

Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

"EXCELSIOR."

TERMS—\$1.25 per Annum.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 26.

CLEARFIELD, PA. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 9, 1859.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV.—NO. 4.

The Republican.

Terms of Subscription.

If paid in advance, or within three months, \$1 25
If paid any time within the year, 2 00
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One square, (14 lines), 1 mo. \$ 50	3 mo. \$ 1 25	6 mo. \$ 2 00	12 mo. \$ 3 50
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Half column, 3 months, 6 mo's, 12 mo's	8 00	12 00	18 00
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J. H. LARRIMER.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DENTAL CARD.

A. M. SMITH offers his professional services to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Clearfield and vicinity. All operations performed with neatness and dispatch. Being familiar with all the late improvements, he is prepared to make Artificial Teeth in the best manner. Office in Shaw's row. Sept. 14th, 1858. J. J.

DR. R. V. WILSON.

HAVING removed his office to the new dwelling on Second street, will promptly answer professional calls as heretofore.

J. H. LARRIMER, LARRIMER & TEST, Attorneys at Law Clearfield, Pa. will attend promptly to Collections, Land Agencies, &c., in Clearfield, Centre and Elk counties. July 30, 1857.

JOHN TROUTMAN

Still continues the business of Chair Making and House, Sign and Ornamental Painting, at the shop formerly occupied by Troutman & Rowe, at the east end of Market street, a short distance west of Little's Foundry. June 17, 1858.

THOMPSON, HARTSOCK & CO. Iron Foundry, Curwensville. An extensive assortment of Castings made to order. Dec. 29, 1857.

L. JACKSON CRANS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office adjoining his residence on Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 1, 1854.

H. P. THOMPSON,

Physician, may be found either at his office at Schofield's hotel, Curwensville, when not professionally absent. Dec. 29, 1857.

FREDERICK ARNOLD,

Merchant and Produce Dealer, Lutheran Church Clearfield county, Pa. April 17, 1852.

ELLIS IRWIN & SONS,

At the mouth of Lick Run, five miles from Clearfield, MERCHANTS, and extensive Manufacturers of Lumber. July 25, 1852.

J. D. THOMPSON,

Blacksmith, Wagons, Buggies, &c., from an short notice, and the very best style, at his old stand in the borough of Curwensville. Dec. 29, 1857.

D. R. M. WOODS, having changed his location from Curwensville to Clearfield, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the latter place and vicinity. Residence on Second street, opposite J. at of J. Crans, Esq. my 7, 1856.

P. W. BARRETT,

MERCHANT, PRODUCE AND LUMBER DEALER, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Lutheran Church, Clearfield Co., Pa.

J. L. CUTTLE,

Attorney at Law and Land Agent, office adjoining his residence, on Market street Clearfield. March 3, 1853.

A. B. SHAW,

RETAILER of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Shawville, Clearfield county, Pa. Shawville, August 15, 1858.

D. O. CROUCH,

PHYSICIAN—Office in Curwensville. May

WM. P. CHAMBERS,

CARRIAGES on Chalmers, Wheelwright, and horse and sign painting at Curwensville, Clearfield Co. All orders promptly attended to. Jan. 4, 1858.

ROBERT J. WALLACE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa., Office in Shaw's Row, opposite the Journal office. Dec. 1, 1848.—45.

JOSEPH PETERS,

Justice of the Peace, Curwensville, Penna. ONE door east of Monetta's & Ten Eyck's Store. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to, and all instruments of writing done on short notice. March 31, 1858.—y.

PLASTERING.—The subscriber, having located himself in the borough of Clearfield would inform the public that he is prepared to do work in the above line, from plain or ornamental of any description in a workmanlike manner. Also whitewashing and repairing done in a neat manner and on reasonable terms. EDWIN COOPER. Clearfield, April 17, 1857. 1y.

YOUR TEETH.

TAKE CARE OF THEM!! D. A. M. HILLS, desires to announce to his friends and patrons, that he is now devoting all of his time to operations in Dentistry. Those desiring his services will find him at his office, adjoining his residence at nearly all times, and always on Fridays and Saturdays, unless notice to the contrary be given in the town papers or work previous.

N. B. All work warranted to be satisfactory. Clearfield, Pa. Sept. 22nd, 1858.

Select Poetry.

THE SKATER.

