The Indiana American.

BY T A. GOODWIN. BROOKVILLE, FRANKLIN COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1853. VOL. XXI.—-NO. 44.

LIFE AT THE FIVE POINTS.

THE TWO-PENNY MARRIAGE.

"Mr. Pease, we want to be married."

"Want to be married—what for!"

"Why, you see, we don't think it is right for us to be living together this way any longer, and we have been talking over the matter to day and you see ——"

"Yes, yes, I see you have been talking over the matter over the bottle and have come to a sort of drunken conclusion to get married. When you get sober you will both repent of it, probably."

"No, sir, we are not very drunk, now not so drunk but we can think, and we don't think we are doing right—we are not doing as we were brought up to do by pious parents. We have been reading about the good things you have done for just such poor outcasts as we are and we want you to try and do something for us."

"Read! Can you read! Do you read the Bible!"

"Well, not much lately, but we read the newspaper and sometimes we read something good in them. How can we read the Bible when we are drunk!"

"Do you think getting married will keep you from getting drunk!

"Yes, for we are going to take the pledge, and we shall keep it, depend upon that."

"Suppose you take the pledge and try that first, and if you can keep it till you can wash some of the dirt away, and get some clothes on, then I will marry you."

"No, that won't do. I shall get to thinking what a poor miserable dirty wretch I am, and how I am living with this woman who is not a bad woman, by nature, and then I will drink—oh, cursed rum!—and what is to prevent us! But if we were married, my wife, yes, Mr. Pease, my wife would say, 'Thomas'—she would not say 'Tom—you dirty brute don't be tempted;' and who knows but we might be somebody yet—somebody that our own mothers would not be ashamed of."

Here the woman who had been silent and rather moody, burst into a flood of tears, crying "Mother, mother, I know not whether she is alive or not, and dare not inquire; but if we were married and reformed, I would be happy once more!"

"I could no longer withstand the appeal," said Mr P——, "and determined to give them a trial. I have married a good many poor wretched looking couples, but none that looked quite so much so as this. The man was hatless and shoeless, without a coat or vest, with long hair, and beard grimmed with dirt. He was by trade a brick-layer, one of the best in the city. She wore the last remains of a silk bonnet, and something that might pass for shoes, and an old, very old dress, once a rich merino, apparently without any under garments."

'And your name is Thomas—Thomas what!'

'Elting, sir, Thomas Elting, a good true name and true man, that is, shall be if you marry us."

"Well, well. I am going to marry you."

"Are you! There, Mag, I told you so."

'Don't call me Mag. If I am going to be married, I will be by my right name, the one my mother gave me."

"Not Mag. Well, I never knew that."

'Now, Thomas, hold your tongue; you talk too much."

What is your name!"

Matilda. Must I tell the other! Yes, I will, and I will never disgrace it. I dont think I should ever have been as bad if I had kept it. That bad woman who first tempted me to ruin made me take a false name. It is a bad thing for a girl to give up her name, unless for that of a good husband. Matilda Fraley. Nobody knows me by that name in this bad city."

"Very well, Matilda and Thomas, take each other by the right hand and look at me, for I am now going to unite you in the holy bonds of marriage by God's ordinance. Do you think you are sufficiently sober to comprehend its solemnity?"

"Yes, sir."

"Marriage being one of God's holy ordinances, cannot be kept in sin, misery filth and drunkenness. Thomas, will you take Matilda to be your lawful, true, only wedded wife!"

"Yes, sir."

"Promise that you will live with her, in sickness as well as health, and nourish and protect, and comfort her as your true and faithful wife, that you will be to her a true and faithful husband; that you will not get drunk, and will clothe yourself and keep clean."

"So I will"

"Never mind answering until I get through. You promise to abstain totally from every kind of drink that intoxicates, and treat this woman kindly, affectionately, and love her as a man should love his wedded wife. Now, all of this, will you, here, before me, as the servant of the Most High—here in the sight of God in Heaven, most faithfully promise, if I give you this woman to be your wedded wife!"

'Yes, I will."

'And you, Matilda, on your part, will you promise the same, and be a true wife to this man!"

'I will try, sir.'

'But do you promise all this faithfully.'

'Yes sir, I will.'

'Then I pronounce you man and wife.'

'Now, Thomas,' said the new wife, after I had made out the certificate and given it to her, with an injunction to keep it safely, 'Now pay Mr. Pease, and let us go home and break the bottle.'

Thomas felt first in the right hand pocket, then the left, then back to the right, then he examined the watch-fob.

'Why, where is it,' says she, 'you had two dollars this morning.'

'Yes, I know it, but I have only got two cents this evening. There, Mr. Pease, take them it is all I have got in the world. What more can I give!"

Sure enough; what could he do more! I took them and prayed over them that in parting with the last penny this couple might have parted with a vice, a wicked, foolish practice, which had reduced them to such a degree of poverty and wretchedness that the monster power of rum could hardly send its victim lower.

