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THE DOCTOR'S BILL.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. M. A. CHANDLER.

"It is very cold to night, mother," said a young girl, whose dress betokened extreme poverty.

"Yes, my child," answered her mother with a shiver, as she looked upon the dying embers: "and we have but little wood, and few comforts to protect us from the wintery blast; but God is merciful, he will provide for our necessities."

"Mother do you never think it strange that God should afflict us so severely in taking away father, and stripping us of all our eathly blessing?"

"Hush, my Anna, let not my daughter question the acts of her Holy Father. Doubtless he has some good purpose in view in thus afflicting us. His ways are not as our ways."

"Oh, mother, when I think of our beautiful house, its rich furniture, and the many happy hours which we have spent in it, and contrast our present situation with what it then was,—I almost repine at Providence"—and the daughter wept.

"Hope in the Lord, Anna; he will sustain us," replied the mother, as she pressed the child to her heart.

Mrs. Melville was the widow of one who had formerly been an extensive merchant in the city of Baltimore; but having made several unfortunate speculations, he became a "broken merchant." With his family he retired to a small and uncomfortable house, plainly and scantily furnished. Mrs. Melville and her daughter Anna, then about thirteen years of age, took in fine sewing; while Mr. Melville was engaged as clerk in a store at a salary which afforded a bare support, for besides Anne, they had four children, two boys and two girls.

Mr. Melville's health began to decline daily under the weight of his misfortunes, and soon he was confined to his bed. During his protracted illness, Mrs. Melville spent her last dollar, and when he died was obliged to sell part of her furniture in order to defray the funeral expenses. Then came the Doctor's bill. To meet this they were unable, all was sold but one table, half a dozen chairs, a few articles of culinary use and some crockery of the most common kind.

"You will have to wait for the money, Doctor," said Mrs. Melville with a sigh, "but with God's assistance I will pay you all."

Dr. Ridgely was a young man of tender feelings. He had known the Melvilles in their affluence, and as he looked upon that family, once surrounded with everything to make them happy, now so destitute, he inwardly resolved never to present them his bill again.

"Certainly, madam," said he, "you shall have your own time to pay it in."

"Thank you, Doctor,—may God bless you," exclaimed Mrs. Melville.

The tears sprang to the eyes of the young physician, and he hastened away; but he had seen Anna Melville, and she was not one, when once seen, to be easily forgotton. It has been four years since the failure of her father, and she was now seventeen years of age. We will not attempt a description of her for hers's was loveliness that cannot be described; suffice it to say that she was beautiful in person, in heart and mind.

"What a pity," thought Dr. Ridgly, after seating himself in his office, "that such a beautiful flower should pine in obscurity. And her mind, what intelligence is there!"

A day or two after this, as Anna was taking a bundle of work home, she met Dr. Ridgly on the street. She involuntarily blushed as she saw his eyes resting on her bundle.

"Good morning, Miss Anna," he said, blandly, "how is your mother this morning?"

"Tolerably well, thank you," said she blushing, and passed on.

"Poor girl," said Dr. Ridgely, "she feels the difference between our circumstances.—What if I should raise her in society once more? Suppose I were to offer her my hand and heart? But, do I know that she would listen to my proposal? She has pride, and might not be willing to be a portionless bride. Yet stay, would she be portionless? No, the love of such a girl as Anna Melville, would be a sufficient portion. I will try and win her,"—and he did win her, for, after a few struggles between love and pride, she consented to become his bride.

It was a short time after their engagement, as they were setting together when Anna said,

"Charles, what will the world say of Dr. Ridgely—the rich and admired Dr. Ridgely, when they find out that he has married a portionless girl?"

"Anna, dear, do not say portionless; the qualities of your heart and mind are not to be compared to the paltry trash of this world's goods. I care not what the world shall say; neither do I care for the wealth I possess, but as it will enable me to lavish it on you, and to ameliorate the condition of the distressed around us."

"Oh! Charles, where could I find——"

But he playfully laid his hand on her mouth, and prevented her finishing the sentence.

One month afterwards they were privately married. "In that old house?" some of my readers may ask. Yes, in that old house; but there was now a cheerful fire blazing on the harth, and cheerful countenances were around it.

