

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

WEDNESDAY

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 7.

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

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, July 30, 1853.

Select Case.

THE CURATE OF LANGBOURN.

The rays of the autumn sun fell cheerfully on the fields around Langbourn, as the curate of the village, Mr. Benson, sat out on the path leading from his humble dwelling. For some time he walked onward with downcast eyes, and from the expression of his pale and thoughtful countenance, it was evident that a tinge of melancholy pervaded his meditations. The road to the mansion of his uncle, whether he was well proceeding, was a by-path intersecting rich and well cultivated fields, in which the reapers were prosecuting joyously the work of the harvest. Their clear, ringing voices, and many peals of laughter, aroused the curate from his abstraction, and he felt as if the light-hearted sounds chid him for the pensive character of his own thoughts. "The Almighty," said he, "has sent a good and plentiful season, that his creatures, the high and low alike, may have the wherewithal to eat; and even the Red breast that chirps across my path shall have its portion. What has hitherto been mercifully withheld from cringing my threshold, and poverty has been too long an inmate of the dwelling to make us ungrateful to the God who feeds us. Alas! how unwilling is my tongue to utter, or my heart to admit, that there is a deeper cause for the heaviness that oppresses me! My dear beloved child, in thy fading cheek and drooping spirits that my soul would fain exclude the knowledge of from itself, for the temporal comforts and means that might revive thee are not in my power! Uttering a pious wish for the object of his anxiety, and beseeching resignation to his own will, the curate walked onward to the abode of his neighbor.

Before relating the purpose and tenor of the interview between the curate and the curate, we may describe briefly to the reader these personages themselves. The curate was a man of portly presence, laughly and grave, even to sternness in his address. His origin was humble, for he was the son of a poor tradesman, and the presentation to a living service as tutor in a family of rank. Though he had descended, the curate was a proud man; and his object on acquiring the rectory had been to unite himself with a well connected lady, who had been considerably beyond her prime, from a bond between her husband and the families of rank in the neighborhood. Still the churchman did not fully attain his object, for though elevated in rank in his own eyes and even in those of his neighbors, by the marriage, those with whom he was most anxious to mingle were not conciliated by personal merits to overlook the humility of his name. This was unfortunate for him in more than one respect; those with whom he might have been associated, he now considered himself inferior to, and not being admitted freely to the higher class of society, he stood in some measure a lonely and even solitary position. His wife was not of an age to enliven his home with studies and by degrees the temper of the curate, which was naturally social, became haughty and morose. He was by no means uncharitable, but his neighbors were really affected by prejudices; and he was humbled, during his intercourse with the higher classes, the doctrine that poverty is indispensable and indeed a blessing to the lower orders of society, in every well regulated state.

Mr. Benson, the curate, was in many respects a contrast to his neighbor. He was modest, amiable, cheerful, and was beloved and respected by the inhabitants of Langbourn. He was the unobtrusive descendant of a family that had been of considerable importance to the neighborhood; and this circumstance, together with his general character, made him respected even in quarters which his superior could not penetrate. An early love marriage had presented his struggling, like his fellows, to advancement in the church, and made them glad to see refuge from want in a curacy of £35 a year. He was, without leaving any family, and the curate took into his home a widowed sister and her only child, to whom he was deeply attached. Hence, Mary Warner, was now about the age of eighteen, a slender and elegantly formed young woman, with one of the sweetest and most expressive of countenances, the index to her amiable mind. She had lately been residing for some time with an aunt at a considerable distance, and since her return home, had to the distress of her fond uncle and parent, dropped both in health and spirits. Never had the curate felt the narrowness of his income so severely as when it limited his means of procuring necessary comforts for his beloved niece. Mr. Benson was on his way to the rectory, to receive his half yearly pittance and it grieved him to think how small a balance would be left after the payment of the debts already incurred.