The skater lightly laughs and glides,
I knowing that beneath the ice
Whereon he carves his fair device,
A stiffening corpse in slush stands.

It glareth upward at his play;
Its cold, blue, rigid fingers steal
Beneath the treadings of his heel;
It floats along, and floats away.

He has not seen its horrors pass;
His heart is blithe; the village hoars
His distant laughter; he careers
In festive waltz athwart the glass.

We all are skaters, we who skim
The surface of life's solemn flood,
And drive, with gladness in our blood,
A daring dance from trim to trim.

Our feet are swift, our faces burn,
Our hopes aspire like soaring birds;
The world takes courage from our words,
And sees the golden time return.

But ever near us, silent, cold,
Float those who bounded from the bank
With eager hearts, like us, and sank
Because their feet were overboard.

They sank through breathing-holes of vice,
Through treacherous beams of unblessed fire;
They know not their despair and grief,
Their hearts and minds are turned to ice.

Miscellaneous.

Americanizing England.

MR. BRIGHT'S SPEECH ON REFORM.
The great cry against the Parliamentary reform proposed by Mr. Bright, in England, is that he wishes to Americanize

England. At a large meeting held at Manchester, December 13th, Mr. Bright replied to this charge as follows:

"But still I know exactly how we shall be met—You are going to Americanize us." (Laughter.) Nothing is so dreadful to an Englishman who is thinking of emigrating across the Atlantic as that we should be Americanized in England.

(Laughter.) That is a phrase coined by some cunning knave, (laughter,) intended to catch a good many simple dupes; and no doubt it will catch some of them; but I should like to ask these gentlemen whether representation is not an English custom and an English principle. They were Englishmen who first took it to the United States. (Cheers.)

It is said that whenever an Englishman goes, just as he takes with him his white skin, he takes with him the foundation of representative institutions. He has taken them already to the Cape; he is already as busy as possible in building up four or five monarchical republics in Australia; he has carried the representative system to Canada; he carries it wherever he goes.

Why, the bill of 1832 was a desperate measure in the direction of Americanizing it. It took some boroughs, where twelve members of a corporation returned the members to Parliament, and it gave the suffrages to some 5,000 of the people.—Was not that Americanizing such boroughs with a vengeance. (Laughter.) The more you extend your representation, the more, of course, you become like that systematic and theoretically perfect representation which exists in the United States. (Hear, hear.)

I am not insensible to some things that appear to me to be errors in principle—some that are errors in practice—in the Constitution and customs of the United States, but I protest against our being shut up to take nothing from America but cotton, and rice, and tobacco, (laughter and cheers,) and, in fact, we do take a good many other things. I am told that my friend, Mr. Platt, a member of a very eminent firm in this neighborhood, has a wonderful machine from America with which to make bricks. We know that the agriculture of this country has been greatly advanced by the importation of reaping machines from America. We know that those persons who are going about so apprehensive of innovation, have particular reason to be delighted with America, because they have received from that country the invention of the revolver.— (Laughter.)

At this moment, in the government small arms establishment at Enfield, they have patent machinery from America for making gun stocks. They can turn out a gunstock, I am told, in twenty-two minutes, fit for the barrel. What a dreadful thing to think of! (Laughter.) And I am sure that Mr. Miles, if his protectionist principles have not long ago deserted him, will be horrified to hear that they have actually brought Americans over to show the English how to work them; (continued applause;) but there is much more behind. The Times, the Morning Star, the Daily Telegraph, and the leading newspaper in this district—the Manchester Daily Examiner—with, I believe, two or three of the widely circulated London weekly papers, are all printed on machines which were either made in America, or being made in this country, were made upon the American patent. (Cheers.)

Further than this, don't you remember that the gentry—the West-Enders, including even the ladies—have been subscribing ten guinea pieces to invite a clever farmer from Ohio to show them how to tame a horse? (Loud laughter and cheers.) Anything but politics. (Renewed laughter.) You may delight yourselves with their charming psets, if you like—with Bryant, Whitier, and Longfellow—you may interest and instruct yourself by their great historians, Bancroft, Prescott, and Motley, but if you ask how free popular

institutions are working among your own countrymen on the American continent, you are denounced as unpatriotic, and at any rate treasonable to the House of Lords. (Cheers and laughter.) But I am not without great examples in this country.

Parting with a Child.

