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Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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I WUD NOT DIE IN WINTUR, &c.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THOUGHTS ON A FADED BOKA."

I wud knott dye in Wintur,
When whiskie punchiz flo—
When pooly gals are skatin
O'er fields ov Ice and sno—
When sassidge meets is phyring
And hickeri knuts is thick;
Owe! who kud think ov dighing,
Or even gitting sick?

I wud knott dye in Spring-time,
And miss the turn-up greens,
And the pooly song of the leatle frawgs,
And the skigh-lark's arly screams,
When burcs begin their wobbings,
And taters 'gin to spront,
When turkies go a goblering,
I wud knott then pug out.

I wud knott dye in summer,
And leve the girding sars—
The rosted lam on butter-milk—
The kool place in the grars;
I wud knott dye in summer,
When everything's so hott,
And leve the whiskie jew-lips—
Owe kno! I'd rather knott.

I wud knott dye in Ortum,
With peeches fit for eeting;
When the way korn is getting wraps,
And candidates are treating.
Phor these and oter reasons,
Ide knott dye in the phall;
And snee I've thout it over,
I wud knott dye at all.

PREACHING IN THE FAR WEST.

The same contrariety that leads cripples to become porters and walking postmen, and deaf men to fill the situation of Boots at our inns, has not seldom imbued blind persons with a passion for travel. Over the last class, the Rev. William Henry Milburn, of the United States, may certainly claim pre-eminence. He is not, indeed, altogether sightless: the right eye retains the smallest possible transparent spot, not much larger than a pin's point, in the corner of the pupil, through which the light may make its way; though, to make this fraction of an eye available, it is necessary to use a shade above the eye, and to place the middle finger of the right hand beneath it, thus forming a sort of artificial pupil, allowing only the due quantity of light to enter. Nevertheless, since, before this accident (which was occasioned by an oyster shell thrown by a school companion), he had fortunately learned to read, he became, under these disadvantageous circumstances, a greedy devourer of books, and accomplished student of the university of Illinois: an *alma mater* which may boast, with truth, of the rare virtue of never having conferred the title of D. D. on any unworthy object, inasmuch as throughout its five-and-twenty years' existence, it has never had occasion to confer it at all.

The Milburns were driven from Philadelphia by commercial shipwreck, in 1837, and of course found the capital of the far West to be a great deal cheaper place to live in. Some of the aborigines, however, complained, it seems, of its prices, low as they were, and were thus, in Mr. Milburn's hearing, reproved by a female egg-seller: "What! do ye s'pose our hens are gwine to strain themselves a-laying eggs at three cents a dozen? Lay 'em yerself, and see how you'd like the price." Although, indeed, he could not see very well, the author of *Ten Years of Preachers-life* had powers of observation greater than those of most men with perfect eyes, and suffered absolutely nothing to escape his ears. Having embraced the profession of preacher in the Wesleyan Methodist connection, he was appointed to the Winchester circuit, consisting of some thirty preaching-places—some of them chapels, more of them log-school houses, most of them private dwellings—at an average of some ten miles apart. He had to preach a sermon a day, and make his three-hundred-mile round thirteen times a year. Thus he got acquainted with almost every man, woman and child within his beat, and a school opened to him for studying human nature which he would scarcely have found elsewhere. The privilege, however, seems to have formed his principal reward, since of pecuniary recompense he had only four hundred dollars per annum. We do not wonder that, with such a miserable stipend, a young man in the same position as himself—a "helper in the ministry"—was once convicted at the quarterly Conference, of the practice of "swopping horses," in order to make both ends meet. All the charges against this juvenile preacher were characteristically rebuffed. First, that he could not preach; second, that he was attentive to all the girls around the circuit, and third that he was constantly engaged in swopping horses. In defending himself, he stated, first, that he knew, as well as any of them, that he could not preach, and he was sure it did not trouble them as it did him; second, that they need not be alarmed about his attention to the girls, for he would not think of marrying the daughter of any man present; and third, as to trading horses, what else was to be done? they paid him nothing and he had no

other way of making money enough to buy his clothes.