As their engagement had been kept a profound secret, the fashionable circle in which Dr. Ridgely moved, heard of the marriage with astonishment. The morning after the ceremony, a lady entered a splendidly furnished parlor, where were seated some four or five of her acquaintances.

"Have you heard the news?" she breethlessly enquired.

"No, what is it?" they exclaimed.

"Dr. Charles Ridgely was married last nigh."

"Dr. Ridgely? To whom?" they cried in a breath.

"Ah, that is what I cannot find out.—Her name is Anna Melville, but who she is, I cannot tell."

"Can it be the daughter of old Robert Melville, who failed some four or five years ago?" asked one.

"Yes," said another, "it must be she; I remember now, he did have a daughter, whom they called Anna. What in the name of wonder, possessed Dr. Ridgely to marry that girl?"

After conversing upon this subject a short time they seperated, each to repeat the story they had heard.

"Have you received an invitation to Dr. Ridgely's party?" asked the same lady, a few days afterward of her friends.

"Oh yes, they say it is to be a grand affair; and Mary Ashton has called on the bride, and says she is very beautiful."

"Well I suppose she must be, to captivate such a man as Dr. Ridgely."

The night of the entertainment arrived; the parlors of the young physician's house were crowded with the young, the gay and the beautiful; but Anna Ridgely shone the brightest star amongst them all. The color had rosumed its wonted place on her fair cheek, her eyes sparkled with happiness, and her husband gazed on her with rapture.

"How did you enjoy yourself last evening, Emma?" said Virginia Elmore, to Emma Hamilton, the morning after the party.

"Exceedingly—and is not the bride a lovely woman?"

"Indeed she is, one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen—and so modest and retiring. Her's will be a happy lot."

The union thus formed, was one of unclouded felicity.

"Did I not tell you, dear Anna, that God was merciful?" said Mrs. Melville to her daughter, some weeks after her marriage.

"Yes, my dear mother—and He is merciful, much more so than we deserve; may he give us thankful hearts," replied the happy wife.

Mrs. Ridgely did not forget the days of her poverty; but in her, the distressed and afflicted always found a cheerful and willing helper and friend.

Some years after Anna's marriage, her mother receivec a legacy from a distant relative, which made her independent.

"And now, doctor," said she smiling, "I can pay the doctor's bill——"

"Never mind, dear mother," he said smiling "you can give that to some other person to pay THEIR doctor's bill."

Many years did Mrs. Melville live to enjoy her daughter's happiness—and see her younger children comfortably settled in the world.

ALWAYS BORROWING.

Beware of the man who is constantly borrowing money, and never pays promptly. There are characters who will run into your shop, exclaiming, 'Loan me fifteen dollars till tomorrow morning. Without fail I will call in and pay you—no mistake about it.' The next day passes and the next—but you hear nothing of the borrower. In a month you call upon him.—'There, it slipped my mind,' he will say,' I will call up during the day and pay you.' Another week goes by, but you do not see your friend. You call upon him once more. 'I don't want to see you,' he will say, putting on his accustomed brass, 'but I will pay that little due bill to-day. I have been jammed to death the past week. But you shall certainly be paid to-day.' You go to your shop and wait a fortnight, perhaps, but hear nothing of your fifteen dollars. You send for it, but are unsuccessful. Three months go by; you are vexed that you have so long lain out of your money, lent for one day only. You call upon the individual. He makes the usual promises and apologies. You insist on being paid without leaving him. He brings up an unjust charge; you insist upon it that you do not owe him: but he knows better, and declares he will not pay you unless you deduct the amount of his bill. You are obliged to consent or get nothing. He charges you four dollars for a pretended injury to some article of his you may have had in years past, and pays you the balance. You are thankful to get off so well; but take particular care never to loan the fellow another cent. It is a useful lesson and one that you will improve.

How many such cases happen. There are men who possess just such a spirit, and will get all they can from you by fair means or by foul. Beware of them. It is not your duty to accommodate persons who will not fulfill their agreements, but get all they can from you.—Their talkativeness may succeed once, but twice never.—*D. C. Colesworthy.*

A REAL CONVERSATION.

"Sir," said a poor ragged, and rough looking man, upon whose countenance traces of sorrow and extreme suffering were visible, to an individual whose sleek and seemly *ensemble* betokened plenty and happiness, "sir, I am famishing. Will you assist me? Will you give me the means of procuring food and a night's lodging?"

