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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

BLINDNESS.

Strike! Lord, but grant me this,
The trembling suppliant's plea;
The hand that holds the rod to kiss—
In nial love to thee.

Thanks, Father, for thy care,
Thy child would be resigned;
I mourn not my feeble prayer,
But oh, I'm blind, I'm blind!

Hush! hush, my soul, be still!
Let not my thoughts rebel,
It is thy Heavenly Father's will—
He doeth all things well.

There is no darkness here
The star of Jacob reigns;
Though midnight rests in silence there,
A glory glides the plains.

When earthly visions bright
Are closed to mortal eye,
The soul rests in the peaceful light
Of Heaven's unclouded sky.

And yet I feel the spell
That binds to earthly things;
Sweet nature's joys! I know them well
With their thousand springs.

I know earth's joys of green,
New rank an angel rain;
I know the sunlight's golden sheen
Best on its face again.

Hear the voice of birds,
That soar in their lowers;
Hear the sound of fountains stirred,
And sweet the opening dowers.

Hail the balmy air,
As from an angel's plume,
Play round my cheek and forehead bare,
Scented in its rich perfume.

And my own parting joy;
I hear his footsteps fall;
With merry romp and shout of joy
He trips along the hall.

His garments round me thrown—
His kiss is on my cheek;
"Look, father, see your darling own—
Ah me! I feel 'em weak."

Then for a moment I
My sighs and tears I strain—
Giv' my Father's love, I cry—
GIVE BACK MY SMOKE AGAIN!

Miscellaneous.

Ten Years Among the Mail Bags.

This Week, by J. H. Brock, Esq., Special Agent of the Post Office Department, will soon be announced as ready for public sale. We make a few extracts from advance sheets.

CHEATING THE CLERGY.

Our collection of "outside" delinquencies would be incomplete, were we to omit the following case, which was investigated by the author not long ago, and in which not a little ingenuity of the laic sort was displayed. It will serve as a specimen of a numerous class of cases, characterized by attempts to defraud some correspondent, and to fasten the blame of the fraud upon some one connected with the Post Office.

A person of good standing in community, who had claim not only to a moral but a religious character, was visiting in a large town on the Hudson river, about midway between New York and Albany. This person owned a clergyman, living in New Haven, Conn., the sum of \$100 and one day he called at the house of another clergyman of his acquaintance in the town first mentioned, and requested to be allowed the privilege of writing a letter there to his clerical creditor, in which the sum of that gentleman was to be enclosed. Writing materials were furnished, and he prepared the letter in the study of his obliging friend, and in his presence.

After he had finished writing it he said to the clergyman, "Now, as the mails are not yet safe, I wish to be able to prove that I have actually sent the money. I shall therefore consider it a great favor if you will accompany me to the bank, where I wish to obtain a hundred dollar note for some small trash that I have and bear witness that I enclose the money and deposit the letter in the post-office."

The reverend gentleman readily acceded to his request, and went with him to the bank, where a bill of the required denomination was obtained and placed in the letter, which was then sealed with a wafer, the clergyman all the while looking on.

They then went to the post office, (which was directly opposite the bank,) and after calling the attention of his companion to the letter and its address, the writer thereof dropped it into the letter box, and the two persons went their several ways.

The letter arrived at New Haven by due course of mail, and it so happened that the clergyman to whom it was addressed was at the post-office, waiting for the as-sending of the mails. He saw a letter thrown into his box, and called for it as soon as the delivery window was opened.

Upon breaking the seal and reading the letter, he found himself requested to "Please find one hundred dollars, &c.," with which request he would cheerfully have complied, but for one slight circumstance, namely, the absence of the bank note.

This fact was apparently accounted for by a postscript written in a heavy, rude hand, entirely different from that of the body of the letter, and reading as follows:

"P. S. I have taken the liberty to borrow this money, but I send the letter, so that you needn't blame the man that wrote it."
(Signed) "Post Boy."

