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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, April 8, 1858.

Selected Poetry.

HAPPY HOME.

When Sabbath bells have ceased their sound,
And the hours of day are passed,
And twilight draws its curtains round,
And shadows gather fast—
There is one spot and one alone,
Round which our hearts must cling—
And fondest memories, one by one,
Their choicest treasure bring.

That spot is home: its sacred walls,
Admit no discord then;
No crowded marts, nor festive halls,
Nor gayest haunts of men,
Can not a joy impart so pure—
None such to them is given;
Night joys like these for age endure,
This earth were quite a heaven.

I've wandered far 'mong other bowers
Than those my childhood knew,
With hope of gathering fairer flowers
Than those that gardens grew;
Yet in the cold world's earnest throng—
Mid its dim and stormy strife,
A motion turns to scenes and songs
Of my young and joyous life.

Home's well-loved group: its Sabbath song,
Its tones I seem to hear;
Though borne full many a league along,
They come distinct and clear;
O Sabbath night! O treasured home!
From pride of memory's train—
And thoughts of ye, where'er I roam,
Shall bring my youth again.

Miscellaneous.

(Correspondence of the Buffalo Express.)

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

Rome, Feb. 18, 1858.

We returned from Naples earlier than our contemplated, for the purpose of being present in Rome during the Carnival. One of the most important features of our visit had been wanting, if the Carnival had been omitted. The Carnival is now over, with its fun and frolic, but it has not been so long as anticipated; for the weather was propitious, either downright rain or drizzle would have spoiled the comfort and good looks of the actors. The Corso in the rain and the Corso in the sun are very different places; and to see people riding through the rain under umbrellas, and others pelting them with damp confetti from the balconies was rather ludicrous and seemed a solemn kind of sport. Two days of fine weather, showed us what the Carnival might be, under more favorable circumstances. The Corso, in which all Rome congregates every afternoon, is a street about two miles in length and nearly straight, leading from the "Piazza del Popolo" to the Piazza Venezia. The other streets are comparatively deserted, but the Corso is all animation. For weeks before the Carnival the balconies most favorably situated, the most locations as we say "at home," are rented at high prices, and temporary balconies are erected for the use of the throng of spectators who sit on these occasions. Each balcony and window is hung with drapery of a bright color and filled with people armed with bags and confetti, to scatter down upon those who pass beneath, exposed to the fire of the occupants. These bouquets are not what some importers, being manufactured with regard to weight than beauty or fragrance, and when they are composed of genuine flowers, there is always some sentiment in it, which is better understood by the parties than by other persons. The confetti are made of salt lime, and a well-directed hand coming upon the face is capable of making scars in the shape of black eyes, swollen noses and the like, as many sufferers can testify. The laws regulating the sale of the confetti, are very stringent and they are strictly enforced; any infringement thereof is severely punished. A heavy fine is imposed upon those who throw unauthorized confetti, as many strangers are made to learn by experience. It is a pleasant way of acquiring facts, by quite certain and not readily forgotten. The ceremonies are on this wise and you shall have them rapidly stated and with all possible brevity. At the hour of two in the afternoon a single call is sounded, and a company of dragoons, well mounted, appeared on the Corso, with their bright uniforms, covered under arm with white cloaks, and the plumes of their polished helmets hang little and disconsolate in the dampness. Some of these fall out of rank and station themselves along the street to preserve order among the people, and others take up and down the Corso to keep the two sides of the carriages apart at such a distance as will afford free passage for the crowd on foot. The seats of the carriages are carefully covered to protect them from injury and are filled with men in fanciful costumes and women in white dominoes gaily trimmed with ribbons, and to shield their faces from the shower of confetti, which assails them with merciless continuance, they wear strong wire masks. From large baskets filled with bouquets and confetti they return the attack with vigorous industry and an enjoyment of the work, quite unusual, adding variety to the scene and making a conspicuous feature of the sport.

