The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

LINES TO AN OLD FRIEND.

BY J. C. NEEDY.

Come, dear old friend, let you and I
Sit down and talk of days gone by,
Let us talk of life, its ills and joys,
How things have changed since we were boys.

What scenes come up from the buried past,
Bright hopes and joys that could not last,
And the forms we loved in days of yore,
We shall see on earth, old friend, no more.

From this sad old bank, long years ago,
We watched the waters, as they played below,
And heard the waves, in their angry roar,
As they danced and kissed the grassy shore.

And further down this winding stream,
Oh! John, it seems so like a dream,
There's a little grave, its myrtle vines,
Creeps o'er a friend of olden times.

And war has stretched his gory hand
Throughout this once *bright happy* land,
And countless graves, seen everywhere,
Proclaim a nation's deep despair.

When evening shadows gather round,
And the zephyrs kiss each little mound,
The angels come when the world's asleep,
Around those honored graves, bright watch to keep.

How oft my friend, hath a noble heart
Been pierced by many a poisoned dart;
How oft hath words, that we would not hear,
Sent down our cheeks a foolish tear

What need we care what others say?
They too like us will pass away;
A few more years and death's cold chill
Shall place them high on yonder hill.

A few more years of toil and pain,
Of winter's snow and summer's rain,
And each gentle breeze, and stormy gust,
Shall kiss the turf that hides their dust.

And the old school house is seen no more,
Where oft, old friend, in days of yore,
For some foolish prank, the master mean,
Had placed us *John*, two girls between.

And how we blushed, looked sour and grum;
It pleased the girls, 'twas glorious fun,
It was cruel, John, it was misery then, [men
But we've changed our minds since we are

There was little Kate, she went our way
To school, you know, each wintry day,
And what a jangling there used to be,
Who'd carry her books, John, you or me

When I saw her, John, but yesterday,
The bloom of her cheeks had passed away;
She clasped my hand, as though I ne'er should part, [heart.
From my schoolmate friend, your first sweet-

Forgive me, John, if a careless word
Hath touched within some tender chord
These thoughts, old friend, will come, you know.
Bright boyish dreams of long ago

Then here's my hand, wheresoe'er I be,
I shall kindly think, old friend, of thee,
Forgetting the stormy way we've trod,
There're brighter days if we trust in God

WARREPORD, *October 27, 1868*

A Mother's Management.

The dismal December night was closing, with starless gloom, over the spires and chimney tops of the city—the blinding mist of snow flakes was wreathing its white pall over all, and the wind, murmuring sadly through the streets, seemed to have an almost human wail in its moan.

'It's an ugly kind of a night,' muttered Mr. Terryn to himself, as he buckled his fur closer round his neck, 'and a wind fit to cut one in two. Hallo! what's this?'

He had very nearly stumbled over something that looked like a bundle, crouching at the foot of a flight of steps, in the shadow of a ruinous old brick archway; but, as he checked himself abruptly, the bundle erected itself into something human in shape and looked at him through wild, human eyes

'Who are you?' he demanded, on the impulse of the moment

'Only me, sir—little Tess.'

'Please give me a penny, sir!' cried the child, suddenly subsiding into the regular professional whine of her trade. 'Only a penny'

'Where do you live?'

'I don't live nowhere, sir—I skulks round in the alleys.'

'Oh, you do, eh? and who takes care of you?'

'Took up?' 'Sent to the Island, sir

'Are you a boy, or a girl?'

(For the creature's tangled locks and ragged garb gave no clue to its sex)

'I'm a girl, sir.'

'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, begging in the streets,' said Mr Terryn, severely 'Why don't you work?'

As he approached his own door a bright child's face peeped out between the curtain, and as Mr Terryn entered the cheery sitting room, he could not but think with a remorseful pang of the shivering bundle of rags under the brick archway beyond

'It's none of my business,' he thought; 'I dare say the police will pick the poor little elf up, and take her where she'll be better off.'

But Mr. Terryn's conscience was less adamantine than he had given it credit for being. It pricked him sorely as he sat toasting his slippered feet before the bright embers—it whispered to him as he listened to the lullaby wherewith his wife was lulling the babe to sleep upon her breast. Had little Tess ever known a mother's care, or heard a mother's cradle song? And she could scarcely have been six years old, either.

'Where are you going, my dear?' questioned his wife, as he rose up suddenly

'Out into the street. There was a—a child there—a little girl, crouching on some steps——.'

