ther has hinted her gladness to acquiesce; we wait your consent."

"Walter replied Alice, with downcast eyes, "before you go any further. I have something to say to you which may change your sentiments. I have a mother who is alone in the world; she has no body to love or nurse her; as long as she lives, I can never leave her. She has for many years, been my devoted nurse; wherever I go there must she be."

"Oh! but this is nonsense, Alice," cried Walter, impatiently; I have enough of old people at home. I mean to travel for a year or two in France, in Italy, and to return only when I come into my property.

"Then, Walter Clifton," said Alice raising her head, and speaking firmly, "I can never be your wife; you must seek one differently situated to myself. No! Mr. Clifton, I would not leave my mother for one I had loved for years, much more for one I have but known a month.

"But every one parts from their parents when they marry," said Walter pettishly; "you must be mad; on one hand, a young, and fond, and rich husband; all the pleasures of a continental life,—of Paris, of Italy; on the other, a dull home, alongside and old ailing woman, with the prospect of being the wife of a sprig of a clerk, perhaps, like John Morrison."

"Enough, Mr. Clifton," replied Alice, firmly, and almost an[illegible]; if now you were to consent a thousand times to all I could ask, I would not be your wife."

"You never loved me," said Walter, whose anger was almost roused to frenzy.

"I never did; I was dazzled for a while because I knew you not. I saw you handsome and agreeable, and seemingly generous,—I find you [illegible] ungenerous. But pardon me, such observations come with very ill grace from me. [illegible] still be friends."

"F[illegible]!" laughed Walter fiercely; not I; idiot that I was to believe in woman's love—in a girl's I mean,—not a woman's—who has not yet got over her mammy sickness.

"You forget yourself, Mr. Clifton," said Alice with a smile of pity.

"A[illegible] now, [illegible]" asked she after she had repeated both conversations with scrupulous fidelity, "do you approve the choice I have made between my two suitors?"

"Heartily, my dear girl," replied Mrs. Dempster, taking their two hands. "You are worthy of each other."

Happy John Morrison! Happy Alice! The bells are ringing, if not human bells, those rung by angels at so bright a union, which truly must have been made in Heaven. And then, John Morrison got promoted a week after, and the wedding took place amid pleasant and joyous smiles and all three went to Paris to spend the honeymoon; and there they are now—strange to say—and there I learned their story. Before the first month of their marriage John came into some property worth about five hundred a year. Paris seemed to suit Mrs. Dempster, and it was agreed to stay there. The cottage was let, and a similar one hired for the summer, near the wood of Bologne. Here now dwell Mrs. Dempster, and her two children. The young couple are very happy; they love each other with earnest affection, and, unlike Clifton,—who has married an heiress whom he neglects—have never found their happiness in any way marred by the presence of their mother in their quiet home.—*Gazette and Strafford Advertiser.*

## A FRAGMENT

A short time since, two gentlemen were seated in a handsomely furnished parlor. They were busily engaged in conversation, and although very different in dress and demeanor, yet the many allusions to past scenes in which both had been actors, and the unfeigned interest which each betrayed in the welfare of the other, would have plainly told even the most indifferent listener, that the two had been early and intimate friends. This was in truth the case. Both were natives of the same New England village, and in boyhood had been almost inseparable companions. They entered college together, were laughed at by a merry young student as "The second edition of Damon and Pythias," and when college life was over, they separated with much reluctance; the one to engage in mercantile life, the other to study theology, preparatory to his entrance upon the gospel ministry. Nearly twenty years had elapsed since the separation, and in that time the friends had seldom met. The one had become a flourishing merchant in one of our largest cities, the other was settled as pastor over a small church in a country village, many miles distant from the merchant's residence.

In the course of conversation, some incidental allusion was made by the clergyman to an article in a late number of the Watchman and Reflector. The merchant had not seen the article. He did not take the paper.

"Not take the paper, P—?" exclaimed his plainspoken friend. "Why, what objection have you to it?"

"None in the world, my dear S. But I have very little time for reading, and many uses for money."

"Then you don't take any religious newspaper."

"I do not."

"Well, I confess I am surprised. When we left college you were as strong a Baptist as Roger Williams, and you often accused me of lukewarmness in the cause. Now, your interest is so much abated that you do not take even a single denominational paper."

"O, I am just as strong a Baptist as ever. I attend church constantly, and pay my proportion of the taxes."

"But give no support of any of the periodicals, and of course, know nothing of the history or present resources and wants of the denomination, except what you may sometimes glean from occasional conversation. Now, this is certainly a failure of your duty as a Baptist. But there is a stronger light in which you should view this omission. You are a professing Christian, and as such bound, so far as your pecuniary means will allow, to patronize such periodicals as help to promote the cause of your Lord."

"Well, well, S.," said the merchant, evidently a little ruffled, "don't preach any more about it. You are not in the pulpit now."

"Excuse my earnestness, P—; but for your own sake, as well as for the sake of our common Master's cause, I want you to think seriously of the subject."

