

# THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, NOV. 12, 1863.

VOLUME XX. NUMBER 45.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**H. GARRATT,**  
DEALER IN Flour, Feed, and Meal, Barrell and Dairy Salt, Timothy and Clover Seed, Groceries, Provision, Fruit, Fish, Petroleum Oil, Wood and Stone Ware, Yankee Notions, &c. &c. 137 Opposite Railroad Depot, New Milford, Pa.  
Feb 24, 1863.-3y.

**LATHROP, TYLER & RILEY,**  
DEALERS IN Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps, Wood & Willow Ware, Iron, Nails, Sole & Upper Leather, Fish, Flour and Salt, all of which they carry at the very lowest prices.  
Lathrop's Brick Building, Montrose, Pa.  
April 6, 1863. 7.

**EVAN JENKINS,**  
Licensed Auctioneer,  
FOR SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY.  
[Post Office address, Dundaff, or South Gibson, Susq. County, Penn'a.]  
Feb. 2, 1863.-1yfo.

**WM. H. COOPER & CO.,**  
BANKERS, -Montrose, Pa. Successors to J. B. Cooper & Co. Office, Lathrop's new building, Turnpike-st. N. E. corner.

**MCCOLLUM & SEARLE,**  
ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law, -Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrop's new building, over the Bank.

**DR. H. SMITH & SON,**  
SURGEON DENTISTS, -Montrose, Pa. Offices in Lathrop's new building, over the Bank. All Dental operations will be performed in good style and warranted.

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FASHIONABLE TAILOR, -Montrose, Pa. Shop over L. N. Ballard's Grocery, on Main-street. Pledging himself to do all work satisfactorily. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.  
Montrose, Pa., July 12, 1863.-4y.

**P. LINES,**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, -Montrose, Pa. Shop in Phoenix Block, over store of Horace L. Smith & Co. All work warranted, as to fit and finish. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

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FASHIONABLE TAILOR, -Montrose, Pa. Shop near the Baptist Meeting House, on Turnpike street. All orders filled promptly, in first-rate style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

**L. B. ISBELL,**  
REPAIRS Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms. All work warranted. Shop in Chandler and Jessup's store, Montrose, Pa.

**WM. W. SMITH,**  
CABINET and CHAIR MANUFACTURERS, -Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. aug if

**C. O. FORDHAM,**  
MANUFACTURER OF BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Jewett's store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Jan 7

**ABEL TURRELL,**  
DEALER IN Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps, Wood & Willow Ware, Iron, Nails, Sole & Upper Leather, Fish, Flour and Salt, all of which they carry at the very lowest prices.  
Lathrop's Brick Building, Montrose, Pa.  
April 6, 1863. 7.

**DAVID C. ANEY, M. D.,**  
HAVING located permanently at New Milford, Pa. will attend to all cases of medicine and surgery which he may be favored, Office at Todd's Hotel.  
New Milford, Pa., July 17, 1862.

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**DR. E. PATRICK, & DR. E. L. GARDNER**  
I AM GRADUATE OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF YALE COLLEGE, have formed a partnership with the practice of Medicine and Surgery, and are prepared to attend to all business faithfully and punctually, that may be intrusted to their care, on terms commensurate with the times.  
Diseases and deformities of the EYE, surgical operations, and all surgical diseases, particularly attended to. Office on Main street, over Jewett's store, from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. All sorts of country produce taken in payment, at the highest value, and cash not refused.  
Montrose, Pa., May 17, 1862.-6y

**TAKE NOTICE!**  
Cash paid for Hides  
Shorn Pelt, Fox, Seal, Mink, and all kinds of Furs. A good assortment of Leather and Boots and shoes constantly on hand. Office, Tannery, at Main Street, Montrose, Feb. 6th. A. P. & L. C. KEELER

**FIRE INSURANCE.**  
**THE INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA,**  
AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Has Established an Agency in Montrose.  
The Oldest Insurance Co. in the Union.  
CASH CAPITAL PAID IN, \$500,000.  
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THE rates are as low as those of any good company in New York, and the Directors are among the first for honesty and integrity.  
CHARLES PLATT, Secy. ARTHUR G. COVINTY, Pres. Montrose, July 1st, 1863. J. HILLARY STROUD, Agt.

**HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
OF NEW YORK.  
CASH CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS.  
ASSETS Jan 1st 1860, \$1,451,919.57.  
LIABILITIES, 45,068.68.  
J. Milton Smith, Secy. Chas. J. Martin, President. John McGee, Agt. A. F. Wilmouth, Vice.  
Policies issued and renewed, by the undersigned at his office, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. nov 27

**BILLINGS STROUD, Agent.**

**S. M. Pettengill & Co.,**  
NO. 37 PARK ROW, New York, and 6 State Street, Boston, and one office for the Montrose Agency, those cities, and are authorized to take advertisements and subscriptions for us at our lowest rates.