[From the New Orleans Delta, Jan. 15.]

A painful case, and a rather curious one, has been decided in one of our District Courts. It was a contest between parents for the possession of a natural child. An unmarried woman sued out a writ of habeas corpus, to recover possession of her child, a little boy two years and a half old, which she said was illegally detained from her by a certain citizen and his wife.

On trial, it appeared that this citizen was the father of the child, which had been handed over to him by the mother when she was a trouble and a disgrace to her. He had accepted it, and was doing for it all that a father could do for a law child; besides which, he loved it and petted it fondly. This gentleman's wife, with a magnanimity quite rare in such cases (knowing as she did all about the child,) had adopted it also, and loved it as if it were her own. On trial the father was not able to prove that the mother had given the child to him for good and all.

On Monday the Judge decided the case, which was that the child must be delivered over to its mother. With the order of Court, and accompanied by the mother, a Deputy Sheriff went to the residence of the father to get the child, and pass it over to its mother. He describes the scene created by his visit, as the most touching and distressing thing he ever saw. The adopted mother turning pale as death, tried to put him off upon different pretexts, and to delay the separation as long as possible. Taking the child up stairs to wash him and dress him, she locked him up, and told the deputy he could not have it till the husband came home.

When the husband arrived the deputy politely explained his business, and was politely treated. The gentleman went upstairs, and after a while came down with the wife and child.

The little fellow was nicely dressed; and his adopted mother brought down with him a whole array of the "daintiest little clothes, ruffles, &c., besides a number of toys which had been purchased for the pet at Christmas. All these she laid on the floor at his feet, without saying a word—too proud to display either affection or grief before the hated mother, of her pet, yet showing symptoms of the most intense suppressed agony. The father acted as became a man under such circumstances; allowing the child to go quietly and without fuss. The mother took the little one in her arms, the deputy gathered up the clothing and toys, and they left. The door closed quietly behind them, and the more than real mother was forever bereaved of the dearest object of her affections.

Bob Butt.—In this fearful calamity at Norfolk and Portsmouth, says the Pittsburg Journal, when money could not secure attendance on the sick and dying, Christian charity stepped in, and about one hundred Northern physicians and nurses, braver than the "six hundred" who rode

"Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of Hell,"

volunteered to attend these dying couches. One half of these fell victims to that terrible pestilence, for which we give them higher honors than the honors of Balaklava. Eleven of the dead, who were from the city of Philadelphia, were brought back for interment, and from the address of Dr. Duchacnet, of St. Stephens, we catch the name and services of our hero, Bob Butt.

Bob Butt, as he is familiarly called, was and still is a slave; he has a wife and two children that the benevolent in Philadelphia are endeavoring to free from servitude. He accompanied these victims of the pestilence to Philadelphia, and saw them finally committed to their final resting place. But that which entitles him to the estimate of a true hero, was performed at Portsmouth, where in the language of another, he "is sexton, undertaker and grave digger, and in the short space of seven weeks he buried eleven hundred and fifty-nine persons. Buried them by the hot light of the sun. Buried them by the cold light of the moon. Buried them all day. Buried them all night. Slept over the bodies. Made the worms his brothers and sisters. Defied ghosts, laughed at death. Stood spade in hand; eloquent as the Wandering Jew; sublime as inexorable time. No coffin too heavy; no corpse too corrupt; no labor too crushing for Bob Butt."

A FACT FOR ABOLITIONISTS.—To those who are constantly faulting the United States Government for their want of activity in preventing the slave trade, and holding up as examples the conduct of certain foreign powers, we commend the following extract from the United Service Gazette.—That Journal says:—

We have received by the Alecto, which arrived from Africa last week, the following particulars of the dispute between the French, British and American ships relative to the free emigrant system, alias slave trading at that place. Whilst at Monrovia the commander of the Alecto was called upon to assist the Liberian Government in protecting the territory against the French ship Phoenix, of Nantes, which had been purchasing slaves from the King of Manna Rock, instead of engaging "emigrants" as they profess to do. An officer from the Alecto had boarded the French ship off Manna Rock, and finding the papers correct, did not take any further steps than to intimate to the captain that he was violating the laws of Liberia, the

French captain having acknowledged that he had purchased a number of slaves with goods and money of the King of Manna Rock, which slaves he produced to the Attorney-General of Liberia, who accompanied the boarding officer, and stated "that there was no other way of obtaining emigrants." At this juncture the American steam frigate Niagara happened to be landing the liberated Africans captured by the United States brig Dolphin, and it was reported there was a great chance that some of these Africans might be again stolen and sold to the French. The captain of the French ship Phoenix, having threatened the Monrovia with a bombardment by his Commodore, on account of the affair of the Regina Coeli, the Monrovia government have been making preparations to defend themselves, and at their solicitation the Niagara supplied the government with powder and shot. It was reported at Sierra Leone, that the French Commodore on the frigate Jean d'Are and two brigs, had passed Sherbro for Monrovia.