The rifled document was immediately shown to the post-master, and in his opinion, as well as that of the clergyman a daring robbery had been committed. The latter gentleman was

advised by the post-master to proceed at once to New York, and confer with the Special Agent, and at the same time lay all the facts before the Post Master General. He did so, and it was not long before the Agent had commenced the investigation of the supposed robbery.

In addition to the postscript appended, the letter bore indications of having been tampered with, which at first sight would seem almost conclusive on this point. Upon the envelope were two wafers, differing in color, one partly overlapping the other, as if they had been put on at different times.

Notwithstanding these appearances, there were circumstances strongly conflicting with the supposition that the letter had been robbed.—The postscript was not a natural affair, for no one guilty of opening a letter for the purpose of appropriating its contents, would stop to write an explanatory note, especially as such a course would increase the chances of his own detection. And in the present instance, there had been no delay of the letter to allow of such an addition.

By a visit to the office where the letter was mailed, the Agent ascertained that it must have left immediately after having been deposited, and the advanced age and excellent character of the post-master who made up the mail on the occasion, entirely out of suspicion in that quarter.

An interview was then held with the clergyman who witnessed the mailing of the letter and from him were obtained the facts already stated. Concerning the writing of the document, and its deposit in the letter box in a perfect state, after the money had been enclosed, he was ready and willing to make oath, and had he been called upon he would have done so in all sincerity and honesty.

In reply to an inquiry whether he used more than one sort of letter paper, he informed me he had but one kind in his study for several months, and at my request brought in a few sheets of it. A comparison of this with the sheet upon which the *rifled* epistle had been written, showed that the latter was a totally different article from the first; the shape and design of the stamp, the size of the sheet, and the shade of the paper, were all unlike. Moreover, the wafers used at the bank, where the hundred-dollar note was obtained and the letter containing it, sealed, were very dissimilar to either of those which appeared upon the "post boy" letter.

From the consideration of all these facts, I was satisfied that a gross and contemptible fraud had been perpetrated by the writer of the letter. I called upon the post-master and made some inquiries relative to the character and peculiar circumstances of the person in question. From the replies made, it appeared, as I have already stated, that his reputation in community was good.

I thought it might be possible that in so small a place, I could ascertain whether he had lately passed a hundred dollar note, as he would have been likely to have done, if it was true he had not enclosed it in the New Haven letter.

Calling at the store which received most of his custom, I introduced myself to the proprietor, made a confidant of him to some extent, and learned that the very next day after that on which the aforesaid letter was mailed, its author offered him in payment for a barrel of flour, a hundred dollar note on the bank from which a bill of the like denomination had been obtained, as before mentioned, in exchange for "small trash." The merchant could not then change it, but sent the flour and changed a bill which he supposed to be the same, a few days afterward.

Armed with these irresistible facts, I proceeded to call on the adventurous deceiver of the clergy, who had attempted to make one member of that body second his intention to cheat another. "Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?"

"Mr. T.," said I, after some preliminary conversation, "it's of no use to mince matters. The fact is, you did not send the money in that New Haven letter. You offered it the day after you pretended to mail it, at Mr. C.'s store. You see I've found out all about it, so I hope you will not deny the truth in the matter."

I then gave him his choice, to send the \$100 promptly to his New Haven correspondent, or allow me to prove in a public manner the facts in my possession.

Being thus hard pressed and finding himself cornered, he confessed that he had prepared the letter which was received in New Haven,—postscript, double wafers and all—before he left his home, and that while crossing the street from the bank to the post-office, he substituted this for the one he wrote in the clergyman's study! He promised to send the money, and pretended to have suffered severely in his feelings, on account of this dishonest act.

There is no United States law providing for the punishment of such an offence, but public opinion and private conscience make nice distinctions than the law can do, and often mete out a deserved penalty to those who elude the less subtle ministers of justice.