**REMITTANCES**  
To England, Ireland and Scotland.  
A. H. BELL'S SON'S DEBTS, in sums of one pound and upwards, payable to the principal agents of England, Ireland and Scotland, for sale by W. H. COOPER & CO., BANKERS, Montrose, Pa. 20-73

**J. B. HAZLETON**  
Ambrotype and Photographic  
Artist, Montrose, Pa.  
Offices taken in all kinds of weather, in the best style of the Art.

## AUTUMN MUSINGS.

Sad the Autumn winds are sighing,  
Through the forest where the trees  
Tell another year is dying.  
By their many colored leaves.  
Oh, my heart is sad and lonely,  
As I watch the falling leaf,  
Bitter tears are falling freely,  
As I bow my head in grief;  
Grief to think that love like nature,  
Is oftentimes doomed to decay,  
And the friends we've loved the dearest,  
Are the first to pass away.  
Most of us have lost some loved one,  
Closed their eyes in death's calm sleep,  
And as rods were pressed above them,  
Back our tears we could not keep.  
We can weep for friends departed,  
We can weep for those we love,  
And when almost broken hearted,  
We can meekly kiss the rod;  
For we know they loved us fondly,  
While they still were with us here—  
They have only gone before us,  
Their memory still to us is dear.  
Yet the leaves that fall around us,  
(Emblems of our life are they)  
Will be renewed in all their beauty,  
When stern Winter's passed away.  
We shall meet the friends who loved us  
When we pass from earth away,  
There true friends no more are parted,  
In those realms of endless day.  
Bridgewater, Pa. C. E. W.

## THE KING OF DAHOMEY AT HOME.

(From the Saturday Review.)

The prominence just given to the King of Dahomey and his court by the discussion that has taken place in one of the dignified sessions of the British Association, and the controversy which is going on as to his mental and moral idiosyncrasies, bid fair to make the name of that potentate a household word. He has the reputation of being the chief supporter of the slave trade in the interior of Africa; he is the bete noire of missionaries; and we heard a year or two ago such an account of his "customs," and of the hecatombs of human victims that are consumed in the celebration of them, that Lord Russell was recommended to put him down as a public nuisance. On such occasions it is always advisable to wait a little. Sad as it is to be obliged to make the confession, philanthropy, when its blood is up, is apt to be as indiscriminate in its vengeance as a King of Dahomey himself; and missionaries are occasionally given to premature alarms, wild exaggerations, and the vagaries of old womanhood in general. We have lately had a picture of the terrible potentate, drawn from the life by one who has had every opportunity of seeing him as he is, who writes with a sailor's brevity and exactness, and who has presented Parliament with one of the most readable papers that have adorned that species of literature for years. It is considerably more favorable than the sketch which has been subsequently given to the world by M. Jules Gerard. It is more detailed and circumstantial; it appears to be founded on fuller opportunities of observation than those enjoyed by the lion-hunter, and it has just been confirmed by the independent and personal testimony of Mr. Craft at Newcastle. The narrative of our gallant countryman may perhaps assist us in correcting to some extent the very exaggerated and unpleasant impression of the royal character which M. Gerard's account of his Dahomey experiences is calculated to produce.

In November, 1862, Commodore Wilmot was cruising on the West African station in H. M. S. Rattlesnake, and learned from the Wesleyan missionary at Whydah that the King of Dahomey was most anxious to see "somebody of consideration from England; a 'real Englishman,' with whom he might converse on the affairs of his country." Accordingly, he consulted the Yavogh, or Governor of Whydah, who told him to return in seven days, when he would "let him know whether the King would see him." He returned at the appointed time, and having been meanwhile represented to his Majesty as a "good and proper person," with a sort of intimation (which seems by the way to have been an extemporized addition on the part of the Yavogh) that he came out as a messenger of the Queen, he received the King's invitation to his capital in due form. There were two or three things, however, to be seriously considered. Our late attacks on Porto Novo, which belongs to the King's brother, was said to have enraged his Majesty so much that he had expressed a strong desire to lay hands upon an English officer, for certain personal and unpleasant purposes. Also, the Europeans at Whydah had spread the most alarming reports of the King's hatred of the English, and the King as far as possible, and thereby to hide their own misdeeds from inconvenient publicity. But the Commodore, besides his unquestionable pluck and love of adventure, possessed certain special aptitudes for the mission. Among others, he had been personally acquainted with the King's father; and he carried about him, if we are rightly informed, a substantial and very useful mark of his regard. So, with perhaps a few qualms, he sent his ship on a fourteen days' cruise, and accompanied by Capt. Ince and Dr. Haran, and joined his way by the Wesleyan missionary, he landed at Whydah on the 22d of December, 1862. He was