On reaching the curate's goodly, though old-fashioned mansion, buried in venerable woods, which the monks had for centuries held as their peculiar domain, he was shown by one of the servants into a study chamber, with the promise that his reverence should be informed of the visitor's presence. Some minutes elapsed before the servant re-appeared, in which time Mr. Benson, on looking around, could not help contrasting the duties of the curate with his own and the difference in the reward. He thought however, was rebuked as quickly as arose and he uttered a prayer that his reward might be, not temporal but spiritual and eternal. He was at length ushered into the presence of his neighbor.

"Sit down, sit down, Mr. Benson," said the curate. "I hope your family are well. Pray, excuse me for keeping you waiting; my wife's cousin, Sir John Benson, had called, and we were engaged

in sipping a glass of port. Here, Peter, bring a glass of wine for Mr. Benson."

The curate had acquired a taste for good wine during his tutorship, and was really a critical judge of its merits. The poor curate sighed almost audibly as he raised the glass placed before him to his lips, and thought of the dear one whose declining health such a cordial might revive, while to him it was useless, as it was undesired. The curate continued to decant on the subject of his visitor and relation, Sir John, and the qualities of wine, to all which the curate listened patiently. At last, on mention being made of the business for which Mr. Benson came, his reverence said:

"Thirty five pounds is a large sum, sir, and with the other perquisites altogether, I have no doubt a handsome enough living. Indeed, Mr. Benson, I have just had an offer from a young man, a very valuable person, to perform the duty for thirty pounds."

The curate was too much struck by this announcement to make any reply. The thought had sometimes occurred to him that, could he overcome his pride as far as to inform the rector how much need there was of an augmentation of salary, it was possible that it might be granted by that gentleman, as the duties of the curacy were more extensive than usual. This hope had taken a deeper hold of his mind than he himself was sensible of, till it was thus overthrown, and the prospect of losing his pittance, small as it was, presented in its stead.

The rector probably saw the depression his words had caused, and he proceeded to say:

"This must be thought of, Mr. Benson, in the mean time, you will of course go on with your duties; we may speak of the reduction at some future time."

The servant had been called into the room previous to this speech, and his master directed him to pay the salary to Mr. Benson. He then left the room, imagining, no doubt, that he had acted charitably in not pressing an immediate reduction; a view of the subject certainly not coincided in by the other party concerned.

The rector derived his information regarding the affairs of the parish, both clerical and local, chiefly from the lips of inferior functionaries, to whose purposes and projects Mr. Benson's integrity had often proved a barrier. The perquisites attached to the curacy were insignificant, and the rector had been maliciously misinformed on the subject. As the curate pursued his walk homeward, in deeper depression than before, he thought with regret of having permitted this impression to remain on the mind of his superior, and resolved to explain it away, if possible, at an early opportunity, either personally or in writing. His mind then reverted to his sister and niece, and he reached his home with a load on his spirits which he vainly endeavored to dispel.

The curate's dwelling was a low white-washed cottage, consisting internally of two small rooms, with sleeping apartments attached to them. In the parlor, at the moment of Mr. Benson's return, sat Mary and her mother, engaged in some feminine occupation. The cloud on her uncle's brow was soon observed by the niece and she sat down by her, anxiously inquiring at the same time if he were well. The curate parted the locks from her forehead and high forehead, and kissed her affectionately before he answered her question.

"Were you well, dearest, little care would affect me, but as long as your cheek is pale and then, Mary, so long must I be ill at ease. You take no adequate support, and seem indeed, in the condition which poets describe as characteristic of true love unrequited."

He spoke this in a painful tone of reproach, without observing the effect of his language. Many a blush and became pale alternately; and an accurate observer might have believed that the analogy pointed out, unexpecting, by the curate, was not far from the truth. This might have even occurred to himself, unexpecting as he was, had not an interruption occurred from the delivery of a letter by a boy at the cottage door. The curate read it attentively and, simply saying that he was going to the village, rose and left the house.

The letter which the curate received ran as follows:—
"To the Curate of Langbourn—Sir, I take the freedom of addressing you, for a reason that can only be explained on a personal interview, which I beg of you most earnestly to grant me as early as your convenience will permit. A STRANGER."

