

...I am glad you have come William," said Idella Pemberton to her husband, as he entered the room late one evening in November, "I feel so lonely as the night winds beat against the walls, and Agnes has been worse all the evening. William, I know your business in town demands much of your time, yet will you not try and spare yourself from it, so that you can spend your evenings with me until our little babe is beyond the danger of another paroxysm? It frightens me so much when you are away. When she has recovered, I will endeavor to resign myself to your necessary absence."

Her kind words and pleading eyes went directly to the heart of William Pemberton, who, drawing his young wife affectionately to his bosom, replied, "Yes, Idella, I have neglected you and our little Agnes too long, I promise you to watch with you until she is quite well. To-morrow evening I will bring out a collection of books, so that our hours of watching may pass pleasantly and profitably."

"You are very kind to me, William," said Idella, while tears, such as she had not shed for weeks, gathered in her eyes. William Pemberton was a young man of ardent and generous feelings. Having received a liberal education under the direction of his uncle, and possessing a handsome patrimony, he embarked in mercantile business in the loveliest village in the South. It was there he saw Idella Chandler. She was just seventeen, and such was the gentleness and amiability of her disposition, that a few months' association was sufficient to win his affections. He wooed her, and was successful. They were as happy a pair as ever knelt before a bridal altar; and none that gazed upon him, as he stood in the manliness of youth, or on her, as she trembled beneath a robe of purest white—beautiful emblem of a spotless heart—and were united in the most hallowed relation on earth, would have dreamed that shadows would ever darken the path on whose flowery threshold they were then standing.

At the time our story opens, they were living in a retired cottage house, a short distance from town. Two years had glided by since their marriage, and the morn of their wedded love had been unclouded. The frank ingenuous nature of William Pemberton made him the easy subject of temptation, and unfortunately his resistance was but too unsuccessful. For some weeks he had returned home late at night, maintaining throughout the evening a silent morose manner. He gave as his excuse, that the opening of his fall stock of goods required his unremitting attention, and the confiding Idella, with a credulity inseparable from true affection, doubted it not. Perhaps if she had marked closely the expression of his eye, or had narrowly watched his step, the wildness of the one and the unsteadiness of the other, would have revealed with too dreadful a certainty, the fearful peril to which he was exposed. She knew that he was not as he once was, but the voice of affection whispered an excuse for him, in the world, by which he was surrounded. Of his absence she had not yet complained; but when her babe sickened, she ventured to plead for the company of her husband and prevailed. The recovery of Agnes was rapid. During the evenings which William passed at home, it seemed as if he and Idella had entered upon a new existence. All his former tenderness returned. He read to his wife, and hung round the couch of the little invalid; administered needful restoratives with a husband's kindness and a father's love. When the child was recovered entirely, William still spent his evenings with his family, in reading or rambling. It was a season of quietude and peace. Gradually, however, he returned to his former habits—drank deeper and deeper into the wine cup, until it cast off the bonds of moral restraint, and bound him in its damning yoke. Idella—the gentle, the devoted Idella—was the last to believe William Pemberton a drunkard.

It was a stormy night in the winter of 1840—the wind blew in fitful gusts, and the snow fell through the clap-board roof of a miserable hovel in one of the streets of ——. Gathered around a handful of wretched embers in that wretched hut, was a pale woman and two children, one a daughter about fourteen, the other a son, seemingly about six years old. The mother was sewing by the feeble light of an old lamp fastened to the wall, while the daughter, read to her the experience of a reformed drunkard, which had been slipped under a ragged door shutter by some unknown friend. This was the once happy Idella Pemberton, and her worse than orphan children. Her husband had drunk till he was a sot—nay more, a pauper.

His property was gone, his kindness was gone, and upon the feeble Idella and her daughter fell the support of the family. She was a frail creature, and the sufferings of the mind, combined with those of the body, were wasting her away. It was apparent that, without a change she would soon be beyond the griefs that were preying upon her bosom. Yet she murmured not. Amid the want that poured upon her, and the reproaches of her husband, she was uncomplaining. Her trust was in God. To him she had committed her cause, and upon him she rested for support.

"Oh, mother, what shall we do? Is there no hope for my dear father?" said Agnes, laying down the book, and sobbing as if her heart would break. "Yes, my child, there is hope in God," he has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver you." In him have I confided, and in him do I still hope. He has never forsaken us altogether, nor will he while we trust in him.

