BRADRORF REPORT

WOLLDAND XIIIIo

"BEGAEDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

MUMBISIR C.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

gainrdan Morning, Inin 17.1859.

Belected Bueten.

From the Republican and Democrat. A CAMPAIGN SONG. BY G. W. PIERCE, ESQ.

AIR - The Old Granite State. Our banner now is streaming, And on its folds is glaning,
A name with honor beaming,
From the Old Granite State; That name shall be our rally, And we'll not forget the tally,

When November comes around.

Come, round our standard gather. It shall float in ev'ry weather, And we'll shout along together, For the Old Granite State; Her son shall be the story, And we'll all protect her glory, As we join the peaceful formy, With our leader in the van.

We have set the ball in motion, And we'll make a great commotion With this latest "Yankee notion." From the Old Granite State ; Oh! the Democratic party, Is very hale and hearty. In ev'ry sister state.

We are ready for the battles For we've got the purest metal, From the Old Granite State; Yes may see the fire already, Is burning bright and steady And the boys are growing heady, he As they wheel into the ranks.

The Baltimore Convention, Just stopped and said attention, While it made a modest mention Of the Old Granite State; In a moment there was roaring,
The name of PIERCE was soating, And a peal of joy was pouring,
Like a wave around the Hall.

We must not forget another, A true and faithful brother, And he claims as his mother, He has stood upon the tower, A sentinet of power. Tarough many a trying hour. In the Democratic ranks.

So we'll put them both together, And they'll skim the hill and heather, Like the bird upon the feather, Through the whole United States; Our watchword now is ringing, For PIERCE & KING we're singing, And around them we are flinging, The mantle of the strong.

Then pear about the cheering, There is victory appearing, In the Old Granite State; we'll shout like creation, then we put him in his station. From a Yankee Doodle State!

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

DY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

have trid many battle fields of ancient and modern glory, but never one with the strange feel-28 with which I wandered over this. To underand he description, imagine two slightly elevated semi-circular ridges, or, as they might more properv be termed slopes, curving gently towards each oher like a parenthesis, and you have the position of the armies. On the summit of one of these stopes was arrayed the French army and on the other the Engish The night of the 17th of June was dark and stormy. The rain fell in torrents, and the two armies lay down in the tall rye, drenched with rain, to await the morning, that was to decide the fate of Europe and Napoleon. From the ball room at Brusses many an officer had been summoned in haste to the field, and shivering with cold was compelled 19 pass the night in mud and rain in his ellegant attre Tre artiflery had cut up the ground so the mal was shoe deep while the tall rye lay crushed an matted beneath the feet of the army. The momas of the 18th opened with a drizzling rain, artists armies benumbed with cold and soak-42 4. h wel, rose from their damp beds to the coner Eighty thousand French soldiers were seen moving in magnificent array on the crest of the Alge as they took their several positions for the toward of seventy thousand of the allied formed mostly into squares.

hamoment the battle was all before me. I oul almost see Bonaparte as, after having dispos his forces and flushed with hope, he gaily ex-Amel to his suit " now to breakfast," and gallop-The shout of "Vive l'Empereur" that and shook the very field on which they stood seeme | ominous of disaster to the allied army-An hundred and sixty-two cannon fined the ridge and Wellington ordered a simultaneous charge along ar a wall of death before the French, while Wel-"Som had but one hundred and eighty-six to op-Pie them. At eleven the firing commenced and the reversed tide of battle. They stood and let the immediately Jerome Bonaparte leads a column of sa thousand men down on Hovgoumont, an old Caleau on Wellington's right, and was as good as crumbled beneath him. a fatt. Advancing in the face of a most destructive e that gallant column pushed up to the very walfs si the chareau, and thrust their bayonets through the But it was all in vain; and though the buildhe flames mingled with the shrieks of the woundand only increased. But the Coldstream Guards beld the county and with invincible obstinacy, and Jerome Bonaparte was compiled to retire, after fear-% 1400 men in a little orchard beside the walls Richert does not seem so many men could be laid. a short time the battle became general olong the rei) sod of the ensanguined field. The heavy the house."

