

or she so despised the modern, unromantic fashion of marrying and giving in marriage, that she was resolved that it should be. Consequently, when the elegant Augustus Nob, on the first day of May, 1842, knelt before her in the most fashionable manner, and made a most fashionable declaration, quite confident of being accepted—who could have refused?—he was accepted, with the proviso that it should be an elopement.

'All right,' soliloquized Augustus, as he closed the hall door behind him; 'all right, and very simple! old lady decidedly in my fav'way—reconciliation easy—carriage and four—private clergy—two days in a hotel—sent for, and all right again—simple, vevy simple, and vevy romantic too!'

It was a dark night—a very dark night for the month of May—and a very cold one, too; and under the shadow of some trees that grew upon the sidewalk in the upper part of Chestnut street, making the spot still darker, might be seen an elegant carriage and horses, drawn close up to the curb stone.

The driver was on the box, enveloped in a great coat, and at a short distance from the carriage, and leaning against a tree, might be seen the figure of a young man, fashionably attired. He wore a cloth cloak, loosely hanging from his shoulders, and he was evidently waiting for some one to arrive and enter the carriage with him. There were no passers by, however, to conjecture his motives and actions, as it was nearly two o'clock in the morning, and the streets were quiet. He repeatedly took out a splendid watch, and seemed impatiently waiting for some fixed hour. Presently the great bell upon the state-house tolled two. A light footstep was now heard in the distance, and a moment after a graceful woman came tripping along, and approached the carriage. The young man who had been leaning against a tree, recognised the figure, and stretched out his hand to conduct her to the carriage. We will conceal the names of the lovers no longer—they were Augustus Nob and Kate Crossley.

'My dear Kate,' said he, 'I have been waiting for you half an hour—how vevy cold it is!'

'No, no—not cold on such an errand as ours! But, Augustus,' said Kate, changing her manner, 'we must be married by the Rev. M. C——, the good old man has been like a father to me, and I could not think of any one else; he has promised me, and is now expecting us.'

'Oh, very well,' replied the lover, 'you are sure he expects us?'

'Yes; I will give directions to the driver.' So saying she whispered a word in the ear of the driver, who seemed to understand her, and entered the carriage, followed by Augustus.

The driver immediately gave the whip to his horses, and turned down Chesnut, entered a cross street, and drove northward toward the district of the Northern Liberties.

The carriage drew up before the door of a handsome house in the upper part of the city, and the driver dismounting from the box, opened the door, let down the steps, and handed the lady to the pavement. Nob thought he saw the driver kiss his bride's little white-gloved hand as she stopped upon the curbstone; but it was so dark he could not be sure of this. He was sure, however, that he was the most officious and impertinent driver he had ever seen; and from the slight glimpse that he caught of the fellow's face, by the light of a street lamp, he saw that he wore a mustache, and was withal a very handsome young man.

It was no time, however, to study physiognomy, or resent imaginary insults. The door of the house was quietly opened by some one within, and Nob and his beautiful bride entered, and were shown into the drawing room. The servant desired Kate to follow her to a dressing room, that she might take off her bonnet, and intimated to Mr. Nob that the Rev. Mr. C—— would wait upon him in a minute.

Now it was a very strange thing that that same driver who kissed Kate's little hand—for he actually had kissed it—instead of staying by his horses, as every good driver should do, gave them up to another, and walked into the house close after the bride and bridegroom. It was also strange that the bride kept the elegant Mr. Augustus Nob impatiently waiting in that front parlor for at least twenty minutes; but the strangest thing of all was, that when she did make her appearance, she still had her bonnet on, as when last he saw her, and was leaning on the arm of a handsome young gentleman wearing mustaches and white kid gloves, whom the stupefied Augustus at once recognized as the impertinent driver, and whom the reader may recognize as Henry Willis, the artist. Mr. Willis politely thanked Mr. Nob for having kindly attended his wife thither, and assisted him in bringing the affair to its happy termination, and added, that as he had driven the party thither, he hoped that Mr. Nob would condescend to reciprocate and take the box on their return. Not, however, having got the sack, in so cruel a fashion, felt no inclination to take the box, and in a few moments he was among the missing. He was never again seen in the city of Brotherly Love.