"Dear mother, how can I bear it? You are dying every day, and when you are gone what will become of me and my poor little brother Willie? Oh, mother, can't we get father to sign the pledge?" "Be calm, my child. The Lord is good and should he take me, he will provide for you and your brother. You must go before him with your wants. Take your father's cause before him through Jesus Christ. Remember that the promise is, that if you ask, you shall receive. Cast your burden on him and he will sustain you."

"My dear mother, let us go to him now. Let us kneel before him here. I feel as if he would answer our prayers. I know he will, Oh, mother, let us try and prove him now."

And in that lonely hour, while the wild wind was moaning piteously without, and coldness was pinching the sufferers within, did that girl and her mother bow before God, to test his faithfulness. And never did purer aspirations ascend to Heaven, than the pleading of that suffering band. Never did angel watchers assist by their serious ministrations in a holier cause. It was the agony of a breaking heart as it groaned under the accumulated wrongs of years. The vision of the past swept before the wretched Idella, and her soul seemed to embody all its hopes into one; and staining it with the blood of Christ, she laid it before God, and pleaded for its realization. She wrestled, she struggled, she wept, as if her heart was crumbling beneath the intensity of her agony. She prayed for the reformation of her husband—for it to begin then—that moment—wherever he might be. Her words seemed to be the raising of faith far above unbelief—the sundering of its fetters—the laying of the torn, bleeding heart before God. "O thou righteous Being!" she exclaimed, "who hast promised help in need, bear from thy holy habitation the wretched inmates of this cold hovel. Thou who hast in thy mysterious dispensations banished me from the protection of parental love, and who hast for thine own wise purposes, left me and my little ones to struggle on in misery and want; oh, look upon us in our misery, and answer our supplications. Oh, reclaim him around whom my heart still clings, even in his degradation, and save him from eternal woe. Oh, Heavenly Father! Oh, righteous God! I do believe, help thou my unbelief! Bring him back to the path in which we once walked happily together, and—"

At that moment, the door opened, and William Pemberton rushed into the arms of his kneeling wife, exclaiming, "Oh, my suffering angel Idella, your prayer is answered. I have this night joined the Washingtonians, and if there is grace in heaven to aid a poor suffering worm, my pledge shall be kept!" "Amen," fervently responded the bewildered, weeping wife.

"Oh, Idella! can you, will you forgive all—my unkindness, my cruelty—and from this night forward, God being my helper, I will be a sober man, and will seek to make you happy."

"Dear husband! let the past be forgotten," replied the happy wife, while she cried aloud in the delirium of her joy: "let us trust in God for the future."

"Agnes, my daughter! will you forgive your father's unkindness, and pray that I may never depart from my resolution?" "Oh, my dear father I will love you more than I ever did, and will always pray for you," said the sobbing girl, as she threw her arms about her father's neck and kissed away his tears.

"And father," said Willie, who stood by, weeping at the strange scene, "you will let me love you and kiss you, like I do mother, won't you?" "Yes, my son, and strive to be worthy of it, too," said the father, as he pressed him to his bosom.

The wind, in its wild careerings that night, swept not over a happier home than the lonely hovel of William Pemberton. Five years have passed away, and William Pemberton, by sobriety and industry has regained his cottage home, and there, with his pious Idella, to whose cheek the bloom of health has returned, and their children, he is spending his days in quietude and devotion.

Is your husband a drunkard? Be gentle with him and pray for him. Are you a drunkard, or a moderate drinker? Remember the wife of your love, and the soul you possess, which is of incalculable worth. May God bless this narrative to your good.

TRUE COURTESY.—"Manners," says the eloquent Edmund Burke, "are of more importance than laws. Upon them in a great measure, the laws depend. The laws touch us here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals; they supply them or they totally destroy them."

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life; by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual. It has been acutely said "that philosophy readily triumphs over past or future evils, but that present evils triumph over philosophy."

Philosophy is a goddess who is in heaven, but whose feet are on earth. She attempts more than she accomplishes, and promises more than she performs. She can teach us to bear of the calamities of others with magnanimity; but it is religion only that can teach us to bear our own with resignation.

"The devil lies down in the miser's chest." We wish some one would turn the key and keep him there.

Playing Old Soldier.—We are indebted to the Fulton County Democrat for the following ludicrous account of a dialogue that recently took place in that village between a Surgeon and a Militia Man, who had become much alarmed at the prospect of being drafted for the Mexican War, and wished therefore to procure a certificate of inability to perform military duty.