The discipline of this Western Church is rather rough when compared with that of Oxford and Cambridge, and the method of imparting the art of extempore preaching seems somewhat analogous to that of teaching our dogs to swim. The neophyte was "chucked in," and had to land himself how he could in this fashion. "William, exhort!" cried the presiding elder quite unexpectedly, one meeting night, to our young author, who had never before opened his mouth in public. "I had no resource but to stand up, frightened as I was almost to death, behind my split-bottom chair, in lieu of a pulpit, in front of the huge fireplace, and attempt to speak by the light of the smouldering embers, and one or two candles fast sinking to their sockets, to the crowd of hunters and farmers filling the cabin, who gaped and stared at a pallid, headless boy. Of course, words were few, and ideas fewer, and on resuming my seat, I had the uncomfortable impression that that congregation had listened to about as poor a discourse as ever was delivered. Such was my first attempt at preaching."

The bishops of this community, although much respected, seem to obtain by no means an unanswerable obedience from their subordinates. One of these was explaining to his diocesan that he practiced medicine (which had been made a ground of complaint against him) only for the good of his flock. "Now, Mr. Bishop, you know that we are commanded to do good to the bodies as well as the souls of men. If I were traveling in a region where the doctors were scarce, and were to find a man in a bad spell of bilious fever, ye know I would throw him into a sweat, then give him a dose of lobelia or thoroughwort."

"No, sir," interrupted the bishop rather haughtily; "no, brother, I do not know, and what is more, I do not care, what you would do."

"Very well sir, very well," retorted the other; "you have as good a right to live and die a fool as any other man."

Another preacher, remarkable for his humor as well as his godliness, was reproved by his superior for indulging in such drollery as set the sober Methodist Conference in a roar.

"Brother," inquired he in a monitory tone, "do you think you are growing in grace?"

"Yes, Bishop," was the reply; "I think I am in spots."

This man was no less than the celebrated Peter Cartwright, an apostle exactly fitted for those scenes wherein he wrought his mission out so well.

He had then been a backwoods preacher for nearly forty years, ranging the country from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi. He was injured to every form of hardship and had looked calmly at peril of every kind—the tomahawk of the Indian, the spring of the panther, the hug of the bear, the sweep of the tornado, the rush of swollen torrents, and the fearful chasm of the earthquake. He had lain in the canebrake, and made his bed upon the snow of the prairie, and on the oozy soil of the swamp, and had wandered hunger-bitten amid the solitude of mountains. He had been in jeopardy among robbers, and in danger from desperadoes who had sworn to take his life. He had preached in the cabin of the slave, and in the cabin of the master; to the Indians, and to the men of the border. He had taken his life in his hand, and ridden in the path of whizzing bullets, that he might proclaim peace. He had stood on the outskirts of civilization, and welcomed the first comers to the woods and prairies. At the command of Him who said,—"Go into all the world," he had roamed through the wilderness; as a disciple of the man who said,—"The world is my parish." His travels had equalled the limits of an empire. All this he had done without hope of fee or reward; not to enrich himself or his posterity, but as a preacher of righteousness in the service of God and his fellow men. Everywhere he had confronted wickedness, and rebuked it; every form of vice had shrunk abashed from his irresistible sarcasm and ridicule, or quivered beneath the fiery look of his indignant invective.

This was a hero whom no church—and indeed no man worth his salt—would venture to despise or make light of; and since the thews of Anak, it would have been a dangerous thing to do so. He, on his part, was by no means wanting in the exactness of such respect as was due to him. A room had once been reserved for him at the Irving House, in New York; but having arrived there late at night, the sleepy hotel clerk did not recognize his name in the somewhat illegible characters which the backwoodsman inscribed in the registers-book, nor Cartwright himself in the farmer-like-looking man before him. The great preacher was therefore lodged very high up, and immediately under the tile.