THE INDIAN SCHOOLS AT THE SIOUX AGENCY.—On a late visit to the Sioux Agency, we remained for nearly a month, and had ample opportunity to gratify a desire we have long had of visiting the Indian schools of that place. The gratification it afforded us to see the long lines of Indian boys and girls pursuing their studies was great.

On entering the school room, the first thing which attracts the attention is the order with which everything is conducted. The natural curiosity of the Indian mind, of course, he gratified by gazing at a stranger upon his first entry; but a tap on the desk from the teacher's rule sent them all to study again, with renewed energy. The most perfect decorum prevails; no talking is allowed, no whispering or tittering; but everything orderly and quiet, and each school apparently intent upon study alone. We had the pleasure of hearing some of the children read and spell, both in their own language and in English; and we can safely say that we have seldom been in any white school where children of that age had made greater progress than these little Sioux braves. They are taught all the simple branches of learning—reading, spelling, arithmetic, and writing; and in this last, some even of the smallest scholars have made astonishing progress. The school is under the supervision of Mr. A. Robertson, who, by his superior knowledge of Indian character and his kind and gentle manner toward the children, is eminently qualified for the position. The Sioux child is naturally of lively and intelligent mind. It is quick to learn, possesses a retentive memory, and is even more ready at expressing and explaining that which it has already learned, than the white child. It would, in fact, be difficult to draw any mental dividing lines between the two—although the physical differences are plain enough.—The missionaries all bear testimony to these facts.—Hendon, Min. Democrat.

AN EX-PRESIDENT MADE TO VACATE FOR AN EX-KING.—A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser writes from Florence, Italy, under date of the 27th ult., as follows:

"The ex-King and Queen of Prussia made their grand entrance here a day or two since, and took possession of the fine Hotel de Ville, turned into a palace for the royal pair and suite. The cortege comprised twenty carriages and wagons, from the last of which sauce-pans and tin-kettles hung dangling, as if mocking with their discordant rattle the pomp and circumstance of that royalty of which they brought up the rear. But kings must take their ensigns, as well as their diamonds, about with them.

Ex-President Pierce happened to be lodged at the hotel demanded for old Frederick William, when the order came to vacate it. The extatic landlord made haste to acquaint his guests of the honor intended him, hinting alike to one and all the necessity of seeking other quarters, which hint was differently received by different temperaments, but by no one so unobsequiously as by the ex-President, who conceded in the blandest manner the right of an ex-king to turn him, a democratic ex-President, out of doors.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.—The Boston Olive Branch claims that the first newspaper ever published in North America, made its appearance in Boston on the 25th of September, 1690. In the then village its publication caused a prodigious excitement. The Legislature then took up the matter, denouncing the sheet as contrary to law in its publication, and asserted the grand principle of censorship as determined as could have been done in London then, or Paris now. Louis Napoleon himself could not have made a greater row about a newspaper than was made over our worthy progenitors. It was a little quarto concern with only three of its pages in print, the editor, if such a beast of burden it had, having run ashore when his work was only three-fourths accomplished. Only one number of this journal is known to be in existence, and that is No. 1, and is in the English State Paper Office. It is supposed, and very reasonably, that it died in being born. It was published by Benjamin Harris. He was in the pillory in Charles the II's time, then not an uncommon mode of rewarding patriots for the part they took in promoting general good. So that our first newspaper publisher was a man of some note, having attracted royal attention, and occupying at the time a high position in the world.

A Juror in Northampton county, Pa., was recently let off from an absence line on the plea that he had "been in town all the week, and was hunting for the jury but couldn't find 'em."

THE BRAVE ENGINEER.

