# SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.

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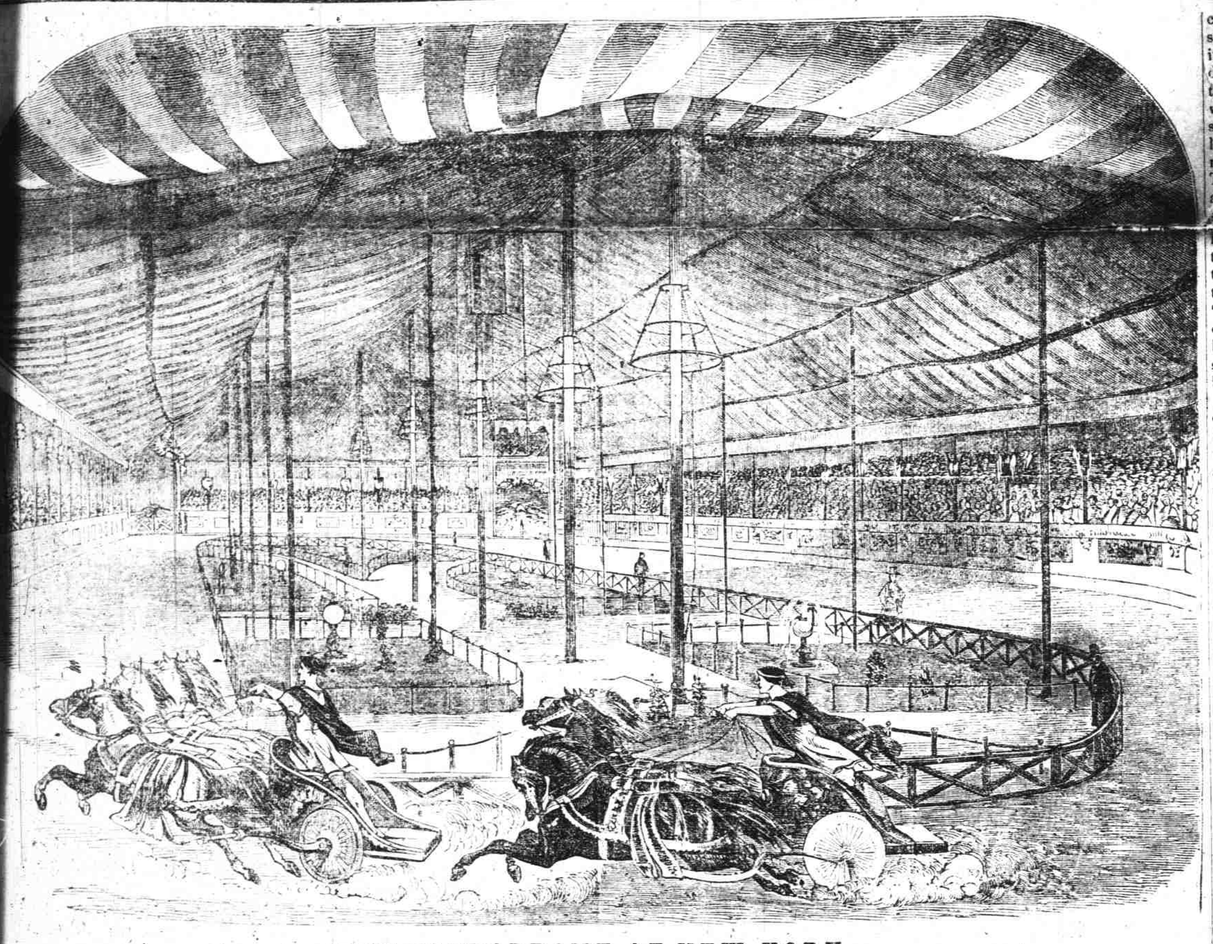

## THE HIPPODROME AT NEW YORK.

The above sketch presents a view of the interior of the Hippodrome at Madison square, New York city. The inclosure, which covers two acres of ground, is surrounded by a brick wall twenty feet in height, of sufficient thickness, strengthened with abutments and buttresses, and otherwise highly ornamented. Upon the angles formed by the intersection of Broadway and Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, out not two octagonal towers thirty feet high, but in the Italian style of architecture, the faces of both being elaborately ornamented with projecting cornices and battlemented parapets, each tower containing two stories. Over the lower floor of these towers are the grand entrances to the Hippodrome, the upper division being assigned for refreshment saloons, dressing rooms, &c., and are fitted up in a style of luxurious elegance.