The cream of the joke is that the applicant was a large athletic person, perfectly sound and well, in every respect. He walked into the Surgeon's office with a downcast appearance, and apparently in great bodily distress; and then commenced the following:

DIALOGUE.— Militia Man—Well, Doctor, I've called to see you, and want to get a certificate to clear me from training. Surgeon—Well, friend, what is the matter? Mil.—Why, sir, in the first place, I am deaf in my right ear, I can't hear a bit through it. I couldn't hear the noise of forty cannons on that side. Surg.—That is an affliction, my friend, but that alone will not shield you from military duty, in times of national peril—but you can hear in the other ear, can't you? Mil.—Not very well—when I take cold it settles in my head—fills it up tight, and then one ear isn't much better than the other. Oh! it's awful feeling to be deaf, and ought to clear any man from training. Surg.—I deeply sympathize with you, sir, and under ordinary circumstances I would be happy to grant your request—but these are trying times—times of danger and bloodshed. We are engaged with Mexico on the south. England threatens to take part in the contest, and if she does, we will be surrounded on all sides by enemies, and we shall witness the "most terrible struggle the world ever saw," and further, sir, I have been instructed by the commanding general not to grant certificates for slight causes during the continuance of the war. Mil.—I wish they'd not catch me in Mexico. I'll not go to that burning climate to be murdered and roasted to death by Spaniards and bloody Indians—besides, doctor, my constitution wouldn't stand it. I'd die in less than a week. It's horrible to drag a man away off to Mexico to fight with niggers and Indians, especially a poor devil feller like me. (To the Doctor) no, by thunder, I won't—I'll die first. Surg.—All the sound, able bodied men in this regiment will soon be called upon to march to Mexico, and surely no patriot will refuse to defend his country. Mil.—Able bodied men? yes, but I ain't able bodied, as I said before, I am as deaf as a door nail in me ear, and besides, Doctor, I've got a dreadful lame foot—three years ago, I split my big toe with a third and it's never been well since. I have to wear a big boot on that foot (you see) and ever since someone gives me great distress. Oh me what times. Surg.—Then you are lame, are you? Mil.—Yes, Doctor, I've no rest day nor night with that big toe—and you know, Doctor, that if I went into the army, and got in a battle, and our side got licked, and had to run; why I couldn't keep up with the rest on em, on account of this lame foot. I'd surely be taken prisoner, and then like enough they'd have an Indian powder over me, and the me to a stake and roast me to death by inches as they did John Rogers. Oh, Doctor! do give me a certificate; you know I ain't fit to make a warrior, and as for going to Mexico, I won't do it. No, by blisum, I won't! Surg.—You will be obliged to go if they call upon you, otherwise they will hang you up or shoot you as a traitor. Mil.—Shoot me! I'd rather die here among Christians and decent folks, than to be tortured to death by them infernal bloody Spaniards. Oh, oh! I think they ought to let a poor deaf and lame feller like me stay at home. Surg.—Well, friend, I should be pleased to comply with your request, but the General's orders are imperative not to grant any certificates unless the person applying has some better excuse than you appear to have—a deaf ear or a lame toe is a small matter in such times, and will not clear you. Mil.—Oh, Doctor! I haint told you half of my diseases yet. That toe, and ear, ain't nothin' to this ere consumption (laying his hand on his breast and trying to cough) and this cough, oh! it distresses me night and day, and Doctor W. says, that southern climate wouldn't agree with my disease. He says it would kill me off in three days. And besides, Doctor, all the neighbors know I am a sick and weakly feller and can't do a day's work. I work for a boy's wages. I can't do nothin' but little chores about the house. I can't cradle, nor plow, nor plow, nor rake, nor bind grain, nor any such hard work—and I think any man that's got the consumption and can't do a day's work should 'nt go to war. Surg.—'Tis a hard matter, I know, but in seasons of war—in perilous emergencies, the country expects every patriot to do his duty. Mil.—Well, Doctor, I would be a first rate patriot too if I was able, but I ain't able. I couldn't stand the wear and tear of war, I expect to drop off with the consumption one of these days, I can feel my liver is about eat up with it, and so what's the use to take me away off to die among the wild Mexicans. Surg.—My friend I am really sorry for you—but are you laboring under the effects of consumption. Mil.—To be sure I am (here he puts his hand upon his chest, and raises an artificial cough, counterfeiting symptoms of great pain.) just examine me, Doctor, and you'll find I am not jokin', oh, Doctor! if