So Tom and Mag were transformed into Mr. and Mrs. Elting, and having grown somewhat more sober while in the house, seemed to fully understand their new position, and all the obligations they had taken upon themselves.

For a few days I thought occasionally of this two-penny marriage, and then it became absorbed with a thousand other scenes of wretchedness which I have witnessed since I have lived in this center of city misery. Time wore on and I married many other couples—often those who came in their carriage and left a golden marriage fee—a delicate way of giving to the needy—but among all I had never performed the rite for a couple quite so low as that of this two-penny fee, and I resolved I never would again. At length, however, I had a call for a full match to them, which I refused.

'Why do you come to me to be married my friend," said I to the man! You are too poor to live separate, and beside you are both terrible drunkards, I know you are.'

'That is just what we want to get married for and take the pledge.'

'Take that first."

'No, we must take all together, nothing else will save us.'

'Will that!'

'It did one of my friends.'

'Well, then, go and bring that friend here; let me see and hear how much it saved him, and then I will make up my mind what to do; if I can do you any good I want to do it.'

'My friend is at work—he has got a job and several hands working for him and is making money and won't quit till night. Shall I come this evening!

'Yes, I will stay at home and wait for you.'

I little expected to see them again, but about 8 o'clock the servant said that a man and his girl, with a gentleman and lady were waiting in the reception room. I told him to ask the lady and gentleman to walk up to the parlor and sit a moment, while I sent the candidates for marriage away, being determined never to unite another drunken couple, not dreaming that there was any sympathy between the parties. But they would not come up; they wanted to see that couple married. So I went down and found the squalidly wretched pair in company with a well dressed laboring man; for he wore a fine black coat, silk vest, gold watch chain, clean white shirt and cravat, polished calf skin boots; and his wife was just as tidily dressed as any body's wife, and her face beamed with intelligence, and the way in which she clung to the arm of her husband, as she seemed to shrink from my sight, told that she was a loving as well as a pretty wife.

'This couple,' says the gentlemen, has come to be married.'

'Yes, I know it, but I have refused. Look at them; do they look like fit subjects for such a holy ordinance? God never intended those whom he had created in his own image should live in matrimony like this man and woman. I cannot marry them.'

"Cannot! why not! You married us when we were worse off—more dirty—worse clothing and more intoxicated.'

The woman shrunk back a little more out of sight. I saw she trembled violently, and put her clean cambric handkerchief up to her eyes. What could it mean! Married them when worse off—Who are they!

'Have you forgotten us said the woman, taking my hand in hers, and dropping on her knees; 'have you forgotten drunken Tom and Mag. We have never forgotten you, but pray for you every day."

'If you have forgotten them, you have not forgotten the two-penny marriage. No wonder you did not know us, I told Matilda she need not be afraid, or ashamed, if you did know her. But I knew you would not. How could you! We were in rags and dirt then. Look at us now, all your work, Sir. All the blessings of that pledge and that marriage, and that good advice you gave us. Look at this suit of clothes, and her dress—all Matilda's work, every stitch of it. Come and look at our house, as neat as she is. Everything in it make a comfortable home, and oh, Sir, there is a cradle in our bedroom. Five hundred dollars already in bank, and I shall add as much more next week when I finish my job.—So much for one year of a sober life, and a faithful honest good wife. Now, this is as good a workman as I am, only he is bound down with the galling fetters of drunkenness, and living with this woman just as I did. Now, he thinks he must take the pledge of the same man, and have his first effort sanctified with the same blessing, and then with good resolution, and Matilda and me to watch over them, I do believe they will succeed."

So they did. So may others by the same means. I married them, and as I shook hands with Mr. Elting, he left two coins in my hand, with the simple remark that there was another two-penny marriage fee. I was in hope that it might have been a couple of dollars this time, but I said nothing, and we parted with a mutual God bless you. When I went up stairs, I tossed the coins into my wife's lap, with the remark, two pennies again my dear.'

'Two pennies! Why, husband, they are eagles—real golden eagles. What a deal of good they will do. What blessings have followed that act.'

'And will follow the present, if the pledge is faithfully kept. Truly, this is a good result of a Two-Penny Marriage.

N. Y. Tribune.

Death of Hon. Mahlon Dickerson.

This venerable citizen expired at his residence in Suckasany, Morris county, New Jersey, on Wednesday morning, at the advanced age of 82. Mr. DICKERSON was a native of New Jersey—after receiving a collegiate education, he studied law in Philadelphia, and when still a young man was active as a member of the Republican party in that city.—Meantime, having returned to New Jersey, he was elected Governor of the State in 1815, which office he held for two years, when he was chosen to the Senate of the United States, and continued in that body for sixteen years. In 1834 he was appointed Secretary of the Navy in place of Mr. WOODBURY, who had acceded to the Treasury Department. He remained in this office under President VAN BUREN until 1838, when he retired to private life. Without possessing brilliant talents, Mr. DICKERSON was a man of sound common sense, of a kindly disposition, and in spite of his political partialities succeeded in making numerous friends with all parties.