Strangers are easily recognized, we are told, particularly English and American, from the earnestness with which they enter into the business, and the indiscriminate way in which they throw double hand-fuls of bouquets and confetti. An Italian rides leisurely along and discovers a party of friends, or a group of persons which he may surprise, throwing missiles with remarkable accuracy, always hitting on the right person; he bows low to the ladies, and passes on, to resume his fun in another direction. Bagged little boys, in great force, dash about after the things thus thrown away, and drive quite a trade in reselling their street gleanings to those who have exhausted their stores. Masking, which was

forbidden in 1848, and has since been prohibited, as allowed for three days, and many comical faces were seen in the Corso. The small bouquets and large hoops of the ladies were the subject of ridicule to the many, and the maskers enjoyed it vastly; there was truth in the outrageous joking, but it was forgotten with the Carnival. The maskers of this class paraded up and down the Corso, with flounced dresses of the amplest dimensions, a shawl and an infinitesimal bonnet, perched on the back of the head. These maskers were received with immense applause; but the Corso thundered approbation ten times repeated, when an improvement on this appeared in the persons of more ludicrous maskers, each one of whom carried a small parasol, and was followed at a respectable distance by an English footman. Harlequins abounded, and directed their efforts at any well dressed man whom they met in the street, and they especially affected him if he wore a suit of black. They immediately possessed themselves of him; they surrounded him, and became his most attentive and inseparable friends. If the victim becomes frantic in his efforts to escape from their attentions, they in turn become more affectionate, taking him by the arms, seizing on his umbrella, and beginning to be allowed to carry it for him. While thus conquered and badgered, showers of the confetti and bouquets come down on his head, shoulders and back, from the balconies, and when his tormentors leave him, he is by no means the spruce looking fellow who invited their attention—his own mother might repudiate him without suspicion of inhumanity.

One kind of sport succeeds another, and for this time at least the Romans are free.—A funny caricature was that of the English huntsman. A number of men in hunting suits of scarlet and white, wearing the most absurd masks and mounted on the sorriest looking donkeys, paraded the streets, rising and falling in their stirrups with that peculiar rebound in which is shown by a poor rider on a hard trotting horse, and here denominated the English style. From these specimens of the humor of the carnival you may learn the whole; it was much of this order, having more or less merit in particular cases. About five o'clock on one of the days of the Carnival, the report of a cannon announced the commencement of the races. No great attention was paid to this, but in half an hour afterwards a second report was heard, the carriages disappeared as if by magic, suddenly turning into side streets, and the Corso was filled only with the crowds of people. Presently we were aware of the presence of troops; companies on foot slowly marching through the streets; sentinels filing off from the ranks, and taking their stations at regular intervals, pressing back the masses of people out of the way of a company of dragoons, who would otherwise trample them under foot. The horsemen ride slowly and with great care, from the Piazza del Popolo to the end of the Corso, and wheeling in company, return with gradually accelerated speed, until their career terminates in a furious gallop of horses under the spur of the riders. This is to clear the Corso for the races; and yet, notwithstanding the vigilance of the sentinels, and the exceeding care of the authorities, accidents frequently happen; so difficult is it to keep the people within the limits assigned them. The race horses, led by groomers, are now brought forward, without saddles or riders, and ornamented with gay ribbons and bits of gilded paper, some of them taking the whole thing coolly, and others champing and pawing to get free and begin the contest.—Small pieces of metal are fastened to them, which act as whip and spur; and now the word is given and away they dash, goaded by the pricking metal, and maddened by the shouts of the populace. Away they go in a body, wild with excitement, striking fire with every foot-fall from the stone pavement, and rushing like a whirlwind towards the goal.—Pieces of linen stretched across a narrow part of the street at the Piazza Venezia, arrest their progress, and from the seats erected for the judges at the extremities of the course, judgment is announced, and the prizes awarded. The winning horse is led back to his stable amid shouts, and guarded by an escort of soldiers, with banners and music. His owner is entitled to a prize, and so the races ended.

