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TERMS.

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THE FATE OF A DRUNKARD.

BY DICKENS.

[illegible] the dim and [illegible] light of a winter's [illegible] penetrated into [illegible] narrow court, and [illegible] through the begrimed window of the [illegible] room, Warden [illegible] from his heavy [illegible] found himself alone. He rose and looked [illegible] the old flock mattress on the floor [illegible] every thing was just as he remembered it; [illegible] there was no [illegible] himself, living occupied the room [illegible] night. He had inquired of other lodgers [illegible] neighbors; but his daughter had not been [illegible] heard of. He rambled through streets, [illegible] each watched face, among the crowds [illegible] them, with anxious eyes. But he [illegible] fruitless, and he returned to the garret [illegible] night came on, desolate and weary.

For many [illegible] occupied itself in the same manner, but no [illegible] of his daughter did he meet with, and so [illegible] heart reached his ears. At last he gave up [illegible] as hopeless, and long thought of the [illegible] of he leaving him, and endeavoring [illegible] her peace in quiet elsewhere. She had [illegible] him to starve alone. He [illegible] and cursed her.

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

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

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

He rose and dragged his feeble limbs a few paces farther. The street was silent and empty—the few passers by, at that late hour, hurried quickly on, and his tremulous voice was lost in the violence of the storm. The heavy chill again struck through his frame, and his blood seemed to stagnate beneath it. He coiled himself up in a projecting doorway and tried to sleep.

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

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

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

He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that led from the commencement of Waterloo bridge, down to the water's level. He crouched into a corner, and held his breath as the patrol passed. Never did a prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life half so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The clock passed time to him, but he remained unobserved, and after waiting until the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously ascended and stood beneath the gloomy arch that seems the leaping place from the river.

The tide was [illegible], and the water flowed at his feet. The rain [illegible] the wind was lulled, [illegible] all was [illegible] still and quiet. [illegible] the river [illegible] water again [illegible] was [illegible]

and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to its surface, and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onward. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, a desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

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

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

A week afterwards the body was washed ashore some miles down the river, a swollen and disfigured mass. Unrecognised and unpitied, it was borne to the grave—there it has long since mouldered away.

TWO IN A GRAVE.

Old Tom R. was a man of good feeling and no little wit, and yet a terrible drunkard. An awful spectacle he was when I last saw him—but I'll not think of that. Let me rather relate an adventure that befel him.

'Pretty well over the bay,' as usual, Tom was one Saturday night heading for home, when he took a lee lurch and brought up in the grave-yard. Now, it is not my opinion that Tom went there for the purpose of meditation, for he was not much given that way. In fact he always declared that the only part of him that ever *reflected* was his nose; and it certainly was a great and shining light in its way. Tom found the land more billowy here than in the road, and instead of looking upon the last earthly tenements of the departed as incentives to serious thought, only found them stumbling blocks in his way. It so happened that the sexton had that day dug a grave for the old widow P., who was to be buried on the morrow. This he had left uncovered, not supposing that any one would seek a lodging there. After stumbling around [illegible] found himself at the bottom of this grave, 'struck all of a heap.' 'Down among the dead men,' sure enough said he, quoting a part of the chorus of an old song. After some ineffectual attempts to rise, 'well,' he continued, 'I suppose I shall rise when the rest do,' and with this he settled himself to rest in his narrow bed.

Now it fell out that Johnny Jones, who kept a bit of a store on Fore street, was, about this time, wending his way to his fire-side and his wife. Johnny had the reputation of being a very 'snug man,' and, well knowing that time is money, he was in the habit of saving, a minute or two by striking across the grave-yard on his way home. On this occasion he had with him a new pair of boots, which he had been to the extravagance of procuring for the morrow's wear. On he went over the graves thinking only of his gains, when he should have been considering his ways, till, not suspecting any pit-falls, he pitched head foremost into the open grave, much to the discomfiture of our hero, who considered himself the lawful tenant by right of pre-discovery. Raising himself, therefore, with an effort, he hic-coughed forth, with much drunken indignation:

'For God's sake (hic), can't you let the dead rest?'

If Johnny had been discomposed by his fall, he was horrified by this interrogation. Disturbing the dead was the last thing he desired to be guilty of. How he got out of the grave he never knew, nor how he got home—but when he recovered himself, he replied to his wife's interrogations by exclaiming:

'Captain B. came out of his grave, as I passed by, and swore at me like a pirate.'

As for Tom, he awoke next morning a sober, if not a wiser man; and finding a nice pair of boots at his feet, appropriated them, and went his way, well satisfied with his dealings with the dead.—*Port. Transcript.*

From the Western Texian.

Important legal decision.

Martina Arnold, Administr'x,
vs.
George Martin, Administrator.