Besides the two principal entrances, there are five separate places of *egress* for the audience through large Gothic doors, opening outwards upon Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, the avenues and passages by which being disposed with such peculiar fitness as to enable an assemblage of 10,000 persons to clear the premises in three minutes from the close of the entertainments, and even in less time if necessary.

The interior is surrounded with rows of conveniently constructed seats for the spectators, rising one above the other to a proper elevation around the entire circuit of the Hippodrome, presenting an oblong form, and of sufficient capacity to accommodate, comfortably, 10,000 spectators.

The area of stage, around which the spectators are seated, is one thousand feet in circumference, corresponding in size and form with the ancient Grecian stadium and chariot course. The racecourse is thirty feet wide, separated from the spectators by barriers four feet in height. The whole interior, with the exception of the chariot course, and the space occupied by the audience, is tastefully laid out in flower gardens, with gravel walks, playing fountains, a profusion of aquatic and other plants in full bloom, and a highly ornamented orchestra.

The grand entrance to the area of the Hippodrome, through which the various processions and chariots pass to the scene of action, is thirty feet high and twenty feet in breadth, a capacity that is adequate for the admission of the colossal "Car of Flowers," with its living tableaux of Parisian *artistes*, superbly grouped, illustrating the four seasons, and revolving with the motion of the chariot.

The roofing of this immense enclosure is one of the most attractive features of the Hippodrome, the canopy, consisting of light water-proof canvas, manufactured for the purpose, arranged in the style of an Italian pavilion, with alternate stripes of rich and variegated colors, throwing, by means of numberless jets of gas, a soft and effective light around the interior. Twenty masts, or slender wooden columns, decorated in the gaudiest manner, are the principal supporters of the flexible roof—and well staff, the tops of which are seen projecting through, being beautifully ornamented and festooned with flags, banners, and other appropriate emblematic ornaments. In addition to this covering, a light zinc roofing is extended so far as to overspread that part of the interior occupied by the spectators, for their better security against the inclemency of the weather, and to screen them from the rays of the sun during the day exhibitions. The supporters of this section of the roof—one hundred in number—are also embellished with Olympian trophies, garlands, shields, and appropriate devices, giving symmetry and additional beauty to the interior. For the above description of the Hippodrome we are indebted to the *Illustrated News*.

## SELECT POETRY.

### MY MOTHER DEAR.

AS SUNG BY S. C. CAMPBELL.

There was a place in childhood,
That I remember well.
And there a voice of sweetest tone
Bright fairy tales did tell;
And gentle words and fond embrace
Were given with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place,
Upon my mother's knee.
My mother dear, my mother dear,
My gentle, gentle mother!

When fairly tales were ended,
"Good night!"—she softly said,
She kissed and laid me down to sleep
Within my tiny bed;
And holy words she taught me there;
Methinks I yet can see
Her angel form as close I knelt
Beside my mother's knee.
My mother dear, my mother dear,
My gentle, gentle mother!

In the sickness of my childhood,
And the perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years,
The pride of every time,
When doubt and danger weighed me down,
Still pleading oft for me,
It was the fervent prayer to Heaven
That bent my mother's knee.
My mother dear, my mother dear,
My gentle, gentle mother!

## SELECTED STORY.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

### THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

BY GLAUBER SALTZ, M. D.

I HAD stumped about the country for a dozen years or so, in the same equipage, having wonderful success in curing 'cases,' but half the time cheated out of the credit of it by calomel tea. I took a notion to cast up my books to see how rich I was, and what could be made of outstanding accounts. It cost a great many evenings of hard work to arrive at the knowledge that, all debts being paid, I was not worth a 'brass farthing'—not a red cent. Notwithstanding all the lucrative cases of typhus which I had managed, I remained poor. I believe that people in the city pay their fees with alacrity because the charges are exorbitant. When a bill for a hundred dollars, for looking two or three times at a sick child, is presented to one who lives in a well furnished house in the upper part of the town, the very largeness of the demand is a delicate compliment upon his ability to pay. The man of the house sits down at a handsome secretary, and draws out a clean check for the full amount, saying, 'Doctor, you are very moderate: now that Jacky is out of the woods, come in, in a sociable way.'