In the present instance, the foregoing story was made public by direction of the Post Master General; and the author of the trick unable to sustain the indignation and contempt of the community in which he lived, was compelled to make a hasty retreat from that part of the country.

CHICAGO DESCRIBED.—A correspondent of the Wisconsin Democrat pays Chicago the following compliment:

"Men are getting rich faster, and living higher, and doing more business, and drinking more, and going to the devil generally by a shorter road, in Chicago, than any place I have seen out West."

"The fire is going out, Miss Filkins." "I know it Mr. Green, and if you would act wisely, you would follow its example." It is unnecessary to add that Green never asked to sit up with that girl again.

The Battle of Trenton.

The following interesting account of the battle of Trenton is believed to be the most particular and authentic yet given to the world. It is from No. 13 of the series of historical articles published in the *State Gazette* at Trenton, March 17, 1843.

On Wednesday, the 25th of December, 1776, General Washington, with his army, was on the west bank of the Delaware, encamped near Taylorsville, then M'Konkey's ferry, 8 miles above Trenton. The troops under Gen. Dickinson were at Yardville; and detachments were encamped still farther up the river. The boats on the river had all been secured when Gen. Washington had crossed with his army on the first of this month. The Pennsylvania troops were in two bodies; one at Bristol under General Cadwallader, and the other at Morrisville, opposite Trenton, under General Ewing.

At this time the British under Gen. Howe were stationed in detachments at Mount Holly, Black Horse, Burlington, and Bordentown; and at Trenton there were three regiments of Hessians, amounting to about 1500 men, and a troop of British light-horse. Divisions of the army were also at Princeton and New Brunswick.

One part of the plan of Washington was to recross the Delaware with his army at M'Konkey's ferry, in the night of the 25th of December, and for Gen. Ewing, with the part of the army under his command, to cross at or below Trenton—thus both might fall upon the enemy at the same time; Ewing at the south, and General Washington at the north end of the town.

At dusk, the Continental troops, commanded by General Washington in person amounting to 2400 men, with 20 pieces of artillery, began to cross at M'Konkey's ferry. The troops at Yardville and the stations above, had that day assembled at this ferry. Among the prominent and active men who were employed in ferrying over the troops Uriah Slack, William Green and David Landing. It was between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning before all the artillery and troops were over and ready to march. Many of the men were very destitute as regarded clothing. The present Mr. Geo. Muirhead, of Hopewell, informed the writer that he noticed one man whose pantaloons were ragged, and who had on neither stockings nor shoes. The ground was covered with sleet and snow, which was falling; although before that day there was no snow, or only a little sprinkling on the ground. Gen. Washington, (who had sat in silence on a bench, wrapped in his cloak, while his troops were crossing,) as they were about to march, enjoined upon all profound silence during their march to Trenton, and said to them, "I hope that you will all fight like men."

Gen. Washington wished to get 12 men who should be mounted on horseback, without arms or uniform, in plain farmers' habit, to ride before the army, to reconnoitre and get what information they could with respect to the British army, their outposts, &c. There were but three who would volunteer for this service; these were David Laning, of Trenton, and John Muirhead and John Guild, of Hopewell. The following persons were also guides, and marched with the army, viz: Col. Joseph Phillips, Captain Philip Phillips, and Adjutant Elias Phillips, of Maidenhead; Joseph Insee, Edon Burroughs, Ephraim Woolsey and Henry Simmonds, of Hopewell; and Captain John Mott, Amos Scudder and William Green, of Trenton.

The army marched with a quick step in a body from the river up the cross-road to the Bear Tavern, about a mile from the river. The whole army marched down this road to the village of Birmingham, distant about 3 1/2 miles. There they halted, examined their priming and found it all wet. Capt. Mott, who had taken the precaution to wrap his handkerchief around the lock of his gun, found notwithstanding, the priming was wet. "Well," says General Sullivan, "we must then fight them with the bayonet." From Birmingham to Trenton, the distance by the River road the Scotch road is nearly equal, being about 4 1/2 miles.