French cavalry came thundering down on the steady English squares, that had already been wasted away by the destructive artillery, and strove with almost

fell dashed in with vain valor. Wherever one of these rock-fast squares began to waver, Wellington threw himself into the centre, and it again became immovable as a mountain.-Whole columns went down like frost work before branch and sing and smile, while Mr. Robin builds the headlong cavalry and infantry. In the centre and then lay your eggs and hatch the little birdies. the conflict at length became awful, for the crisis of O fie for shame, to think of your compelling Mr. the battle was fixed. Wellington stood under a tree Robin to sit in your place and speed the hatching, while the boughs were crashing with the cannon shot over head, and nearly his whole guard smitten down by his side, anxiously watching the progress but worse and worse! Mr. Robin, poor bird-peckof the fight. His brave squares, tom into fragments | ed husband !- is actually put to nurseing and feedby bombs and rocket that, still refused to yield one ing the young ones! Why don't Mrs. Robin attend loot of ground. Napoleon rode through his ranks, to matters in her sphere, and leave Mr. Robin to cheering on the exhausted columns of intentry and hunt worms and watch intruders? She should sit cavalry, that rent the air with the shout of "Vive in the nest beside her young ones and open her PEmpereur," and dashed with unparalleled reck- mouth, like them, for Mr Robin to drop in the bugs lessness on the bayonels of the English. The hero and berries and tender insects-indeed she should! rays. of Wagram, and Beaodine, and Austerlitz, and Ma. Fie on you Mrs Robin, that you should let your husrengo, and Jena, enraged at the stubborn obstinacy | band stay at home and take care of the little birdies of the British, ranges over the field and is still sure of victory. Wellington seeing that he could not much longer sustain the desperate charge of the French battallions, wipes the sweat from his forehead and exclaims, " oh, that Blucher or night would come."

Thus from eleven to four, raged the battle with

grew more awful every moment. The mangled

columns staggered up the British squares, which

though diminished and bleeding in every part and

seemed rooted to the ground they stood upon.-At length a dark object was seen to emerge from the wood, and soon an army of 30,000 men deploy- birds to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness -ed into the field, and began to march straight for The terms of the conjucal relation are very carefulso many tresh troops if once allowed to form a june | bound in duty to feed you till he dies or flies away. allied centre with one grand charge on the Old in the trees is so nice and lady like!-and you will Guard, and thus throw himself between the two ar- | be an honor to your sex !-- Vt Dem. mies and fight them separately. For this purpose the Imperial Guard was called up, which had re. mained inactive during the whole day and divided into two columns, which were to meet at the British and the most irresistible of all Napoleon's Marshals. told them the battle rested with a short that was ed in the sun. Each clove consists of two parts, a to be made. Kings and thrones tottered on the eninstant; the next moment the artillery opened, and that column was rent as if a hurricane had passed through it. Ney's horse sunk under him, and he mounted another and cheered on his men. Withthe French, heard the order of Wellington, "up | ving life. suggest the ridge and eminence opposite them, and at 'em!" and springing to their feet, poured an unexpected volley into the very faces of that advancing Guard. Taken by surprise, smitten back by the sudden shock, they had not time to rally before and that hitherto unconquerable Guard was hurried played a fantasia on a chinese gong. Shortly after in wild confusion over the field. The Guard recoils! rung in despairing shricks over the army, and all was over. Blucher effected his junction,

DON'T LIKE HIS LOOKS.—A sheriff was once sent to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at his house, he saw the Quaker's wile, who was set on fire and consumed, and the roaring in reply to the enquiry whether her husband was at home, said that he was : at the same time she that were perishing in it, the rage of the combat- requested me to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him. The officer waited patiently for some time, when upon the fair Quakeress coming into the room, he reminded her of her promise

the whole line. The Old Guard disdaining to fly,

formed into immense squares, and attempted to stay

artitlery plough them in vain. The day was lost .-

Bonaparte's star had set torever, and his empire

that he should see her husband. " Nay friend I promised that he would see thee He hath seen thee! He did not like thy looks; Tes, and productes of valor were performed on therefore be avoided these and hath departed from

The Birds.

