomas Wilkins once more entered the street, his step was light and easy. A bright light of joyousness shone in every feature; and as he wended his way homeward, he felt in every avenue of his soul that he was a man!

The gloomy shades that ushered in the night of the thirty-first of September, had fallen over the snow-clad earth. Within the miserable dwelling of Mrs. Wilkins there was more of comfort than we found when we first visited her; but yet nothing had been added to the furniture of the place. For the last six days her husband had come home every morning, and during that time she knew that he had not drunk any intoxicating beverage, for already had his face begun to assume the stamp of its former mienhood, and every word he had spoken had been kind and affectionate.—To his children he brought new shoes and warm clothing, and to herself he had given such things, as she stood in immediate need of; but yet, with all this had been taciturn and thoughtful, showing a dislike of all questions, and only speaking such words as were necessary. The poor, devoted, loving wife began to hope. And why should she not? For six years her husband had not been thus before. One week ago she dreaded his approach, but now she found herself waiting for him with all the anxiety of former years. Should all this be broken? Should this charm be swept away? Eight o'clock came, and so did nine and ten, and yet her husband came not.

"Mother," said little Charles, just as the clock struck ten, seeming to have been awakened from a dreary slumber, "is not this the last night of the year?"
"Yes, my son."
"And do you know what I have been dreaming, dear mother? I dreamed that father had brought us new New Year's presents, just the same as he used to. But he won't, will he? He's too poor now!"
"No, my dear boy, we shall have no other present than food; and even for that we must thank dear father. There, lay your head in my lap again."
The boy laid his curly head once more in his mother's lap, and with tearful eyes she gazed upon his innocent form.

The clock struck eleven. The poor wife was yet on her tireless, sleepless watch! But hardly had the sound of the last stroke died away, ere the snow crust gave back the sound of a foot-fall, and in a moment more her husband entered.—With a trembling fear she raised her eyes to his face, and a wild thrill of joy went to her heart as she saw that all was open and bold—only those manly features looked more joyous, more manly than ever.
"Lizzie," said he, in mild kind accents "I am late to-night, but business detained me and now I have a favor to ask of thee."
"Name it, dear Thomas, and you shall not ask it a second time," cried the wife, as she had her hand confidently upon her husband's arm.
"And will you ask me no questions?" continued Wilkins.
"No I will not."
"Then," continued the husband, as he bent over and imprinted a kiss upon his wife's brow, "I want you to dress our children for a walk, and you shall accompany us. The night is calm and tranquil and the snow is well trodden. Ah! no questions! Remember your promise!"
Lizzie Wilkins knew not what this all meant, nor did she think to care; for anything that could please her husband she would have done with pleasure, even tho't it had wrenched her very heart-strings.—In a short time the children were ready; then Mrs. Wilkins put on such articles of dress as she could command, and soon they were in the road. The moon shone bright, the stars peeped down upon the earth, and they seemed to smile upon the travellers from out their twinkling eyes of light. Silently Wilkins led the way, and silently his wife and children followed.—Several times the wife looked up into her husband's countenance, but from the strange expression that rested there she could make out nothing that would satisfy her curiosity.

At length a slight turn in the road brought them suddenly upon the pretty white cottage, where, years before they had been so happy.
They approached the spot. The snow in the front yard had been shoveled away, and a path led to the piazza. Wilkins opened the gate—his wife, trembling followed, but wherefore she knew not. Then her husband opened the door, and in the entry they were met by the smiling countenance of Captain Walker, who ushered them into the parlor, where a warm fire glowed in the grate, and where everything looked comfortable. Mrs. Wilkins trembled her gaze upon her husband. Surely, in that greeting between the poor man and the rich there was none of that constraint which would have been expected. They met rather as friends and neighbors.—What could it mean?
"Hark! the clock strikes twelve! The old year has gone, and a new, a bright winged cycle is about to commence its flight over the earth."
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The wife took the paper and opened it. She realized its contents at a glance; but she could not read it word for word, for the streaming tears of a wild frantic joy would not let her. With a quick, nervous movement, she placed the priceless pledge next her bosom, and then, with a low murmur, like the low whispering of some heaven-bound angel, she fell into her husband's arms.