The messenger brought it from the village inn, and there an answer was expected by the writer. It can scarcely be said that the circumstance excited much curiosity in the mind of Mr. Benson, though the hand writing was that of an educated person, and such was not the common way in which ordinary tales of distress came to the benevolent curate's ear. His mind, however, was fully pre-occupied with the disheartening prospects held out in the interview with the rector. Before proceeding to the inn, he resolved to pay a visit to the tradesman who supplied his family with necessaries, and discharge their several accounts. As he reached, with this intent the door of the village butcher, he heard his own name mentioned within, and, not devoid of hearing either evil or good of himself, stepped into the house at once. The party conversing with the butcher was the rector's servant, who after hastily saluting the curate, left the place. The master of the shop was a man of very muddled character, and no favorite of Mr. Benson's, since the former knew well enough, but which the absence of any rivals in his trade entitled him, in his opinion, to disregard. After the account was settled, the curate was about to take his leave, when his attention was arrested by some words muttered indistinctly, and with some degree of embarrassment, by the butcher, regarding future payments. On being asked, the man, recovering his usual unblushing confidence, repeated what he had said; and the curate found to his dismay, that the babbling servant of

the rector had overheard the conversation at the rectory, respecting the reduction of his salary, the repetition of which to the butcher had produced the unwillingness to give the usual credit.

"God pity and help my poor sister and Mary if others should act with me like this man!" thought Mr. Benson to himself, as he left the shop in silence.

None of the other tradesmen to whom the curate gave the sums they were entitled to repeated the conduct or sentiments of the butcher; but the anxious fears of the clergyman suggested that this forbearance might be owing to their ignorance of the same circumstances.

After the last account was discharged the curate found himself with little of his salary remaining, and with melancholy prospects for the future. In this state he still remembered that his services were required, and uttering a hope internally that the distress—no distress he was prepared to find—might not be pecuniary he entered the little inn at Langbourn. The boy who had been the bearer of the letter appeared to be in waiting for him and conducted him up stairs, where opening the door of a small apartment, he merely uttered the words, "the curate, sir," to a person within, and then retired.

The stranger was seated at a table, from which he immediately rose. He was apparently not above two or three and twenty, with a tall and handsome person, and a countenance strikingly open and beautiful. The blush which he met his visitor heightened the ingenuousness of his look, and his manner had an air of breeding and refinement which appeared, despite the faded dress which he wore.

"I have to apologize, sir, said he to the curate, "for the great liberty I have taken, though it will appear greater when I state to you its object."

"Respectfully handing a chair to Mr. Benson, and begging him to seat himself, the stranger continued:

"I am at present, in a situation that makes me blush for the imprudence that has placed me in it, and made such an explanation as this necessary. It is necessary that you should know all the circumstances which led me to this unfortunate situation. My father was a general officer in the army, who fell in battle when I was a child, and was followed to the grave soon after by my mother. My father's elder and only brother, who possessed the family estate, was the guardian to whom the dying lips of my mother consigned me, and never was charged so affectionately executed. My uncle was unmarried, and having some family pride in his disposition, brought me up as he thought the heir of the estates, and the supporter of the name ought to be. He was too kind to me, and since my boyhood has striven to gratify my wishes in every respect. This generated in me habits of paying too much deference to my own will, and too little to that of others; and rational lookers on would have called me, I am afraid, a spoiled child."

After returning from the university, I took up my residence for some time in the country, with my uncle, intending speedily to set out on my travels. Here occurred the circumstances which were the occasion of my first discomfiture with my kind uncle and which have caused me to be here, but which will, in some respects, I never can regret. Near my uncle's residence is a small village, which, in my rambles and walks around the neighborhood I had frequent occasion to pass through. I met there, while calling accidentally at the house of a friend, a young lady whose beauty struck me indelibly at the first view. I will not endeavor to paint to you the charms of mind and disposition which I found her, on further knowledge, to possess; suffice it to say, that the impression made by them is not and never can be erased from my heart."