This case, decided at the present term of the District Court for this county, is fraught with such consequences to the people of Texas, that we have thought proper to give a brief statement of the facts and a synopsis of the principles involved in the decision.

Martina Arnold, Administratrix of the estate of Hendrick Arnold, deceased, brought suit to recover the negro girl Harriet, in the possession of George Martin, Administrator of the estate of James Newcomb, deceased.

Martin answered, that his intestate bought the girl of Hendrick Arnold during his life time under the [illegible] any way.

gation of freeing her at the end of five years, and that he was taking steps to discharge said obligation, by sending the girl to a free State, and that the girl was by the laws of Texas free, having been born in the Province of Texas, then part of the government of Mexico, in the year 1827, and after the formation of the constitution of Coahuila and Texas, after which no sleves were born in said States.

The proof showed that Harriet was born on the Brazos in July or August, 1827. It was also shown, that the constitution of Coahuila and Texas was published in Bexar in the early part of April, 1827, and on the Brazos in the same month. Oliver Jones, one of the early settlers of Austin's Colony, was examined on the stand, and stated that slavery was not recognized in this country by the laws of Mexico even prior to the publication of the constitution of Coahuila and Texas. His testimony was fully coroborated by the old inhabitants of this place.

Dolly was one of those declared slaves by the 9th section of the General Provisions of the Constitution of the Republic of Texas, in 1835. Harriet having been born in the country, was not embraced in this provision of the Constitution.

The Judge charged the jury that according to the laws of Mexico, slavery did not exist in this country prior to the Constitution of 1846; that even if the laws of Mexico were abrogated by the revolution, the declaring of those slaves who emigrated to the country prior to the adoption of the Constitution, would not make slaves of the issue born previous to that time.

It was admitted in argument, that if the laws of Mexico, not positively repealed by the laws of the new government, *proprio vigore*, continued in force—no slave was born in Texas prior to the repeal of those laws in 1840. But it was contended, that all laws of Mexico were abrogated in [illegible] of government, and that the condition of the offspring, whether born before or after the revolution, was the same as the mothers, and that the mothers who emigrated to the country, having been declared slaves by a high act of sovereign power, made slaves of the offspring, especially those under age, unless there *remained* in force some particular law that took the offspring out of the general rule.

It was also admitted, that the decision of the Supreme Court seemed to recognize the principle that the laws of the former government remained in full force until positively repealed by those of the new government, unless inconsistent with the constitution, the nature of our institutions and the laws newly adopted.

The Jury, after a retirement of five minutes, rendered a verdict declaring Harriet born free and now a free woman. It is believed this decision, if sustained by the Suppreme Court, will have the effect to set at liberty some thousands of persons who heretofore have been considered slaves. But in the expressive language of Judge Devine, if such be the law, the duties of courts and juries is plain. An appeal will be prepared for the Supreme Court.

A letter from Commissioner Bartlett to the Secretary of the Interior, dated at the Pimo Villages, July 9, announces the completion on the 1st of the survey of the Gila River. By recent letters from Major Emory it appears that the survey of the Rio Grande has advanced as far down as Presidio del Norte, where Major Emory now is, and that Lieut. Mickler, who was engaged in surveying the river downward from Eagle Pass, (which is, we believe, about five hundred miles below the Presidio del Norte,) had completed the survey of about [illegible] miles, when, in consequence of the more difficult portion of the work between Presidio del Norte and Eagle Pass, he was ordered to work upwards until he should meet Major Emory's downward parties, when they would all resume work, below the Pass, and continue to the mouth of the river. Commissioner Bartlett and his parties have probably arrived at El Paso before this time.

"You've destroyed my peace of mind, Betsey," said a despairing lover to a truant lass.

"It can't do you much harm, John, for 'twas an amazing small piece you had any way."

A GOOD STORY.

We have heard a funny story told of a young fellow, residing in one of the tobacco growing counties of Virginia, who recently made his first visit to the capital of the "Old Dominion," for the purpose of selling his crop, seeing the sights, rubbing off the rust which his backwoods "fetching up" had thrown upon his manners. He reached Richmond about the middle of the afternoon, and was fortunate in selling his crop at an advantageous rate, and almost immediately. Meeting with an old school mate, one who had lived in that city long enough to know its ways, he was advisen to take up his lodgings at Boyden's, the crack hotel of the place, and thither he went with bag and baggage. Just before dinner his city friend called upon him, and found him comfortably located in a room just at the head of the stairs. It was close upon dinner-time. Said his friend:

"Suppose we take something to start an 'appetite,' said the chap who had just come down.

"Agreed," rejoined the city friend, "a glass of wine and bitters for me."

"Let's go down to the bar and get it; dinner's almost ready," continued the tobacco grower.

"We might as well have it up here," was the rejoinder.