"Look up, look up, my own dear wife," uttered the redeemed man, "look up and smile upon your husband; and you, too, my dear children, gather about your father; for a husband and father henceforth I will ever be. Look up, my wife. There! Now, Lizzie, feel proud with me, for we stand within our own house! Yes, this cottage is once more our own; and nothing but the hand of death shall again take us hence. Our good, kind friend here will explain it all. O, Lizzie, if there is happiness on earth, it shall henceforth be ours. Let the past be forgotten, and with this, the dawning of a new year, let us commence to live in the future."

Gently the husband and wife sank upon their knees, clasped in each other's arms; and clinging joyfully to them, knelt their conscious, happy children. A prayer from the husband's lips wended its way to the throne of grace, and with the tears trickling down his aged face, old Captain Walker responded a heartfelt "Amen."

Five years have passed since that happy moment. Thomas Wilkins has cleared his pretty cottage from all encumbrance and a happier or more respected family do not exist. And Lizzie—that gentle, confiding wife—as she takes that simple paper from the drawer, and gazes again and again upon the magic pledge it bears, weeps tears of joy anew. Were all the wealth of the Indies poured out in one glittering, blinding pile at her feet, and all the honors of the world added thereto, she would, not, for the whole countless sum, give in exchange one single word from that pledge which constituted her Husband's Present.

IS IT PAINFUL TO DIE?

According to my observation, the mere act of dying is seldom, in any sense of the word, a very painful process. It is true that some persons die in a state of bodily torture, as in tetanus; but the drunkard, dying of delirium tremens, is haunted by terrific visions; and that the victim of that most horrible of all diseases, hydrophobia, in addition to those peculiar bodily sufferings from which the disease has derived its name, may be in a state of terror from the supposed presence of frightful objects, which are presented to him as realities, even to the last. But these, and some other instances which I might adduce, are exceptions to the general rule—which is, that both mental and bodily suffering terminate long before the scene is finally closed. Then, as to the actual fear of death, it seems to me that the Author of our existence, for the most part, gives it to us when it is intended that we should live, and takes it away from us when it is intended we should die. Those who have been long tormented by bodily pain are generally so anxious to die as they ever were to live. So it often is with those whose life has been protracted to an extreme old age, beyond the usual period of mortality, even when they labor under no actual disease.—*Psychological Inquiries.*

KEEP HIM DOWN.—All keep him down. What business has a poor man to attempt to rise, without a name—without friends, without honorable blood in his veins? We have known him ever since he was a boy—we knew his father before him, and he was there in the young stripping! Such is the cry of the world when a man of sterling character attempts to break away from the cords of poverty and ignorance and rise to a position of truth and honor. The multitude are excited by envy; they cannot endure to be outstripped by those who grew up with them or their children side by side, and hence the opposition a man encounters in his native place. Despite of their feelings, many noble minds have arisen from obscurity, while others have failed. Let it not be so with you young man. Persevere, mount up and startle the world.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—There is not a country in the world where the people are becoming so extravagant in the mode of living and dressing as in the United States. It is one of the worst signs of the times.—The habits of the mushroom aristocracy are really disgusting. How ludicrous it looks to see boys sporting diamonds by the thousand dollars worth at a time, whose fathers were accustomed to wheel barrows, and whose children are pretty certain to be in the work-house. And girls—silly, smirking things, weighed down with jewels and bracelets—whose mothers broke their backs at the wash-tubs, scouring floors and picking oakum. The real, substantial aristocracy never indulge in such fopperies and follies.

Keep a low sail at the commencement of life; you may rise with honor, you cannot recede without shame.

"THE ANGEL GABRIEL."