received most cordially by the Yavogh and chiefs, with drums beating, colors flying, muskets firing, dancing, and war-songs, and was also treated to a sight of the manoeuvres of a slave hunt. All along the road the party was treated with great respect. Presents of water, fowls, and goats, met them everywhere, accompanied with the usual amount of firing, drumming, singing, dancing, &c., and a series of ominous speeches, signifying the general desire of the speakers to "go to war and cut off heads for their master." A Prince was ordered to attend them on their journey, and the King sent three of his "sticks," by special messengers, to meet them on their way—gold stick, silver stick, and all the rest of it, of course, just like St. James or the Tuilleries—possibly a well-meant endeavor to reassure them that, notwithstanding the odd tone of the "speeches," his Majesty was a good Christian-like King after all, even if he did go to war "for an idea" now and then, like some of his brethren.

On the 10th, the King received them in state at Cannah, eight miles from his capital. They were carried three times round the square of the palace with much ceremony. Then they entered the gates of the court-yard, and beheld his sable majesty seated with about a hundred wives around him, "most of them young and exceedingly pretty," at the upper end of a sort of state avenue of variegated umbrellas, under which were congregated his principal chiefs. All around stood "the Guards," a household brigade consisting, in this instance, of a remarkably fine body of Amazons, of whose soldierly bearing and accuracy in loading and firing the Commodore everywhere speaks with admiration.

"The King was reclining on a raised dais, about three feet high, covered with crimson cloth, smoking his pipe. One of his wives held a glass sugar-basin for him to spit in. He was dressed very plainly, the upper part of his body being bare, with only a silver chain holding some fetich charm about his neck, and an unpretending cloth around his waist."

All this, except perhaps the spitting apparatus, is civilized enough, if one only reads it rightly. The dais might have done duty at the last lord mayor's ball; and "the upper part of the body" of half the ladies in the ball-room might have been described with exactly the same fidelity, if the Court Journal on the occasion had chanced to be written by a blunt commodore, instead of veiling its descriptions of "low" dress under the conventional euphemisms. This preliminary interview, however, was simply one of ceremony. There was the usual inquiries about the Queen's health, the travelers' journey, and our form of government, Eothen fashion; the Amazons performed their feats very creditably, brandished "gigantic razors," and cut off imaginary heads with them, just like a sham-fight at a review; and the audience ended with the indispensable present of bottles of rum all round. Rum is hardly so appropriate a beverage as champagne on such occasions, and they have, unfortunately, no Fall Mail in Dahomey, so that this part of the ceremony has to be performed *coram populo*, instead of being adjourned, as with us, to the club after the levee is over. Our own reserve in the matter is, however, curiously parodied in those parts: "No one is permitted to see the King drink; all turn their faces away, and a large cloth is held up by his wives while the loyal mouth takes in the liquid."

On Sunday morning, the 14th, the king entered his capital, Abomey, in great state, and the strangers were permitted to see the famous "custom" held annually by him in honor of his "father's spirit." It lasted several days; and the description of the King drawn round the square by his body-guard of women, the "occasional skull at the waist-belt," the scramble for cowries, cloths, &c., distributed by the King from a platform raised twice as high as his father used to be, and the live fowls, goats, bull, and lastly, men thrown among the crowd from a tower thirty feet high, is well worth reading; but we can now only speak of the last and best-known part of the "custom." After the romantic tales we have heard about the immolation of human victims by the thousand, it is comparatively satisfactory to learn that they only amounted to six one day and eight another. Here also, as in everything else, it is understood that the present King doubles that of his father; and he was at pains to explain that the victims were criminals—murderers, thieves, &c. The commodore doubts the strict veracity of this statement; but one cannot help remembering that, not very many years ago, if a Dahomean envoy had come to England and stood in front of Newgate—not once a year, but once a month—he might have seen a "custom" quite as curious performed with as much or more solemnity, under the presidency of sheriff and chaplain, and at least as sanguinary. Moreover, the King good-naturedly presented one of the victims (after his black face had become extraordinarily white at the prospect before him) to the commodore, and another to a chief who happened to be a particular friend of his, in honor of the visit. We are not sure that our sherrifs would have displayed a similar amount of politeness; and they could not but have been