The patronizing servant explained to the traveller the use of the various articles in the room, and said, on leaving, pointing to the bell-rope: "If you want any thing, you can just pull that, and somebody will come up."

The old gentleman waited until the servant had had time to descend, and then gave the rope a furious jerk. Up came the servant, bounding two or three steps at a time, and was amazed at the reply in answer to his "What will you have sir?"

"How are you all coming on down below? It is such a way from here to there, that a body can have no notion even of the weather where you are."

The servant assured him that all was going on well, and was dismissed; but had scarcely reached the office before another strenuous pull at the bell was given. The bell in the City Hall had struck a fire-alarm, and the firemen, with their apparatus, were hurrying with confused noises, along the street.

"What's wanting, sir?" said the irritated servant.

"What's all this hulla-balloo?" said the stran-

"Only a fire, sir."

"A fire, sir?" shouted the other. "Do you want us all to be burned up?" knowing well enough the fire was not on the premises.

"The servant assured him of the distance of the conflagration, and that all was safe, and again descended. A third furious pull at the bell, and the almost breathless servant again made his appearance at the door.

"Bring me a hatchet," said the traveller, in a peremptory tone.

"A hatchet, sir?" said the astonished waiter.

"That's none of your business; go and fetch me a hatchet."

The servant descended, and informed the clerk that, in his private opinion, that old chap was crazy, and that he intended to commit suicide, or to kill some one in the house, for he wanted a hatchet.

The clerk, with some trepidation, ventured to the room beneath the leads, and having presented himself, said, in his blandest tone, "I beg your pardon, sir, but what was it you wanted?"

"A hatchet," said the imperious stranger.

"A hatchet, sir, really; but what for?" said the other.

"What for? Why, look here, stranger.—You see I'm not accustomed to these big houses, and it's such a journey from this to where you are, that I might get lost. Now, my custom when I am in a strange country, to blaze my way. We cut notches in the trees, and call that blazing, and we can then always find our way back again. So I thought if I had a hatchet, I'd just go out and blaze the corners from this to your place, and then I would be able to find my way back."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the mystified clerk; "but what's your name sir? I could not read it very well on the book."

"My name," replied the other; "certainly; my debts are all paid, and my will is made—my name is Peter Cartwright, at your service."

"O, Mr. Cartwright," responded the other, "I beg you ten thousand pardons. We have a room for you, sir, on the second floor—the best room in the house. This way, sir, if you please."

"All right," said the old gentleman; "that's all I wanted."

Mr. Milburn's modesty causes him to dwell in general upon the doings of others rather than upon his own, but one very remarkable and praiseworthy act of his is obliged to tell. It happened that our author had been appointed agent to collect subscriptions for a certain good work, by the Conference, but without any salary save ten per cent of what he might get out of the pockets of the benevolent. As what he got, however, was nothing, the ten per cent was not worth speaking of, and on one occasion he found himself aboard a Cincinnati steambark, absolutely without a single cent in his pocket. In the same company were several eminent members of Congress, who played cards night and day, drank immoderately, and swore in a manner to rasp the good preacher's ears considerably. Accordingly, when a flag came on, which prevented passengers landing to spend the Sabbath, Mr. Milburn was asked to preach, he concluded his discourse to a numerous congregation of a far higher grade than he had been accustomed to address, with the most fearful denunciations of this unsensational conduct.

"I must tell you that, as an American citizen I feel disgraced by your behaviour; as a preacher of the gospel, I am commissioned to tell you that, unless you renounce your evil courses, repent of your sins, and believe upon the Lord Jesus Christ with hearts unto righteousness, you will certainly be damned."