The troops were formed in two divisions.—One of them, commanded by General Sullivan, marched down by the river road. The other, commanded by General Washington, accompanied by Generals Lord Stirling, Green, Mercer and Stevens, (with David Laning and others for their guides,) filed off to the left, crossed over to the Scotch road, and went down this road till it enters the Pennington road, about a mile above Trenton. Scarcely a word was spoken from the time the troops left the ferry (except what passed between the officers and the guides) till they reached Trenton; and with such stillness did the army move, that they were not discovered until they came upon the out-guard of the enemy, which was posted in the outskirts of the town, at or near the house of the Rev. Mr. Frazier, when one of the sentries called to Laning, who was a little in advance of the troops, and asked, "Who is there?" Laning replied, "A friend." "A friend to whom?" "A friend of Washington's." At this the guard fired and retreated. The American troops immediately returned their fire, and rushed upon them, and drove them into town. At the head of King street, Capt. T. Forrest opened a six gun battery, the immediate orders of General Washington and Lieut. James Monroe, (afterwards President of the United States,) perceiving that the enemy were endeavoring to form a battery in King street, near where the feeder crosses the street, rushed forward with the advance guard drove the artillerymen from their guns, and took from them two pieces, which they were in the act of firing. These officers were both wounded in this successful enterprise. A part of this division marched down Queen street, and extended to the left, so as to cut off the retreat of the enemy towards Princeton.

The division of the army which came down the river road under General Sullivan fell upon the advanced guard of the British at Rutledge's place, adjoining Col. Dickinson's, near the south west part of the town, about the

same time that Washington entered it at the north.

Both divisions pushed forward, keeping up a running fire with light arms, meeting with but little opposition, until the enemy were driven eastward in Second street, near the Presbyterian Church, where there was some fighting, the enemy having made a momentary stand; but finding themselves hemmed in and overpowered, they laid down their arms on the field, between the Presbyterian Church and Park place, then called the old Iron Works.

Gen. Rahl, who commanded the Hessians, and had his head-quarters at the house of Stacy Potts, opposite Perry street, on the west side of Warren, (occupied for many years as a tavern,) was mortally wounded early in the engagement, being shot from his horse, while exerting himself to form his dismayed and disordered troops, but where or by whom is not at present known by the writer. He has heard several statements on these subjects, but no two of them agree. When, supported by a file of sergeants, he presented his sword to Gen. Washington, (whose countenance beamed with complacency at the success of the day,) he was pale, bleeding, and covered with blood, and, in broken accents, he seemed to implore those attentions which the victor was well disposed to bestow upon him. He was taken to his head-quarters, (Stacy Potts's,) where he died of his wound.

The number of prisoners was 23 officers and 886 privates; 4 stand of colors, 12 drums, 6 brass field pieces, and 1000 stand of arms and accoutrements, were the trophies of victory. The British light-horse, and 400 or 500 Hessians escaped at the beginning of the battle, over the bridge across the Assumpink, at Trent's Mills, and fled to Bordentown. If Gen. Ewing, whose divisions of the army were opposite Trenton, had been able to cross the Delaware, as contemplated, and take possession of the bridge on the Assumpink, all the enemy that were in Trenton would have been captured; but there was so much ice on the shores of the river, that it was impossible to get the artillery over. The Hessians lost 7 officers, and 20 or 30 men killed; 24 of these were buried in one pit, in the Presbyterian burying-ground, by the American troops.

Immediately after the victory, which greatly revived the drooping spirits of the army, Gen. Washington commenced marching his prisoners up to the eight mile (or M'Konkey's) ferry, and before night all were safely landed on the western shore of the Delaware. But Mr. Muirhead (before mentioned) said that General W. would not suffer a man to cross, more than was necessary, until all the prisoners were over. The Americans lost two privates killed, and two were frozen to death.—The late Mr. Richard Scudder informed the writer, that the night after the taking of the Hessians, several of the American soldiers, worn down and poorly clad, and having suffered much from the cold, stayed at his father's house, which is about two miles below the ferry; that several of them were very sick in the night, and that two or three died. Might not these have been the persons referred to in history as having frozen to death?