Hark the robins are singing and building in the apperhuman energy to break them. Driven to des- maples that shade our windows. And what is it ye peration by their repeatedly foiled attempts, they at are singing? Those sweet, responsive notes are length stopped their horses and cooly walked them thy domestic ditties? Say now, my pretty robinround and round the squares, and whenever a man pair is not thine a well sorted marriage, " a match learn of ye our duty! Ye build logether your tiny home! That's not the way Mrs. Robbin. You should smooth your feathers and sit upon the leafy while you-(how could you so unsex yourself) are away, flitting in the sunshine and singing in public when you ought to know the peculiarities of the sex indicate that it is your business, and that the masculine pursuit of flying belongs to Mr. Birds. To be sure God has given you wings, and an appetite and a bill for picking up your living in the fields; but then you are a mother bird and should not use these gifts-it is a shame and a scandal to your

sangninary ferocity, and still around the centre it sex! " Mr. Robin thinks it is right," and you are perfectly agreed in your domestic arrangements-eh? Well we will see. The State of Vermont is turning its attention to bird-dom. It has already commenced legislation for the protection of the right of the scene of conflict. Blucher and his Prussians ly established by human legislators; so, Mrs. Robcame but no Grouchy who had been left to hold in, you may as well stick to your rest, for the bugs him in check, followed after. In a moment Napo- and worms and the small bits and the straws and eon saw that he could not withstand the charge of the mud belong, legally, to Mr. Robin, and he is tion with the affied forces, so he determined to stake Now sing and dress your feathers and let him hunt his fate on a bold cast and endeavor to pierce the worms; it's dirty, masculine business; and sitting

CLOVES. Cloves are the unopened flowers of a small evergreen tree that resembles in appearance the laurel or the bay. It is a native of the Moluccentre. That under Reille no sooner entered the caislands but has been carried to all the warmer fire, than it disappeared like frost work. The other parts of the world and is largely cultivated in the was placed under Ney, the bravest of the brave, trophical regions of America. The flowers are small in size, and grow in large numbers in clust-Napoleon accompanied them part way down the era at the very end of the branches. The cloves slope, and halting for a moment in a hollow, dd. we use are the flowers before they have opened, dressed them in his fiery, impetuous manner. He and whilst they are still green. After being gatherheard all over the field of battle. Ney placed him round head which is the four petals or leaves of sell at their head, and began to move down the the flower rolled up, enclosing a number of small slope and over the field. No drum or trumpet or stalks or filaments. The other part of the clove is martial strain cheered them on. They needed terminated with four points, and is, in fact, the nothing to fire their steady courage. The eyes of flowercup and the unripe seed vessel. All these the world were on them, and the fate of Europe in parts may be distinctly shown if a few leaves are gravel walk, which had a hollow between them, I their hands. The muffled tread of that magnificent soaked for a short time in hot water, when the legion alone was heard. The terror of Europe was leaves of the flower soften, and readily unroll. on the march, and the last awful charge of the [m. | The smell of cloves is very strong and aromatic, perial Guard, which had never yet failed, was about out not unpleasant. Their taste is pungent, acid and lasting. Both to the taste and smell, depend sanguined field, and the empire of Napoleon was on the quantity of oil they contain. Sometimes the carried by that awful column as it disappeared in oil is seperated from the cloves before they are the smoke of battle. The firing ceased only for an sold, and odor and taste in consequence is much weakened by this proceeding.