'A child? Hemeless? And such a night as this? Oh, Herbert, you should have brought her here!'

Five minutes afterwards Mr. Terryn was out in the driving whirlwinds of snow bending over the small stray who was huddled up, just where he had left her.

'Here—child, where are you?'

But there was no answer. Little Tess was benumbed and stupified by the cold.

He lifted her up, a poor little skeleton, wrapped in a miserable thin coating of rags, and feeling strangely light in his arms, and carried her home. Mrs. Terryn met him at the door.

'Oh, Herbert, what a poor little starved wretch! Her hands are like birds claws!'

Charley looked on with breathless interest, at the process of feeding, warming and restoring some vitality to the torpid object.

When little Tess opened her eyes, it was to the glow of a warm fire and the mellow sparkle of gaslights.

'Am I dead?' cried the child, 'and is this Heaven?'

'Poor little creature!' said Mrs. Terryn, bursting into tears.

'Tesora' her name proved to be—a sweet Italian synonym for the word 'treasure,' and a treasure she was, in gentle Mrs. Terryn's eyes, especially after her little babe was dead and buried.

'How Tesora grows?' said Mr. Terryn suddenly, one day, as the beautiful girl came in, rosy and smiling, from a walk. 'Why she is as tall as a grown woman!'

'She is a grown woman,' said Mrs. Terryn, with a smile.

'*How old is she?*'

'Sixteen, day before yesterday!'

'Is it possible,' said Mr. Terryn, thoughtfully. 'How time slips away! Tesora sixteen! Why, then Charley must be twenty!'

'It is true, my dear,' said his wife, we are getting to be old people, now!'

'I wonder what will become of Tesora,' said Mr. Terryn, musingly. 'She would make a capital governess, her education has been so thorough, or—'

'Father,' said Charles Terryn, resolutely, as he walked up in front of his father and stood with folded arms, 'I can tell you what will become of Tesora! She is to be my wife!'

'Nonsense!' ejaculated Mr. Terryn.

'Charley,' she said, when the indignant father had jerked himself out of the room, 'don't waste your breath in arguing with your father. Argument never conquered yet, in such a case as this.'

'But what am I to do?'

'Have you spoken to Tess yet?'

'No.'

'Wait then—let matters rest. I will manage it!'

So Mrs. Terryn gave little dinner parties and select soirees, and 'brought out' Tesora, according to the regular programme She made a sensation Mrs. Terryn had known that she would. Tesora was a belle—a queen of fashion. Suitors congregated round her.

'Well, Tess,' said Mr. Terryn, one night—he was getting wondrously proud of his adopted daughter's success in the world of society—'are you going out to-night?'

'Yes, papa.'

'Whom with?'

'Colonel Randolph.'

'I thought Charley had taken a box at the opera for you!'

'I promised Colonel Randolph first. said Tesora, languidly, playing with her fan.

'And how about to-morrow night? I suppose Charley could get his tickets transferred.'

'I am so sorry, sir, but I am engaged for to-morrow night.'

Mr. Terryn rose and walked restlessly up and down the room He was a man much guided by the opinion of his fellowmen. Tesora *must be a treasure*, else why this competition among the young millionaires for her society!

'Look here, Tess—Charley will be so disappointed!'

'I can't help it. Let me see'—and she glanced at her tables—'Friday is the only evening I have disengaged'

'Fiddlestick!' muttered the old gentleman, uneasily. 'It seems to me you're getting to be a great belle, Miss!'

'Am, I papa' said Tess, laughing.—'But you see I am your own little girl still.'

And she gave him a little coaxing kiss

'My own little girl—yes—but what will you become when Colonel Randolph or Dayton L'Estrange, or some other of these scamps, takes you away from me!'

Tesora blushed until the rose on her cheek was like a carnation

'They will not, papa'

'Won't they? I'm not altogether so sure of that'

But the next afternoon he came home from his office with a puzzled face

'They have come, Tess!'

'What have come?'

'The offers of marriage—two of 'em, by Jupiter!—Colonel Randolph and Mr Dupimier! What do you say, Tess?'

'I—I must think of it, papa'

'Very gentlemanly, I must say both well off, substantial fellows, and profess to be desperately in love with my girl But, Tess——'

'Well, sir?'

'You won't leave us, dear? Think how desolate the old house will be without you!'