The different kind of amusement to which I have referred are fair samples of the fun and frolic which occupies the whole period of the Carnival. The constant pelting of the wayfarers with confetti from the balconies, and the shouts of laughter which follow the most successful hits; the people tolerant of the freedom of Harlequin, and laughing at the liberties which he takes with all men who appear dressed in black; the uproarious joy and boisterous fun which is the chief feature of the festival; the balconies filled with gay parties of men and women; the crowd of people in the Corso; the long lines of carriages whose occupants are engaged in the sports of the day; the scramble of boys for the bouquets and confetti in the streets; the maskers; the broad and good humored caricature of men, manners, habits, fashions, national and otherwise; the laughter, the shouting, the rush now in this direction and again in another, altogether forming a strange medley of broad face, rollicking fun, uproarious good natured mirth and grotesque caricature, which custom has made necessary and established, and the Church of Rome sanctions and sanctifies. Carnival means "farewell to flesh," and flesh never receives in any other quarter of the globe a valetudinary so hearty, a farewell so thoroughly pronounced as this which consecrates to harmless license the period between Epiphany and Ash Wednesday, those solemn days of the Church.

It has an end, however, and into the last day is condensed the fun, frolic, license and honor of the whole festival. It is prolonged long after dark and is the gayest and most exciting day of Carnival. In the evening each person provides a candle, a small wax taper, and the sport consists in keeping it burning while an attempt is made to extinguish the light of his neighbor. Every window and bal-

cony on the Corso is blazing with light, making a splendid illumination. From all quarters are heard shouts of laughter, and the cry of "Senza Mocchio!" when a light is put out, is frequent and uttered with a heartiness which indicates a high state of enjoyment. From the balconies, long canes with handkerchiefs tied to them, are reached out toward the lights in the streets, and before the torch bearer is aware of it, his light goes out and shouts of laughter greet his surprise. Look down into the Corso and see the lights blazing and flickering, now mounting upwards and then disappearing, thousands of them tossing up and down, surging this way and then another, now throwing on the living and agitated mass of beings, a strong light, then less upon some sections, then blazing up again, light after light disappearing, and shout upon shout rolling upward, and laughter and cries commingled in a din which seems powerful enough to break through the arch of the skies.

Add to this the balconies with groups of men and women, all earnestly engaged in the general sport, shouting and laughing and doing no small execution with their long canes on the lights below, and you will readily believe that the most lymphatic mortal, dragged to Rome a reluctant tourist, must partake of the excitement and catch something of the pervading spirit of the hour. The night concludes with a fancy ball; at twelve o'clock the Carnival is over, or "buried," as the people express it, and Lent commences during which all Rome is supposed to be penitent for the sins of the past year, and to commence a better life for the future.

NEARLY A HORN TOO MUCH.—Stanley Smith, editor of the *Auburn American*, gives the following amusing anecdote of his chase by and escape from a savage bull, during a recent visit to a farm in the neighborhood of Auburn, to witness a trial of mowers:

"That bull was one of them. 'He was monarch' of all he could eat, chase, or gore. Being deeply interested in the apple crop, we wandered out of the field in which the mowing was going on into friend Shotwell's orchard. Fat and handsome blooded cows were lying about chewing their cuds, and utterly indifferent as to what was going on. We wandered from tree to tree in the large orchard; and while critically examining some very fine fruit, we were suddenly and rather unpleasantly startled from our train of thought by the bellowing of Mr. Taurus, whose majesty had been reclining, and of whose august appearance we were unaware. He elevated his tail, made the earth fly with his 'awful paws,' and having thus manifested his hostility, and given tone, if not color, to his idea that we were an interloper, made a plunge towards us. A moment's view of our antagonist was just enough. His eyes flashed fire; he roared like a 'bull of Bashan.' We did not at all fancy the style of his horns; they were as straight as needles and about as sharp. He exhibited unmistakable desires to employ them upon us.