On one occasion during the festivities, certain emissaries from Aghwey, "hearing that it was the intention of the King to attack their country, came to give themselves up rather than take the chance of being taken, sold, or beheaded." They swore fealty to him, kissed the dust, covered themselves with sand, and the like. The King made a speech to them, and then the prime minister made another, in which was pointed out "the power of the King and the greatness of his name." Then "each chief was presented with cowries and cloth, the two principal ones with a wife each." In more civilized latitudes, when people are chaffering about kingdoms, very much the same process is observed, only that we mostly give gold and bunting, instead of cloth and cowries, and, occasionally, perhaps, a wife with a kingdom; the petitioners eat dirt plentifully, and the prime minister is sure to make his speech on the occasion—in Parliament, it is true, but very much to the same effect. Altogether, one gets the notion that the King of Dahomey is not very much behind the rest of the world; or, anyhow, that for most European countries the process of stone-throwing would be a hazardous experiment. At the end of the "custom," and when the Commodore was made Colonel of the King's Life Guards (men and women), and had been regaled with speeches from the Captains as to what they would do at Abbeokuta (the place he had come to save from an expected inroad), and congratulated on "the number of heads that would fall to his share" when this happy piece of homicide should have been accomplished, the real business of the mission commenced. The objects Commodore Wilmot had in view were laid before the King in order, and his negotiations, if not betokening any very high order of statesmanship, were at all events far beyond those of the King of Prussia or an average Bourbon. The slave trade he could not give up.

"They had seen how much he had to give away every year (indeed, the desolate aspect of the whole country showed that the scanty population almost lives on these royal doles); whereas was he to get money from? It was not his fault; our fathers had made his fathers do it; and now it had become an institution of his country."

As to the safety of Abbeokuta—"I must go thither; they are my enemies; they insulted my brother, and I must punish them; let us alone, why interfere with black men's wars? Let the white men stand by and see which are the brave men."

He promised, however, to spare all the Christians and send them to Whydah.

On the Commodore asking about the Christians at Ishagha, who it seems had been slaughtered with no great discrimination on a former occasion, he says:

"Who knew they were Christians?—The black man says he is a white man, calls himself a Christian, and dresses in long clothes. It is an insult to the white man. I respect the white man; but these people are impostors, and no better than my own people. Why do they remain in a place when they know I am coming? If they do not, I suppose they are taking up arms against me, and I am bound to treat them as enemies."

The Commodore honestly owns himself floored here, and reasoned with him no longer on this subject, because he thought his observations "so thoroughly just and honest." We are disposed to agree with him very decidedly. It must be rather puzzling to know how to observe international courtesies when "the black man says he is a white man," and expects his enemy to believe it. Then about human sacrifices:

"You have seen that only a few are sacrificed, and not the thousands that wicked men have told the world. If I were to give up this custom at once, my head would be taken off to-morrow. By and by, little by little, much may be done; softly, softly—not by threats. You see how I am placed, and the difficulties in the way. By and by, by and by."

The sable brother rises in our esteem: We are beginning to rate him considerably above the average oracles of the missionary meeting. Meanwhile, he was quite willing to allow his mulatto subjects to send their children to the Christian schools at Whydah; and he promised to send a prince to England as soon as the Commodore came again to renew the friendship, and gave him "the Queen's" answer to what he had said. Finally, he dismissed the Commodore with handsome presents for the Queen—a royal umbrella made of all sorts of velvet, a piestick and bag, one of the state "sticks," and a couple of intelligent captive girls. These last are, considerably enough, left at Whydah for the present.

On the whole, it must be admitted that the King of Dahomey has something to say for himself. As is remarked by a correspondent of the *Times*, writing under the signature of "An African," "Human sacrifices are regarded by the Africans as a part of their religion; and in no quarter of the world is it safe for sovereigns to go too decidedly against popular and accredited traditions." It is equally true, as we are reminded by the same writer, that "African monarchies are limited," and it is perfectly credible, though not in accordance with the uniform tenor of

European experience, that "African Kings are in advance of their subjects." The King of Ashantee had exactly the same apology as his brother of Dahomey to offer to an English visitor (Sir William Winniett, the Governor of the Gold Coast), for hesitating to abolish the "custom" of his dominions:

"What you say is good, but would you like to lose one of your epaulettes?" and the King put his finger upon the Governor's left epaulet. Sir William was a little puzzled at the strangeness and the apparent inappropriateness of the question, but he replied "Why, no, I should not." "Very well, then," answered the King. "If I were to attempt to do away with human sacrifices, my chiefs would make my kingdom like your coat with its one epaulet. I should lose the half of Ashantee."