The young artist and his beautiful bride entered the carriage and drove to Jones' Hotel, where they remained until sent for by Mr. and Mrs. Crossley, which happy event occurred a day or two after. Whoever should see the modest and matronly Kate now, with her two beautiful children, would hardly credit the story that she had ever been a coquette. This, however, was positively her last adventure.—*Graham's Magazine.*

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

OR, TWO YELLOW FEVER ANECDOTES.

It is an old proverb, that the "ruling passion is strong in death." We see exemplifications of the fact every day, but never did we hear of its being carried out to its full extent until yesterday. We "tell the tales as they were told to us."

About two weeks ago a young man, well known in this city for his industrious and economical habits, was taken sick with the yellow fever. The young gentleman in question, we are sorry to say, was very mean, in fact, so much so, that in all probability he would have tanned the hide of a certain offensive insect in order to have preserved its skin. This young man, although the very pattern of probity, would not wear stockings. The consequence was, that he caught cold one rainy day, took the fever, and would have died had it not been for his parsimony. The fever racked his frame, made his head feel like a volcano on the eve of eruption, and so palsied his limbs, that he was scarcely able to move a finger. The eyes of the mean young gentleman were too weak to move in their sockets—his tongue hung lazily in his mouth, and his heart had almost ceased to vibrate. His face was as yellow as saffron, and his miserable appearance showed that the 'scourge of our climate' had given him a splendid thrashing. The Doctor who had been attending him, came in, and really believing that his patient was going to die, after feeling his pulse, told him he must prepare 'for another and a better world.'

'Doctor,' said the dying man, opening his languid eyes, 'how long do you think I will live?'

'My poor friend,' answered the physician, wiping the tears from his spectacles, 'I do not think that you can live more than twenty-four hours!'

'Oh, Doctor!' exclaimed the dying man, 'don't say that! But still, if I can't live, I suppose I must bend to the will of providence!'

The dying man covered over his face with the bed-clothes, and the physician not being able to endure the scene, was just about to depart, when his patient called out to him, 'Doctor, what do you think it will cost for my funeral?'

'My poor friend,' answered the humane physician, with tears in his eyes, 'it will not cost much—probably not more than \$25.'

The dying man started up in his bed, and raising his hands as though he was going to exercise a ghost, exclaimed, in the most pitiable tones, 'Oh no, Doctor, don't say that! I can't afford to pay \$25 to be buried. It's higher than other people pay, and I can't afford it!'

So saying, the young gentleman sunk back, and wept like Niobe. Although worth some four or five thousand dollars in solid cash, he could not afford to die, because his funeral would cost him \$25. The meanness of his disposition striking into his system, drove the fever out, and he recovered.

The next anecdote that we have to relate, is that of an unfortunate man who was taken sick with the fever, and who was attended on by a gentleman in every way skilled in his profession. The worthy Doctor passing in his gig by a hovel in the upper part of the city, early in the morning, heard some one moaning, as if in great pain. His sympathies being aroused he alighted, and went to the spot from whence the noise proceeded. It was a wretched apartment; in a little narrow room, the walls of which were covered with mildew, in one corner there was a bedstead that seemed almost too weak to stand up. A pine table, with very rheumatic looking legs, stood by the bedside; then there was a trunk, and an old chair, and these were all the articles of furniture in the room of the dying man. The physician approached to the bed of the sufferer, and after looking at his tongue and feeling his pulse, told him that he thought he could not live.

'Oh Doc!' exclaimed the unfortunate creature, gasping all the while for breath, 'I've got somethin' on my mind!'

'What is it, my poor fellow? If you have anything that weighs heavily on your conscience, reveal it to me, for I solemnly assure you that you have not long to live.'

'Oh, Doc! I've been a great gambler in my time. I was h—ll on chuckerluck, and great at thimble-rig!'

The physician told him that his remarks were not at all suited to his situation—that he was dying, and should place his thoughts on some more serious subject.

'Do you really think I am going to die, Doc?' said the dying man.

'You have not twenty-four hours to live,' replied the Doctor.

The dying man, in a faint voice, requested the Doctor to hand him a pair of old blue cottonade trowsers, which were hanging on the back of the only chair in the room. The Doctor did so, and the unfortunate invalid, plunging his wan, yellow hand into his trowsers pocket, drew forth a bill, and informed the Doctor that 'he'd bet him a cool \$5, and go another \$5 better, that he would not die—he'd be d—d if he would!'

The doctor left and the man survived.—*Delta.*

SAM SANDON—THE UNIVERSAL VOTER.