you had half the pain I suffer, you'd give me a certificate quick. Here the Surgeon approaches the consumptive "Militia Man" and examines him on various points as follows: Surg.—Well, sir, your pulse beats rapid and indicates a high fever. Mil.—Yes, sir, but it's half so high now as 'tis sometimes. Sometimes I feel as hot as if I was in a pot of bilin' water. Surg.—How often are you troubled with this fever? Mil.—More or less every day, it's a great deal worse this hot weather. How then could I stand it in Mexico, where they say you can bake eggs, and other victuals in the sun, without either kettle or water? I wouldn't go there, for all the niggers and land to boot, because, Doctor, I couldn't stand it. Surg.—You say your liver is nearly destroyed with consumption, what is the state of your bowels? Mil.—Oh, dreadfully out of order, Doctor, I have to take two sunshin' doses of salts every day to keep me right, and every night when I lay down I am in horrible pain, I feel as though ten thousand bricks were piled on the top of me. I roll over from one side to t'other, and never get any sleep till after midnight. Doctor! Doctor! you don't know what misery I suffer. Surg.—Any thing wrong about your head? Mil.—Oh, yes, Doctor; my head aint much better than no head at all. My brain seems to be joggled out of its place. I have such dreadful headaches, and then agin such dizzy fits. Why, Doctor, every morning when I get up, these dizzy spells come on, and I have to clinch hold of the bed post, to keep from fallin' down, I stay in the house and never do nothin' till after breakfast. Surg.—Do you ever dream any during the night? Mil.—Yes, I have frightful dreams. I see devils and witches dancin' cotillions like all natur'; Oh, what droll capers they cut up! I s'pose these dreams are caused by my bein' out of order. Surg.—No doubt of that, but as to your lungs, you seemed to be troubled with a bad cough, do you throw up any matter? Mil.—Yes, more than a quart every day, sometimes almost struggles me. Oh! oh! (raising a cough) Surg.—Do you raise any blood? Mil.—Yes a great deal. Surg.—Perhaps it proceeds from your nose, if you are subject to bleeding at the nose. Mil.—No, no, Doctor, my nose never bleeds, this blood comes right straight up from my liver, and it's as fresh as if it was taken from a hog. I raise it by mouthfuls, so you see, Doctor, I can't stand it long at all this rate, and 'twould be nonsense to send a dym' man like me away off to fight them savage Spanish niggers. If I could fight, Doctor, I would, I aint no coward by natur'. Surg.—Do you have any sweats or gold shills? Mil.—Yes, I have both, terrible spells I have to. When I get up in the morning, the bedclothes are as wet as if they was soaked in a wash tub, and then agin, the cold chills come on, and I feel as if I was covered all over with a coat of ice. Oh, Doctor! you don't know what a sickly creature I am; if you did, you wouldn't ask no questions. Surg.—Your eye-sight is good is it not? Mil.—Not at all, Doctor, I'm very near sighted. When the sun shines it dazzles my eyes, and in cloudy weather I can't see from one end of the gun to the other, so you see I would be of no kind of use in war. I'd be likely to shoot the stars as the Mexicans. Don't you think so Doctor? Surg.—Are any of your bones dislocated? Mil.—Yes, sir, they are, there's hardly a sound bone in my body, the fore finger on my right hand is out of joint and very weak, so that I can't shoot off a gun, and these fits I spoke of are so awful hard that they have unjointed three of my ribs, and then agin, I broke my breast bones four years ago by fallin' off a horse, in three pieces, and, Doctor, my bones never heal up when they break once. The night air is bad for me, (here he coughed tremendously) I never go out in the night air. I don't get my feet wet, if I did, my toe would swell up so big that I couldn't get my boot on for a week. I haint no appetite—I can't eat nothin' but delicate victuals, and furthermore, Doctor, I have a dreadful pain across the kidneys and in the spine—it darts through my hull body like sharp arrows. Seven years ago I took the fever and ague, and it hangs on to me yet, and will till I die. Oh, Doctor, I'm all pain and misery, from the top of my brains to the end of my toes and do you think its rights, Doctor, to send a poor, miserable, half dead skeleton like me to fight the Mexicans; besides, Doctor, I'm a Whig—this war is agin my principles, the Lokies made the war and let 'em fight it out! Oh! oh! the very thought breaks my heart—Go off there! no, I shan't do it! They may shoot, or hang or burn me, but I'll be darn'd if I go to Mexico. I aint no coward, neither, but I couldn't stand the hardship, the marchin', the fightin', and so on—that's all. Now, Doctor, do take pity on me, and write me a short certificate. Oh, do—I'll pay you well, Doctor, (putting his hand in his pocket)—I've got some change. I'll give you \$5 or \$10. Come, Doctor, come. Surg.—You are certainly an object of sympathy, my friend, but I can't disobey my instructions. Perhaps, friend, if you can't endure foot service you might join the cavalry, or act as teamster for the baggage wagons. Mil.—Worse and worse! I can't ride a horse faster than a slow walk on account of my dizzy fits—I might tumble off and break my neck. Surg.—Really friend, you are in a dread-

