

THE WEEKLY LANCASTER GAZETTE

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2 NO. 8.

LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 29, 1854

WHOLE NO 1501

The Lancaster Gazette.

CITY OF LANCASTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

S. S. SLAUGHTER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Office—Old Public Building—Southeast corner of the Public Square.

TERMS—\$1.50 per annum in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, 10 Lines (unless otherwise specified)	One Week	One Month	Three Months	Six Months	One Year
Each additional insertion	\$1.00	\$2.50	\$7.00	\$12.00	\$20.00
One Square	4.00	10.00	28.00	48.00	80.00
Two " "	7.00	17.00	48.00	84.00	130.00
Three " "	10.00	24.00	68.00	120.00	180.00
One-fourth column	2.00	5.00	14.00	24.00	40.00
One-third " "	3.00	7.00	20.00	36.00	60.00
One-half " "	5.00	12.00	34.00	60.00	100.00
One " "	10.00	24.00	68.00	120.00	200.00
One-half " "	14.00	36.00	96.00	168.00	280.00

Thursday Evening, June 29, 1854

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—The fourth annual examination of the Lancaster common schools closed on yesterday, in presence of a very large and respectable number of citizens.

We were not present on the two first days of the examination, but learn from the most reliable sources that the examinations in the primary departments were gratifying in the extreme and showed a thoroughness seldom found in the junior classes. As we were only present in the afternoon of yesterday we can merely speak of the compositions, colloquies and dialogues. The most of these were well written and some of them gave evidence of a very high state of cultivation, and exhibited tact, ingenuity and research. We were surprised and pleased at the high state of efficiency attained by the scholars, and came away impressed with the belief that our lovely city has no prouder jewel to display before the strangers who visit her, than the young minds which have been cultivated at the Common Schools. It is our most confident belief, that no city in the State can boast of better regulated Common Schools than the city of Lancaster.

These schools are public schools, and it is anxiously desired that the public should be aware of the studies pursued and the success obtained. Every citizen contributes to their maintenance, and that all may see for themselves how the foundations of republicanism are laid in the minds of the young, as well as the progress of education in our midst, the Board of Education and Teachers have adopted this method of public exhibitions. At first this step was considered by some of very doubtful propriety, but the beneficial results of this method as practiced for the past three years, has thoroughly convinced every one of its marked influence for good, and we were highly gratified to see so large and respectable an auditory assembled on the occasion of the third annual examination. Those who have labored diligently at an arduous task, in the midst of many difficulties and discouragements, no doubt feel cheered and rewarded, when appreciating eyes examine the fruits of their patient and unwearying toil. We assure our readers who were absent on yesterday and the two preceding days that they have lost a treat seldom enjoyed in our city, and would beg of them to be more punctual in their attendance on these examinations in future. This is the only way in which they can make up the loss. We desire to impress upon the minds of our readers the very great importance of encouraging education, for if ever our Common Schools were valuable it is now, when many deplorable influences are at work. Give a child a sound Common School education, and you have made a staunch Republican, a sincere lover, and a powerful supporter of our glorious institutions. Superstition may display its baseless claims; fanaticism pour out its exciting poison; treason utter its treacherous pleas, and discussion raise its envenomed voice—but where the ground work of political truth has been laid in the mind, at our Common Schools, all such influences will be vain. The baffled tools of tyranny, and the apostles of ignorance, will find their schemes and malice powerless to quench the light of knowledge, and to subvert the might of truth.

We regret very much that we are unable to give a synopsis of the examination and enumerate the different branches of study pursued at these schools, as we doubt not the result would compare favorably with any of the select schools ever taught in the city, and have a happy influence on the minds of those who opposed the erection of the present beautiful school edifices.

A new feature has recently been introduced into our schools—one that is destined to produce a great influence over the minds of pupils by creating a spirit of emulation and a desire to excel, viz: The awarding of diplomas to graduating scholars. Diplomas yesterday were awarded to Miss CONNELL and two Miss MORGANS.