"Go along, my man, I have nothing for you. You can go to the alms house, I suppose. I'll give you a line to the Alderman."

"Sir," said the poor man, "I'd rather not go to the alms house. I only desire a temporary relief. I expect work in a day or two."

"Oh! well, scratch along, my man; you are not so badly off as one would imagine."

"I am absolutely starving. I am sure you won't miss a quarter of a dollar."

"Bless my soul, do you think I gather my money from trees? Go along—don't be pertinacious; now do take yourself off, there's a brave man."

"You owe me money, sir; I would not remind you of the fact sir, only that hunger makes me desperate."

"Owe you money," exclaimed the sleek man, stepping back a pace or two—"You are mad."

"No, seven years ago I worked for you.—You failed."

"Oh! ah! an old score, oh that's quite another matter. Did it ever strike you that I have taken the benefit of the Act—gone clean through—creditors not one now? can't touch me?"

"Yes sir, I earned that money by hard labor. You reaped the benefit of that labor, are rich while I am the poor wreck you see. You owe me that money, sir, in spite of all bankruptcies."

"I never do anything illegal. What is legal is honorable. The law says I don't owe you a cent."

Honor says you do, sir, and of the two, honor generally speaks more truth than law," said the mendicant evidently displeased.

"You are getting wearisome. Will you be kind enough to step out of the way?"

"You call yourself a christian?"

"I am a christian; I flatter myself a deacon."

"You are esteemed a pious, honest, trustworthy gentleman."

"I am as good a one as can be found in the whole religious community."

"Then the dominions of the Evil one can boast of purity when compared with such communities, and the society of thieves is cemented by more real honor. Your respectability, honor, piety and justice are comprised of your Broadcloths and fine words, and go no farther. Keep your money. I'd starve before I'd touch a copper of it."

Some time ago the above conversation actually took place in Broadway near the American Museum. Some time ago, the mendicant—now a stove dealer, in tolerable business—employed his oppressor, reduced to want, as a porter, and after deducting the amount of the dishonored bill from his wages, when he had earned the amount of the bill, generously presented it to the fallen Pharisee. This is an absolute fact. Every day life teems with such remarkable transactions and singular reverses. Retributive justice sooner or later overtakes the evil doer, and the ingenuity of man knows not how to evert the merited and never failing punishment.—*N. Y. Sun.*

LOVE.

The following beautiful sentiments are from the pen of Harriet Martineau, a maiden lady, verging, it is believed, on her third score of years. Whether she has experienced the feelings so eloquently and beautifully described, we know not, but we have rarely met with so delightful a picture as she has drawn. A contemporary truly remarks that 'her sentiments are pure and hearty, to realize them in their fulnees is like revelling among the roses of life.' "There needs no other proof," she says, "that happiness is the most wholesome moral atmosphere, and that in which the immortality of man is destined ultimately to thrive, than the elevation of soul, the religious aspiration which attends the first assurance, the first sober certainty of *true love*. The statesman is the leader of a nation; the warrior is the grace of an age; the philosopher is the birth of a thousand years; but the lover—where is he *not?*—Wherever parents look round upon their children, there he has been; wherever children are at play together, there he soon will be; wherever there are roofs under which men dwell—wherever there is an atmosphere vibrating with human voices, there is the lover, and there in his lofty worship going on—unspeakable, but revealed in the brightness of his eye, the majesty of the presence, and the high temper of the discourse. True *love* continues and *will* continue to send up its homage amidst the meditations of every eventide, and the busy hum of noon and the songs of morning stars."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

HARDENING THE CONSTITUTION.