☞ PROSPERITY.—Prosperity too often has the same effect on a Christian that a calm sea has on a Dutch mariner, who frequently, it is said, in those circumstances, ties up the rudder, gets drunk, and goes to sleep.

POETRY.

A Dream of Heaven.

Lo! the seal of death is breaking,
Those who sleep its sleep are waking,
Eden opes her portals fair!
Hark! the harps of God are singing,
Hark! the seraphs' hymn is ringing,
And the living rills are flinging
Music on immortal air!

There, no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining
O'er the land of life and love;
Heaven's own harvests woo the reaper,
Heaven's own dreams entrance the sleeper,
Not a tear is left the weeper,
To profane one flower above.

No frail lillies there are breathing,
There no thorny rose is wreathing
In the bowers of paradise;
Where the founts of life are flowing,
Flowers unknown to time are blowing,
'Mid superior verdure glowing
Than is sunned by mortal skies.

There the groves of God that never
Fade or fall, are green forever,
Mirror'd in the radiant tide;
There, along the sacred waters,
Unprofaned by tears or slaughters,
Wonder earth's immortal daughters,
Each a pure immortal bride.

There no sigh or memory swelleth,
There no tear of misery dwelleth,
Hearts will bleed or break no more;
Past is all the cold world's scorning,
Gone the night and broke the morning,
With seraphic day adorning
Life's glad waves and golden shore.

Oh! on that bright shore to wander,
There those radiant waves meander
All we lov'd and lost to see—
Be this hope so pure, so splendid,
Vainly with our beings blended?
No! with time we are not ended,
Visions of Eternity.

The Widow.

It was a cold and bleak evening, in a most severe winter. The snow, driven by the furious north wind, was piled into broad and deep banks along our streets. Few dared, or were willing to venture abroad. It was a night which the poor will not soon forget.

In a most miserable and shattered tenement, somewhat remote from any other habitation, there then resided an aged widow, all alone, and yet not alone.

During the weary day, in her excessive weakness, she had been unable to step beyond her door stone, or to communicate her wants to any friend. Her last morsel of bread had been long since consumed, and none heeded her destitution. She sat at evening, by her small fire, half famished with hunger—from exhaustion unable to sleep—preparing to meet the dreadful fate from which she knew not how she should be spared.

She had prayed that morning, in full faith, "Give me this day my daily bread" but the shadows of the evening had descended upon her, and her faithful prayer had not been answered.

While such thoughts were passing through her weary mind, she heard the door suddenly open, and as suddenly shut again, and found deposited in her entry, by an unknown hand, a basket crowded with all those articles of comfortable food, which had all the sweetness of manna to her.

What were her feelings on that night, God only knows; but they were such as rise up to him—the great deliverer and provider—from ten thousand hearts every day.

Many days elapsed before the widow learned through what messenger God had sent to her that timely aid. It was the impulse of a little child, who, on that dismal night, seated at the cheerful fireside of her home, was led to express the generous wish that that poor widow, whom she had sometimes visited, could share some of her numerous comforts and good cheer. Her parents followed out the benevolent suggestion, and a servant was soon dispatched to her mean abode with a plentiful supply.

What a beautiful glimpse of the chain of causes, all fastened at the throne of God! An angel, with noiseless wing, came down and stirred the peaceful breast of a pure-hearted child, and with no pomp or circumstance of an outward miracle the widow's prayer was answered.—The Watchtower.

ROMAN CATHOLICS.—The Baltimore Catholic Mirror says:

"Among the female converts of Romanism are Mrs. Ripley, well known for her beautiful translation of the "Glories of Mercy;' Mrs. Metcalf, lady of Judge Metcalf, of Boston; Miss Macomb, daughter of Gen. Macomb; Miss Scott, daughter of Gen. Scott; and Miss Dana, daughter of Richard H. Dana, the poet."

In the Freeman's Journal, a Catholic paper, published in New York, we also find the following:

"Dwight Lyman, a clergyman of the Episcopal denomination in the State of Pennsylvania, made his abjuration in Baltimore on Saturday last. Mr. Lyman is a gentleman very much respected by the large circle of his acquaintances. Father Hewitt, Mr. Baker, of Baltimore, and Mr. Lyman, were at one time the three favorite and trusted young clergymen of Dr. Whittingham, Protestant bishop of Maryland. Of these, the first is a missionary priest, the second has entered the Redemptorist Novitiate, the third has just been converted to the faith."

Closing Scene of the Women'S Rights Convention.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 9.

The closing scene of the Women's Rights Convention here Saturday, was very tumultuous and exciting. Antoinette Brown replied to an infidel speech made by one Barker, denouncing him as a heretic. Garrison then replied to Miss Brown, in defence of Barker.

A. M. Nevins also made a reply to Barker, making several personal allusions, in which he was several times interrupted by Garrison and Barker, who were finally hissed down. Garrison in the course of his remarks called Nevins a blackguard and a rowdy, whereupon great excitement ensued. It was voted to hold the next Convention in Philadelphia on the 8th, Oct. 1854.