In presenting the diplomas Mr. WILLIAMS made the following beautiful and appropriate remarks:—
"I would state to the audience that it has been arranged that pupils who shall have completed a certain course of studies in our schools, and who shall have sustained a fair moral character shall be entitled to a regular diploma or certificate of scholarship. The course of studies that has been established is quite as liberal as that of the most respectable seminaries.

I have the pleasure of announcing that Miss Leonora Morgan, Miss Jane Morgan and Miss Martha Connell have completed this course in a manner highly creditable to themselves and to their worthy Preceptors.

Young Ladies, in saying that you have completed a certain course of studies, I do not mean to say that you have finished your education. To speak of any one's having finished his education implies a misconception of the meaning of the term. If by the term education we meant only a familiarity with literature and science, it might be remarked that there are single branches of knowledge which could scarcely be mastered by the application and labor of a life-time. The most, therefore, that any young person can accomplish during the few years spent at school is to form a slight acquaintance with the mere rudiments of knowledge. A gentleman once observed that he did not send his son to school so much on account of the attainments which he expected him to make while at school, as that he might learn how to learn, so that he might be able afterwards to pursue to advantage a course of self-improvement.

But the term Education implies much more than the exercises of the school and a familiarity with books. The term implies the harmonious development and the proper disciplining of all our faculties, physical, intellectual and moral, with a view to prepare us to be happy in ourselves and useful to others. The means of education are all the agencies and influences that tend to form our habits, to mould our characters, and to fit us the better to subserve the end of our being. If ever the time shall arrive when our habits and characters shall have become fixed beyond the possibility of a further change, when we shall have explored all the works of the Creator and unlocked all the arena of nature; when our capacity for enjoyment will admit of no further enlargement, and we can acquire no higher capabilities of usefulness, then, and then only, will our education be complete. A certain writer has advanced the idea, that if the present condition of the highest orders of celestial intelligences be considered in reference to what they are destined hereafter to become, they may be regarded as having but just commenced their education; and that if we are so happy as to get to the better world, the period in eternity will never arrive when a boundless career of improvement will not still be before us.

I have said that the design of education is to prepare us to be useful and happy. I will add that we should seek our happiness chiefly in the discharge of the social duties, and in efforts to promote the well-being of others. Adopt therefore, as your motto, young ladies, the words, "Be useful."—Drones and butterflies, doubtless, subvert some necessary ends in the economy of nature; but such insects may be very well dispensed with in the economy of human society.

Some one might, perhaps, be disposed to assert of the person who spends his life in idleness, or makes pleasure and display his only business, that although he does no good in the world, yet he does not necessarily do any harm. I would reply that in the first place he is guilty of a fraud upon society to the extent of all the good which he might have done, but which he has neglected to do; and that in the second place he inflicts a positive injury upon society by the influence of his example.

I congratulate you young ladies, not only on account of the advantages which you have enjoyed for intellectual improvement, but also on account of the instructions of a moral bearing which it has been your felicity to receive in this school-room. I trust that these instructions will be gratefully cherished and that they may result in an abundant harvest of every virtue and of every grace that can adorn the female character.

Please accept from the hand of your Teacher, young ladies, the written testimonials which she is about to present to you, of your proficiency in scholarship, and of your correct habits and becoming deportment.