Tesora was silent—her hand dropped

'Father,' said Mrs Terryn, gently, 'let the girl decide for herself We have no right to stand between her and a home and a husband of her own'

'But she might have a home and a husband of her own here!' burst in Mr Terryn. 'That is—I mean—Charley——'

'I have refused Charley to-day!' said Tesora calmly

'Refused Charley! And why?'

'Because I have reason to believe that his suit was pressed without approval of his father. Oh, sir, could you think that, after all your kindness, I could steal your son's duty away from you! I would rather die!'

'Spoken like yourself, Tess,' said Mrs Terryn, going to her and kissing her.

'Tess, do you love him?' eagerly questioned the father.

'That has nothing to do with the question, sir,' she answered, reservedly.

'But I want to know,'' he insisted.

'I do love him, sir, then.'

'And you have refused him only because I didn't approve!'

'Yes, sir.'

'But I do approve, Tess! It would make me the happiest old father in the world, if I could call you both children in real truth.'

Charles Terryn rose from his seat and came eagerly forward.

'Tesora—dearest—you hear him! Once more I ask you to be my wife!''

And Tesora hid her face on his shoulder, weeping—but Tesora was very happy, nevertheless!

'But, my love,' said Mrs. Terryn, softly, 'what has wrought such a change in your sentiments?'

'I—I don't know,'' said the old gentleman, evasively. 'I say, Tess, what shall I tell the Colonel and Mr. Dupimier?'

'Tell them, sir,' spoke up Charley, 'that she has a previous engagement!'

And so the Mother's Management prevailed, and little Tess' first home was her last.

The Slain Bride.

On a high rock, overlooking the Rhine, that river of legends, stood the half-castle, half-fortress of Ehlenburg, which, with its high and gloomy battlements, seemed to pierce the very clouds. Its dungeon and keep were said to be the strongest in Germany, and, indeed, it was so, for it could be only accessible from one point, which was a narrow path, where but one man could walk at a time. The owner and governor of this castellated fortress was Sir John Verrinich, a haughty, overbearing man, subject at times to fits of the most violent passions, which at one time led him to commit a crime of the most horrid nature, which formed the legend connected with the old ruins that now stand gazing gloomily, as it were, upon the passing steamboats bearing parties of tourists up the Rhine.

Sir John was a widower, his wife having died of a broken heart, after giving birth to a daughter, three years after marriage. This daughter, the Lady Isadore, though treated severely by her father, grew up with all the beauty which enhances the fair sex within man's eye. She had a lover; what young girl of seventeen has not? He was captain of the guards belonging to the castle, a young man of low birth, though gifted with a fine education and some personal beauty, which, together with his skill and prowess in the time of war, had won him the name of "The Falchion.' He was, indeed, worthy of the maiden's admiration. Marcel Van Schrotter—for such was his name—with his laurels fresh on his brow, was invited to court, and while there was and became enamored of, the Lady Isadore, who was then, with her father, attending court for the first time. Sir John, pleased with Marcel, offered him the captaincy in his guards, and he, to be near the lady of his heart, accepted the office, and was soon installed within the castle walls.

The Lady Isadore, after hearing her father speak of his feats of arms, became interested in him, and having by accident met him several times while taking her morning walk upon the parapet, the interest ripened into love, and they silently betrothed themselves to each other and were happy So things stood, when, one evening, Sir John invited Marcel to take supper with them. The meal was spread within the left wing of the castle, in a lofty hall, the walls of which were decorated with ancient suits of arms, while the panels between were all hung with a well-dressed head and horns of a sturdy deer.

At a bountiful spread board were Sir John Marcel and the Lady Isadore; the supper was over and the wine circulated freely around. Ladies were not so chary of its use in those days And the old knight, made merry by the copious draughts of Rhenish he had used to wash down his food, cracked his jokes, sang and laughed as only an old man and a soldier can laugh. At last, percieving that the fire, which ere now was burning cheerfully, had nearly disappeared, he asked Marcel to rouse it up; he, willing to oblige, arose, but finding nothing wherewith to rake the ashes, drew his sword, and with it coaxed the stubborn fire to blaze.

At that moment he heard his name called in tones of thunder by Sir John, forgetting that he had been called, leaving his sword still in the fire, he advanced toward Sir John There he stood, clutching his daughter tightly by the arm, his face distorted by passion

Sirrah, he cried, as Marcel approached, dost thou love my daughter?