"And I surely will, as you have it so much at heart."—*True Union.*

For the Liberia Herald.

"Go Work"

Mr Herald!

In the last number of your paper, I noticed the above simple, but comprehensive advice which you tender to those persons who still continue to agitate, and employ means to keep alive, the excitement of the election, which has just passed, and which, as you very properly *remarked*, "the *industrious* and *enterprising* citizens have classed among the things that were."

It is indeed a matter of regret, that there should be any in our little community, who are disposed, by resorting to improper means, to mar the public peace,—promote sectisms divisions &c.—We are a small people—but a *handful* at best, and nothing will tend so speedily to the destruction of our national existence, as faction, strife &c. Therefore, as these things are seen to proceed from certain men who have no permanent occupation, and as the idle man's head is the devil's workshop "I think that such would, do infinitely better for themselves—for the community and for Liberia, if, heeding your advice, they would *go to work.*

But it is my impression, Mr. Herald, (if you will indulge me with a few more remarks) that the man who left his native land and came to Liberia—with a view, to build up a home for himself and for his posterity; to erect an asylum where his brethren that may come after him shall find a refuge from social and political oppression; to assist in elevating, by the light of civilization and christianity, the degraded and benighted heathen,—I say that the man who come here with such views and feelings—will not need your advice; his very "love of liberty" will constrain him to *work* to strive earnestly and labor steadily for the moral, political and physical advancement of Liberia. He will not pursue the course of some, who, though they have but lately come to the country, hardly over the acclimating process, appear so eager for the improvement of Liberia in one particular respect, as to adopt measures which are if not destructive, certainly detrimental to its moral interests. They seem to concentrate all their energies and bend all their efforts to one point—the advancement, according to their notions, of the political interests of Liberia—regardless of the effect which their course might have on the general welfare. Now, it seems to me Mr. Herald, that these are not the kind of men that really love Liberia, or that will really benefit it.

It is true, they have zeal but it is not according to knowledge, it is not founded upon experience—hence being blind themselves and undertaking to lead others, it is natural for both they and their followers to fall into the ditch. The fact appears to be, that these men are so lifted up, by the sudden transition from oppression into liberty, so elated with the idea of enjoying, for the first time, the rights and immunities of free citizens; so completely dazzled, by the striking and wonderful light into which they have been unexpectedly introduced, that they act, without reflection; they seem to be carried out of themselves and forget the bounds which should surround them. They become aspirants to some office, and seek, in order to promote their object to produce an entire change in the Government—alter the Constitution &c.

As I said above, I do not believe that such men are any great acquisition to Liberia. But tell me of men, who when they arrive in Liberia will *work* either by taking their ploughs, and cultivating the soil, and thus assist to improve the country and develop its natural resources; or by enjoying in some other lawful pursuit. Not men who will merely *talk* and *harangue* about the improvements that ought to be made—but men who will *labor* for the advancement of them. These are the kind of men that appreciate and love Liberia, and they are the kind that are most needed at present. To all then who are not of the latter class we reiterate the advice "*Go work.*"

Yours &c.
*F. R. Liberia.*

*Monrovia May 30th* 1853.

Mr Editor.—I beg leave to say through your columns, that I have received from President Roberts the remaining half of a ten pound bank note, forwarded to his Excellency by the Rev. T. Scott of Dublin for the benefit of the Episcopal church in this city, for which I beg to return the humble thanks of St Paul's Episcopal Church.

Very truly yours in Christ,
E. W. STOKES, *Rector.*

### *Mormon Marriage*

The Mormon Seer, the Seer, gives the following account of the formalities observed when a Saint espouses a supplementary wives, after he already has one of those companions:

In this church of Latter Day Saints every man is strictly limited to one wife, unless the Lord through the President and Prophet of the church gives a revelation permitting him to take more.—Without such a revelation it would be sinful, according to the Book of Mormon, which this church are required to obey. Hence the Book of Mormon is somewhat more strict than the Bible; for there is nothing in the Bible that limits mankind to one wife, but the Book Mormon does absolutely forbid a man to have more than one wife, unless God shall command otherwise.

No man in Utah who already has a wife and who may desire to obtain another, has any right to make any propositions of marriage to a lady unless he has consulted the President over the whole church, and through him obtain a revelation from God, as to whether it would be pleasing in his sight. If one is forbidden by revelation that ends the matter; if by revelation the privilege is granted, he still has no right to consult the feelings of a young lady, until he has obtained the consent of her parents, provided they are living in Utah; if their consent cannot be obtained, that ends the matter. But if the parents or guardians freely give their consent, then he may make propositions of marriage to the young lady; if she refuses these propositions, this ends the matter; but if she accept, a day is generally set apart by the parties for the marriage ceremony to be celebrated. It is necessary to state that, before any man take the first step toward getting another wife, it is his duty to consult the wife which he already has, and obtain her consent, as recorded in the twenty-fourth paragraph of the revelation, published in the first number of the Seer.