SUPPOSED MURDER OF A YOUNG LADY BY HER BETROTHED.—It will be remembered that some time during last spring an item went the rounds of the papers, chronicling the sudden death of Miss Agnes Pharr, of Covington, Va., and stating that she was within a few days of her marriage to one Dr. Thompson, her father's physician. We learn from a private source that it is strongly suspected that her death was caused by strychnine, administered by Dr. T., that several public meetings of the citizens have been held to consider the matter. The circumstances seem to be these: Miss Pharr had been indisposed for some weeks, and had been taking medicine from Dr. Thompson. On the morning of her death, Dr. T. wrote her a note, asking a postponement of her marriage, and urged her to take the remainder of the pills he had left for her. Among these pills there seems to have been one considerably larger than the others, and this was the only one left, Miss Pharr having refused to take it. Upon this last request she took it, and in fifteen minutes was a corpse. Her death was pronounced at the time similar to that produced by strychnine, but there was not suspicion of foul play until the ladies engaged in dressing the body discovered certain signs which were more than confirmed by the further discovery of a box of ergot pills. When the suspicion assumed a public character, Dr. Thompson demanded that the body should be disinterred and examined by a committee of physicians named by himself; but when the consent of the parents of the unfortunate girl was obtained, she refused to have anything to do with it, alleging as a reason that he did not wish to wound the feelings of the family.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—A good deal of "both" sometimes. Here is an instance. A few weeks ago Park Godwin lectured in a city in western New York. Now it happened that previous lecturers in that place, had been rather awkwardly "introduced" to the audience, on account of the bashfulness and inexperience of the several officials who, each in their turn, had undertaken the job, and had afterwards declined to act as usher; since the office was likely to bring them more chagrin, than applause. In this emergency, the vice-president offered his services—a self-confident well spoken man, who quite scorned the idea of any body's "breaking down" on such an occasion. Now it should be mentioned that all the preceding lecturers had been clergymen, and that Mr. Godwin, though a very worthy man, is not a preacher of the Gospel. But the vice-president, who is his confident self-assurance, had not taken the trouble to ascertain with exactness, the lecturer's "name and style" proceeded as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen—I have the honor to introduce as the lecturer of the evening, the Reverend Park Godwin—no, that ain't it!—the Reverend Godwin—Sir, (a little voice, to the lecturer) what is your name?" "Park Godwin, Esquire," said the orator with an emphasis on the title, which was intended to negative the Reverend. The introducer was now "posted" and finished his work by announcing in the happiest manner—"the Reverend Park Godwin, Esquire." Content with his laurels, the vice-president soon after gave notice of his retirement from office.—*Boston Post.*

RAILROAD COLLISION.—The two trains running from Zanesville to Cambridge last evening at 7 o'clock, came in collision, injuring a number of persons. Mr. John Sanburn, of Concord, Muskingum county, one of the officers of the Central Railroad died this morning from the effects of the wounds received. Mr. G. P. Clark, Chief Engineer of the road, had his head and one of his arms considerably bruised, and one of his feet badly cut. Mrs. Jane Bute and Mrs. Dougherty, both of Cambridge, were seriously injured. Several others were more or less hurt. The two locomotives were literally smashed to pieces. Such was the force of the collision, that one of the baggage cars was driven half way through a passenger car. The accident occurred owing to a mistake in the running time, we believe; but as the whole affair is now undergoing an investigation, we shall make no comments. We are under obligations to the Zanesville Courier for the above information.

A Democratic paper having charged the "Know Nothings" with being Whigs, and always voting for Whig candidates, the Baltimore Clipper replies thus:—
1st. The late charter election in Annapolis resulted in the choice of a Whig for Mayor, who was formerly a Whig—and a majority of the City Council who were known as Democrats. Had the Know Nothings have acted solely with the Whigs, the whole Whig ticket would have been chosen.

2d. In Westminster the Mayor elect, Frank Schriver, Esq., and a majority of the Council were Democrats.

3d. In Washington, it is true, the Mayor elect, Towers was formally a Whig—and equally true that sixteen out of thirty members of the City Council were Democrats.

In view of the above facts, we submit that any man who will hereafter assert that the "Know Nothing" party (if there be such a party) is the "Whig party in disguise," will utter a foul calumny.

HE DIDN'T SNOOT SOON ENOUGH.—A telegraphic dispatch from Utica, New York, says:—
The Jury in the case of Summers, the watchman, indicted for shooting a man named Rooney, last December, rendered a verdict to-day of acquittal, and censured the man for not shooting sooner than he did.