Marcel did not reply, but looked at Lady Isadore She, alas! poor girl, having never seen him in a merry mood before, while Marcel was engaged in arranging the fire, she told her father of his love for her, and asked him to give his consent to their marriage The result was as mentioned above.

Sirrah, shouted the enraged lord, canst thou not speak? Answer me, dost thou love my daughter?

The young man, boldly confronting him, replied

Sir, I love your daughter—we are betrothed

All the fury that ever entered in the soul of man was combined within Sir John's soul. He felt at his belt for the dagger he usually wore; he had lain it aside when about sitting down to supper; he looked around for some weapon with which to kill Marcel, his gaze rested on Marcel's sword, which rested in the fire, the blade of which was nearly a red hue, in another moment it was in his hands. In his blind fury he thought not of its heat, but rushed upon Marcel and was about to plunge it into his body, when Isadore threw herself before her lover and recieved the fiery blade in her now pure breast. Sir John gazed but for one moment on the scene, and then, with the blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils, fell to the floor.

When the retainers entered about an hour after, they found father and daughter dead, and Marcel a gibbering maniac The servants removed him to a safe asylum, where he shortly after died.—The bodies of the father and daughter were buried among their ancestors in the chapel, and masses were said for the repose of their souls; but yet they did not rest, for often at night they are seen, the daughter pursuing the father, and making the most hideous lamentations. Such is the legend of Ehlenburg. If you go there now you will find remaining of that once lofty pile nothing but old gray ruins.

A BACHELOR'S DREAM!—One night, while I lay sleeping, I had a dream of joy; I thought I had a charming wife and darling little boy. I loved, I hugged, I kissed them——I ate them almost whole; my little boy got angry, my wife began to scold. But soon a scream terrific awoke me from my sleep; my face was scratched in pieces—plague take the little *brat!*—My wife was a pillow, *my baby was a cat!*

A BRAVE GIRL.—A few days ago, while a young man was skating on the brick pond at Twenty-third and Federal streets, Philadelphia, the ice gave way and he went into the water, and he would have drowned had not Miss Mary E. French, who was skating near by, gone to the man's assistance. She caught him by the arms and drew him from his perilous position. He ought to marry her—if he can get her.

Look Out for Them Lbosters.

Deacon ——, who resides in a pleasant village inside of an hour's ride upon the Fitchburg road, rejoices in a fondness for the long-tailed *crustacea*, vulgarly known as lobsters. And from messes therewith fulminated, by *some* of our professors of gastronomics that we have seen, we do not attach any wonder at all to the deacon's penchant for the aforesaid shell-fish. The deacon had been disappointed several times by assertions of the lobster merchants, who, in their overwhelming zeal to effect a sale, had been a little too sanguine of the precise *time* said lobsters were caught and boiled; hence, after lugging home a ten pound specimen of the vasty deep, miles out into the quiet country, the deacon was often sorely vexed to find the lobster no better than it should be!

'Why don't you get them alive, deacon?' said a friend,—'get them alive and kicking, deacon; boil them yourself; be sure of their freshness, and have *them cooked more carefully* and properly.'

'Well said,' quoth the deacon; 'so I can, for they sell them, I observe, near the depot,—right out of the boat. I'm much obliged for the motion.'

The next visit of the good deacon to Boston,—as he was about to return home, he goes to the bridge and bargains for two live lobsters, fine, active, lusty-clawed fellows, alive and kicking, and no mistake!

'But what will I do with them?' says the deacon to the purveyor of the *crustacea*, as he gazed wistfully upon the two sprawling, ugly, green and scratching lobsters, as they lay before him upon the planks, at his feet.

'Do with 'em?' responded the lobster merchant,—'why, bile 'em and eat 'em! I bet you a dollar you never eat better lobsters 'n them, nohow, mister!'

The deacon looked anxiously and innocently at the speaker, as much as to say—'you don't say so?'

'I mean, friend, how shall I get them home?'

'Oh,' says the lobster merchant, 'that's easy enough, here, Saul,' says he, calling up a frizzle-headed lad in blue pants—*sans* hat or boots, and but one gallows to his breeches, 'here, you, light upon these lobsters and carry 'em home for this old gentleman'

'Goodness, bless you,' said the deacon; 'why friend, I reside ten miles out in the country!'

'O, the blazes, you do!' says the lobster merchant; 'well, I tell you, Saul can carry 'em to the cars for you in this 'ere bag, if you're gom' out?'