"Knowing that it was expected of us to report the contest trial going on in another field, we remembered the prior and pressing interest of our friends, and set up a smart run. So did Mr. Bull. We scampered; he scampered; he made 'better time' than we could 'bottom out;' he gained on us rapidly; we could almost feel his hot breath on the back of our neck; it was neck or nothing; rail fence twenty rods off; bull within five rods; give up for 'goner;' no such thing; friendly apple tree with low branches; clutched two of them, and lifted our precious body into the tree; Taurus arrived just as we cleared the ground!

"Our enemy pawed around the tree; bellowed after the manner of 'Boanerges, the son of Thunder,' glared at us, and finally walked off about the distance of three trees.—Thinking all was right, we slid down vertically, and 'put for the crazy old rail fence.' The distance from tree to bull, and from tree to fence, was just about an even thing. But our assailant saw the movement, and at once again the chase was a hot one; but this time we distanced the 'horned creature' and sealing the fence, landed in a field of rye at about the same moment our pursuer's horns struck the top rails of the fence, and set them flying. Separated by the fence, we read the second part of a lecture that we hope he will remember to his last moments."

THE UNBELIEVER.—I pity the unbeliever—one who can gaze upon the grandeur, the glory, and beauty of the natural universe, and be hold not the touches of His finger, who is over, and with, and above all—from my very heart I do commiserate his condition. The unbeliever never penetrated; who can gaze upon the sun, moon, and stars, and upon the unfading and imperishable sky, spread out so magnificently above him, and say all this is the work of chance. The heart of such a being is a dull and cheerless void. In his mind—the godlike gift of intellect—is debased, destroyed; all is dark—a fearful chaotic labyrinth—rainless, cheerless, hopeless! No gleam of light from heaven penetrates the blackness of the horrible delusion! No voice from the Eternal bids the desponding heart rejoice!

No fancied tones from the harps of seraphim arouse the dull spirit from its lethargy, or allay the consuming fever of the brain. The wreck of mind is utterly remediless; reason is prostrated; and passion, prejudice, and superstition, have reared their temple on the ruins of his intellect.

I pity the unbeliever. What to him is the revelation from on high, but a sealed book? He sees nothing above, around, or beneath him; that evinces the existence of a God; and he denies—yes, while standing on the footstool of Omnipotence, and gazing upon the dazzling throne of Jehovah, he shuts his intellect to the light of reason, and denies there is a God.

Chalmers.

A thief, who lately broke open a grocery store, excused himself on the plea that he merely went there to take tea.

The Bewitched Clock.

About half-past seven o'clock on Sunday night a human leg, enveloped in blue broad-cloth, might have been seen entering Deacon Cephas Barber's kitchen window. The leg was followed by the entire body of a live Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. It was in short, Joe Mayweed, who thus won his way into the Deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old Deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young gentleman. "Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about winders.—Winders is as good as doors, if there ain't no nails to tear your trousers out. Wonder if Sally will come down?—the critter promised me. I'm afeerd to move about here 'cause I might break my shins over sunthin' or nother, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a Polish bear. Oh, here comes Sally."

The beauteous maiden then descended with a pleasant smile, a tall candle, and a box of lucifer matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made a rousing fire in cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of hopes and vows. But the course of true love ran not a wit smoother in old Barber's kitchen than it does elsewhere, and Joe, who was just making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the old Deacon, her father, shouting from his chamber door:

"Sally! what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it is most moroin'," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell him a fib," replied Sally. "I'll make it a truth then," said Joe, and running to the large old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at the clock, and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman.

"It's five by the clock," replied Sally and immediately corroborating her words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak. "Good gracious! it's father coming down exclaimed Sally.

"The Deacon, by thunder!" cried Joe. "Hide me, Sally."

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"O, I know," said he, "I'll squeeze into the old case." And without another word, he concealed himself in the case and closed the door.