The next day, the British that were at Princeton, marched on to Trenton in pursuit of the American army, and went up the Scotch road as far as Mr. Benjamin Clark's, now Edward S. M'Ilvan's, Esq., and inquired which route General Washington had taken; and being informed that he had gone with his prisoners up the river road, they compelled their son, John Clark, a lad of 12 years, to guide them across to Birmingham: (some of the American soldiers were at this time in Clark's house.) His mother, with true Spartan courage, unwilling to trust her son with the enemy, pursued the British and got him released. Soon after, the British, finding Washington had crossed the Delaware, returned to Princeton.

LONDON THE GREATEST CITY.—London is now the greatest city in the world, and surpasses all the great cities of antiquity. According to Gibbon, the population of ancient Rome in the height of its magnificence, was 1,200,000; Nineveh is estimated to have had 600,000; and Dr. Medhurst supposes that the population of Pekin is about 2,000,000. The population of London, according to recent statistics, amounts to 3,500,000—444,722 having been added to it during the last ten years.—The census shows that it contains 307,722 inhabited, and 16,389 uninhabited houses.

THE WRONG SERMON.—Parson Green is in the habit sometimes of drawing upon a barrel of sermons bequeathed him by his father, who was also a minister. Upon one occasion he got hold of a sermon, by mistake, which the old gentleman preached to the State prison convicts, it opened well, and the congregation were becoming deeply interested, when all at once the parson surprised them with the information that had it not been for the clemency of the Governor, many of them would have been hung long ago.

A MOTHER says she emptied her hopeful son's pockets the other day, and the following articles were brought to light: Sixteen marbles, one top, an oyster shell, two pieces of bricks, one dough-nut, a piece of a curry-comb, one paint-brush, two broken knives, a skate strap, three buckles, one ball, two primers, five hen's eggs and a bird's nest.

It is often difficult to determine whether an apparently open, sincere and virtuous action is the result of piety or artfulness.—The actor is probably to day what he was yesterday, or a year since; the quality of a present act is to be very much determined by the quality of its antecedent acts.

"Honest industry has brought that man to the scaffold," said a wag, as he saw a carpenter upon the staging.

A VERY BAD BILL.—A new counterfeit bank note is described as having for a vignette a female with a rake by her side.

An Original Horse Trade.

Mr. Samuel Havens resides in Brooklyn, and is a great admirer of horse-flesh. On Monday last, he went up the river to Albany, for the purpose of buying a grey mare belonging to his friend M'Call. The grey mare is a very fine looking animal, and also very fast. She can go a mile in 2.25, with two in a wagon.—Havens heard of her merits last week, and resolved on a purchase. On his arrival at Albany he took breakfast at Stanwix Hall. Shortly after which he buttoned up his coat and started to find M'Call. He met him in Broadway near the City Hotel. With "Mac," he had the following conversation:

"I understand, Mr. M'Call, that you wish to sell that grey mare of yours?"
"I did want to sell her, but I imagine she is now disposed of."
"Disposed of!—to whom?"
"To your friend Skerrett, of Brooklyn."
"What did he agree to give you?"
"Five hundred and thirty dollars."
"If you will let me have her, I will give you five hundred and fifty dollars cash down."
"But I've promised her to Skerrett."
"When?"
"Last week."

"Never mind that. If he should call, say she's dead—that I broke her leg on the Troy Road, in consequence of which we had to blow her brains out."

"Will you back me up in the story?"
"Of course I will."
"It's a bargain, then. Give me the five hundred and fifty, and I'll send the mare down tomorrow night. But hadn't we better crop the mane and bob her tail, so that Skerrett cannot sue me for lying to him?"