'Truly, he can,' quoth the deacon; 'and Saul can go right along with me.'

The lobsters were dashed into a piece of Manilla sack, thrown across the shoulders of the juvenile Saul, and away they went at the heels of the deacon, to the depot; here Saul dashed down the 'poor creturs' until their bones or shells rattled most piteously, and as the deacon handed a 'three cent piece' to Saul, the long and wicked claw of one of the lobsters protruded out of the bag—opened and shut with a clack, that made the deacon shudder!

'Those fellows are plaguy awkward to handle, are they not, my son?' says the deacon.

'Not werry,' says the boy, 'they can't bite, cos you see they's got pegs down here—hollo!' As Saul poked his head down towards the big claw lying partly out of the open-mouthed bag, the claw opened, and clacked at his fingers, ferocious as a mad dog.

'His peg's out,' said the boy—'and I can't fasten it, but here's a chunk of twine, tie the bag and they can't get out, anyhow, and you kin put 'em into yer pot right out of the bag'

'Yes, yes,' says the deacon; I guess I will take care of them, bring them here there, just place the bag right in under my seat; so, that will do'

Presently the cars began to fill up, as the minute of departure approached, and soon every seat around the worthy deacon was occupied By-and-by, a 'middle-aged lady,' in front of the deacon, began to fussle about and twist around, as if anxious to arrange the great amplitute of her drapery, and look after something 'bothering' her feet In front of the lady, sat a slab-sided *genus dandy*, fat as a match and quite as good looking, between his legs sat a pale-faced dog, with a flashing collar, of brass and tinsel quite as gaudy as his master's neck-chocker, this canine gave an awful—

'*Ihk!* ow, yow! yow-oo—yow, ook! yow! yow! yow!'

'Lor' a massy!' cries the woman in front of the deacon, jumping up, and making a desperate splurge to get up on to the seats, and in the effort upsetting sundry bundles and parcels around her!

'Yow-ook! Yow-ook!' yelled the dog, jumping clear out of the grasp of the juvenile Mantillini, and dashing himself on to the head and shoulders of the next seat occupants, one of whom was a sturdy civilized Irishman, who made 'no bones' in grasping the sickly-looking dog, and to the horror and alarm of the entire female party present, he sung out.

'Whur-r-r ye about, ye brute! Is the divil *mad?*'

'Eee! Ee! O dear! O! O!' cries an anxious mother.

'O! O! O-oo-' save us from the dog!' cries another

'Whur-r-r-! ye *divil!*' cries the Irish gintilman, pinning the poor dog down between the seats, with a force that extracted another glorious yell.

'Ike! Ike! Ike! oo, ow! ow! Ike! Ike! Ike!'

Murder! mur-r-r-der!' bawls another victim in the rear of the deacon, leaping up in his seat, and rubbing his leg vigorously.

'What on airth's loose?' exclaimed one.

'Halloo! what's that?' cries another, hastily vacating his seat and crowding towards the door.

'O dear, O! O!' anxiously cries a delicate young lady.

'What? who? where?' screamed a dozen at once.

'Good *conscience!*' exclaims the deacon, as he dropped his newspaper in the midst of the din, noise and confusion; and with a most singular and spasmodic effort to dance a '*highland fling*,' he hustled out of his seat, exclaiming:

'Good conscience, I really believe *the're* out.'

'Eh? What—what's out?' cries one.

'Snakes!' echoes an old gentleman, grasping a cane.

'Snappin' turtles, Mister?' inquire several.

'Snakes!' cried a dozen.

'Snappers!' echoes a like quantity of the dismayed.

'Snapper-r-r-rs!'

'Snake-o-o-es!' O what a din!

'Hallo! here, what's all this? What's *the matter?*' says the conductor, coming to the rescue.

'That *man's got* snakes in the car!' roar several at once.

'And snappin' turtles, too, consarn him!' says one, while all eyes were directed, tongues wagging, and hands gesticulating furiously at the astonished deacon.

'Take care of them! Take care of them! I believe I'm bitten clear through my boot—catch them, Mr. Swallow!' cries the deacon.

'Swallow 'em, Mr. Catcher!' chcoes the frightened dandy.

'What? *where?*' says the excited conductor, looking around.

'Here, here, in under these *seats, sir, —my lobsters, sir,*' says the deacon, standing aloof to let the conductor and the man with the cane get at the reptiles, as the latter insisted.

'Darn 'em, they are only lobsters!'