I often visited the family in which she resided, and indulged for some time in a species of dream, from which I was suddenly awakened by my uncle's discovery of the object of my visits to the village. He commanded me to give up an attachment which was so derogatory to the dignity of the family. The irritated state of my uncle's feelings constrained me to put some guard upon my own. I withdrew from his presence in silence, but it was only to seek that presence where alone I felt happiness. You will pardon these expressions, sir, for I am still a lover. I could not conceal from the object of my affection what had occurred, and the tear that dimmed her lovely eyes, grieved at the same time that it charmed me. This was the first time that my heart was satisfied that my passion was returned; and though the proof was given at the very moment that she was exhorting me to forget her forever, it gave me consolation even then. She bade me farewell, and I have never again seen her. Her residence in the village was, I should have informed you, merely temporary; and when I returned on the following day to her relation's house, I found that she had taken her departure, and had, besides, directed her friends, as her peace of mind was valued, not to acquaint me with her home, which, during the entreatments of our love, I had not been informed of, though I knew the position in life of her friends to be respectable. I returned to my uncle's house in despair, and angry words passed between my kind relation and myself. In short, sir, instead of remaining to attempt to pacify and reconcile my uncle to what I felt to be necessary to my happiness, I was imprudent enough to leave his house with the determination not to return to it. I wandered about the country for some time, hoping always that a chance meeting might occur with her I loved; but the romantic idea was never gratified."

The money I had taken with me being expended, and I pride, and other causes null making the idea of returning home odious to me, I was forced, for mere subsistence, to join myself a few days ago to a band of strolling players. We arrived at this inn last night, and this morning I found that my companions had disappeared early, leaving the burden of the night's expenses upon myself. But I also found in this paper, lying it from the table,

what grieved me more. Here is an advertisement informing me of my uncle's illness, and entreating my return, at the same time declaring that all my wishes shall be gratified."

The curate had listened with much interest to the stranger's story, and took the newspaper handed to him. After reading the advertisement, he said: "I hope, sir, you have no other intention but to return as soon as possible to your family?"

"Most assuredly I shall," said the stranger.—"The cause which detained me for a moment from the road thither, is the necessity of paying the sum required by the people of the house. If you do me this favor, sir, you will have my thanks for permitting me to go where my presence will bring comfort."

The curate rose without reply and motioning the stranger to keep his seat, left the room. On his return, Mr. Benson mentioned to the young man that the necessary sum was paid; and with the freedom of a clergyman and a senior, gave him some paternal and friendly admonition, at the same time pointing out the extreme impropriety of the conduct of which he had been guilty, and the misery that almost invariably follows the course of life into which he had recklessly plunged.

He whom he addressed, like the repentant prodigal, was deeply affected even to tears by the friendliness of the tone and counsel, and said, when the curate ceased, "I shall never forget your counsel, sir, nor the obligation you have conferred on a stranger,—one, indeed, who does not know the name of his benefactor. I as yet know you and have heard of you by no other name than that of curate. My own name is Norton, Charles Norton, with the bearer of which I hope you will be further acquainted."

The curate gave him his name in return, and requested Mr. Norton, before leaving the village, to visit his residence, advising him at the same time to defer his departure till next morning, as the day was far advanced. After a promise to that effect the curate and Mr. Norton parted.

The rector and everything connected with his own circumstances, were for a while, obliterated from Mr. Benson's mind by the interest excited by the young stranger's story; and such is the pleasing effect that a benevolent action, however trifling in itself, leaves on the mind of the doer that the depression of his spirit did not return, in the same degree of severity. On entering his home he was affectionately reproached for neglecting his usual meal but warded off the censure by stating, after satisfying his hunger, that he had a tale to tell for his gratification. Even Mary's languor was dispelled for the time by the tidings; but when the curate commenced the narration, the attention of the young lady soon changed to strong emotion.

"Out of delicacy," said Mr. Benson, when he came to the stranger's falling in love, "I did not inquire the name of the lady, nor did he mention it, but his own name is Charles Norton."