"Just as you please—there's your money. Be sure to send her down on Tuesday night, on the Knickerbocker."

"Mr. M'Call promised to do so. Soon after which he folded up his five hundred and fifty dollars and walked round to Captain Knight's for the purpose of putting the party through."

This was Monday morning. On Monday afternoon Mr. Skerrett made his appearance in town. He met M'Call in State-st.

"Well Mac, I've called to pay you for that mare."

"What mare?"
"The grey mare, the one you wrote to me about last week."

"Haven't you heard about that?"
"About what?"
"About that grey mare—she is dead and buried."

"Dead—nonsense. You are fooling me."
"Not at all. If you doubt it ask your neighbor Havens, who broke her leg on the Troy Road."

"Is Havens here?"
"Yes—you will find him at Stanwix Hall."

It is not necessary for us to say that Mr. Skerrett went to Stanwix Hall and saw Havens. Neither is it necessary for us to say that Mr. Havens swore that the grey mare was dead, and that he killed her. He could not do otherwise, without losing 'one of the best bargains he ever made.'

Mr. Skerrett regretted the catastrophe, but concluded there was no use in crying over spilt milk. He shook hands with Havens and left, saying that he would try and find a piece of speed in some other part of the city. Havens having quitted Skerrett, took the 4.45 train for New-York, and arrived at Brooklyn a little after ten o'clock on Monday evening.

M'Call promised to send the mare down on Tuesday evening.

He did not do anything of the kind. In consequence of this, Havens went up again on Wednesday to see "what the d—l it all meant."

He found M'Call at the new steamboat landing.
"Why didn't you send that mare down last night?"
"What mare?"
"Why that grey mare I bought of you on Monday."

"On Monday?"
"Yes, on Monday."
"You're mistaken. I sold you no mare on Monday, and for the best reason in the world she was dead a week before."

"Dead! What do you mean?"
"What do I mean? and have you forgot that you broke her leg on the Troy Road, and that so badly that we had to blow her brains out?"

"You don't mean to swindle me by any such game do you?"
"Swindle! d—l a bit of it. You killed the mare, and I can prove it."

"Who by?"
"Your own neighbor, Skerrett, of Brooklyn."
"And what does he know about it?"
"Just what you told him, and that is, that you killed the mare while trying her speed on the Troy Road."

Havens could hear no more, but rushed for the Police Office, where he swore out a warrant against M'Call for swindling. It was issued by Justice Parsons. But as 'Mac' proved by Skerrett that the complainant admitted that he killed the mare on the 5th of December, of course he could not have purchased her on Monday the 10th. Verdict for the defendant. Mr. Havens left for New-York, on Wednesday night in the Manhattan. He was accompanied by Skerrett. On going forward after tea, he saw a grey mare, that led to the following dialogue:

"Who's bob-tailed mare is that Skerrett?"
"Mine."
"Possible—where did you get her?"
"Bought her from M'Call. She is not quite as good looking as the one I wanted, but I think she is full as speedy."

"What did you give?"
"Four hundred dollars."
"Say no more—let's drink."
Skerrett obeyed orders and went in and took a little something warm. Havens paid for it. As he did so a bystander thought he uttered an imprecation about a certain d—d scoundrel in Albany.

MONA. Never hire a man to tell a lie, unless you wish to get cheated yourself.

Boy Love.