As soon as the messenger is gone, the *paterfamilias* exclaims, 'What an outrageous bill! It is an expensive luxury to be sick.' However, it has its advantages to be attended by a fashionable doctor, as it has to worship God in a fashionable church. On one occasion I was called in midsummer to attend a sick man on the sea-shore. After several days, his family physician, the renowned Doctor Jalaps, arrived from the city, and the patient was soon after on his legs, no thanks to me, and ready for the surf.

'How much are you going to charge him?' said Doctor Jalaps.

'Twenty-five dollars,' said I.

'Pish!' said he, 'make it a hundred.' He expects it.'

'If he expects it,' said I, 'it would give me great pain to disappoint his expectations;' whereupon I acted advisedly, and received an honored check for a round C. on the Phœnix Bank.

On another occasion, when attending one of my own patients in the same vicinity, while crossing the 'big bridge' when the tide was up, I came near being drowned. My sulky was soon afloat, but the horse, being a good swimmer, reached the opposite bank. Now, beside risking my own life, I fairly dragged the patient from the very gates of death. I got him out of a bilious-remittent, drove the jaundice out of his skin, and when I came to ask him for ten dollars, he blackguarded me like a chicken stealer, and would never employ me again. The fact is, that people in the country abhor taxes, and a doctor is the worst of publicans. To be sick they think is a dead loss, which they unchristianly grumble at; but to have to pay for being cured, irritates them beyond measure. Oh! how meek they are, when they lie prostrate in a burning fever—when their teeth chatter, and the whole house jars with their shaking agues! Oh! how welcomely the latch is lifted up to admit you when life seems to hang upon a hair! But get them on their legs, and the first thing which they forget will be that they were ever on their backs. If many of them do pay you, it is under protest, procrastinating the settlement to a time when the account might be outlawed, clipping down the fair proportions of a just bill, and giving you the most ragged representative of money.

I say that when I came to overhaul my accounts, I was not worth any thing, and therefore arrived at the conclusion that it was high time to marry a wife who would take care of my money. I did so, and found my condition better, but for some years had a hard time of it. My children were extremely pettish and peevish, and what with nocturnal calls, I had not a night's rest for five years. If any thing ailed them, they were sure to cry the night long; but if they were well, they woke up long before the crowing of the cock, climbing over me at the very moment when I had composed my head for a short morning nap. But paternal philosophy can well be reconciled to the sweet music of 'crying babes,' some thousands of which have been imported into New-York during the present year. But the number of people taken sick in the day-time, who send for the doctor by night, produced a compound fracture of my time, which seldom gave me a comatose state. It is the sweetest of all consolations to lay a weary head upon the pillow with the thought that rest awaits you until the dawning light. Whatever carking cares have vexed you, that is a long season of immunity which stretches through the dark hours of the night. Then do the strained muscles lapse into the most easy attitudes in the yielding couch, and the taxed intellect is still, and you bolt the door upon ingratitude and strife.

But to lie down without security from disturbance is enough to frighten away sleep. Such is the lot of a country doctor. I could relate innumerable instances of the utter disregard with which he is routed from his bed, without occasion, at all hours. Here is one in point:

I arrived late one winter evening at my own door, after a hard day's toil. With what a feeling of relaxation did I divest my feet of heavy boots, set them smoking at the fire, and then regale them in easy slippers! Then wrapping about me a soft padded gown, with what luxury did I fall back in my arm chair, perfuse the daily paper, and sip a cup of tea! 'Now,' said I, 'the labors of the day are over. A storm is brewing out of doors. I hope that no body will come here to-night. If they do, I won't go. Let them go after Bogardus. I won't immolate myself for any body. It is unreasonable.' With that I pulled down my ledger and made a note of the day's visits, one half of which were to poor houses, negro huts, and Irish shanties. As to this class, they loved me like a brother, and their confidence in me was unbounded. They sent for me if their bones ached, or if their corns hurt them, and I went with all speed, though I sometimes had occasion to scold them. Before retiring for the night, I opened the outer door, as was my custom, to see the state of the weather. It was a tremendous night. The moon shone palely, but the wind blew a hurricane. It rained, it hailed, it snowed, it blowed. I thought again of the poor mariners on the coast, and with a silent prayer for them, and all houseless, unprotected ones, I closed the door and went to bed. I had just recovered from the shivering sensation of cold sheets, and become conscious of a grateful warmth, while that delightful drowsiness which borders upon sound sleep stole over me, when there came a knocking, impatiently repeated, enough to wake the dead. 'God bless me!' I groaned out, crawling out of bed, and lifting up the sash, 'what do you want?'