AFTER-PIECE.

After the adjournment, Nevins met Garrison in the street, and demanded an apology, which was refused, upon which Nevins laid violent hands on Garrison, by pulling his nose, &c., &c. Garrison made no resistance, and Nevins was finally taken off by his friends.

☞ We learn that a revival among our Baptist brethren, is now in progress in See Konk, in Mass.,

TEMPERANCE.

Report on Temperance,

Adopted by a rising vote, at the South Eastern Indiana Conference.

The Committee on Temperance would respectfully present the following report:

PREAMBLE.

Whereas, as Christians, Philanthropists, and patriots, we owe it, as a solemn duty to our Fathers, our country and our God, to transmit, unimpaired, to our children, the "priceless heritage" bequeathed us, and which is, and must be, mainly supported by the PILLARS of Temperance and virtue; and, whereas the great evil of intemperance has given to the world, in the mournful facts of its history, testimony written, and reported in thousands of instances, in letters of blood, of opposition, bitter and soulless, to all suggestions and efforts, for the promotion of man's good; and whereas, the frequent and united efforts of the church and of temperance men, banded together in societies of various kinds, for the sake of strength, and efficient action, have been rendered comparatively powerless, and ineffectual on account of the encouragement and protection, given by the LAWS OF OUR LAND, to the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits, as a beverage—as well as the respectability and pecuniary inducements which our lawmakers have given to the infamous traffic—and whereas the object of all government and legislation should be to secure the greatest amount of happiness to the greatest possible number, and whereas, a censure of legislation, based upon this principle, pursued and carried out, in several of our sister States, has resulted in effectually breaking down the hitherto impregnable bulwarks of "king Alcohol," and in driving him, in utter dismay, from his usurped dominion:—Therefore, be it Resolved, 1st, That we, as a Conference, are in favor of the enactment by the Legislature of Indiana, of a law similar in its provisions to the Maine Liquor Law.

Resolved, 2nd. That, as ministers of the gospel, of truth and righteousness, we will more faithfully preach, speak, and write, against the liquor trade, and whilst we live to pray, we will war against it, as the great corrupter of public and private morals.

Resolved, 3ly. That we admire and applaud the humane, patriotic, and Christian conduct of all Coopers, who refuse to make whisky barrels, of all farmers who refuse to sell, or wagon grain to distilleries; of all business men, who disclaim any and all connection with the traffic. Of all politicians, who exhibit the moral courage and patriotic honesty to advocate the Temperance cause.

Resolved, 4th, That no man, professing christianity, can, with any degree of consistency, sell his grain for distillation, loan his credit to keep up a distillery, or touch, taste or handle the unclean thing.

Resolved, 5th, That we respectfully ask the editors of the various periodicals of our State, in the name of patriotism and christianity, to strive, less fearlessly, and more faithfully, to bear aloft our glorious standard of civil and religious freedom, and to inform the American mind, as well as foreign emigrants, that, if Benedict Arnold reaped the requiem of infamy, in endeavoring to sell his country, those who sell their countrymen to the drunkard's grave, should take warning by his fate, for their crime is no less infamous and inhuman.

J. W. SULLIVAN, Ch'n.

The Distiller and his Preacher.

Some years ago, the Rev. Mr. Axley, of eccentric, but pious memory, had preached, and after the sermon he had questioned each brother and sister on the subject of their experience, and practice, and enjoyment in divine life, until all the members had been questioned but a certain very prominent member of the Church, who it seems owned a distillery. When after the most serious conversation with others, the following took place.

Preacher. Well, brother Jerry, how do you come on making whiskey?

Brother. Somewhat startled. Oh, I don't know exactly, tolerably well enough.

P. Well brother, tell us how much money you give tor a bushel of corn.

B. Twenty-five cents a bushel.

P. Twenty-five cents; very cheap that, I should say, but another question, how much whiskey do you suppose one bushel of corn will make?

B. Can't say. I suppose about three gallons. Very much confused.

P. So three gallons! Why that's a considerable turn out, I should judge. But, brother, what do you get for a gallon for whisky.

B. Looking rather wild. Seventy-five cents.

Seventy-five cents. Two hundred per cent? and that, too, I reckon, by the barrel, you get more by the jug full. But brother, tell our brethren, isn't the slops very good to fatten hogs?

B. Yes, very good.

P. And won't the hogs you fatten for nothing on the slops come mighty nigh paying for the corn?

B. Well, very nigh it.

P. But to come to the question, brother, do you make a good article! Will it bear a bead?

By this time the brother was so perfectly confused by the preacher's interrogatories, he began to wish he had never seen the preacher or distillery either. The class could scarcely maintain their gravity during the dialogue, and we need not add that the poor fellow was so tormented every time he met a neighbor by the salutation. 'Well brother, how do you come on making whiskey?' and 'do you make a good article? will it bear a bead?' that he actually broke up his distillery and became a consistant Methodist.