One of the queerest, and funniest things to think of in after life, is, "Boy love." No sooner does a boy acquire a tolerable stature, than he begins to imagine himself a man; and to ape manish ways. He casts sideling glances at tall girls he may meet, becomes a regular attendant at church, or meeting; sports a cane, carries his head erect, and struts a little in his walk. Presently and how very soon, he falls in love; yes, falls in the proper way; because it best indicates his happy, delicious, self-abasement. He lives now in a fairy region, somewhere collateral to the world, and yet, somehow, blinded inextricably with it. He perfumes his hair with fragrant oils scatters essences over his handkerchief, and desperately shaves, and anoints for a beard.—He quotes poetry, in which "love," and "dove" and "heart," and "dart," peculiarly predominate; and as he plunges deeper into the delicious labyrinth, fancies himself filled with the divine afflatus, and suddenly breaks into a serenade rhapsody of rhyme. He feeds upon the looks of his beloved; is raised to the seventh heaven if she speaks a pleasant word; is betrayed into the most astonishing ecstasies by a smile; is plunged in the gloomiest regions of misanthropy by a frown.

He believes himself to be the most devoted lover in the world. There never was such another. There never will be. He is the great idolater! He is the great favorite! He is the very type of magnanimity, and self-abnegation. Wealth! he despises the groveling thought. Poverty, with the forable beloved, he joyfully apostrophizes as the first of all earthly blessings; and, "Love in a Cottage" with water and a crust, is the ideal paradise of dainty delights.

He declares to himself, with the most solemn emphasis, that he would go through fire and water, undertake a pilgrimage to China or Kamtschatka; swim the storm-tossed ocean; scale impassable mountains; and face legions of bayonets; but for one sweet smile from her dear lips. He doats upon a flower she has cast away. He cherishes her glove—a little worm in the fingers—next his heart. He sighs like a locomotive letting off steam. He scrawls her dear name over foolscap—fitting medium for his insanity. He scornfully depreciates the attention of other boys of his age; cuts Peter Tibbets dead, because he said the adorable Angelina had curly hair; and passes Harry Bell contemptuously, for daring to compare that gawky Mary Jane, with his incomparable Angelina.

Happy! happy! foolish Boy-love; with its hopes and its fears; its joys and its sorrows, its jealousies, its delights; static errors, and its terrible heart burning; its solemn ludicrousness, and its intensely prosaic termination.

Swiss Courting.

When a girl is arrived at a marriageable age, the young men of the village assemble by consent on a given night at the gallery of the chateau in which the fair one resides. This creates a manner of surprise in the mind of her parents, who not only wink at the practice, but are never better pleased than when the charms of their daughter attract the greatest number of admirers. Their arrival is soon announced by sundry taps at the different windows. After the family in the house has been roused and dressed (for the scene usually takes place at midnight, when they have all retired to rest,) the window of the room prepared for the occasion, in which the girl is at first alone, is opened. Then a parley commences, of a rather boisterous description; each young man in turn urges his suit with all the eloquence and art of which he is possessed. The fair one hesitates, doubts, asks questions, but comes to no decision. She then invites the party to partake of a repast of cakes and kirschwasser which is prepared for them on the balcony. Indeed this entertainment, with the strong water of the cherry forms a prominent feature in the proceedings of the night.

After having regaled themselves for some time, during which and through the window she has made use of all the wifery of woman's art she feigns a desire to get rid of them all, and will sometimes call her parents to accomplish this object. The youths, however, are not to be put off; for according the custom of the country, they have come there for the express purpose of compelling her, on that night, there and then to make up her mind and to declare the object of her choice.

At length after a further parley, her heart is touched, or at least she pretends it is, by the favored swain. After certain preliminaries between the girl and her parents, her lover is admitted through the window, where the alliance is signed and sealed, but not delivered, in the presence of both father and mother. By the consent of all parties, the ceremony is not to extend beyond a couple of hours, when, after a second jollification with the kirschwasser, they all retire—the happy man to bless the stars, but the rejected to console themselves with hope that at the next tournament of love-making they may succeed better. In general, the girl's decision is taken in good part by all, and is regarded as decisive.

A young American lady being asked by a boring politician which party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

A celebrated portrait painter says the reason that ton-cats are so musical, is because they are all fiddle strings inside.

A word of kindness! It is a seed which even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

Why does the cook make more noise than the bell? Because the one makes a din, but the other a dinner.