AN INCIDENT.—Yesterday afternoon while passing through a part of the city which we will match against any other acre in the country for the number of tooth-headed humanities, from a tender creep on age up to the maturity of pantalons and long dresses, which swarm about its thick ranked rows of ten feeters, we noticed a fine dark bay horse standing unfastened near the sidewalk. A young colt about the size of a bottle had escaped the surveillance of its attendants, and when discovered was seen sitting within a few inches of the hind feet of the steed, against which now and then the little hand would be extended. We wonder that the scream with which the discovery was heralded did not overcome the philosophy of the noble animal, but he stood as though hewn in marble, the only indication of excitement being the quick play of his finely pointed ears, and the swelling of his nostrils; but his feet seemed riveted to the earth until the infant was removed, at which he seemed to share the relief of the bystanders. The owner of the horse assured us that his own surprise was scarce less than our own, for his steed had never manifested the utmost impatience if anything touched his heels, and had on one or two occasions done injury to a vehicle from that cause. A kind Providence had however watched the play of that infant's hand, and the little unconscious one had been preserved from what might have been the termination of its brief existence.—*Chicago Jour.*

AMERICAN ISRAELITES.—A statement is going the rounds of the press to the effect that there are about 17,000 Israelites in the United States, and among them all that do not are engaged in agriculture. This statement, it is hardly necessary to say, is incorrect. One of the largest planters in this State, Mr. Benj. Graetz, an old personal friend of the late Henry Clay, is an Israelite; while in South Carolina and Georgia, and other States, there are many of that ancient faith extensively engaged in agriculture.

THE DRUNKARD'S CLOAK.—In the time of Oliver Cromwell, the magistrates in the north of England punished drunkards by making them carry what is called "The Drunkard's Cloak." This was a large barrel, with one head out, and a hole in the other, through which the offender was made to put his head, while his hands were drawn through two small holes, one on each side. With this he was compelled to march along the public streets.

What a strange sight it would be were all the drunkards now-a-days compelled to march about wearing barrels for cloaks.

AN EXPLOIT AT NIAGARA.—Robinson, the perilous adventurer, on Tuesday afternoon, succeeded in going to the canal boat on the rapids, and taking out and bringing ashore everything that was valuable on board of her. He had a boat constructed something like the new moon, sharp, and elevated at each end, the middle section only touching the water. None were in the boat but Mr. Robinson and his son. It was considered so great a feat that the people of the Falls took them and the boat and carried them in triumphant procession through the town.

HORSE THIEVES ABOUT.—Mr. Reuben I. Wolcott, of Ruggles, Ashland county, had a span of mares stolen from Huntingdon, Lorain county, on Wednesday last. One of them was a dark grey, about four years old, large strip in the forehead, and other, mouse color, five years old, stiffened in the shoulders. He promises a liberal reward to any one who will furnish information that will lead to the detection of the thief and recovery of the property.—*Norwalk Experiment.*

THE ROCK ISLAND EXCURSION.—The St. Paul Minnesota says that the Rock Island Railroad Company appropriated \$80,000 to defray the expenses of their grand excursion party, which took place last week. We shrewdly suspect that this Railroad Company must have the biggest kind of an ax to grind.

A LARGE FUNERAL.—The funeral of Joseph Abrams, a colored man, which took place at Richmond, Va., a few days since, is said to have been the largest ever seen in that city. At the African church, where the services took place, eight thousand persons were present, and a train of over fifty carriages followed the corteo to the grave.

MAITLAND'S CO'S immense pavilion was suddenly brought to the ground yesterday afternoon, about 6 o'clock, by the wind and rain; but in two hours they had it up again, and the play came off as advertised, a large audience witnessing it. A portion of the scenery and the panorama were somewhat damaged.—*Chillicothe Metropolis.*

Friday Evening, June 29, 1854

THE FIRST KISS.

BY AN AMATEUR.

When I speak of kissing, I don't include kissing mother, or sister, aunt, grandma, or the little people; that's all in the family, and a matter of course. I mean one's wife, sweetheart, and other females, that are not kin, or blood connection. That's the sort to call kissing, and that's the sort I am going to describe.