The Deacon was dressed, and seating himself down by the cooking-stove, he pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and began deliberately to smoke.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, and then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadin't you better feed the critters first?" suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No, smokin' clears my head and wakes me up," replied the Deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

"Bur-r-r, whiz, ding! ding! went the old clock.

"Tormented lightning!" exclaimed the deacon, starting up and laying his pipe on the stove, "what on airth is that?"

"It's only the clock striking five," replied Sally tremulously.

"Whiz, ding! went the old clock furiously.

"Power of creation!" cried the deacon; "strikin, fire, eh! It's struck over a hundred already."

"Deacon, Barber!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, "what in the univarse is the matter with that clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man, "it's been a hundred years in the family and never acted so before."

"Whiz, ding! bur-r-r, went the old clock again.

"It'll bust itself," cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothin' left of it."

"It's bewitched," said the deacon, who retained a leaven of good old New England superstition in his nature.—"And now," said he, after a pause, advancing resolutely towards the clock, "I'll see what is going on in it."

"Oh, don't," cried his daughter, seizing one of his coat-tails, while his wife clung to the other. "Don't," chorused both the women.

"Let go my raiment," shout the deacon. "I ain't afeerd of the powers of darkness."

But the women wouldn't let go, so the deacon slipped out of his coat, and while from the sudden cessation of resistance they fell heavily on the floor, he pitched forward and grabbed the knob of the clock door. But no human power could open it, for Joe was holding it from the inside with a death-grab.

The old deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tag, when an unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, burst from the inside, then the clock case pitched head foremost at the deacon, fell headlong on the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its fair proportions.—The current of the air extinguished the light—the deacon, the old lady and Sally fled up stairs, and Joe Mayweed extricated himself from the clock, and effected escape in the same way he entered.

The next day all Appleton was a-fire with the story that Deacon Barber's clock had been bewitched, and although many believed his version, yet some, and especially Joe Mayweed affected to discredit the whole affair and hinted that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting hard cider, and that the vagaries of the clock only existed in his disordered imagination.

However, the interdict being taken off, Joe was allowed to resume his courting, and won the assent of the old people to his union with Sally by repairing the old clock till it went as well as ever.

A THEATRICAL INCIDENT.—Some years ago, the manager of a "well-regulated Theatre," somewhere along the line of the Erie canal, engaged a good looking and brisk young lady as an supernumary. It happened that the young lady in question, had formerly officiated in some capacity as a "hand" on board a canal boat, a fact which she was extremely anxious to conceal. She evinced much anxiety to master the details of her newly chosen profession and soon exhibited a more than ordinary degree of comic talent. She was duly promoted, and in time became a general favorite with both the manager and public.

One night she was announced to appear in a favorite part, a couple of boatmen found their way into the pit, near the foot lights, particularly anxious to see the famous comedienne. The house was crowded; and after the subsidence of the general applause which greeted her appearance, one of the boatmen slapped his companion on the shoulder, and with emphatic expletive exclaimed, loud enough to be heard over half the house:

"Bill, I know that gal!"

"Pshaw! I said Bill 'dry up.'"

"But I'm d—d if I don't know, Bill. Its Sal Flukens, as sure as you're born. She's old Flukens' daughter that used to run the Injured Polly and she used to sail with him."

"Tom," said Bill, "you're a fool, and if you don't stop you're infernal chink, you'll be put out. Sal Flukens! You know a sight, if you think that's her?"

Tom was silenced, but not convinced. He watched the actress in all her motions with intense interest, and ere long broke out again:

"I tell ye, Bill, that's her—I know 'tis. You can't fool me—I know her too well!"

Bill, who was a good deal interested in the play, was out of all patience at this persistent interruption on the part of Tom. He gave him a tremendous nudge in the ribs with his elbow, as an emphatic hint for him to "keep quiet!"

Tom without minding the admonition said:—"You just wait—I'll fix her, keep your eyes on me."