At the station in Syracuse, New York, there is assigned to Mr. Glenn the duty of arranging each day to which of the engines the several trains are to be assigned, so that as the hour of departure for each comes, the engine will be in readiness to take its burden.

He was for a number of years an engineer in active service, distinguished for courage and prompt resolution. There are some instances of this, which by their incidents ought not to be omitted from the roll of the truly brave deeds done by men.

He was at his bar, his engine careered on with the speed that only steam's strength can give; the road was clear; the busy wheels kept their regular roll; the huge drivers beneath his seat made swift circling, and they who in the cars were borne onward, knew no obstacle in their journey. Everything moved on according to the card, and they who were by the road side found the car marking by its passage the moment as accurately as if it was the hand of a great dial. Suddenly he discovered a small object near the rail. The human vision grows sharp beyond the optician's art in such an instant. The object moved, assumed form, and became only too apparent. It was a little girl playing with the dirt between the rails.

One may in the race, pull the blooded horse to his haunches, and in a brief space control his movement; that springing muscle has but a light weight to control; the backward paddle soon changes the course of the steamer; but this huge engine, with its rather rust than red, ponderous, powerful, in earnest in its motion that it must have great space of clearance, how shall this stop before it shall crush out of all form of life the feeble child?—The play with the soil is of such importance that the little one does not hear the roar of the wheels, or if it does, it is the child of a cabin proximate to the rail, and the sound is a familiar one—it continues its play, nearer by an advance that is the very step of death, the train comes toward it. Mr. Glenn determined in a test accuracy of judgment that his train could not stop in time! What if it was checked, and the speed that was measuring the mile by the very few minutes, diminished, the death blow by the swifter, would be the more merciful—destruction was certain—the little one must meet the force that would crush it from the record of the living, and its play went on as if it were at its mother's feet.

The brave man read the realities of the scene in an instant! He left his bar!—The fireman's heart forgot to beat; as for the passengers, they were acting out the every day scenes of a common place peaceable journey; perhaps the checked speed caused somebody to lay down his newspaper; of the intense scene without he knew nothing.

He left his bar and walked firmly over the top of the locomotive over the boiler, past the smoke stack, he climbed over the front and down the step like framework of the pilot, and grasping that with a desperate strength, he leaned over the bars of iron seemed to glide dizzily away beneath him; and now the struggle for the child was one between death and bravery, and as ever in this mortal time, the King of Terrors seemed to have all the might in his skeleton hand. He leaned over! he reached over! at that instant, at that time, (a moment is too long to express this) as the cruel edges of the pilot was about to crush the little one, he, not the locomotive struck the child. If there ever was a bold love touch, this was one; and the child by between the ties; and on the fast tram darted. Then down went the breaks, the strong arm of the fireman strained the wheel lever to crowd the delaying surface against the speed; then passengers aroused to find the train coming to a halt, while neither station nor tank was near; then this brave man trod his locomotive back again, and as soon as the power of the advance could be subdued, jumped from his iron seat and ran down the road; the wonder was that the agitated limbs could move so fast, and here—there was the child, living, unharmed, not a bone broken, not quite recovered from its astonishment at the life-giving blow which had turned aside the dart of death.

Restored to its parents who thronged around its deliver, the little one too young to realize that it had quivered on the verge of another world, was taken home, Mr. Glenn returned to his engine, and the locomotive careered to its grand progress with not a stain of blood upon its burnished metal.

And is not this the record of the highest order of bravery, the courage that saves life?

Juveniles.

Joe Bowers' Wedding.

The county of—, up in the mountains, boasts of one of the best judges in California. On the bench he is firm, decisive and prompt, not caring the snap of a finger for either the applause of friends or the muttering of enemies. He is perhaps the most devoted man to the law in all creation, and has his head so full of what he terms judicial talk, that he not infrequently finds himself making learned charges and passing sentence outside of the court-room.

On a recent occasion the judge was called upon to exercise the power and authority in law vested, in the case of a couple who desired to have their hands united in the bands of wedlock. Of course he consented to perform the pleasing duty, and at the appointed evening was promptly on hand at the house at which the affair was to come off. The room was crowded by the beauty and fashion of the town,

and none looking more dignified and happy than the Judge himself, who was dressed to about an inch of his life.