ART OF SWIMMING .- Men are drowned by raising their arms above the water, the unbuoyed out wavering or halting, that band of heroes closed weight of which Jepresses the head. Other animup their shattered ranks, and moved on in the face als have neither notion or ability to act in a similar of the most wasting fire that ever swept the field of manner and therefore swim naturally. When a battle. Agan and again did Ney's horse sink under man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surf. him, till five had fallen, and then on foot, with his ace, and will continue there if he does not elevate drawn sabre in his hand, he marched at the head his hands. If he moves his hands under the waof his column. On, on, like the inrolling tide of ter, in any way he pleases, his head will rise so the sea, that dauntless Guard passed up to the very high as to allow him free liberty to breathe; and mouth of the cannon, and taking their fiery loads if he will use his less as in the act of walking up full in their bosoms, walked over artillery, cannon- stairs, his shoulders will rise above the water, so iers and all, and pushed on through the British lines | that he may use the less exertion with his hands, till they came within a few feet of where Welling. or apply them to other purposes. These plain diton stood. The day seemed lost to the allies, when rections are recommended to the recollection of those a rank of men, who had lain flat on their faces be- who have not learned to swim in their youth, as hind a low ridge of earth, and hitherto unseen by they may be found highly advantageous in preser-

What queer things come in sleep. We dreamt the other night that we went to Egypt in a canal boat that we were received with open arms by the another and another volley completed the disorder, statue of Memnon who, in compliment of our arival this, we were invited to dine with Sisostris-and such a dinner! she took down the great casis with a single swallow, and concluded the entertainment by picking her teeth with the sharp end of a pyramid. When we left, an army of mummies were throwing back somersets over the Nile-an entertainment that Cleopatra accompanied with. Oh, Susanna, while Mark Antony was sweating like a nigger under oath away in a Virginia break down. We came home on skates, and then awoke an hour too late for breakfast.

> A Cure Boy -" James, my son, take this letter the post office and pay the postage on it." The boy returned to his father highly elevated

"Father,' I reed a lot of men putting letters in a little place and when no one was looking I slipped | badoes and the Western Islands ceased to lay up yours in for nothing, and bought a ginger cake with honey after the first year. They found the weather

like an epicure who permits his wine to leak away. all their capital and resolved to work no more, and Because he is waisting what he loves. The author amused them, themselves by flying about the of this was sent to the penitentiary.

Effects of Night Air.

An error which exerts a most pernicious influence is the belief that the night, air is injurous,-This opinion hinders the introduction of ventilation more than all errors together. Now, there is not a particle of proof, nor have we any reason whatmade in heaven ?" Shall we, humans, look and ever to believe that the atmosphere of oxygen and nittogen undergoes change during the night. Bu there are certain causes in operation at night which are known to exercise over us an injurious influence. We we will investigate them to see if closed doors will shut them out or stop their operation.-First, it is known that there is a slight increase of carbonic acid from plants during the night; but this poison is generated in much larger quantity from the lungs of animals, and accumulates immensely more in close rooms than in open air.-It is therefore certain that nothing is gained in this respect by refusing ventilation. The next difference between night and day, to be noticed, is the fact that sunlight exercises a most important linfly ence on plants and also on animals; but it is evident that shutting out fresh air will not testore his

> Another fact is, that all bodies, animate or inanmate, exposed at night to the direct rays of a clear sky, radiate heat with great rapidity, and their temperature is quickly and greatly reduced; and it is well known that it is dangerous to the health of men for the temperature of their bodies to be greatly and rapidly reduced. But persons sleeping in a ventilated room, even if the windows are open, are not exposed to the direct rays of a clear sky, (and the law does not apply to any other combination of circumstances;) therefore, this frequent scource of injury to persons exposed, does not reach those in sheltered house. As to the injury to be leared from a continuent of air, I would observe that it is gross carelessness for any one to expose himself o this danger night or day, whether the house is ventilated or not I believe there is not known any other cause which can be supposed to produce any special injurious effect will show that not any one of these mentioned can by any possibility inure a person more in a ventilated than an unventilated house.

It therefore follows that the objection of the right air being injurious is utterly futile.