Results of the Liquor traffic.

We take the following from the Madison Bauner of last Thursday:

The following resolution was adopted by the Grand Jury of the county on the 28th:

Resolved, That it is the opinion of the Grand Jury of Jefferson county, Indiana, that in the investigation of crimes that came under our notice, nine tenths of said crimes were directly or indirectly caused by the use of intoxicating liquors.

From the Leisure Hour.

The Haunted Road—A Ghost Story.

Where there is a predisposition to believe a marvel, as in the weak and credulous and wonder-loving mind, it is astonishing how easily a simple natural event may be invested with a marvellous and supernatural appearance. A short time ago, as I was returning late in the evening from a lonely house at which I had been paying a visit, having occasion to pass along a road overhung with dark thick trees on each side, I discerned, as I approached the avenue, an ancient dame, clad in one of those picturesque scarlet cloaks which are now so seldom seen, lingering or watching with uncertain steps by the road-side. As soon as she perceived me, she advanced, and in respectful but earnest tones begged that I would slacken my pace a little in order that she might walk with me through the gloomy avenue. On interrogating her, she informed me that a "spirit" was said to haunt that road by night, and that, though it had seldom been seen, it was accustomed to make its presence known by the rattling of a chain. Joe Hobson, the farrier's boy, had once caught a glimpse of it, dressed in white, with long horns upon its head, passing nimbly through the thick trees on both sides, without being impeded, it would seem, either by the solid trunks or by the thick underwood and twining brambles. She dared not go alone, she told me; indeed, none but a parson could be considered safe from the intrusions of the chained but still nimble ghost; but if I would allow her to accompany me, she would walk as fast as her limbs could carry her, I might be sure.

As we went along I tried to reason with her, and to show her the absurdity of her fears, but evidently with little effect; for she declared with singular perversity that if she were told enough to disbelieve, she should expect the ghost to show itself immediately, to punish her incredulity. As we advanced, the grove became narrower and darker, and the old woman grasped me more tightly by the arm; when, strange to say, the rattling of a chain, at a short distance from me, distinctly reached my ears. My companion heard it also.

"There it is!" said she; "I hear it now!—O! let us go back; come, come!"

"Nonsense," I replied, leading her on; "'tis nothing to be afraid of."

"It's the ———, you know what," she cried, not daring to utter the name of the thing she dreaded. "Don't leave me: O! do come back."

With some difficulty, I persuaded her to remain standing on a spot where the moonlight penetrated through the trees, while I advanced in pursuit of the invisible ghost; a few steps brought me near to a dark object, which moved as I approached, dragging a chain along the ground close to my feet; and soon I was able to arrest the "spirit," and to lead it in the shape of a donkey which had slipped its tether, to the trembling old woman.

Having thus allayed her fears, I asked her as we proceeded on our journey and emerged upon the high road, how she could suppose that spirits would walk about in chains through the dark woods—what object they could have in such midnight rambles.

She answered, with a groan: "No good, you may be sure."

"Did you ever hear of their doing harm to any one?"

"Yes," she replied, "Jemmy Brown was frightened almost out of his wits by the ghost in this avenue."

"By the ghost, or by the donky? In my opinion Jemmy Brown had only himself to thank for the fright he got; if he had had more wits to lose, there would have been less ghost to rob him of them. But seriously, it is not only very foolish but very wicked to entertain and to propagate such fears.—Setting aside the absurdity of supposing that spirits would show themselves here and there, and rattle chains or rustle about in shrouds for no possible object, it shows a great want of faith in the protecting care of God, to be afraid where no fear is, and to imagine dangers where none exist. You would have had a far more pleasant walk this evening, if your mind had been occupied with the evidences and tokens of God's goodness which surround us every where and always. There are indeed dangers by night as well as by day; but if you look habitually to him for protection, you will soon learn to trust in his providence, and to banish all vain, unworthy fears from your mind."

"You speak truly, sir," said the old woman, "but I can't help feeling as I do. I hear so many stories that I don't know what to think about them; and even if I could be persuaded that there is no truth in them, yet they come back to me when I chance to be alone in the dark, and frighten me in spite of myself."

"This is the fault of education," said I.—'Habit is second nature; but you must reason against it, and try to overcome it. As you have suffered so much inconvenience and alarm from the false and foolish stories of others, be sure you never spread abroad such tales yourself; take care that any children you may have to do with are never entertained with marvellous narratives to make their hearts throb and their blood run cold.—Children have a natural craving for such food. Whatever stimulates the curiosity and excites the mind they will eagerly receive, and the mischief that is done in a few idle moments may not be remedied in after years.—Let your neighbors know that you have at last both seen and handled the ghost of Southwood avenue; and tell them that all other hobgoblins, if pursued and examined, would doubtless prove as innocent and natural as poor Jenny, the brickmaker's donkey."