The fellow who calls himself "The Angel Gabriel," and who disturbs by his low blackguardism the peace of the cities in this country, should be sent back to his own country with a leather medal, and a tin trumpet. We give a synopsis of his history. His real name is M'Sirish, a Scotchman. But he goes by the name of Orr or Horr. His father was a servant in the house of the Marquis of Huntly. The angel Gabriel, so called, was born on the 3d of September, 1809. He was first a weaver—then an itinerant vagabond—circus rider, or vaunter, and was considered good at it. He ran away from the company, then playing at New Castle—went to Liverpool, eloped with a rum shop keeper's daughter. Went to Wales, became a local Methodist preacher. He ran away from Sloughfield, the place of his sojourn, stealing a Powder tankard, belonging to the church, and leaving sundry debts unpaid, as a remembrance of his honesty and religion! Went to Jamaica as a cook on board of a vessel. There took to preaching—turned Baptist. Then turned dancing master, taught the art. Then turned Mormon. Followed Joe Smith to Illinois. He then in turn became check taker at a circus—an assistant in a menagerie—a temperance lecturer—a tin pedlar—and editor of a native paper in Philadelphia.—He then went to New York—bought a trumpet, commenced the angel Gabriel line of business, since which he has lied, blasphemed, humbugged, and created more riots than has any other foreign vagabond for the last fifteen years. He now represents himself to be the leader of the "know nothing party."

THE LOVE OF PLEASING.—It may safely be taken for granted, that every one likes to please; there are hardly exceptions enough to prove the rule. Whatever subtle guises this love of pleasing may put on—however it may borrow roughness or carelessness, or egotism, or sarcasm, as its mask—there it is snug in the bottom of each human heart. From St. Simon Stylites, shivering under the night-dews, to Jenny Lind flying from adoring lion-hunters, and Pio Nono piously tapping his gold snuff-box, and saying he is only a poor priest; the little boy who has committed his piece with much labor of brain, much screwing of body, and anxious jesticulation, utterly refuses to say it when the time comes. Why? Not because he does not wish to please, but because his intense desire to do so has suddenly assumed a new form, that of fear; which, like other passions, is very unreasonable. The same cause will make a young lady, who has bestowed much thro't on a new ball-dress, declare at the last moment, that she does not want to go.—A doubt has suddenly assailed her as to the success of her costume. The dress is surely beautiful, but will it make her so? No vigor of personal vanity preserves us from these swoons of self-esteem; and they are terrible while they last. What wonder, then, that the thought of a perpetual syncope of that kind should make us behave unwisely sometimes?

HEAVY DAMAGES CLAIMED.—The Baltimore *Argus* of a late date, says:—In the Superior Court of this city some of the parties injured on the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad by the collision on the 4th of July, as well as those who have lost friends from the same cause, have already commenced entering suits against the Company for damages. Mr. Malcolin, counsel for Madison Jeffers, who was killed by the collision, has entered two suits, damages being laid at \$30,000 in each case.—Mr. King, counsel for Mrs. Johnson, who lost a member of her family, has entered a suit in the name of the State of Maryland, of Elizabeth, Sarah Elizabeth, and Joseph H. Johnson, against the company, damages being laid at \$20,000.

SISTERLY AFFECTION.—At a protracted meeting held not a thousand miles from Balston Spa, an ancient sister in the church arose and relieved herself as follows: "I see young ladies here that seem to love gew-gaws, furbelows, ribbons and laces, more than their Creator! I loved them once and adorned my hat with French artificial flowers, bright colored ribbons, and sky blue trimmings; but I found they were dragging me down to hell, and I took them off and gave them to my sister!"

Courage in attacking difficulties, patient concentration of attention, perseverance through failures,—these are characteristics which after life specially requires; and these are characteristics which this system of making the mind work for its food specially produces.

The sorrows of a pure heart are but the May frosts, which precede the warm summer day, but the sorrows of a corrupt soul are its Autumn frosts, which foretell the cold dreary winter.

Five different houses in Carlisle, Pa., were forcibly entered on the night of the 21st instant by burglars and thieves.

In Alabama the corn and wheat crops are unusually good, and the same may be said of the cotton crop.