The visible effects of cold are sometimes instantaneous. It produces its morbid changes on the constitution insidiously and slowly; and when for the first time they become apparent, they are often beyond the reach of any remedy, and the only remedy is precaution; that is always safest, and might almost always be certain. Warm clothing and a tolerable warm apartment comprehend the two points which it is essential to observe. On the change of the season—as soon as autumn approaches—before winter comes on—every one should adopt a clothing warm in proportion to the cold that may set in. The common practice of postponing this change, with a view of hardening the constitution, is highly dangerous. Many a youth has never lived to see manhood, because he would reserve warm clothing for his old age. It seems to be a fancy prevalent among young people, that it does not become them to wear warm clothing in cold weather.—Various diseases that cut life short, are the common fruits of their folly. And in the female especially, in whom the skin is so much more vascular, delicate and sensitive,—whose circulation partakes so much of the external character,—who is, therefore, much more sensible to the cold, and so much less capable of resisting it—all these precautions are necessary in a tenfold degree. Yet it is the custom among women to clothe themselves warmly during the morning and the day, and at night to put on a dress thinner and tighter; or expose the neck, the bosom; and we do not wonder that they are feeble and delicate—that is, diseased; and that the skin, which is always exquisitely vascular—so often becomes the prey of consumption.—*Westminster Review.*

THE GREAT NATIONAL FAIR.

The able editor of the New York Tribune, who is now at Washington, gives as follows his first impressions of the Fair:

I have been looking over the fabrics already in position, amid the rattle and din of preparation, until my head aches, yet have glanced at but a portion of what is already awaiting inspection. It is a vast and gratifying Exhibition. Of Cotton Goods, and indeed of woven textures generally, there has been no previous exhibition equal in extent and variety on this continent if any where. I speak not now of the fineness or excellence of the goods; of that, another time. This is manifestly not an exhibition of show-goods, of articles got up for the occasion, or of novelties, varieties and luxuries. There are qualities of the commonest staples for every day wear. On most of the articles the width and price per yard is marked, and it is intended to be on all; on many the card tells you the fineness, weight, &c. as well as where made and by whom sold. The People and their Representatives are invited to see just how shockingly they are *plundered* by the manufacturers and how much truth there is in the assertion that an increase of duties necessarily leads to an increase of prices. There are at least five hundred varieties of American Calicoes or Prints, ranging from 6 to 20 cents per yard: some at 7 cents, which no lady need be ashamed to wear. (The duty on Foreign Calicoes is 9 cents per square yard, or about 7 cents the running yard.) There are wide Shirtings at 6 to 8 cents; good Sheetings at 6 1-2 to 13 1-2 cents—the latter unsurpassable. For summer wear, there are Jeans at 9 to 15 cents; sturdy double-twilled Checks costing 20 cents which Europe cannot match at 25; Drillings of every style at 8 to 12 cents—not to be rivaled in the China or any open market by any British fabrics. For Winter use, there are Kerseys and Plains from 14 cents per yard up to 30; Flannels from 20 to 31, (very good;) Cassimeres somewhat higher, but still within the easy reach of any man who can earn fifty cents a day. Mind you, all these are the very descriptions of goods on which the present Tariff levies the highest rates of duties—so that it is said to tax the *poor man's* clothing 50, 100, or even 150 per cent., according to the fancy of the declaimer. I do wish all the poor men of the land could but look through this exhibition, learn the prices of every article they wear, and compare them with the prices of five years ago.

Take another case as an illustration: Oil Cloths, &c. paid 20 per cent. duty in 1842; which by the present Tariff was raised to a specific 35 cents per square yard—averaging 50 per cent. Here are shown specimens of good Oil Cloth selling at 50 cents per yard which sold at 65 in 1842, others at $1 which were then $1.20 and so on. Very fine wide Oil Cloth Table-Covers are selling at 31 cents—they were nothing like so low prior to 1842.—Good all wool Lowell Carpets are offered at 65 cents, as well as many at higher prices.—The prices shown are manifestly so low that *The Union* has attacked them as deceptive, instancing a superb Yankee Carpet at $2.70 per yard, which would cost more than that any where in the world. If any Free Trader believe such assertions, he has only to give a liberal order for anything he thinks under-priced, and so learn his mistake or make his fortune.