'Pooh! Lobsters!' says young Mantilini, with a mock heroic shrug of his shoulders, and looking fierce as two cents!

'Come out here!' says the conductor, feeling for them.

'Take care!' says the deacon, 'the plaguy things have *got their pins out!*'

'Why, *they are alive*, and crawling *around: here old fellow,—take care,* Mr Swaller—he's cross as sin!' says the man with the cane—'wasn't that a snap? Take care! You got him?' that indefatigable assistant continued, rattling his tongue and cane.

'I've got them!' cries the conductor.

'Put them *in the bag, here, sir,*' says the deacon.

'Take them out of this car!' cries everybody.

'*Plaguy things,' says the deacon 'I* sha'nt never buy another *live lobster!*'

Order was restored, passengers took their seats, but when young Mantillini looked for his dog, he had vamosed with the Irishman, at 'the last stopping place,' in his excitement, leaving a quart jug of whisky in lieu of the dandy's dog.

THE GAME OF YEWKER.—By Prof. *Joshua Billings*—This ill bred game of keards is about 27 years of age

It was first discovered by the deck hands on a Lake Ery steamboat an handed down by them to posterity in awl its juvenile butt.

It is generally plaid by persons and ows much of its absorbingness to the fakt that you can talk, and drink, and chaw, and cheat while the gaim is advancin

I have seen it plaid on the Hudson river railroad, in the smoking car, with more immaculate *skill than anywhere* else.

If yu play there yu will often hold a hand that will astonish yu, quite ofn a *queens and a 10 spot, which will induce* yu to bet 7 or 8 dollars, that it is a good *hand to play poker with, but yu will* be more astonished when yu see the other fellah's hand, which invariably consists of 4 kings and a 1 spot.

Yewker is a molatto game, and don't compare tew old sledge in majesty enny more than a game of push pins tew a squar church raffle

I never play yewker

I never would learn out *of principle*

I was originally created cluss to the Connecticut line in Nu England, *what* the gaim of 7 up or sledge was born, and exists *now in all its pristine* virginity

I play old sledge to this day in its natiff fierceness.

But I won't play enny gaim, if I know mi charackter, whar jack will taik an ace and a 10 spot won't count for gaim.

I won't play no such kind of gaim out of respect tew old Connecticut, my natiff State

A SCIENTIFIC INFIDEL.—There was a man who lived in Cass County, Georgia, many years ago, who had once been in the State Legislature, and never neglected an opportunity to emphasize the fact. He was a perfect infidel as to new discoveries and new sciences, *being perfectly* satisfied that if the *world should* turn over all the water *would spill out* of his well; and only giving in to steam cars by *slow degrees* But *all the* vials of his contempt were *poured out* upon the *idea of a telegraph*, and he was wont to say that nobody need try to come 'the green' over him in that way, for he had been in the Legislature. Finally, the State road was built, and one day workmen began to put up telegraph posts right in front of his house, and to stretch the wire His exultant neighbors thought they had him on that occasion, and asked:

'Well, old fellow! what do you think of telegraphs now?'

He was cornered, but died game Drawing himself up an inch taller, he said:

'Gentlemen, when I was in the Legislature I gave this subject my very attentive consideration And I said then, as I say now, that it may do for letters and small bundles, but it never will take a cotton bale, never!'

MATRIMONIAL MISTAKE EXTRAORDINARY.—An extraordinary *matrimonial contretemps transpired in Williamson* Co. on Christmas *night*. A double marriage *occurred in the same* house, and the wedding festivities were celebrated in the *old style*, and in that joyful way naturally prompted by Christmas and the blissful event which made a double couple happy. About midnight both brides retired to rest, and in a half an hour thereafter the newly-made husbands followed. By some strange mistake, each gentleman found his way to the wrong room. The mistake was not discovered until daylight, when one of the ladies shricked her surprise after a vigorous fashion. A general hubbub was the result, and at last accounts the brides were disconsolate, on account of the scandal created. All sorts of schemes of *reparation* were proposed, but it appears that no tangible plea for undoing the *double mistake* was arrived at. The above *episode* actually transpired as *narrated*.—*Louisville Jour*

Ex-Governor Wise's Property Restored to Him.