Sure enough, he did fix her. Watching his opportunity when the actress was deeply absorbed in her part, he sung out in a voice which rang through the galleries:

"Low bridge!"

From force of habit, the actress instantly and involuntarily ducked her head to avoid the anticipated collision. Down came the house with a perfect thunder of applause at this "palpable hit," high above which Tom's voice could be heard, as he returned Bill's punch in the ribs with interest.

"Didn't I tell ye, old boy. I know'd 'twas her. You couldn't fool me."

ANECDOTES OF STUMP SPEAKING.—The system of canvassing and electioneering as it is carried on in the Southwest, affords much that is amusing as well as instructive. We find in the "Editor's Drawer," of Harper for December a rich joke said to have occurred in a canvass in Tennessee, between the Hon. Cave Johnson and Major Gustavus A. Henry. As the story runs, Major H., in reply to an allusion of his opponent as to his manner of shaking hands, said:

"I will tell you a little anecdote illustrative of peculiar electioneering abilities of my honorable friend in his intercourse with our intelligent constituents. We were canvassing in a remote part of the district, and having an appointment to speak near the house of a very influential Squire, we spent the previous night at his house together. It was well known that the Squire controlled all the votes in that precinct, and that his better half controlled him, so that it was all important to get on the right side of her. We had agreed not to electioneer with the Squire while we staid with him; but I did not think this forbade me to do my best with his family. So I rose about daybreak the next morning, and thinking that I should make friends with the mistress of the house by bringing water to cook the breakfast I took a bucket and started off for the spring. I was tripping off on a light fantastic toe, singing merrily as I went along, when what on earth should I see, as I looked into the barnyard, but the old woman milking the cow while my honorable friend, with his face roddy with morning exercise, and his long locks streaming in the breeze was holding the cow by the tail! I saw in an instant that he had the start of me. I returned to the house discomfited, and abandoned all hope of a vote in that region."

SHREW MAN OUTWITTED.—Mr. Clayton, author of a book on the Crimean campaign, met in his journey, with a strong minded woman. He says, "We next touched at Malta, taking on board a few fresh passengers in lieu of some we landed there. Among the new comers was a lady of a most violent temper, so un-governable that she hated morally all everything. Her husband informed us that just before her marriage he was warned of the lady's fiery disposition; and to test the accuracy of the information, one evening as he sat next to her at dinner, he managed cleverly to jog the servant's elbow, as a plate of mock turtle soup was offered to her, which of course, was upset over the young lady's white dress of tulle lace. No complaint, nor even a frown, being evinced, the delighted suitor concluded that what he had heard was a mistake, and that his inamorata had the temper of a lamb who had been fed on mashed potatoes, and as harmless as water gruel. So the marriage took place; but soon the lady's real character displayed itself, as is the case after marriage, but never before, and his wife, like a human Stromboli, was subject to fiery eruptions every ten minutes upon an average. "How is it, my dear," said the happy husband, "that having such a bad temper, you stood the ordeal by the soap so well?" "Why," answered the lady, "I might have appeared indifferent at the time, but good heavens! you should have only gone into my room a little afterwards, and seen the marks of my teeth on the bed post!"

SALE OF WOMEN.—Circassian girls are seldom reluctant to be sold to Turkey. Those beneath a certain rank look upon such sale, on the part of their fathers, as a proof of his anxiety for the welfare of his daughters. Unless therefore, the Circassian has spent a youth, upon whom to lavish her young affection she usually desires to be sent to Stamboul. If the father be willing, she is sold to a slave merchant, who takes her to the land she has chosen. There she is sent to a ladies' school, where she is instructed in the accomplishments of the Turkish gentlewoman. And, if she is very beautiful, she will be taught reading, Turkish, Arabic and Persian literature—these will be an additional recommendation in the eyes of a wealthy Osmanli. After two to four years—according to her age—spent in this seminary, the young girl is fit for sale. Her "condition" now, receives the most unremitting attention for a few months. The doctor, in attendance at the establishment, visits her constantly. She is fed very carefully; she is daily bathed very discreetly, cosmetics of the most excellent kind are pressed into use.