'Doctor, want you to come right straight away off to Banks's. His child's dead.'

'Then why do you come?'

'He's p'isoned. They gin him laud'num for paregoricky.'

'How much have they given him?'

'Done. A great deal. Think he won't get over it.'

'When did they give it to him?'

'This arternoon.'

'Why didn't you come sooner? How do you think I am to go two miles on such a night? Have you brought a wagon?'

'No.'

'Then I won't go. Tell them to ———;' and having prescribed hastily out of the window, I closed the sash and went back to bed. But the howling wind and rattling sleet against the panes had not that soothing effect which they have to one who lies snug and warm and irresponsible in his couch. 'What,' said I, 'if that child should die through my neglect! Will it absolve me from criminality because the parents are poor? I will go: I must.' With that I leaped out again, kindled a match, and went down into my office. Not choosing to wake my man Flummery, or to disturb my old horse, who was craunching his oats, and housed for the night, I took my stick and set out to walk. The snow-water went through my shoes like a sieve; my neck and bosom were instantly covered with sleet. Nevertheless, I had some humorous thoughts while breasting the storm, and composed a Latin distich by the way. I had just got the last foot of the pentameter correct, when my own foot struck against something which looked like a black log. On scrutiny, by the light of the moon, I found it to be my old patient, Timmy Timmons, apparently sound asleep, with his beloved rum-jug by his side. Vain shook him to make him aware of his situation, and see if the spirit had left his body. I shook the rum-jug, but there was no spirit there, not a drop. 'Timmy,' says I, 'wake up.' No answer. I then kicked him, but he bore it as if he had been used to kicks. 'He is dead,' said I, and passed on to the next house. There, while opening the gate, I was fiercely attacked by a stout bull-dog; and while keeping him off, and fighting my way up to the house, the master came out in his shirt-tail with a loaded gun. 'Don't you know me?' said I, as he examined the priming; 'it is the doctor.'

'Souls alive?' responded he; 'I thought it was a thief! I'm glad you spoke when you did. In a minute more I should have popped you over, Doc'. Sorry to do that. My son John's got the fever-aig. Here, Bull, Bull, Bull, Bull!—g' home, Sir!'

'Timmy Tummons,' said I, 'is lying out in the lane, drunk or dead, I don't know which; dead drunk, at any rate. He must be looked after.'

'Wait till I put on my breeches. What a wunnerful nigh! Won't you come in and git warm?'

'No; get on your breeches, and make haste.'

'Guy! when I first heered you, I thought it was Lawrence con.in' to break house. He 's a desput fellow. So I gets up and looks out o' the window, and then I went into the corner to find my gun and if I didn't ———.'

'Come, come; do you want ———.'

'To get the rheumatiz? No, I don't. Hold on, Doctor; be down in one minute.'

We returned to the congealed Timmons. My co-adjutor took up the jug, shook it, and said, 'Not a drop.' He then smelt it.

'It is rum,' said I, 'the cause of all this misery.'

'No, Doctor, not *all* rum; there 's gin, and a little *molasses* into this jug, by the smell of it.'

'Lift him up, said I. He did so, and carried his burthen home, where I brought Timmy to life.

I now trudged on upon my original errand, hoping to save another life more valuable than that of Timmons. Arrived at the house, I perceived it shut up as if hermetically sealed. Not a light was to be seen. I knocked at the door, but no answer. I knocked furiously, and at last a night-cap appeared from the chamber window, and a woman's voice squeaked out, 'Who's there?'