Mary uttered not a word, but in a fainting condition, let her head fall on the shoulder of her mother.

"I see it all!" exclaimed the curate, as the idea flashed across his mind which may already have been in our readers' mind; "it is our own Mary of whom I have been speaking!"

Resting her head upon her mother's bosom, she confessed at their anxious entreaties, that she was the unfortunate object of Charles Norton's love, and that she had concealed the circumstance from them to spare their feelings, and hoping that time would remove the impression left upon her mind. Her uncle and mother were filled with anxiety for her, and prevailed upon her to go to rest immediately, which she only consented to on hearing the issue of the story from the curate.

The curate deliberated long and earnestly with his sister that night, whether it would be proper to admit Norton's visit in the morning, after what had come to their knowledge. The result was that a letter was despatched to him at an early hour stating plainly what Mr. Benson had learned since their interview, and declining a visit at that moment on account of the possible danger from an agitating meeting to Mary, who had not been informed that he was still in the village. The note was written in friendly but decided language and a brief and hurried reply was returned by Charles Norton, expressing deep anxiety for Mary's health, and at the same time hoping that though it might be improper to receive him at present, he might be permitted at no distant date to see one so dear to him, and whom he had so long desired to see in vain.

Nothing was heard by the curate's family of him on whom the happiness of his most beloved member depended till a few weeks after the circumstances we have related, when a letter with a black seal arrived for Mr. Benson. It was from Charles Norton and contained an account of his uncle's death which the writer stated to have been occasioned, according to the opinion of the attending surgeons, by confirmed dropsy of many years' standing. This had relieved the writer's mind, he said, of a great load.

"As soon as circumstances will permit," continued the letter, "I shall visit Langbourn, when I hope to be allowed to visit my dear Mary, and offer her myself and all that I have in the world."

Need we add that Mary's cheek soon recovered its bloom, and that a few months afterwards she became the wife of the object of her early and only affection. In the course also, of a moderate living, to which he was presented by Mr. Norton, and in the happiness of seeing the children of his beloved Mary spring up like olive plants around him, the curate of Langbourn forgot the unkindly bearing of the rector and his threatened reduction of salary.

Mr. Partridge wants to know why they don't bring the whole of China over at once, instead of bringing it in junks.

A man of pure genius can no more dress himself in freedom of opinion than of the leisure of his face.

From Blackwood. Quadrille and Polka.

We wonder whether it has ever occurred to some mortified mother, who, for some three or four consecutive seasons, has paraded her daughters at every ball and fashionable gathering, and undergone more trouble in helping to dissipate their natural roses than she ever expended in their education—to ask herself the question whether, after all, she is following the best method, of securing, not the happiness of her children, but their settlement in life? It is a very momentous question, but we fear some mothers never take it into consideration. Having in their younger days, passed through the fire before the Moloch of fashion, they take it for granted that there is but one custom to be observed, and one course to be pursued. In the ball room they were wooed and won; and why should not their daughters achieve their destiny in the like locality?

Do not—young ladies—spoil the prettiness of your brows by knitting them hastily and severely before you have heard our argument. We do not intend, by any means, to pronounce an elaborate discourse against the vanities of social society—neither is it our wish that you should attain that cerulean hue, which, as Dickey Milnes, or some other modern poet, tells us is grateful in the eyes of Minerva. "The purple light of love"—these are not our words, for the blush-rose is the only emblem—on your cheeks, is worth all the indigo in the world. We do not desire that you should be over literary; and we consider a total indifference for science to be an excellent thing in woman. Never shall we forget the area of female faces that beamed upon us when, at a late meeting of the British Association, we read our celebrated paper on "The History of the Lost Pleiad." We saw, as it were, the glittering of a thousand stars; but all of them shot their rays through spectacles. Never, with our consent, shall you be cooped up, and prevented from indulging to the full in the innocent gaiety of your hearts. But we have a word or two to say to the mamma.