The pure atmosphere has nothing whatever to do with causing the death of persons exposed at night within the tropics; nor does it produce the cough of of the consumptive and asthmatic, nor the languor and misery which the sick so frequently experience.

These and other sufferings experienced, more particularly at night, are caused by carbonic acid, absence of sunlight rapid reduction of temperature, the air being saturated with moisture, &c., and not by that air, without which we cannot live three minutes. It is absurd to suppose that fresh nir supports our life and destroys our health at one and the utterly incompatible character of good and evil | coal of fire in his hands; 'seventy-five dollars!' of supporting life and destroying it.

INCENUITY OF BIRDS.—Thrushes feed very much on snails. Having frequently observed some broken snail-shells near two projecting pebbles on a endeavored to discover the occasion of their being brought to that situation.

At last I saw a thrush fly to the spot, with a snail shell in his mouth, which he placed between the two stones, and hammered it with his beak till he had broken it, and was then able to feed on the contents. The bird must have discovered that he could not apply his beak with sufficient force to break the shell when it was rolling about, and he therefore found and made use of the spot which would keep the shell in one position.

When the lapwing wants to procure food, it seeks for a worm's cast, or hole and stamps the ground by the side of it with his feet; something in the same manner as I have often done when Its success determined Flavins to abandon a lucraa boy, in order to procure worms for fishing. After doing this for a short time, the bird waits for the bition affured him. To that passion be at once sur issue of the worm from its hole, which atarmed at rendered his soul. He was then in early manhood the shaking of the ground, endeavers to make its escape, when it is immediately seized, and becomes the prev of the ingenious bird.

The lapwing frequents the haunts of worms on which it feeds, and frights them until they come to the surface of the ground, where they are seized by the lapwing. The same mode of alarming his prey has been remarked of the gull -Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.

STATE OF THE MORAL MARKET.-Honor-dear and scarce—the old stock nearly exhausted, and the new crops rather unpromising.

Virtue-few importations and that of native rowth degenerating.

Honesty-none in the market. Patriotism-first quality-no demand.

do 2d do -Principally bought up on speculation at par. Modesty-None but damaged parcels in the

Prudence-All held by old stockholders. Vice-Large quantities held; no sale. Pride-Market glutted.

Politenes-Very cheap, but the owners appear ndifferent about the disposal of it. Religion-When brought into market it is generally highly adulterated. Sales nominal.

Love-None offered except for real estate. Talent-A scarce article; no credit allowed. Sincerity-Out of season.

The most curious instance of a change of instinc is mentioned by Darwin. The bees carried to Bar so fine, and the materials of honey so plentiful, that they quitted their grave mercantile character, be-Way is a young man hugging his sweatheart came exceedingly profligate and debauched, ate up sugar houses and stinging the negroes.

The Bachelor and the Lace Veil.

Not many days since a gentlemen in New Orleans, who had lost a bet with a lady, and who had heard her say that she had lost a veil which friends: she prised much, thought he would pay his debts and 'do the polite thing' by purchasing a new veil-

It must be stated for a proper understanding of what followed, that the gentleman was a bachelor, we occasionally made ourselves rediculous in the of long standing and a man of little information touching the world of " fancy goods," though a proficient in sugar, cotton and provision speculation.

fine quality. ine quality.

'Here is one monsieur,' said the aimable pries. tess of the temple.

"How much is it?" "It is one fiftee, sair,"

"What! only fifty! Dear me? I tho't these things were exceedingly dear. If that's all the cost

Show me something better!" The priestess started; the balchelor remained

lace ones were displayed. Dis is one sixtee, sair; and dis one seventeefive.

' Dear me! only seventy-five! Well that is wonderfal, to be sure. It's a very pretty article, I see -but-can't you show me something better? ' No, sair ; dis is de most dear-de plus cher article in de citee."

'You don't say so? Well, well! Who would have thought it? These women, they always were you are as happy as the birds of spring. Look at a mystery, ever since the day of Adam. Give me the change for a dollar---in quarters.' The milliner did so.