'The doctor, to be sure,' said I; 'you sent for him. What the dogs is the matter?'

'Oh, it's *no* matter, Doctor. Ephraim 's better. We got a little *skeered*, kind of. Gin him laud'num, and he slept kind o' sound, but he 's woke up now.'

'How much laudanum did he swallow?'

'Only two drops,' said she. ''Taint hurt him none. Wunnerful bad storm to-night.'

I buttoned up my coat to my throat, turned upon my heel, and tried to whistle.'

'Doctor, Doctor!'

'What do you want!'

'You won't charge nothin' for this visit, will you.'

Now, as I traveled back on foot, the moon became obscured, the driving sleet blinded the eyes, I heard the Atlantic breakers booming and beating upon the coast; and with head down, like a bulrush, I arrived at my own door wet and disconsolate, saying to myself: 'THAT LITTLE PLANT CALLED PATIENCE DOES NOT GROW IN EVERY GARDEN!'

THE DIZZY ACTIVITIES OF THE TIMES.—We need the spirit of '75 to guide us safely amid the dizzy activities of the times. While our own numbers are increased in an unexampled ratio, Europe is pouring it upon us her hundreds of thousands annually, and new regions are added to our domain, which we are obliged to count by degrees of latitude and longitude. In the mean time, the most wonderful discoveries of art, and the most mysterious powers of nature, combine to give an almost fearful increase to the intensity of our existence. Machines of unexampled complication and ingenuity have been applied to the whole range of human industry: we rush across the land and the sea by steam; we correspond by magnetism; we paint by the solar ray; we count the beats of the electric clock at the distance of a thousand miles; we annihilate time and distance; and, amidst all the new agencies of communication and action, the omnipotent Press—the great engine of modern progress, not superseded or impaired, but gathering new power from all the arts—is daily clothing itself with louder thunders. While we contemplate with admiration—almost with awe—the mighty influences which surround us, and which demand our co-operation and our guidance, let our hearts overflow with gratitude to the patriots who have handed down to us this great inheritance. Let us strive to furnish ourselves, from the storehouse of their example, with the principles and virtues which will strengthen us for the performance of an honored part on this illustrious stage. Let pure patriotism add its bond to the bars of iron which are binding the continent together; and, as intelligence shoots with the electric spark from ocean to ocean, let public spirit and love of country catch from heart to heart.—*Edward Everett.*

A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning, when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of the hearers. "I tid not go in te boat," was the Dutchman's placid answer.

The man who is always behind hand has recently purchased several bottles of ketch-up.

### A STORY FOR ABOLITIONISTS.

THE "POOR SLAVE."

ABOUT eight years since, says G. W. Kendall, in his last letter to the N. O. Picayune, the Sultan of Turkey, anxious to introduce the culture of cotton in his dominions, sent an agent to the United States for some one thoroughly understanding its cultivation. A gentleman living at or near Columbia, South Carolina, was selected, accepted the liberal offer made, and took out with him to Turkey, besides his family, a female slave belonging to him, and two or three more, who were also his property, all brought up on his plantation, and practically acquainted with the growth of cotton. One of these men, a trusty fellow, was despatched ahead—visited England to make purchases, or on some necessary errand, performed his trust faithfully, although he well knew that on English soil he was free, and met his master in due time at Constantinople, after thousands of miles of travel with no one to look out for him. After remaining in Turkey some two or three years, and setting a cotton plantation in operation, (his own negro slaves learning the Turks the practical culture of the plant,) the gentleman set out on his return to the States with all his people. On board an English steamer between Smyrna and Malta, on which he took passage, it soon became noised that an American, with a lot of slaves, was among the passengers, and great was the curiosity, among the English in particular, to see and talk with the negroes. The master of the latter allowed free converse—permitted the passengers to make any offers to his slaves—to use any means they saw fit, short of actual force, to induce any one of them to accept proffered freedom—yet all failed; they were anxious, the slaves were, to go back to old Carolina, preferring bondage there to the freedom among the poorer classes they had seen during their European travels. But the best of the story is to come yet.