The love of the wonderful prevails so generally over the love of truth, that I was not surprised to hear afterwards that many of the neighbors to whom the old woman told her story believed the former part of it, namely, that she had heard the rattling of a chain and seen a dark object cross her path; but they scorned to accept the result of our examination of the ghost: so that with many our adventure was regarded as confirming the existence of the "spirit" that had so long rattled its chains by night under the dark shade of the trees.

An Orthodox Dog.

Attending meeting last Sabbath evening for the first time at Dr. Chandler's church in this town, I was much amused to see a large one-eared dog stalk up the aisle near the commencement of the services, and quietly stretch himself out on the pulpit platform. After taking a survey of the congregation, as if probably to see who were absent, he dropped his head and fell into a sound sleep, perhaps thinking that was city style. I afterward learned that this dog was strictly sectarian in his views, having, after mature deliberation, settled down upon the mode of worship as adopted by the Congregationalist order, and chosen the Meadow church as his regular place of meeting. His master is of the Baptist denomination, and attends church in this village. But the dog pins his faith to no one's sleve. He accompanies his master on the Sabbath to the road that leads to his own chosen place of worship, and there turns away without saying one word to persuade him that his own way is right and all others are wrong. At the intermission he calls on a neighbor, gets his dinner, and attends divine worship again in the afternoon. At the close of services he quietly wends his way homeward, meditating upon the topic of the day, no doubt, and perhaps revolving in his own mind how much more of the true Christian spirit might be shown by professors if they would but do as he does, worship where he chooses and let others do the same without molestation.—Greenfield Gazette.

NEWS ITEMS.

—— The liquor dealers in New York, since the two World's Temperance Conventions, have raised the price of a dram to twelve and a half cents. They assign as a reason, that they cannot afford to sell for a less sum, such liquors as "ought to be sold or drank."

QUERY—How much of the right kind of liquor has been drank for a long time past!

VETERAN.—Rev, Daniel Waldo, of Syracuse, N. Y., ninety-one years of age, recently preached in Norwich, Conn.—Like Moses, it is said. "his eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated."

A GOOD MOVEMENT.—We see it stated that a General Conference of the Presidents and Directors of the Railroads in the United States, is to be held at Washington, in October; to consider and act upon some code of laws, and the adoption of some general rules, by which accidents, and consequent injury of limbs and destruction of life may be avoided.

We consider it of the utmost importance, that such measures should be adopted, as will have the effect to restrain that wanton recklessness, which has too often prevailed, and resulted in the destruction of many valuable lives.

☞ A sewing machine has been invented by Charles Miller of St. Louis, which makes a stitch like "back-stitching" in hand-sewing; making also a complete transverse button-hole stitch. It is on exhibition at the Crystal Palace, New York.

☞ The Supreme court of California, has decided that California, not the United States owns all the mines and minerals in California. The Supreme Court of the United States will likely determine differently.

COLONIZATION.—The work of colonization is making progress. Rev. Mr. Rogers, a colored clergymen of N. J., and a Mr. Peterson, of Rome, N. Y., are going out to explore the country.

Libel Suit.

H. H. Robinson, Editor of the Enquirer, has ordered Messrs. Pugh, Pendleton and Stanberry to commence suit against Gen. Cary, Editor of the Ohio Temperance Organ, for libel. The damages are laid at $20,000.

EPISCOPAL.—A Foreign Committee expect to send out a number of missionaries to the mission in West Africa, under Bishop Payne, by the Baltimore colonial vessel of Nov. 1st.

Bishop Boone proposes to sail from China about the end of October, and expects to carry with him a reinforcement of laborers for the Shanghai mission.

METHODISTS.—Theological Education. This subject is exciting considerable attention among our Methodist brethren at the South. The Virginia Conference, we learn, have formed an association for the purpose of aiding indignent young men in obtaining an education for the ministry. There seems to be some opposition to the measure, but we trust and hope it will succeed.

A colored State Convention is called to meet at Dayton October 26th. Among the objects sought to be accomplished, are a seat in the jury box, admission to the Alms House, and the Deaf and Dumb, Blind and Lunatic Asylums, and the elective franchise.

EDUCATIONAL.—Howard College commences the present Academic year with more pupils than it ever had. There are 250 under graduates in the college.

News from Washington.

We copy the following from the Star: The China Mission has been tendered to the Hon. George M. Dallas, and we presume, it will be accepted by that gentlemen who is so well qualified to fill it with credit to himself and happily for his country's interest.

☞ The Hon. J. W. Davis, of Ind., recently appointed Governor of Oregon Territory, was sworn in on Wednesday, by Judge Kane, of the U. S. District Court, at Philadelphia.

☞ Let your wit rather serve you for a buckler to defend yourself, by a handsome reply, than the sword to wound others, though with ever so facetious reproach; remembering that a word cuts deeper than a sharp weapon, and the wound it makes is longer curing.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The Boston Chronicle says: "nearly every Universalist clergyman in Boston, is a noisy brawler in favor of the Maine Law."—Exchange.

What a cause that must be which The Chronicle finds it necessary to advocate in such terms.