'I'll take this one,' said the simple minded back elor, folding up the seventy-five veil. Give me a quarter and keep the seventy-five for voursell .-Dear me! how cheap! Who would have thought

'I no see de seventee-five, sait ? You have no hand them to me,' said the milliner.

'I beg your pardon, ma'am,' said the bachelor amiably and emilingly; there they are on the les, New York, rather out of the ordinary line, but counter,' pointing to the three quarters. 'Dis!' exclaimed the milliner, with an astonished look.

'That !' said the bachelor, more smile igly than ever, preparing to put the veil in his pocket.

'Ah, mon Dieu ! de man fou-crack a-brain !. I dollar!

'What!' said the bachelor, turning pale, and the same time. The same thing cannot possess dropping the veil as if it had suddenly turned to a lives," 'Yes, sair! and very cheap at dat!

'Seventy-five dollars for that inf-m-1 cobweb! 1 thought you meant seventy-five cents!

If ever a bachelor walked tast that bachelor did He goes around now, in a stew of indignation, relating his adventure, and winding up his story our lives." with the words 'Yes, sir; the female French woman actually

an infernal cobweb! An unexperienced bachelor going into a fancy

milliner's store is pretty much like an innocent fly venturing into a spider's nast.

FLAVIUS THE POCT .- Flavins was praised by his tutors as a promising writer, and, when quite young published a work which was very generally commended. Its merit consisted, however, more in the industrious research and tact it exhibited, than in novelty of sentiment or uncommon beauty of style, tive employment, for a path to which literary amenjoying robust health, and a slight acquaintance revealed many half-developed qualities, full of promise to himself and society. His talents as a writer were only very respectable, his habits those of intense aptication. He trusted in the power of industry to realize the fruits of rare abilities. There was nothing in his native endownments to warrant the hope that by devotion to literature he could greatly advance any important principles, or lead the way to new truth. Yet he commenced the pro-lession of liferature with the ardour of a votary, and the confidence of a genius. It gradually not only employed, but absorbed his energies. The mania of writing took complete possession of the whole man. His day was passed in printing offices, reviews haunted his slumbers, scraps of verse dropped insensably from his lips. Every person and thing in life became valuable in his eyes only so far as it ministered to his profession. He pounced upon a man of experience as a repository of facts; he drew opon the reminiscences of old ladies for hints wherefrom to construct a tale; he cultivated the friendship of booksellers for their publications, of authors for their countenance, of editors for their puffs. Even nature, to whose cheerful freedom nost men turn for pure enjoyment, was to him a

Lying says the Boston Post, is an exceedingly vulgar vice-yet often practiced by genteel people. Lawyers lie professionally; doctors lie occasionally : editors lie unintentionally; merchants lie habitually, and the telegraph perpetually-but then it don't know any better, which can hardly be said of cop, as he quietly stepped to the side of the lad, mendacious characters in general.

An Irishman being charged with stealing a wag: on swore he had it ever since it was a wheelbar-

Never condemn a person, till you find them guilty, and you will save making a tool of gourself;" name aint teems Billings!"

TO BACHELORS

An editor in Indiana lately got married, and he thereupon thus addressed his former bachelor

fer And in announcing the fact of our return home with a rib, we cannot refrain from expressing our of fine quality and presenting it to his fair credi- protound disgust of bachelorism and bachelorsand we expect to be disgusted with both-several weeks. We are well aware that in time gone by, eye of sensible men by upholding the bachelor state as the only life of happiness, independence and earthly glory. But we were young and green He accordingly stepped into a fashionable millin- then, and of course knew but one side of the sub-er's establishment and asked to see a lace veit—of fiect. Now stand up here, you consumed uply free. tures of humanity, rejoicing in the name of bachel-