While cogitating, in his state cabin, over the bomb-shell he had just been casting, there was a tap at the door. A gentleman entered who said: "I have been requested to wait upon you by the members of Congress on board, who have had a meeting since the close of the religious exercises. They desire me to present you with this purse of money"—handing me between fifty and a hundred dollars—was a token of their appreciation of your sincerity and fearlessness in reproving them for their misconduct; they have also desired me to ask if you will allow your name to be used at the coming election for Chaplain to Congress. If you will consent to this, they are ready to assure you an honorable election."

No political appointment, perhaps, was ever earned more honorably than this. It is not to be wondered at, that so brave a man as Milburn dares to speak out manfully his sentiments concerning Slavery. He is content to urge the right of persons of color to be instructed in the Christian religion, and there to stop. Indeed, he takes an almost malicious pleasure in reciting the following experience of his own. In crossing the Alleghenies from Chambersburg, eight passengers had been allotted to the stage wherein he was about to travel.

An old colored woman was anxious to be the ninth, but objection had been raised. She declared with tears in her eyes, that she had been waiting for several days to get a seat; that although she had her ticket, yet she had been unable to carry her, the stages having been crowded with through passengers; that now her money was spent, and she must go home to her daughter. A stout Missourian who was to be of our company, swore roundly that he wouldn't ride with a nigger, and that she shouldn't go. Touched by the old woman's condition, I said to him quietly: "My friend, what right have you to interfere? Her ticket is as good as yours, and she has as much right to a seat as you have." "No," he said, "she is a nigger, and I am white; and I'll whip any man that says she has as good a right to have, or insists upon taking her along." "Then," said I, "you can whip me, for I say she shall go." The idea of a giant whipping a pigmy was too preposterous. It raised a laugh against him, and he

submitted, because ridicule was more potent than reason. . . . I tried to take good care of my protegee, giving her money to provide food at her various halts, and in every way sought to promote her comfort. As we went rattling down the streets of Pittsburg, late in the second night, I threw open the curtain on my side of the coach, and sat looking out into the night, through which the street lamps struggled, with the indefinable curiosity and awe one always experiences in entering a strange city late at night, and the prospect of a good bed and quiet hotel, when I was suddenly roused from my reverie by a violent blow on my side, delivered by my old dame, as she screamed in anger: "Lean up! lean up! what you takin' all der wind-for? Don't you s'pose pussons ob culter hab dere rights as well as you good-for-nothing whites? I want to see de scenery too."

I believe it was the verdict of my fellow-passengers, that I received what I had deserved.

There is neither rectory-house nor manse for the travelling preacher of Illinois; he depends solely upon the native hospitality or Christian feeling of the inhabitants of that scantily populated region, and rarely fails to find a ready, though often rough accommodation. Nevertheless, it seems scarcely a tour to take one's wife in the honeymoon, as Rev. William Henry Milburn did, rather, as we should think, to the lady's astonishment. Upon arriving at a settlement, his custom was to tell the driver to take them to the door of the Methodist who lived in the largest and most comfortable dwelling.

"Halloo, the house," cried I. "Halloo yourself; what do you want?" was the reply. "I am traveling with my wife, and learning that the quarters at the hotel are bad, have come to get some supper, and spend a part of the night with you."

"As I said this, I was making the word good by getting out of the wagon. The man of the house came striding towards the gate saying in an angry tone: "Look here, stranger we don't keep a tavern; and if you're a traveler, you must put up with traveler's fare, and go to the hotel." "Don't be so savage," said I; "have you never heard the saying, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for some have thereby entertained angels unawares?' " "O, ho," said he, "that sounds like preaching; you ain't a preacher, are you?" I intimated that I was, and mentioned my name. Eyeing me from head to foot, he exclaimed: "Well, I never! Who would have taken such a poor, little, dried-up specimen, as you are, for a preacher?"