There is a beautiful little village about 24 miles north of New Haven, called in the Indian tongue, Pomperny. What it means in Indian I don't know. It was not taught in the district up there, where we learned our A B C's, and afterwards progressed as far as A B A, B E B E R, B A K E R; when I was allowed to graduate, and enter the "Youth's Seminary," under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Fuller. One of my school-mates in the little place was a bright intelligent boy, of the name of Walter Marshall. I loved him, so did every body else in the village. He grew up to manhood, but not here. No; New England boys don't grow up at home; before they reach manhood they are transplanted, and are flourishing in all parts and ports of the known world, wherever a Yankee craft has been, or the stars and stripes. Talk about Americans abroad; it is altogether too general. They are Yankees and nothing else; the pure New England stock. Speak of your Virginia, your South Carolina, and Southern States in general, where can you find 'em? Go out into the great world, run up to Greenland, down again to Patagonia, round on the other side up to the Russian settlements slip across the Bering Strait again at Australia, pass the Straits of Sunda, cut up to Java, in around to Japan, China, British India, visit Muscat, the Gulf of Persia, run down the Arabian coast, call at Mocha for a cup of coffee got on board an Arab Red Sea craft, had at Suez, cross the desert, take a look at the Pyramids, then ship in a Marseilles steamer which will fetch you along toward home; and who of your countrymen have you seen in all those different "digging" that you visited?—*See an Southerner, any Georgians, (our Georgians), or Marylanders, or Mississippians? No; you have met with none but the genuine Simons, the real piloting, pioneering, peddling, push-head, genuine Yankee breed. But what has this got to do with kissing, except the Yankees are a kissing stock! I have come back to New York again to make a fresh start, after having traveled a long round—about way.*

Walter Marshall, when he reached the age of 14, arrived in New York from his native village, in the destitute situation that is frequent among the New England boys; this is to say, he had only the usual accompaniments of these young unfledged chips, who afterwards make the merchants and great men of the country, and not unfrequently of other lands. He had a little wooden trunk, pretty well stocked with 'Aunt Maud's,' and a 68 cent Bible he might be proud to carry in his pocket, and here he forgot it, a \$3 New Haven city bank-bill, and any quantity of money, patience, perseverance and ambition. He entered the counting room of a large mercantile house in South street. His honesty, activity and industry gained him many friends. Among them was an English merchant, who had a large commercial house in Calcutta, and a branch connected with his commercial firm in Calcutta, and did his business with the firm. Walter clerked with, and here he had attracted his notice. He was 15 years of age only, but the Bombay gentleman fancied him, made him a liberal offer to go to India with him, which, after a very little palaver among his friends, Walter accepted. Now England, boys don't often start off on one of their excursions, without first getting leave of absence for a few days preparatory exercise, which they spend in going where they originally came from; and then, having a few good looks at the weather beaten old village church, the high old steeple, which has wonderfully reduced in size and elevation since they first saw it, to notice it, in school boy days; they must have the old bell ring once more, even if they have to take a spell at the rope; then take a turn among the white grave stones, see if there are any very green grounds, find made, and if so, to ask who among old friends have gone to his last resting place; then kiss mother and sister, shake hands with father, and the stage is at the door of the tavern, and they are ready for a start to go 'any where.'

Walter went up to do, and did all of this; but he did not get into the stage at the tavern. He walked down the road ahead of the coach toward the old bridge, and told the stage driver to wait for him at the minister's house—at Parson Fuller's. Mr. Fuller lived there too, for she happened to be the parson's only daughter. She was the merriest, loveliest little thing that ever wore long, loose tresses of Auburn hair, and blue eyes. She was only twelve years old, and Walter was near seventeen. She did love him though, he was all in all to her; he had fought her battles all through her childish campaign, and she had no brother. She was Walter's cousin too, a sort of half sister cousin, for her mother had been the half sister of Walter's mother. They were not too near related for purposes hereafter to be named.

Poor Molly! she would have cried her eyes out on this occasion, had it not been that Walter's pitiful set of ideas of the ridiculous in motion, and she made a merry scene. Three days after, Walter was in New York; and just four months and twenty days farther on in Time's almanac he was making out invoices, and acting as corresponding clerk to 'the firm' in Bombay.