When the day set apart for the solemnization of the marriage ceremony has arrived, the bridegroom and his wife, and also the bride, together with their relatives, & such other guests as may be invited, assemble at the place which they have appointed. The Scribe then proceeds to take the names, ages, native towns, counties, States and countries of the parties to be married, which he carefully enters on record. The President, who is the prophet, seer and revelator over the whole church throughout the world, and who alone holds the key of authority in this solemn ordinance, (as recorded in the second and fifth paragraphs of the Revelation on Marriage,) calls upon the bridegroom, and his wife and the bride to rise, which they do, fronting the President. The wife stands on the left hand of her husband while the bride stands on her left. The President then puts this question to the wife; "Are you willing to give this woman to your husband, to be his lawful and wedded wife for time and for all eternity? If you are, you will manifest it by placing your right hand within the right hand of your husband." The right hands of the bridegroom and bride, being thus joined, the wife takes her husband by the left arm as if in the attitude of walking. The President then proceeds to ask the following question of the man: "Do you, brother (*calling him by name.*) take sister (*calling her by name*) by the right hand to receive her unto yourself to be your lawful and wedded wife, and to be her lawful and wedded husband, for time and for all eternity, with a covenant and promise, on your part, that you will fulfil all the laws, rites and ordinances pertaining to this holy matrimony, in the new and everlasting covenant, doing this in the presence of God, angels and these witnesses, of your own free will and choice? The bridegroom answers, yes. The President then puts the question to the bride: "Do you sister (*calling her by name*) take brother (*calling him by name.*) by the right hand, and give yourself to him, to be his lawful and his wedded wife for time and for eternity, with a covenant and promise, on your part, that you will fulfil all the laws, rites, and ordinances pertaining to this holy matrimony, in this new and everlasting covenant, doing this in the presence of God, angels, and these witnesses, of your free will and choice?" The bride answers, yes. The President then says, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the holy priesthood, I pronounce you legally and lawfully husband and wife for time and for eternity; and I seal upon you blessings of the holy resurrection, with power to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, clothed with glory, immortality, and eternal lives; and I seal upon you the blessings of thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers, and exaltions, together with the blessings of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and say unto you, be faithful and multiply, and replenish the earth that you may have joy and rejoicing in your prosperity in the day of the Lord Jesus. All these blessings, together with all other blessings pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant, I seal upon your heads, through your faithfulness unto the end, by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." The Scribe then enters on the general record, the date and place of the marriage, together with the names of two or three witnesses who were present.—*Presbyterian Herald*

### *I Held the Baby*

Some ten days or a fortnight since a couple of gay young men happened in at a ball given at a public room, where the dancers were not exactly of the "upper ten," but were still very respectable, worthy people.—Presently one of our heroes, a sharp, merry, quizical, fellow, espied in a retired seat, a pretty, elegant looking young lady, who he was certain from her appearance, was not of the class housemaids, nurses, &c. then whirling around him in a waltz.

An introduction was speedily effected, and our young friend, as he expressed it, "spread himself" in order to lay the lady out cold."—He has never been very far out of the city;—but with his usual impudence, glibness of tongue, and picturesqueness of expression, he give his partner a minute and glowing description of his travels in foreign lands, from Kamschatka of Patagonia, dashing through Europe, glancing at Asia Minor, dropping in at Liberia, and sneezing at California, with Pawnees, confabs with the Czar, soirees with the Sultan, and card parties with Louis Napoleon. The extensive acquaintance the young man possessed with great men of all countries was truly astonishing, and he told so many anecdotes of their free and easy intercourse with him—is yet a youth whose chin mourns a beard that even he himself became a little alarmed at his own boldness; and "drew up his horses."

The young lady listened attentively, smiled amiably, and appeared to be indeed a very well informed person. Our hero was already half head over-heels in love, but what bothered him was that he did not know who his fair companion was her name address or position. He hemmed and hawed for awhile, after getting through with his travels and stories; and then said insinuatingly.

"D'you know, Miss, that when I came into the room I took you for Miss Clifton of Prytania street?" "Indeed?"

"Yes, I never saw such a striking resemblance." (Miss Clifton of Prytania street, was of course of fictitious personage.) "D'you know Miss Clifton?"

"Of Prytania street?" "Yes." "No."

"Oh!"

Another pause—slightly awkward. Our friend approached still nearer the punching' operation "Did Miss been at the Varnish soiree? No, she didn't. The first ball at the St Louis was delightful. Such good music. Was it possible that Miss had not been there? No she hadn't. But the opera, the delightful opera! Hadn't been there either. Was it possible. Was the distance too great to her hotel? She didn't live at the hotel. It was so much pleasanter to have a private house of one's own. She had no private house.—Ah! Miss prefers furnished rooms. She couldn't bear them!

Another pause more awkward than ever—Our friend was stumped, but he looked perfectly at his ease, and remained in a graceful attitude, smiling pleasantly at the toes of his patent leather pumps.

Imagine his discomfiture when suddenly the mysterious young lady, looking up to his face

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