ors, and answer us a lew questions." "What are you fit for in this world? What are you doing for your country? What are you doing for posterity? What interest have you in the generations yet unborn you read of? Where will you be when old men, if your vile habits ever permit I don't wonder at the ladies being fond of wearing to arrive at a good old age? Won't you be like a such flimey nick nacks. Only fifty? Dear me!- lonely, scarred and scathed trees standing in a big clearing, without a companion, and your life upprotected from the frosts by young saplings and shrubs perfectly cool. Here was a godsend! a man who at your feet? Or went you be like pumpkins in a wanted something better-dearer. More veils- com field, more prominent because of your prodigous ugliness, than the stalks at your sid laden with golden grain? Hold up your heads and talk like men whether you can act so or not. Now, don't you feel ashamed of yourselves? Look at the girls about you, all smiles and sugar-hearts overflow. ing with love ready to be spilled on the first good fellow that can touch their sympathies-feelings rich as cream, which by a kindred spirit can soon be worked into butter and spread over your life till them and feel the disgusting position you occupy in the cabbage garden of humanity. What are von holding back for? Now just reform-put on your best looks and your other coat-visit the girls, ice cream them, talk to them prettily, drive them, walk them, please them-then propose, get accepted, marry, and-the country with rely on you as a faithful and well-disposed citizen."

> A CURIOUS MARKIAGE. - A curious mairiage is stated to have occurred not long since in Skane-testill perfectly legal. The parties were Mr. Samtel Sellers and Miss Sarah Abbot. The ceremony is thus described by an eye-witness. After giving his views in a brief speech, Mr. Sellars took the brile by the hand and said :-

"In the presence of all who are present, I take tell you, monsieur, dat article de most dear in de Sarah Abbot to be my wife, making no promises citee !You understand me-you no understand de of continued affection, and invoking no aid thereto, English! De most dear, I tell you-seventy-five but hoping, trusting, believing that our characters are sufficiently well adapted to enable us to be to each other faithful husband and wife during our

Miss Abbot then said :-

" In the presence of all who are preent, I take Samuel Sellars to be my husband, making no promises, but hoping, trusting, and believing that our characters are sufficiently well adapted to enable us to be to each other faithful husband and wife during They then signed a paper, their declaration of be-

ing husband and wife, and the company present asked me sevenly-five dollars for the short end of signed a certificate as witnesses to the ceremony and thus they became husband and wife,

> A PHILOSOPHICAL WILL-The following is from an old Virginia newspaper published some twenty years ago, and we republish it for the present gen-

. "What I would do if I were possessed of the most valuable things in the world and was about to will them away. The following would be my plan of distribution : I would give to printers their pay. I would give the world truth and friend-hip, which are very scarce. I would give an additional portion of truth to lawyers, traders and merchants. I = would give doctors skill and learning. To gossiping women short tongues. To young women, good sense, modesty, large waists and natural teeth --To young sports or dandies, common sense, I'tle cash, and hard labor. To old maids, good temper, smooth faces and good husbands. To old bachlors, love, virtue, wives and children."

Not a Priviledge Member .-- A gentlemen on a visit to Washington recently, and anxious to listen to the debates, opened, very coolly, one of the Sen ate doors and was about to pass in, when the doorkeeper asked.

"Are you a priviled ged member ?" "What do you mean by such a man?" asked

the stranger. The reply was, " A governor, an ex-member of Congress or a foreign minister." The stranger said, " I am a minister."

"From what court or country, if you please?" asked the official,

[Very gravely pointing up]-" From the Court of Heaven, sir."

To this the door keeper waggishly remarked "This Government at present holds no intercon's with the foreign power.

How is it with You .- At a prayer meeting in the church of the village of Spunktown, in the State of Maine, a country lad was noticed by one of the elder deacons to hold his head and wriggle- on his seat, while the tears seemed to start every mo-

A clear case of repentance, thought the old deal and in a whisper affectionately inquired:

"How is it with you my son?" The boy looked up, and supposing him to be the sexton, answered:

Oh! very bad. and I want to go out-my imards are kickin' up a revolution and the forth of July !-and if ever leat a green current pie again, my