It is customary on occasions of the kind referred to, for the good folks of the mountain towns to pass around the wine quite freely, and to their everlasting credit, we will add, they consider it no harm for every one to manifest his interest in the event by getting "lively." The Judge is an ardent admirer of the fair sex, having in the course of his own life led the third one to the altar. To use his own language, he is a great believer in wedding, and that he should get a little mellow amid the glorious scenes of the evening, was not to be wondered at by those who knew him intimately. He had the weakness of all good judges; he would take his toddy.

The wine had passed round and round. The music had ceased. The time for making Joseph Bowers and Nancy Harkins one, had arrived. Every heart throbbled with the most delightful emotions. The young gentlemen desired to know how Joe would stand it, and the young ladies were anxious to see how "Nance" would suffer the anxious shock. Others again who had observed closely the turn affairs took, fixed their attention upon the Judge to see how he would come out of the scrape.

At length the trying moment was announced; the Judge arose very cautiously from the chair, which he had occupied in one corner of the room, and, casting his eye over the company, he singled out the sheriff of the county, who was present as an invited guest. The Judge had just imbibed enough to make him forget the nature of his business. He was full of his "judicial talk," and required nothing but the presence of the sheriff to start him. Looking sternly at the officer he shouted:

"Mr. sheriff, open the court, and call to order!"

A general titter followed this command, in the midst of which the sheriff took the "court" gently by the arm and led him to his seat in the corner, at the same time informing the august personage of the mistake.

Every thing now bid fair for a pleasant and sudden termination of the affair, until another annoyance, which was nothing else than the absence of the bridegroom, was observed. It turned out that he had just stepped across to join his friends in a drink, but before his return, some cold-blooded wog had whispered in the ear of our foggy the cause of "delay in the proceedings. Instantly the chair in the corner moved, and in that direction all eyes were fixed.

"Mr. Sheriff, (slowly lawled the judge,) bring Joe into court on a supenor!"—The Judge had his own way of pronouncing the word—then addressing the bride who stood in the foreground and hung her head in deep confusion, he added: "I s'pose you are the plaintiff. Well don't take on. Innocence and virtue will be protected by this here court!"

This was the saddest blunder of them all. The Judge was again made to see his mistake, and would have been considerably set back, had it not been for a correction in the shape of forty drops of the critter, which he instantly applied.

In a few minutes all was ready in right down earnest. The bridegroom had arrived full of joy. The company pressed forward. The excitement was intense. He evidently felt every inch a judge.

"J-o-e B-o-w-e-r-s," commenced the man of law, in that distressing style of speech with which he was invariably troubled when under the influence of liquor: "J-o-e B-o-w-e-r-s, stand up. Have y-y-o-u anything to say w-w-h-y s-s-sentence—"

"Stop, stop, stop, Judge, (shouted the sheriff from the back part of the room—) You are not going to hang the man, but to marry him!"

The Judge drew a long breath and blinked rapidly, but stood his ground well. Recovering himself he proceeded:

"Joe Bowers, do you take Nancy Harkins for your wife?—So help you God!"

This was a tolerable effort, and Joe nodded assent.

"Nancy Harkins, it remains for this court to—"

Here the sheriff again interrupted the Judge, reminding him of the real business of the evening. "Miss N. Nancy, (resumed the Judge after being set right,) do y-you take J-o-e B-o-w-e-r-s for a husband t-to the best of your knowledge and belief? or do you not?"

"You can bet I will," answered the light-hearted Nancy.

The Judge then took the hands of the happy couple and joined them, and wound up the business as follows:

"It now remains for this here court to pronounce you, J-Joe Bowers, and y-you, Nancy Harkins, man and wife, (and here the Judge paused to wipe the perspiration from his face,) and may G-God G-omity have mercy on your s-s-o-l-s! Sheriff remove the colprits!"

The company roared. Joe and Nancy weakened. The sheriff was taken with a leaving. The Judge let himself out with a glass of applejack. It was the greatest wedding ever witnessed.

PRENTICE, of the Louisville Journal, says: "Those who are ready to give the lie, are generally not too brave to take quietly, what they are not too civil to give."

That's so; and Prentice's newspaper opponents in Kentucky will understand this extraordinary confession without further comment.

"Dad, why do n't you take a ride on the cars some day?" "Take a ride on the cars! why I've got no time, my son."

"Got no time! pshaw! why you can go anywhere on the cars quicker than you can stay at home." Dad's answer is not recorded.