'Well,' says the Union, 'if our people are making these goods so low, they certainly need no Protection.' But, Sir, they are making them so low *because* of Protection; they could not do it if the duties were removed. Is this absurd? We sell newspapers over our counter at $1 per hundred, though one copy, if we printed but one, vould cost some fifty to a hundred dollars. We sell so low because we sell so many. If Foreign Newspapers could come in free of duty and answer the purpose of American newspapers, so that the unsold sheets from the British press could be raked together and sent over by each steamer, and their sale here would lessen the demand for American papers, just as the sale of British Calicoes does the demand for American Calicoes, we could not sell our papers so cheap as at present—that is, we should be compelled to raise the price or diminish the cost. Just so in other branches of Manufactures. The man who sells Oil-Cloth at 50 cents now that he sold for 65 in 1842, has a demand for 70,000 yards per annum now, though he could sell but 12,000 then. He employs many more workmen, and pays them an average of $1.20 per day, though the wages of those he employed in 1842 averaged but $1. Take off the duty to day, and any easual glut abroad would throw a large quantity of the fabric on our market, to be sold for whatever it would fetch. This would derange our market, compel the American manufacturer to discharge some of his workmen and reduce the wages of others; and even then he could not supply a capricious, languid demand so cheaply as he now does a steady and vigorous one. What practical man can fail to see this?

This Fair will not merely disabuse thousands of the false impressions respecting prices which have been produced by the most unscrupulous assertions; but will also put at rest the assumptions of the Evening Post and its school that protection would be the grave of improvement in fabrics and processes—that the manufactures would rest on their advantage in duties, and make no farther effort to improve quality or diminish the cost of their fabrics. It will here be seen that the march of improvement in manufactures was never so rapid nor its results so gratifying as it has been under this Tariff.

Here is a fact worth stating: A Boston importer—impelled by pure philanthropy, of course—has for a portion of this Session occupied the Committee-room of the Capitol as an exhibition room for choice specimens of British Manufactures, comparing the quality and price with what he set forth as like specimens of American fabrics. This gentleman has been waited on in behalf of the Managers of the National Fair, and invited to take his choice of the tables in the exhibition, and there show his British specimens against the American fabrics which he has done his best to disparage. This would be no one-sided comparison, but an actual test, each party selecting its own goods. *He has declined the invitation.* Every one can make his own comments.

I deeply regret that New York is very scantily represented in this Fair. Philadelphia has turned out nobly; Baltimore, profusely, of course; Boston and Lowell are on hand; even New Hampshire has a hundred different specimens of goods; while Virginia surpasses all expectation. (I hear that about thirty cotton factories are now being erected in Georgia, which State is resolved to be to the South what Massachusetts is to the North.) Yet I have not met but a few packages of goods from our State, and those from Troy, Oneida Co., &c.

MARYLAND MILITIA—EXEMPTIONS FROM A DRAUGHT.

Although it is not probable that a draught will have to be resorted to under present circumstances, to raise the quota of troops called for from Maryland, yet such a thing may eventually take place; therefore the following notice of the militia law of the State, which we extract from the Kent News, will prove of interest at present:

In 1834 the Legislature revised the militia system, and made the following description of persons exempt from the performance of militia duty:

All officers, Judicial and Executive, of the United States Government; the members of both Houses of Congress and their officers; the Chancellor and Judges, and Clerks of Courts; Judges of the Orphan's Courts and Registers of Wills; the Register in Chancery and Register of the Land Office; Clerks of the Court of Appeals; members of the Legislature and their Clerks, when in session; Professors and Tutors of Colleges and Public Schools; Schoolmasters and Practising Physicians, Custom House Officers and Clerks, Postmasters and their Clerks; Stage Drivers carrying the United States mail; Ferrymen employed at any ferry on post road; Inspectors of exports; Pilots and their apprentices; Mariners actually engaged in trade or sea service; the Treasurer of the State Ministers of the Gospel; Quakers; Menonists and Tunkers, persons conscientiously scrupulous of bearing arms. All other persons above 18 and under 45 years of age, are required to perform Militia duty.

Whenever the Governor shall issue his Proclamation, a draught of one fifth or a less proportion, shall be made (volunteers to be taken into consideration in fixing the proportion) by lot, from all persons above the age of 21 years and under 45. The duty to be performed at any time within one year from the date of the draught, and a tour of duty to be three months.

The Governor is to select from among the Militia Officers one Captain and two Lieutenants to command each company of Infantry and Riflemen, and the same for Artillery, &c., and from the field officers to select a Colonel, Major, &c., &c.

Any person draughted to have the power of hiring a substitute, to be approved of by the Commanding Officer—this privilege, however, is not extended to commissioned officers.—Draughted men when in service to be subject to the rules and articles of war.

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