ful situation if your statement be correct, and I don't know but I ought to grant you a certificate, notwithstanding my instructions to the contrary. Would you swear to the statement you have made to me? Mil.—Yes sir, and more too, what I tell you is as true as the Gospel. Surg.—Well I'll wait a few days to see if my orders may not be countermanded; probably it may not be necessary to send off this regiment, and if so I will then grant you a certificate—Call again next Saturday. Mil.—Very well, if they only wait a few days, thank God! I'll be in my grave—I'll be out of their reach in spite of 'em—and then they can't send me off to fight the bloody savages of South Ameriky.—N. Y. Sun.

EATING BY THE CARD.—A green 'un from Orange county determined to spend a few weeks in New York, for the purpose of seeing all the sights—and in order to strike his acquaintances at home with a proper idea of the greatness of his visit he took up lodgings at the Astor House. When he was ushered in to dinner, the first day, he was astonished at the number of people who sat down, as well as the vastness of the dining room. He was equally surprised to see that each man had a printed account of his dinner before him, and that each one, as he thought, ate according to the direction. He was quite hungry—and well he might be, after waiting three hours for his usual time—so he attacked the head of his bill with vigor and ate down as far as he could, but he soon came to a stand. Just then the gentleman on his right requested the waiter to bring him some oyster pie, which our friend heard, and instantly referred to the list to see where it was. "What!" exclaimed he with astonishment turning to his neighbor—"are you all the way down there? Why, I have only got to roast beef, and I feel already as if I would burst!"

AUCTION OF LADIES.—An auction of unmarried ladies used to take place annually in Babylon. "In every district," says the historian, "they assembled on a certain day of every year, all of the marriageable age." The most beautiful were first put up, and the man who bid the largest sum of money gained possession of her. The second in appearance followed, and the bidders gratified themselves with handsome wives, according to the depth of their purses. But alas! it seems there were in Babylon some ladies for which no money was likely to be offered, yet these were also disposed of, so provident were the Babylonians. "When all the beautiful virgins," says the historian, "were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed to stand up, and after he had openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum, she was at length adjudged to the man who would be satisfied with the least; in this manner the money arising from the sale of the most deformed served as a portion to those who were either of disagreeable looks, or that had any other imperfection. This custom prevailed about five hundred years before Christ."

A lady once borrowed a dictionary of an acquaintance, on returning the book, she was asked how she liked it. "Oh," replied the fair one, "the words are beautiful, but I don't think much of the story."

THE LAST FIGHT.—Bill Stumps threatened to thrash Tom Hardy. Tom, who was a steamboat pilot, heard of it, and seeing a crowd gathered, one day, at the settlement where Stumps lived, Handy rounded to his boat, tied it to a tree, and went ashore. "Bill Stumps," exclaimed Handy, coming direct to the business in hand, "you want to thrash me, don't you?" "Why no, Tom, not a I know on—you haint done me nothin' perticlar, as I know on."

"Well, Bill, if you don't want to whip me, I feel just like whipping you, and I'll give you one dollar and the tu fast licks, if you'll stand up to me."

"I'll do it hoss!" exclaimed Bill, stripping for the fight. Two stalwart fellows were selected for seconds, or to see fair play. Tom paid over to Bill his dollar, and stood up.—Bill drew off and popped Tom in the eye, knocking him down.—Tom rose and stood up like an honest man, for the other lick. Bill popped him in the other eye with the same effect; but no sooner had he done so than he sung out "nuff! nuff! take him off! take him off!" The seconds, as in duty bound, caught Tom and held him fast; and the fight was ended; one party had cried "enough." Tom Handy went on board the "Shorter" with two bunged eyes, and with a lesson of wisdom that lasted him as long as he lived. He never offered a premium to fight after that.

A MILK MAN'S CONFESSION.—A German had made a fortune in Philadelphia, by selling milk. He started home with two bags of sovereigns. On shipboard, he counted one bag of his treasure. A misc'vous monkey watching operations. As soon as it was replaced and tied up, and the other bag emptied, Jacko snatched up the full one, and was soon on the mast head. He opened the German's bag and after eyeing the pretty gold, he proceeded to drop one piece upon the deck, and another in the water, until he had emptied the bag. When he finished, the Dutchman threw up his hands, exclaiming, "He must be the Duyvill, for what came from the water, he does give to the water, and what came from the milk, he gives to me."

Well Susan, what do you think of all married ladies being happy? Why I think there are more that ain't that is, than there is that ain't.