"Ring that bell there."

"What bell?"

"Pull that rope hanging there."

The young fellow laid hold of the rope and gave it a jerk, and just at that moment the gong sounded for dinner. Never had he heard such a sound before; and the rumbling crash came upon his [illegible] with a report that astonished him. He staggered back from the rope, raised both hands with horror, and exclaimed:

"Great Jerusalem, what a smash! I've broken every piece of crockery in the house! There ain't a whole dish left! You must stick by me, old fellow," addressing his frend—"don't leave me in this scrape, for my whole crop wont half pay the breakage. What did you tell me to touch that cursed rope for?

But before his friend, who was bursting with laughter could answer, a servant entered the room with:

"Did you ring the bell, sir?"

"Bell! no blast your bell—I never touched a bell in my life. What bell? I never saw your bell."

"Somebody rang the bell of this room, that's certain," continued the servant.

"No they didn't. There's nobody here that ever saw a bell." And then turning to his friend, exclaimed, aside': "Let's lie him out of it; I shan't have a cent to go home, if I pay the entire damage. What do they set such rascally traps as that for, to take in folks from the country?"

After a violent fit of laughter, the friend explained that it was only the gong sounding for dinner; a simple summons to "walk down to soup," got up on the Chinese plan. They made their way to the dining-room, but it was sometime before the young tobacco grower could get over the stunning and awful effects of that gong. "It was a godsend," said he, "that the crash did not turn my hair gray on the spot."

Somebody lets off the following on the marriage of Mr John Rus[illegible] to Sarah Canter:

"[illegible] did this maiden [illegible]
Dr. Hymen's course to take a bride
At first she wed it with a Canter,
But now she goes it with a [illegible]"

Stuffing a Pedlar.

If there is really any differ[illegible] be managed, and acuteness [illegible] to effect it, commend me to [illegible] wit for the purpose.

Now, there was a c[illegible] pedlar traveling the city [illegible] tions to such as were [illegible] He was a persevering [illegible] to be bluffed off with a sho[illegible] One house, in particular, he [illegible] continued rebuffs and assurances [illegible] nothing was wanted—they never ho[illegible] any thing in that way. Nevertheless, he made his call steadily with each regular post, and in reply to the information that it was of no use to call, [illegible] known his purpose to do so just [illegible] as he pleased.

One bitter cold day the be[illegible] the good lady hastened to get [illegible] out of the dough in which they [illegible] busy, to answer the call—wh[illegible] reached the door, there stood the [illegible] lasting pedlar.

"Any tin-ware to day, ma'am?"

"Have you any tin kitchens?"

"Yes, ma'am," and away he go[illegible] bring samples, chuckling at the [illegible] that his deal was successful at [illegible]

"There's nothing," muttered h[illegible] hanging on, any how."

The tins were brought, and t[illegible] were next inquired for. The pan[illegible] brought, and other articles chur[illegible] to seven different kinds, until [illegible] portion of the pedlar's load had [illegible] transferred to the house.

"Is there anything else you [illegible] ma'am?"

"Oh, no—I don't want any of th[illegible] I only asked if you had them."

The pedlar was fairly "sold," [illegible] a moment felt like getting angr[illegible] the idea rather tickled him, and h[illegible] menced returning his wares to t[illegible] without uttering a word. He b[illegible] called at that house since."

An exchange paper remark[illegible] chinery [illegible] ched a gre[illegible] pers[illegible] Illustration says:

"We saw some burnt pe[illegible] the hopper of a coffee mill, th[illegible] day, and in less than two minu[illegible] occupying a place in a grocer[illegible] labelled, 'Old Government Java.'"

The following parody on Moore's beaut[illegible] of the 'Last Rose of Summer,' possesses [illegible] of quaintness and originality. It is almost however' to parody such a beautiful song which we refer, and which will be su[illegible] mired by the whole world, as long a[illegible] language shall exist.—*Con. Cour.*

PARODY.

'Tis the last cake of supper,
Left steaming alone,
All its light brown companions
Are butter'd and gone,
No cake of its kindred,
No cookie is nigh,
To steam on the pl[illegible]
Or near its mate i[illegible]

I'll not leave thee, [illegible]
To meet a cold f[illegible]
Since thy mates are [illegible],
Come lie on my plate!
Thus kindly I'll butter
Thy steaming sides o'er,
And think on thy sweetness
When thou art no more.

Thus all cakes must follow,
Three times every day,
When breakfast is ready
They vanish away.
When hunger is mighty,
And sickness has flown,
No cake can inhabit
The table alone.

THE PRESENT.

Look not for ever forward,
With anxious heart and eye,
But heed, with watchful earnest[illegible]
The moments as they fly.
He who upheld thee in the p[illegible]
Will leave thee not alone
So, let the future re[illegible]