The property of Ex-Governor Wise, in Princess Anne County, Virginia, which has been in the possession of the Government, and occupied by squatting negroes for several years, has at length been restored to its owner, but in a wretchedly dilapidated condition. The restoration is made under the order from the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands, bearing date October 9, 1866, from which we make the following extract:

"It appearing that certain parcels of abandoned lands are yet borne upon the returns of this Bureau in some of the States, and unconditional amnesty and pardon for participation in the rebellion having been declared by the President of the United States, it is directed that all lands and tenements held by this Bureau as abandoned, be restored to the owner thereof, except in cases where the Government has acquired the title by due process of law."

Governor Wise will have to get the negroes off as best he can—the Government will not assist him.

PRIVATE PRAYER.—In the morning the mind is calm; the temptations of the day have not beset you; the duties of the day have not filled your mind and begun to vex you. Before you go to the duties of the day, to its care, anxieties and temptations, begin the day with prayer. Temptations you certainly will meet; trials of virtue and patience will overtake you; and many times before night you will need the aid of your *Father to shield you Go to Him*, and ask His counsel to guide you, His power *to uphold you, His spirit* to sanctify you. Then, will you have done what is equivalent to half the duties of the day, when you have thus engaged His care and assistance And when the evening comes, when you have done with the duties of the day, the body is wearied, the mind is jaded, when the world is shut out by the shades of night, when you come to look back and review the day, when you see how many deficiencies have marked it, how many imperfections still cluster around you; how many sins stare you in the face, how little you have done for yourself or for others, or for God, the day passed, then is the hour of prayer. It will be sweet to feel that you have One to whom you can go, and who will hear you, if you are penitent, and ask in the name of Jesus Christ One who will accept your evening sacrifice, and give you strength for the morrow, and gird you with His righteousness. This hour, if rightly improved, will be like the cheering countenance of a most beloved friend Take care that nothing comes between you and these hours devoted to God.

A SINGULAR STATEMENT.—The New York *Sun* publishes a letter from a person signing *himself Alonzo Hawes*, late of Hartford, Connecticut, but now of St. Albans, Vermont, in which he says:

It is a well known fact that the late Mrs. Sigourney, of Hartford, Conn, had a son who was reported to have been drowned in the East River, New York, in 1857—I believe that is the year—but late confessions and documents of a dying woman prove the contrary The legitimate son of the late Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney is still living. He is a perfect *image of his* mother, and he also possesses his mother's talent, that of writing poetry and prose. His name is Andrew. The person that was drowned, and was supposed to be her son, was not hers, but had been exchanged in infancy for her legitimate child, according to the confessions of a lady who lately died This confession, with other letters and documents, will soon be given to the public through the press, and they are such that will startle the whole community. They are in the possession of a clergyman who is well known. If you wish you can give these particulars in your paper. Mrs. Sigourney's son served in the late war, and returned home a Major He is now in a town in this State loved and respected by all who know him, and it is rumored that he will receive a lucrative appointment under the administration of General Grant. These are facts; and as he is pretty well known in your city, it may be of interest to many of your readers.

DRINK.—Young man, did you ever stop to think how terrible that word sounds? Did you ever think what misery and woe you brought upon your friends, when you degraded your manhood by getting drunk? Oh, it is a fearful thing to trample under foot the high claims that God and man have upon you Drunk! How it rings in the ear of a loving wife! How it makes the heart of a fond mother bleed! How it crushes out the hopes of a doting father, and brings reproach and shame upon loving sisters. Drunk! See him as he leans against some friendly house He stands ready to fall in the open jaws of hell, unconscious as to his approaching fate. The wife, with tearful eyes and aching heart, sits at the window to hear her husband's footsteps, but alas, they come not! He is drunk! The husband, the parent, is drunk, spending his time and money when he should be at home, enjoying the pleasures and comforts of the family circle. Drunk! He is spending the means of support for liquor, while his family is starving for bread, his children suffering for clothing. Drunk! His reputation is going, gone! His friends, one by one, are reluctantly leaving him to his miserable fate. He goes down to his grave 'unhonored and unsung.' Drunk!—*Ex.*

TALL POLICEMEN.—We are proud of our tall and handsome policemen, but are not the commissioners rather too exacting as to hight, with candidates otherwise well qualified for police service? It is said that an applicant who was rejected at night was so nearly of the requisite height that his physician advised him to go home, get up early in the morning, take a warm bath, and apply again, as a man is a little taller in the morning, and just after taking a warm bath, than at other times. The applicant followed the doctor's advice, and succeeded in getting appointed.—*N. Y. Mail.*