☞ Hon. Rufus Choate, peremptorily declined having his name brought before the Massachusetts Whig Convention, as a candidate for Governor. He was too considerate for his party to allow of his nomination. The nominee is Emory Washburn, a strong and popular man.

Jeu d'esprit.

The editor of the Cincinnati Columbian, during a visit through the Horticultural Exhibition last week, picked up the following lines, which he found carefully resting upon a mammoth beet.

Here turnips, beets, and carrots grow,
Until they reach the shades below,
And parsnips stretch their roots with ease,
Clean through to our antipodes;
The Chinese rogues, if fame speaks true,
To rob our farmers, pull them through.

☞ An incident occurred at the close of Mrs. Bloomer's lecture last evening, which caused an audible titter all over the house.—The lady had given out that she would speak to night again. Mr. Bloomer stepped up to the stage and whispered in her ear. She immediately said to the audience:

"My husband thinks it better for me not to lecture to morrow evening."

Wasn't it a little funny to see a lady so strong in the Woman's rights faith thus giving preference to the advice of her "tother half!" (Plain Dealer, 4th.

CROSSING THE STREET—LEGAL DECISION.—At one of the City courts in Cincinnati, a few days since, a driver was fined twenty-five dollars for running against a pedestrian who was crossing the street. The Judge decided that at all regular street crossings, pedestrians had the right of way, and that the law requires a driver to hold up when he sees a foot passenger crossing in front of his team. The same principle of law holds good elsewhere, and is worthy the notice of both drivers and pedestrians.

☞ The world has a contemptuous pity for the fellow who, like Micawber, "wait for something to turn up," but is ready to lend a hundred helping hands to whoever will take hold vigorously, determined to turn up something. If the mountain won't come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain.

How to detect Counterfeits.

1. Examine the appearance of a bill—the genuine have a general dark neat appearance.

2. Examine the vignette, or picture in the middle of the top; see if the sky or back-ground looks clear and transparent or soft and even, and not scratchy.

3. Examine well the face; see if the expressions are distinct and easy, natural and life-like; particularly the eyes.

4. See if the drapery or dress fits well looks natural and easy, shows the folds distinctly.

5. Examine the medallion, ruling and heads, and circular ornaments around the figures, &c. See if they are regular, smooth, and uniform; not scratchy.—This work in the genuine looks as if raised on the paper, and cannot be perfectly imitated.

6. Examine the principal line of letters or name of the bank. See if they are all upright, perfectly true and even; or if sloping, of a uniform slope.

7. Carefully examine the shade or parallel ruling on the face or outside of the letters, &c., see if it is clear, and looks as if colored with a brush. The fine and parallel lines in the genuine are of equal size, smooth and even; counterfeits look as if done with a file.

8. Observe the round handwriting engraved on the bill, which should be black, equal in size and distance, of a uniform slope, and smooth. This in genuine notes is invariably well done, and looks very perfect. In counterfeits it is seldom so but often looks stiff as if done with a pen.

9. Notice the imprint or engraver's name, which is always near the border or end of note, and is always alike; letters small and upright, and engraved very perfectly. Counterfeiters seldom do it well.

NOTE.—It was remarked by Stephen Burroughs, before he died, that two things could not be perfectly counterfeited: one was the dye-work, or portrait meadallion heads, vignette, &c., and the other the shading or ruling above the letters.—Bank Note Reporter.

THE DUCHESS DEBERRI

—Her hiding place and Arrest.

The Duchess DeBerri, having exposed herself to the vengeance of Louis Phillipe, after the revolution of 1830, through her endeavors to rouse the Vendeans to take arms in behalf of the claims of her son to the crown of France, was concealed at Nautes among her friends.—But one Simon Deutz proved himself a false hearted traitor, and betrayed the place of her concealment. A writer in CHAMBERS' JOURNAL gives the following very striking account of her arrest:—ED.

Three friends, who were deservedly in the duchess' confidence—the Baroness de Charette, Mademoiselle Celeste de Kersabiec, and M. Guibourg—were invited to join the dinner party. It was a bright moonlight evening; and at about half-past five o'clock, the guests were assembled in Madame Pauline Duguiny's room, previously to the announcement of dinner. There was not any lights in the room. After conversing a little time about the beauty of the evening, M. Guibourg advanced to the window, to admire the outdoor effect of the moonlight—when, to his dismay, he beheld a battalion of infantry silently surrounding the house. He instantly gave the alarm, and all three hastened to the duchess's room, where she had received Deutz less than two hours before. This room was a garret. Methinks I see it now, for I have been all over it.—A poor looking chamber it was; the furniture consisted only of a few rush-bottomed chairs and an old card table, bereft of its former green cloth covering. By way of embellishment, the duchess herself had pasted some common paper hanging on the walls. Why, then, was this dreary attic emphatically called the duchess' room! Because attached to it was the cachette—the hiding place—to which she might flee in a case of imminent peril like the present.