Mamma, when you first came out or made your debut—for that was then the term in vogue—do you happen to remember what were the manners of the ball-room? Let us refresh your memory. The stately dance was the quadrille, perhaps not a very lively piece of pantomime, but one which, from its nature, afforded ample opportunity for conversation, (you may call it flirtation if you like) and was neither, in its form, in reserved or too familiar. It was all grace and decorum. It admitted of a slight and unobtrusive pressure of the hand—nothing more—between parties ripe for declaration; and often, during the pause before the final figure, the attitude of some blushing beauty, plucking unconsciously a splendid carnation to pieces, left little doubt of the nature of those whispers which her partner had been pouring into her ear. Like Margaret in the *Fruit*, the sweet girl was essaying to prove her destiny from the petals of the flower. For those in a less advanced stage of understanding, there was the *contredanse*, and the reel, with various other gymnastics, all of a harmless nature. But Satan had entered into Paradise, though in a mild form. We may now, our dear mamma recall, without anything like bitterness of feeling, the days when we indulged together in the sweet intoxication of the waltz. It was really—we confess it with a touch of the old Adam—a most fascinating innovation. You danced divinely; and a more clipshove waist than yours we never spined. Once, indeed, we thought—but no more of that! You married, of your free will and accord, that red haired monster, McTavish, in virtue of his imaginary rentroll; and, long ago, our agony of mind, like the remembrance of an old toothache, has departed. But it was pleasant to recall, linked with you over the Assembly Rooms when Spindler was in his glory, and when the waltz was kept, at least, within something like decent limits. Long before then Byron, who certainly was not straight-faced, had published his poem of the "Waltz," and, without subscribing to his views upon our peristaltic performances, we must needs own that his satire is of double value now.

The waltz, as we danced it, was decent of its kind. No father of a family, we think, whatever be the practices of fashion, can rejoice in seeing his daughter's waist spanned by the arm of some debauched dragon, whose advances she can hardly refuse without committing a breach of the idiomatic rules which modern usage inculcates. Surely, in a free country, a woman ought to be free in her choice even of a temporary partner; and the base notion which prevails, that a lady, by refusing the invitation of one man to dance, is deemed from accepting a more congenial offer, is equally foreign and repugnant to the rules of civility. In the ball or bowser, the ladies are paramount, and they ought to exert their authority—remembering this, the slightest murmur against their decision ought to be considered an offence against knightly courtesy. I would be well if we had a female tribunal, with full powers of expiation from society, to adjudicate upon such matters.

But, not to perpetrate a digression in favor of Provincial usages, let us return to the matter in question. We maintain now that Lord Byron, writing under the name of Horace Housum, was fully justified in the utterance of every couplet. The poet is a seer; and though we perhaps, in our younger days, could decry no impropriety in the waltz, which merely admitted us to a nearer degree of contact than the former Terpsichorean evolutions, the prophetic eye of the bard fore-saw the necessary consequence. The character of the waltz gradually became changed. From a graceful rotary motion, it degenerated into a Bacchic movement similar, no doubt, to the first Therapian performances, which were intended, as scholars tell us, to be in honor of the young Lyones. Then came the gallop, which was a still further manifestation of the triumphant procession of *Gradus*. Dancing, as one of the fine arts, now received its virtual death blow.

You saw an infuriated looking fellow throw his arms around a girl's waist, and rush off with her as if he had been one of the troops of Romulus abducting a reluctant Sabine. Sabine, however, made no remonstrance, but went along with him quite cordially. They pursued a species of bat-like race around the room—joking, flirting, backing and pirouetting, without rules, and without any vestige of grace, until breath failed them, and the panting virgin was pulled up short on the arm of her respicing partner. Ghost of Count Hamilton! shade of De Grammont! has it really come to this? You knew, in your day, something about the Castle-mains and others; but never did you witness, in public at least, such orgies as British matrons and mothers now placidly contemplate and approve.