I shall not stop long enough to relate how many times he went to the exhibition of venomous looking cobra de capelloe biting boys just for fun, and to show how intricate the beauties were, and how easy their bite was cured; how often he visited the far famed elephant caves; how many times he dined with good Sir Robert Grant, the Governor of Bombay, and how he was with him and what he said, the very mor-

ing of the day the old surgeon, the cholera, made the excellent Sir Robert its victim. All these things I shall leave to another time, and a more appropriate heading. I skip over all of these and six years beside, and land Master Walter at Staten Island, and leave him at a respectable hotel, and there let him sleep all night, and take a good 'short rest' after a tedious voyage of four months and more.

The next morning we awoke him, make him get up, pay his bill, take a hack, and ride down to the New Haven steamboat and go aboard. It is 7 o'clock, A. M. At 1 P. M. the boat has reached the landing; his trunk and 'traps' are on board the Litchfield stage; he has taken a seat, his destination is an intermediate village. He is alone in the stage, no, not alone; there is an old woman on the front seat, and a Presbyterian clergyman on the middle seat. The stage is up in the city, and slowly meanders about New Haven town, picking up passengers who had sent in their names to the stage office, as is still customary in that staid and sober city of mineralogy, and other oblogies in general. The stage John pulls up at the door of a neat little cottage in Chapel street. A passenger, a young lady of sweet sixteen, or thereabout, enters the stage. Before she had fairly got inside, Walter had noticed her, and she had noticed him too. He gazes in astonishment at the perfect figure of loveliness before him; he has seen anything of the kind for some years. There is not a particle of copper about her. She on her part, has regarded him attentively; pushing back the golden ringlets that almost shut her face, and takes another look, as if to be certain that she has made no mistake.

'Here is a seat; Miss, beside me,' says the gospel preacher.

'Thank you, sir, but I prefer sitting on the back seat, with that gentleman, if he will let me,' said she, with the most electrical voice that Walter had listened to in some time.

'Certainly, Miss,' said the delighted Bombyite; and when she seated herself by him she gazed into his face with such a queer kind of mixed up delight and astonishment, that Walter took a look down upon himself to ascertain what there was about his person that appeared to be so pleasing to the fair maiden; but he discovered nothing unusual. The stage rolled on toward Derby, at its usual rapid rate of five miles an hour, and Walter and the merry maid seemed as chatty and cozy together, as though they had known each other for years instead of minutes. The minister tried to engage the ringlets in conversation, but he soon found himself 'no where.' She had neither eyes nor ears for any body else but Walter; and he had not told her more about his own travels and Bombay scenery, than he ever told any body before or since!

At last they came to Derby. These horses had to be changed, and four fresh skeletons were harnessed up and tackled on to the old stage. Walter handed the gentle girl back to her old seat as gracefully as he could have done had he never lived in Bombay; but always stopped in New York. They were alone now; the minister and the old woman had got out at Derby.

'Well, we are off once more; how far are you going?' said Walter as the stage went off.

'Not quite as far as Litchfield! You say that your friends reside at Pomperny?—How glad they will be for to see you?'

'Very probably unless they have forgotten me, which is likely, for I suppose I have altered some in six years.'

In a few minutes he would be at Mary Fuller's house. He thought of her, and felt ashamed and down-right guilty. What would Mary, his little wife that was to be, say, if she knew he had been acting so?—As these things passed rapidly through his mind, he began to study how to get out of the affair quietly and decently.

'You go on in the next stage, I suppose, to the next town and perhaps still farther.' 'Oh no! not me!'

'What could she mean? But he had no time to indulge in conjecture; the stage drove up slap in front of Parson Fuller's door, and there was the venerable parson and his good lady in the doorway; he with a lamp in his hand ready to receive—Walter, as he supposed.

'Where will you stop in the village? I will come and see you.'

'I shall stop where you stop. I won't leave you. Here you have been kissing me this last half hour, and now you want to run away and to that old clergyman and to expose you to that old clergyman and his wife in the door way yonder; more than that, your 'darling little wife' that is to be, as you called her in the stage, shall know all about it.'