At two in the morning, the happy pair were again seated in their miserable wagon, "with no protection from the driving rain, but a tow linen cover, through which the water dripped in showers. We had been overtaken by a furious epinephoral storm, which began about midnight, and our plight was pitiable enough.—The temperature had fallen about forty degrees, the night was pitchy dark, only relieved by frequent flashes of lightning, most vivid, and sometimes appalling, instantly followed by sharp and stunning reports of thunder. But the flashes helped to light our driver on his way or would have done so, had they not showed the whole prairie a pool of water. After a time we reached a little belt of timber, indicating our approach to a creek. As we crossed the bridge, we heard the now swollen torrent rushing through a deep ravine, when the broad glare revealed our position.

"By Jove!" shouted the driver with glee, "weren't that lucky? a half a minute more, and we'd have been all smashed. I never was nearer going over a bridge; I ain't an inch more, and we'd be over, and then I'd not have saved us." To the rather timid question of my wife as to whether there was any more bad bridges to cross before daylight, he replied: "O yes, several; but you mustn't be skeered; we must all die some time, you know!"

Sorely not even the most "muscular Christian" women could be expected to like journeys of this kind; and, indeed, however glorious may be the state of matrimony for a divine in Great Britain, we can scarcely think it suited to peripatetic theologians in the far West.—We ourselves, however, are all grateful to Mr. Milburn for having experienced these adventures which he has described so well. He has not only aroused in us a warm personal interest in himself, but a sincere respect for that hardworking and enthusiastic body of men of which he is a member. The hardships which they undergo, however, are endured with their eyes open, while our unfortunate author scarce knew whether he rode, he was so blind.

"I therefore set to work to educate my senses, thinking that if an Arab, an Indian, or a half-savage backwoodsman could bring his perceptions to such precision, keenness, and delicacy, why might not I? It became a matter of pride to conceal my defective vision, to make up for the want of eyesight by the superior activity of the other faculties. The foot almost as delicate as the hand, and the cheek well-nigh as sensitive to atmospheric impression as the ear to acoustic vibrations.—By reason of the difficulties which encompassed it, traveling became an art, involving in its practice many elements of science. If I preserved the air and seeming of a man with two good eyes, my step had to be as cautious and well considered as an Indian's on the war-path, and my dislike of being recognized by strangers as partially blind, was almost as great as his dread of detection by an enemy. Self-dependence delights in obstacles.—There was a pleasure in scouring strange regions alone; and although I have often had my face severely cut by thorny branches while riding through the woods, and have been frequently obliged to hold my right hand in front of my face, the elbow extended to the right, and the riding whip to the left, for hours together, as a protection to the upper part of the person, fatigue and wounds were alike accepted as a part of the salutary discipline. Barding a steamer in the middle of the river, at night, by means of a

yawl, after having descended a steep, slippery bank, with no assistance but from a cane, gave me quiet satisfaction. To roam about a strange city, and make myself master of its sidewalks, gutters and crossings, and become familiar with all its localities, thus qualifying myself to be a guide for others, was a favorite pastime. There was hardly a large town of the country in which I do not know the shortest way between any two given points. Self-conceit was gratified when, on being introduced to people who had heard of me, they exclaimed, "Why, I thought you could not see very well!" Mere walking was an intellectual exercise, and the mind found constant amusement in solving the physical problems which were ever demanding instant settlement; as, for example, giving the sound of a footfall, to find the nature and distance of the object from which it reverberated; or the space betwixt yourself and the gutter you are approaching; or amid the Babel of crowded thoroughfares, to ascertain by your ear when it will be safe for you to cross, and how long a time the rush of hurrying vehicles will allow you."

Interesting as all this is, it is pleasant to have to tell, in conclusion, that those estimable blessings, "wife, children and friends," have now rendered the exercise of these singular faculties no longer necessary to our author.—He has exchanged them for the kind offices of those who love him; and moves about the street of Montgomery—his new settled home—with his hand always clasped in that of one or another of his children, "who are as watchful and tender towards me," he touchingly writes, "as though they were parent and I the child."