All these things are done, that her limbs and face may appear beautifully round, and that her skin may be pure, pale, and clear: in a word that she may look her loveliest.—The Circassian girls always bring a higher price than the Georgian. Their beauty is of a higher type. They are more intellectual.—They can manage a household better—indeed the Circassian ladies may be classed among the most skillful, the most saving housewives in world! "An old Osmanli," says a recent traveller, "told me that he loved a Circassian better than a Georgian, as he did the sun better than the moon. For a Circassian could make her harem smell like the garden of Peristan, and look herself as if freshly descended out of Paradise, upon a purse of money that would not suffice a Georgian to sand its floors like the desert."

COURTING IN IOWA.—The following circumstance happened in Cedar Co., Iowa:

A certain young man being out on a courting expedition came late on Sunday evening, and in order to keep his secret from his young acquaintances, determined to be at home bright and early on Monday morning. Mounted on his horse, dressed in his fine white summer pants and other fixings in proportion, he arrives at the residence of his inamorata where he was kindly received, and his horse properly taken care of being turned into the pasture for the night. The night passed away, and three o'clock in the morning arrived. Three o'clock was the time for him to depart, so that he might arrive at home before his comrades were stirring. He sallied forth to the pasture to catch his horse; but here was difficulty—grass high and loaded with dew. To venture in with white pantaloons on would rather take out the starch and lead to his detection. It would not do to go in with his white unmentionables so he quickly made his resolve. He carefully disrobed himself of his valuable "white" and placed them in safety on the fence while he gave chase with unscrupled pedals through the wet grass after the horse.

Returning to the fence where he had safely suspended his lilly white unmentionables, O! horrible Dicit! what a sight met his eyes! The field into which his horse had been turned was not only a "horse pasture," but a "calf pasture," too, and the naughty calves attracted by the white flag on the fence, had betaken themselves to it, and calf-like, had eaten them up; only a few shreds—just sufficient to indicate what they once had been! What a pickle this was for a nice young man to be in!

It was now near day light, and the farmers were up and about, and our hero far from home, with no covering for his "traveling apparatus."

It would not do to go back to the house of his lady love, neither could he go to town in that plight. There was one resource left him and that was to secrete himself in the bushes until the next night and then get home under cover of the darkness.

Safely hid, he remained under the protection of the bushes for some time, and it may be imagined that his feelings towards the calf kind were not of the most friendly character; but ere long, his seclusion was destined to be intruded upon. By and by, the boys, who had been out to feed the calves, returned with the remnants of the identical white garment which adorned the lower limbs of their late visitor.—They were mangled and torn to shreds! An impost was immediately held over them.—Some awful fate had befallen the unfortunate young man. The neighbors were summoned to search for the mangled corpse, and the posse with all speed set out with dogs and arms.—The pasture was thoroughly searched, and then the adjacent thickets, when lo our hero was driven out from his lair by the keen scent of the dogs, all safe, alive and well, minus the *lawn*.

An explanation then ensued at the expense of our hero, but he was successful in the end, and married the lady, and is now living comfortably in one of the flourishing little towns of Iowa.

What shall I help you to? inquired the daughter of a landlady, of a modest youth at the dinner table. A "wife," was the meek reply. The young lady blushed, perhaps indignantly, and it is said that the kindly offices of a neighboring clergyman were requisite to reconcile the parties.

Sally Jones says that when she was in love she felt as if she was in a tunnel with a train of cars coming from both ways.

Matter of money—marring a rich old maid or widow for the sake of board and lodging.

Why are jokes like nuts? Because under they are the harder they crack.

OLD LADIES.—Lively, good humored old ladies are like raisins compared to fresh grapes, although withered they are preserved, and appear to advantage in the freshest company.

The most honorable part of talk is to give the occasion.