What a situation for a modest, moral man. It was awful! To be laughed at—exposed—and who was she? Could it be possible? He had heard of such characters! It must be; but she was very pretty, and he to be the means of bringing such a creature into the very house of the good and pious old clergyman, and his sweet old pet and playmate—his Mary Fuller! He saw it all. It was a judgment sent upon him. What business had he to be kissing a strange girl, if she was pretty? His uncle and aunt had come clear down the stone walk to the door yard gate, almost to the stone door which the driver had opened. Walter felt that he was doomed; but he had to get out.

'Don't for God's sake expose me, young woman!'

'I will—get out!'

'Oh, thought Walter, it's all over with me, and now he shakes hands with the clergyman and flings his arms around the aunt.'

'Mary!' exclaimed the mother; 'our Mary is in the stage, as I live! So, you would come up with your cousin, ah?'

'Yes, mother; and what do you think the impudent East Indian has been doing? He has kissed me at least a hundred times, and that isn't all; he tried to persuade me to 'keep on' in the stage and not get out at all!—'Ah! no wonder he kissed you; he hasn't seen you for so many years. How glad you must have been when you met! But what is the matter with you, Walter? Let the driver stop, and leave your trunk at your father's as he goes by, and do you come in the house. Why, what is the matter? Are you dumb?'

'Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Walter, not to speak to my mother when she is talking to you?' chimed in Miss Molly.

Walter now found his voice; and before he got fairly inside, Miss Mary was his debtor for a round dozen of kisses, which she took very kindly. But as for Walter, his mind was made up. He had turned over the subject for the last three minutes. He was grateful; she had saved him from degradation, loss of character, and every thing else, but would she forgive him for going so free with a strange girl in a stage coach. Doubtful; but she should have a chance.

The wanderer received a glad welcome from his friends in his own native village, and Mary Fuller was his traveling companion about the place; and together they crossed the door sill of every farm house within a circle of five miles round. Walter had seen enough of the outside of the great world. He had made some money, too, enough for his modest wants; he was old enough to marry and so was Mary Fuller; and before three months more had rolled over their heads, the venerable father had made them one in the front parlor of the old Globe. When the vows had been spoken, the last prayer made and the blessing pronounced, Walter clasped Mary to his breast, and imprinted on her sweet lips another first kiss, and now it was the first thrilling kiss of married love; and as he held her for a moment in his ardent embrace she whispered gently into his ear: 'Walter dear, it's understood in the vow: No more kissing strange girls in a stage coach!'

Years have flown by since then, and now Walter Marshall and his gentle wife, and the little people they call their 'stock in trade' are living pleasantly and happily somewhere on the other side of the Alleghenies near a place called Pittsburgh, where he owns large tracts of mines; not humbug, wishy-washy, shining tracts of gold, but real hard substantial coal mines, productive to himself and to the country he lives in.

JUST AS EASY.—A few days since a party of gentlemen were proceeding to the Curing Spring, near Niagara Falls, under the auspices of a guide, who apparently knew it all. Passing the wire fence of Samuel Zimmerman, Esq., one of the party remarked that the fence was a very tasteful affair. "Yes," says the guide, "it is pretty enough, but it is not worth a row of pins. Why, a bag can go through it, just as easy. Hold on, and I will show you." So saying, he performed the experiment, seeming entirely unconscious of his double entendre.—*Buffalo Express.*

A HARD ENEMY TO FIGHT.—An Austrian journal estimates the number of deaths in the Russian army, from typhoid fever, since their entrance into Dobruzhka, at the enormous number of 18,000!

AMERICANS IN ITALY.—Ex-President Van Buren and son were at Naples last month, and it is stated, will spend next winter in Egypt. Mr. Marsh, our late Minister to Constantinople, is sojourning at Bologna.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday last, the scaffolding of the railroad bridge over the Tennessee river, at London, fell, wounding five men, one of whom has since died.

THE FIRE IN THE REAR OF THE BATES HOUSE, INDIANAPOLIS, ON SATURDAY NIGHT, DESTROYED THE LIVELY STABLE OF MR. CANTON, AND FIVE GOOD HORSES.