Chambers Journal.

OILY LETTER FROM THE OILY SPRINGS.

As the Oil Springs in Trumbull county, Ohio, are exciting a great deal of interest, we prevailed upon a fat contributor to go down there last week, in order that we may furnish our readers with an authentic account of the locality. We have received the following unctuous letter:—

Mr. Editor:—Everything about here is so greasy and oily, it is with extreme difficulty I can write at all. My pen slips out of my fingers and there is an oily scum on the ink; the paper is fairly transparent and I slosh around in my chair in a very unpleasant manner. Patience and perseverance (sweet oil is unnecessary here) will however, overcome many obstacles.

An oily Track.—I arrived here at a very late hour last night, on an oil train, and might as well have come on *train oil*, as we were sixteen hours behind time. All trains are behind time here, I learn, owing to the accumulation of oil on the track on this end of the road. The oil fries out of the ground and lubricates the rails for a great distance. We shouldn't have arrived here at all if the passengers hadn't got out and sprinkled the track with their cigar ashes.

I slipped out of bed (nobody "arises" here; we all *slip* into bed and *slip* out,) at an early hour this morning, and began investigations. I found a section embracing fourteen thousand acres of land chuck full of oil springs.

How the Women fry Doughnuts.—Drilling is unnecessary here, as the oil boils up in springs, sometimes to the height of twenty-five feet, and is caught in tin pails as it comes down. On a hot day, I am told, it is no unusual thing to see the women frying dough-nuts in these jets of oil. The balls of dough are dropped into the jets, where they are allowed to toss about like corks in a fountain, until they are fried by the heat of the sun.

Slippery Elm.—The only species of tree which abounds here is the slippery elm. These trees are so slippery that a squirrel can't climb them, without darning his paws in Spalding's Prepared Glue, a small bottle of which he always carries about his neck. There are a few napple trees here, but no sugar is made, as nothing but oil runs out when they are tapped.

A River of Oil.—There is one considerable creek running in Trumbull county, which is all oil. It was discovered a short time ago in a singular manner. Three boys went in bathing and when they came out, were so greasy that they couldn't stay in their clothes. As fast as they would slip them on they would slip off again, and one of the lads, in a heedless moment, narrowly escaped slipping out of his skin. On reaching home, their parents being exceedingly frugal, wrung them out, and extracted about fourteen gallons of pure oil from the three boys! Fact. A company are erecting a large candle factory on the banks of the river preparing to dip candles in it.

Amusements.—The principal amusements here are climbing greased poles and catching oiled pigs, the necessary appliances being constantly on hand. Sliding down hill is popular among all classes during the summer time. This is effected without sleds, on a bill of solid tallow, just back of the tavern. As I write, laughter rich and gushing, is wafted to my window from a number of the beauties of "Bower's Corners," as they sweetly dissolve down the sides of that melting slope.

Greased Lightning.—There was a thunder storm this afternoon, and as the electric fluid ran down one of those slippery hills I told you of, I was treated to my first view of "greased lightning." It is quite common here, they say. Thunder is divested of all its harsh intentions by the minute particles of oil which fill the air and grease the whole of Jove's noisy chariot.

If any of your readers think I have "cut a fat," in this letter, let them visit the Oil Springs and see for themselves.

Yours, truly,
FAT CONTRIBUTOR.
Sandusky (Ohio) Register.

"Say, Cesar Augustus, why are your legs like an organ-grinder's?" "Don't know, Mr. Sugarloaf; why is they?" "Cause they carry a monkey about the streets." A brick grazed the head of Mr. Sugarloaf just as his ears disappeared round the corner.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A girl, young and pretty, but above all gifted with an air of adorable candor, lately presented herself before a certain Parisian lawyer.

"Monsieur, I came to consult you on a grave affair. I want to oblige a man I love, to marry me in spite of himself. How shall I proceed?"