On reaching Malta, the steamer remained over night, when, to breathe the fresh land air, or to see the town, all the passengers, including the American and his white and colored people, went ashore and remained until morning. On going again on board, at the hour appointed for sailing, it was ascertained that by an accident in running back to the hotel for a basket, or some article forgotten in the haste of leaving, the colored female slave had missed the party, had lost her way, or at all events was not forthcoming when the steamer's bell rang to cast off. The American asked the captain to remain a few moments, and with success; but still the girl did not make her appearance. The captain was importuned to remain yet a few moments longer, and did delay giving the order to cast off a space; but after waiting until long past the usual time advertised for starting, and with no sign of the lost one in sight, the last bell was rung, and the boat sped on her way. The gentleman, however, had time to write a hurried note to a friend on shore, stating that he had accidentally left his servant-girl behind, and requesting him to procure her a passage on a steamer, which was to sail the next day direct for Marseilles, to which port he was bound, and where he would pick her up. It should here be stated that the boat he was on board of was a coaster, and was to stop at Leghorn and other places on the Mediterranean, on her way to Marseilles.

Great was the exultation among the English passengers when it was ascertained that one of the unfortunate slaves had been left behind, nor would they believe that her non-appearance was the result of accident. She had put her foot upon British soil, had tasted the sweets of British freedom, and was not going back to American slavery and servitude. They little knew the feelings then agitating the poor girl, but in their rejoicing offered wagers that her master would never see her again. Nor did they appreciate the feelings of the latter, nor of his wife, nor of his children—for all the family were attached to the girl, and all knew how bitter must be her anguish on finding herself thus separated from those to whom she had ever been warmly attached, and thrown among strangers who would take no thought of her welfare.

The steamer put in at her usual ports, landed or took on board her usual passengers, and at the accustomed day approached Marseilles. So confident was the American that the first person to be seen on landing would be the girl, as the direct steamer must have been in for a day or two, that he boldly asked the passengers to be on the lookout. And as the boat neared the wharf, and as all eyes were turned in that direction, there, sure enough, was the girl, peering with eager eyes at the crowd collected on the deck. And as she saw one after another, her old friends from whom she had been for the first time separated, she commenced jumping like one beside herself for joy, burst into tears of happiness, and broke out with "Tank God! dar's massa, and missus too; and de childun"—for her ardent gaze had fallen upon the children—"Bress de Lord! dar's de childun and all, and I doesn't neber leave 'em no more!" In the fulness of her joy—the Duchess of Sutherland nor Mrs. Beecher Stowe never had such a moment of unalloyed happiness, nor never will. In the excess of her overpowering gladness, she pushed through a crowd astonished at her frantic gestures, jumped on board the boat before it was yet made fast, and seizing one of the children convulsively in her arms, she fairly rolled upon the deck, overcome by emotions over which she had no control. Nor could her grasp upon the child be loosened but with the greatest difficulty, for she clung to this member of the family as to a plank which would save her from a repetition of such terrible suffering as she had experienced during the past week, and would prevent a future separation.

It was afterwards ascertained that the poor slave girl, on finding herself left by her master and her master's family, rushed like a mad person about the streets of Malta, calling frantically upon every one to help her to find her "missis and de childun." In the extremity of her grief she upbraided the family with deserting her intentionally, and in the hopelessness of her despair went bitter tears as she thought that she should never see her friends again. Nor would the assurances of the gentleman who had been hastily written to, and who had sought and found her, completely convince her that—that what? That she would be restored to a family where no other than a life of slavery was before her.

We notice in a cotemporary's columns, the advertisement of a lady for a husband—"None need apply under six feet." Whew! but the lady goes in ferociously for Hy-men.

### "THE PAPER DON'T SAY SO!"

Mr. Slocum was not educated in a University, and his walk in life has been in by-paths and out of the way places. His mind is characterized by littleness rather than a comprehensive grasp of great subjects. Mr. Slocum can however, master a printed paragraph by dint of spelling the hard words in a deliberate manner, and he manages to get a few glimpses of men and things from his little rocky farm, through the medium of a newspaper. It is quite edifying to hear Mr. Slocum reading the village paper aloud to his wife after a hard days work.

A few evenings ago, father Slocum was reading an account of a dreadful accident that had occurred at a factory in the next town, and which the village editor had described in a great many words.