This, however, called for a reform; and it was reformed by what? By the introduction of the polka—the favorite dance, and no wonder, of the Cassin. View it philosophically, and you find it to be neither more or less than the nuptial dance of Bacchus and Ariadne. Our mothers and grandmothers were staggered, and some of them shocked, at the introduction of the ballet in the opera houses. What would they say now, could they see one of their female descendants absolutely in the embrace of some hairy animal—fronting him—linked to him—drawn to him—her head reclining on his shoulder, and her perusing her charms—exercising the most ungraceful of all possible movements, at the will of a notorious Tomnoddy! No doubt every thing is innocent, and the dance is conducted—on one side at least—with perfect purity of idea. But, somehow or other, these grapplings, squeezings, and approximations, look rather odd in the eyes of the unprejudiced spectator; and we, who have seen the leas of Egyptian Almas almost surpassed in British ball-rooms, may be pardoned for expressing our conviction, that a little—nay a good deal—more of feminine reserve than is presently practiced, would be vastly advantageous to the young ladies who resort to those haunts which they have been taught to consider as the matrimonial bazaar.

Of course, we do not expect that any of the fair Bacchantes will give the slightest heed to what we say. If one of them chance—tired and languid as she is from last night's polkas, through which she has been hurried in the nervous embrace of Captain Fuzaree, of the Dagobroos—to peruse these pages, she will set us down as a vineyard old Calvinist, who knows nothing whatever of the ways of modern society. We shall be linked to John Knox, who once took upon himself the ungracious task of lecturing the Queen's Maids. But neither Mary Seaton, Mary Beaton, Mary Fleming nor Mary Livingston, ever rushed frantically through the halls of Holyrood in the grasp of Chastelair of Bothwell—indeed, had such been the case, the hands of the grim old baron, their fathers, would have instinctively have grasped the pignard. We abuse no dancing—we simply contend against its abuse. The effect of it is just this, that the most unscrupulous devotees of the polka have the least chance of being married. No man of refinement likes to see the object of his affections prancing wildly in the arms of another. Cupid, as the Americans say, is "a sneaky critter," and a very little matter indeed is sufficient to make him take wing. Let the ladies take our word for it, that reluctance is a virtue greatly appreciated by mankind. Many a young man has entered the ball room with a mind thoroughly made up for an avowal, and left it with a determination to have nothing more to say to the lady whose breath has fanned the whiskers of a whole regimental mess. Among the accomplishments which enter into a matrimonial calculation, deftness in the polka has but a very subordinate share. Were it otherwise, the simplest method would be to select a partner for life from the ranks of the *corps-de-ballet*. It is the domestic graces and accomplishments that constitute the great fascination of woman; and these can only be seen and duly displayed in the family circle.

JEDEDIAH SEES THE TWINS—After dicking some time with the long eared doorkeeper, Jedediah Homespon up and sent a quarter to see the Siamese Twins. Looking at the curious pair for some time, Jed stated:

"How long have you fellows been in that kind of hitch?"

"Forty two years," was Eng's reply.

"Du tell! Guin kind of used to it, I calculate, ain't you?"

"We ought to be," said they.

"Yes, I saw you ought. You fellows belong to the same church—respect you do?"

"Yes, indeed," said Chang.

"Want to know? Well I sware, you are hitched queer," said Jed, minutely examining the ligatures.

"If one of you fellows dies, 'tother feller will be in a pucker, I reckon."

"Would be bad," said Chang.

"Don't drink nothin', I guess—ever go in to swim?"

"Sometimes," said they.

After gazing at them a few minutes in silence, Jed again busts:

"Look here, 'spose one of you fellows got into a scrape, and was about to be put in jail, how'd you manage that?"

"O!," says Eng, "I'd go Chang's bail."

"Oh, yes, could do that, by hooky."

And Jedediah, having exhausted his cross examination, went off whistling, giving a fresh lot of examiners room to put the Twins through a course of similar sprouts.

A Connecticut dame the mother of a large family, was one day asked the number of her children. "La me!" she replied, rocking herself to and fro, "I've got fourteen, mostly boys and girls."

There is a man who says he has been in evening parties, out west where the boys and girls hug to hard that their sides cave in. He has had many of his own ribs broken in that way.