"The gentleman of the bar had, of course, a sufficiently elastic conscience. He reflected a moment, then being sure that no third person overheard him, replied unhesitatingly: "Mademoiselle, according to our law, you always possess the means of forcing a man to marry you. You must remain on three occasions alone with him, so that you can go before a judge and swear that he is your lover."

"And that will suffice, Monsieur?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle, with one further condition."

"Well?"

"That you will produce witnesses who will make an oath to having seen you remain a good quarter of an hour with the individual said to have trifled with your affections."

"Very well, Monsieur, I will retain you as counsel in the management of this affair. Good day."

A few days afterwards the young girl returned. She was mysteriously received by the lawyer, who, scarcely giving her time to seat herself, questioned her with the most lively curiosity.

"Well, Mademoiselle, how do matters prosper?"

"Capital!"

"Persevere in your designs, Mademoiselle, but mind the next time you come to consult me, you must tell me what the name of the young man is, that we are going to render so happy in spite of himself."

"You shall have it without fail, Monsieur."

A fortnight afterwards, the young person, more naive and candid than ever, knocked discreetly at the door of her counsel's room. No sooner was she in the room, than she flung herself into a chair, saying that she had mounted the stairs too rapidly, and that the emotion made her breathless. Her counsel endeavored to re-assure her, made her inhale salts and even attempted to release her garments.

"It is useless," said she, "I am much better."

"Well, Mademoiselle, now tell me the name of the fortunate mortal you are going to ex—"

"Well, the fortunate mortal, he it known to you, is—yourself," said the young beauty, bursting into a laugh. "I love you, I have been three times *lela lele* with you, and my four witnesses are *bede*, ready and willing to accompany me to the magistrate," gravely continued the narrator.

The lawyer, thus fairly caught, had the good sense not to get angry. The most singular fact of all is that he adores his young wife, who, by the way, makes an excellent house-keeper.

The "Marriage Bells" tintinnulate in the hymenal lists of our exchanges in this fashion:—

Married in ——— county, North Carolina, by Rev. ———, Captain Graves, to Miss Nancy Graves.

The graves, 'tis said,
Will yield their dead,
When the last trump shakes the skies;
But if God please,
From graves like these,
A dozen living folks may rise.

In Erie, Mr. Henry Wisner to Miss Lucretia Head.

Wisely did Henry Wisner wed,
In Erie town Lucretia Head,
'Tis hoped that he may richly prize her,
For the she's lost her Head, she's Wisner.

A Virginia paper records the marriage of Miss Jane Lemon to Mr. Ebenezer Sweet, whereupon our "devil" moralizes as follows:—

How happy the extremes do meet
In Jane and Ebenezer;
For she's no longer sour, but sweet,
And he's a lemon-squeezer.

Here is a brief, but pointed "essay on man":—

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
At thirty, tame, if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good, or never.

Here is an essay on woman:—

At ten, a baby; at twenty, in bloom;
At thirty, married, if ever;
At forty, mother; at fifty, aunt;
At sixty, the probability is that the old lady is something the worse for the wear.

A good-looking young lady recently entered a dyer's shop, and thus accosted him:—"You are the man that dyes, are you not?" "No," replied the gallant, "I'm the man that lives; but I'll die for you."

On a tombstone in a churchyard in Ulster, Ireland, is the following epitaph:—"Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

We visited a school the other day, and among the many bright and happy scholars we noticed one who was, to speak figuratively, "a perfect brick." "Paul," said the teacher, "was Moses ever married?" "I guess not," answered Paul, "for the Bible don't say anything about Mrs. Moses."

The great wrong of society is in listening to every idle rumor—every malignant report—every vindictive "shear say" which may have been set a going, whether such a rumor affects the integrity of a man, or the honor of a woman.

She that marries a man because he is a "good match," must not be surprised if he turns out a "Lucifer."

A Yankee in Iowa has just taught ducks to swim in hot water, and with such success that they lay boiled eggs.