'I declare, wife; that was an awful accident over tew the mills.'

'What was it about, Mr. S'ocum?'

'I'll read the 'count, wife, and then you will know all about it.'

Mr. Slocum began to read.

'*Horrible and Fatal Accident.*—It becomes our painful duty to record the particulars of an accident that occurred at the lower mill, in this village, yesterday afternoon, by which a human being in the prime of life was hurried to 'that bourne from which, as the immortal Shakespeare has said, 'no traveler returns.'

'Du tell!" exclaimed Mrs. S.

'Mr. David Jones a workmen, who had but few superiors this side of the great city of New York, was engaged in adjusting a belt upon one of the largest drums—

'I wonder if it was a bass drum sich as has '*E. Pluribus Unum*' printed on it?' said Mrs. S.

—'when he became entangled. His arm was drawn around the drum, and finally his whole body was whirled over the shaft at a fearful rate. When his situation was discovered, he had revolved about fifteen minutes, his head and arms striking a large beam a distinct blow at each revolution."

'Poor creatur, how it must have hurt him.'

'When the machinery had been stopped, it was found that Mr. Jones' arms and legs were macerated to a jelly.'

'Well, did it kill him?' asked Mrs. S., with increasing interest.

—'portions of the duramater, cerebrum, and cerebellum, in confused masses, were scattered about the floor—in short, the gates of eternity opened upon him.'

Here Mr. Slocum paused to wipe his spectacles, and the wife seized the opportunity to press the question—

'Was the man killed?'

'I don't know—havn't come to that yet; you'll know wher I've finished the piece.' And Mr. Slocum continued his reading:

'It was evident, when the shapeless form was taken down, that it was no longer tenanted by an immortal spirit—that the vital spark was extinct.'

'Was the man killed? that's what I want to come at,' said Mrs. S.

'Do have a little patience, old 'ooman,' said Mr. S., eyeing his better half over his spectacles; 'I presume we shall come upon it right away.' And he went on:

This fatal casuality has cast a gloom over our village, and we trust that it will prove a warning to persons who are called upon to regulate the powerful machinery of our mill.'

'Now,' says Mrs. Slocum, perceiving that the narrative was ended, 'now I should like to know whether the man was killed or not?'

Mr. Slocum looked puzzled. He scratched his head, scrutinized the article he had been reading, and took a general survey of the paper.

'I declare, wife, 'tis rather curious, but really, the paper don't say.'

AN AUSTRALIAN COURTSHIP.—As all my prisoner women servants have had suitors in plenty, I have sometimes been amused by quietly observing the growing symptoms of the tender passion, as exemplified (in their class of life) by the unfailing presents and love-tokens offered by the enamored swain as symbols of his sincere attachment, and signs of progress made. The campaign not unfrequently opens with the bold demonstration of a gay print gown, especially if the arrival of a hawker's cart at the kitchen door has afforded so excellent an opportunity for the display of rustic gallantry. The presentation of a bonnet and ribbons I look upon as a decidedly serious advance, and in some cases a few yards of calico often give a grave aspect to the affair; a shawl, too, is considered a very affecting thing, and I have known a lace cap on the head exercise a mighty influence over the heart; but the grand conclusive stroke of all, the true love philter, the unerring omen that bids me seek a new handmaiden, is, when the bolt of Cupid comes wrapped in flannel! Print gowns and new bonnets are, no doubt, shrewd pleaders; ribbons and lace, too, are insinuating things; and shawls and calico may mean much, but when the courtship takes the shape of flannel, I know the work of wooing has sped—the damsel's heart is won; and that the next thing will be John's awkward, round-about request for leave to "keep company with Mary," which is very quickly followed by Mary's sheepish presentation of the "memorial for marriage:" "If you would please ma'am, to ask the master to please to recommend us!" And married they are, shortly after, if the lover is in a situation to maintain a wife, which the superior powers very rightly desire to know before authorizing the marriage.—*Nine Years in Australia.*

THE DEAD WIFE.—In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifles. The wife, she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven—she who is so busied, so unwearied in laboring for the precious souls around her—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay. You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your hand may have unwillingly planted. Her noble, tender heart, lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead! The dear head that laid upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart, whose every beat measures an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.