In the group of characters which the picture of the Recorder's office presented yesterday, there was one of so marked a contour and *tout ensemble*, that a conno-

isseur could not fail to select him as an object of contemplative study. His hair grew sparse, and was of a wiry texture, deep, lateral furrows traversed his forehead; his eyes were like glass balls, dimly lit up by weak rush lights; his nose was like a mound of semi-ripe raspberries, and his mouth partook of the characteristics of the genus catfish. He held in his hand a hat, which was not all a hat, for it had been divested of a portion of the leaf, and his entire toggery proved to be an ocular demonstration, that whatever might be the state of his morals, he was literally and decidedly a man of bad habits.

'Sam Sandon?' said the Recorder.

At the sound of this name, the prisoner, whose da-guerreotype we have just endeavoured to give above, scratched with his left hand that part of his scalp where where once grew hair. This must have been meant for an answer to the call of the Court—for he made no other.

'Sandon?' said the Recorder, 'what do you do for a living?'

Sandon.—'I use to foller the hoyste business, but I found it was'n't respectable; so findin' an *openin'* in another line, instead of shelling out myself, I now makes other people shell out.'

Recorder.—'Then what do you follow, now?'

Sandon.—'Wotin'—I follers wotin', your honor.'

Recorder.—'You follow what?'

Sandon.—'The 'lection business, your honor.'

Recorder.—'I understand, you're a candidate for office?'

Sandon.—'No I ain't, but I patronizes them as is. I'm a horator, as Brutus was.'

Recorder.—'And pray, Mr. Sandon, since, as you say, you devote your entire mighty genius to election purposes, may I ask which party has the advantage of your powerful support?'

Sandon.—'Which party? All parties, your honor—all parties. Sam Sandon ain't the man to limit his vote, or the influence of his eloquence, to any one party. Like that ere French polerticianer, Guizot, he goes in for the balance of the power; if he makes a speech for democracy, he, to carry out his theory, makes a speech for whiggery next; if he votes for a whig, he next, as a matter of course, turns round and votes for a democrat.'

Recorder.—'Your course, I must confess, Mr. Sandon, is remarkably impartial, in this partial party-governing age. But how do you do when there is a number of men running for the same office, as is the case at present for the offices of Justice of the Peace and Constable, in the same district?'

Sandon.—'Votes for them all, of course—carries out my principle.'

Recorder.—'Now, since you have enlightened me as to your peculiar political system, which, if I understand you rightly, is no more than an exposition of your public life, how do you live?—What supports you?'

Sandon.—'Why, the candidates support me, of course. I s'pose I ain't fool enough to support myself in times of political excitement like those.'

Recorder.—'Ah, you live on them a day about, I suppose?'

Sandon.—'No I does'n't, your honor. I'd scorn the fact. I regulates the scale of the society with which I favors them, on graduated principles of justice.'

Recorder.—'I don't understand you.'

Sandon.—'I mean this, your honor—that I always makes a candidate for Sheriff good to me for three days' livin', and five nights' drinks, within a given time, mind me. A member of the Legislature is good for two. Coroners I ain't particular about. Justices of the Peace I come on for two days' livin' and extra drinks. From candidates for Constables, I take miscellaneous treats.'

Recorder.—'Your system seems to be for one too idle to work, a most admirable one. It is living made easy, reduced to a science. I cannot say that you have no visible means of support, for those on whom you rely for a support are necessarily among the most public men in the community. I shall let you go.'

'Why, Sandon,' said a friend when he got outside the door, 'he let you off easy.'

'Was obliged to,' said Sandon, 'he knows how I votes.'—*Delta.*

KEEPING FOLKS IN MEETING.

When Mr. Moody was on a journey in the Western part of Massachusetts, he called on a brother in the ministry, on Saturday, thinking to spend the Sabbath with him, if agreeable. The man appeared very glad to see him, and said:

'I should be very glad to have you stop and preach for me to-morrow, but I feel almost ashamed to ask you.'

'Why, what is the matter?' said Mr. Moody.

'Why, our people have got into such a habit of going out before meeting is closed, that it seems to me an imposition on a stranger.'

'If that is all, I *must* and *will* stop and preach for you,' was Mr. Moody's reply.

When the Sabbath day came, and Mr. Moody had opened the meeting, and named the text, he looked around on the assembly, and said:

'My hearers, I am going to speak to two sorts of folks to-day, *saints and sinners*. Sinners, I am going to give you a portion first, and I would have you give good attention.'