The Count de Mesnard—who had been her equerry in more prosperous days, and who now adhered to her in adversity—and Mademoiselle Stylite de Kersabiec were with the duchess in the garret.

"To the cachette—to the cachette! madame," cried the new comers. "The house is surrounded by troops! You are betrayed! There is not a moment to lose!"

All rushed to the cheminee, or fireplace, which is an angle of the little garret. One of the party kneeling down on the hearth, touched a spring, and the plaque, or iron plate forming the back of the fireplace, flew open, revealing a cavity between the wall of the chimney and the exterior wall of the house; this is the cachette. Into it the duchess, Mademoiselle Stylite de Kersabiec, the Count de Mesnard, and M. Guibourg, crept as quickly as possible on their hands and knees: the plaque was closed upon them, and the two ladies left the room.*

It was indeed high time that the duchess and her companions were shut out of sight; for now the commissary-general of police and his officers, all armed with pistols, and escorted by a detachment of the battalion which invested the house, entered it, and in a twinkling every room was occupied by soldiers. The commissary-general of police and his subordinates went direct to the garret, where, from the treacherous Deutz's description, they felt certain of finding the duchess: but the bird had flown up, or rather behind the chimney, and nothing was to be seen but the old card-table, the rush-bottomed chairs, and a small crucifix on the rude mantlepiece.

The police officers stared at each other with astonishment, and loudly expressed their vexation at having missed their prey. But the wonderment and annoyance of all the officials reached to the highest pitch after a most rigorous but bootless examination of every room, nook, and corner, including the cellar.

The commissary-general of police left the house at about midnight; but, though baffled by six hours or more of fruitless search, he did not in the slightest degree slacken the stringent measures he had from the first adoped for preventing any escape from the premises.

And what was passing in the cachette during these rigid proceedings? The duchess and her faithful companions distinctly heard, and were highly amused by, the sonorus exclamations of their pursuers on finding the garret empty; when, however, the fire was lighted, they began to feel uneasy. This annoyance soon ceased; but the violent knocking against the wall of the room in the adjoining house created much alarm, it not being by any means unlikely that the wall might fall in and crush them to death. Yet their courage never flagged, though it was afterwards tested to the uttermost.

The night was very cold, and after a time, the two gendarmes, who were stationed in the garret, lighted a large wood fire in the cheminey. At first this was a relief to the prisoners behind the fireplace, who had been very imperfectly sheltered from the cold by the slight roof; presently, however, this comforting warmth was converted into almost insufferable heat. The portal to their narrow prison—the iron chimney-back—soon became red-hot; and the crackling flames, so cheering and vivifying to the gendarmes, while stretching out their limbs in front of them, produced a state of purgatory to the unfortunate who were closely packed together behind the glowing screen. It being impossible for any one of the party to remain long in front of the red-hot plaque, the only method of relieving each other was to change places in rotation; but the space was so confined, that they could scarcely accomplish that needful gyration. To these sufferings were added hunger and thirst, the latter aggravated by the scorching heat.

It was a night of agony, heroically endured. By dint of various contrivances, they held out until towards morning, when the fire was allowed gradually to expire, and the iron door became cool.—This relief was, however, speedily followed by fresh alarms. Before daylight, a brisker search than ever commenced, especially in and about the garret. Some masons and other workmen arrived, and sounded the walls of the attic with mallets and crow-bars; the blows being so heavy that a brick in the chimney wall was cracked. A clattering assault was then made on the brickwork surrounding the plaque, and some of the plaster with which it was covered gave way and fell on the hearth. But nothing was discovered, and the workmen left the room; the fracture they had made in the brick proving, for the moment, a relief rather than a danger to the courageous party in the cachette, inasmuch as they obtained a little fresh air through the fissure.

At night, the commissary-general once more quitted the house, leaving a detachment of soldiers in occupation of the general floor, and police officers in all the other apartments. The two gendarmes, whose places had been supplied by other watchers during the day, now resumed their post in the garret.—Again they lighted a fire in the cheminee; again the plaque became red-hot; and again were the exhausted occupants of the cachette forced to shift about to relieve each other from the intense heat. Once the duchess' dress touched the red-hot iron and caught fire; but it was crushed together by the hands in a moment, and no further mischief happened in that way. Doubtless, the high spirited duchess and her faithful companions would still have held out, in the hope that their pursuers would ere long retire after so many defeats, had it not been that what, in the early morning, was a safety-valve, became the source of imminent peril at night; for the cleft in the brick, which had admitted the refreshing air, now afforded a passage for the pungent smoke arising from the roaring wood fire. They were suffocating, and must either abandon the cachette at once or perish.

In this extremity, the duchess desired that the plaque might be opened forthwith; but the iron had become dilated by the excessive heat, and the spring would not act. It was a case of life or death—moments were now ages. The Count de Mesnard and M. Guibourg kicked with all their might against the plaque; red-hot as it was, whilst the smoke poured in more and more through the cracked brick. No sound was heard from without, however; and they must all have perished in a few minut