What may come of the Commodore's mission, time only can show; but, with a King so sensible of the evils of the present state of things, of the desolate condition of his country, and of its decaying population (it appears that it is under 180,000, of whom three-fourths are women and children), and with his high and apparently just pretensions to be "not like these Kings of Lagos, Benin, &c.," but the Kings of the blacks; much as Queen Victoria is chief Amazon of the whites; we venture to augur favorably of the Dahomey future. It is clear enough that if we can fairly meet his views, he is quite ready to renew the friendly intercourse to which, oddly enough, about a hundred years ago, his family owed the recovery of its throne. In what preachers, when they come to a hitch, call "the highly figurative language of the East," or South the sable King said, on receiving her Majesty's picture, "The King of Dahomey and the Queen of England are one; you shall hold the tail of the kingdom and I will take the head." At first we took it for a somewhat ambiguous compliment, depending, at all events, for its value on the place to which Anglican and African physiologists respectively may happen to assign the seat of honor; but in Commodore Wilmot's commentary it simply means that we may take possession of Whydah, the port, and supply him with everything "if we like." That is, if we mean to suppress the slave-trade, he very naturally invites us, in the first instance, to give him a legitimate trade instead of it. The country is admirably adapted for the growth of cotton, silk, coffee, indigo, sugar, and every product of tropical climates; the natives are not naturally warlike, and at present "seem heartily tired of it;" only it is their trade—they live by it. Teach them a better, and there seems little doubt that they will avail themselves of the opportunity. Their religion, the great difficulty in most countries, will not stand in the way.

"Fetich," which prescribes all manner of self-denials in the culinary way—prohibiting some to eat beef, others mutton, others goats flesh, others eggs—has never been known to forbid anybody wine or spirits, and it will probably be equally accommodating in the articles of trade and manufactures. The King complains bitterly of our having listened to idle stories, and set all his neighbors at war with him; and it really seems as if our missionaries, while they have been humbugged by the tales of interested slave dealers or by their own timorousness, have been keeping us at needless distance from the very person who, from his titular sovereignty over the native tribes, and his traditional regard for the English, is more likely than any one else to help us in drying up the slave-trade at its source. It is one more instance among many of the folly of mixing up political with religious missions. For sound head, frank bearing, solid sense, and practical success, Commodore Wilmot is worth a whole presbytery of preachers.

"I wish I had your head," said a lady one day to a gentleman who had solved for her a knotty point. "And I wish I had your heart," was his reply. "Well," said she, "since your head and my heart can agree, I don't see why they should not go into partnership."

A young lady, a teacher in an academy, was also a teacher in the Sunday school. The lessons of the day was about the two mites of the widow, which she pronounced mites. Explaining the reason why these mites were so valuable, she said that the widow probably knit them herself.

Mrs. Fitzdragon had been waiting to visit Highgate Cemetery, and the other day she said to her husband: "You have never taken me to the cemetery." "No," dear said he, "that is a pleasure I have yet had only in anticipation."

An old salt, when asked how he felt during a recent severe gale which he encountered at sea, and during which the ship was in great peril, replied, in all sincerity and simplicity, "Why, I thought, what will the poor fellow on shore do now?"

The whole number of soldiers obtained under the late draft in Massachusetts was 11,830; all of whom were sent to the army of the Potomac. The quota for Massachusetts was about 1,000; out of this number about 1,000 were sent to the army of the Potomac.

WOMAN SHOT.—A few nights since, one of the deputy provost marshals in Jefferson county, Pa., shot a woman in mistake for her husband. It is alleged that the marshal had taken a despatch, who escaped from him on a pretence of getting dinner. He then took a posse, went to the house of the despatch, and sent the posse to the rear of the house, until he should apprehend the presence of the prisoner by firing a pistol, when they should assist him. In a minute he fired; and when the posse came around to the door they found that the wife of the despatch had been shot in a mistake for the husband, who the marshal thought was the prisoner.

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## A DOUBLE DIVORCE.

(From the Bay State Journal.)

In one of the townships in this county, a little north of Bucyrus, dwelt a well-to-do widower about fifty, with an only son of twenty-two or three. Mr. — (we withhold the name for obvious reasons) had been a widower for many years, and became weary of that mode of living; he accordingly determined to marry again. The determination once formed, the next thing was to find the woman necessary, which in this country is not at all difficult. Fortunately for him a widow lady resided near him, who had a daughter, possessing all the requirements. She was a beautiful girl of twenty years, accomplished and sprightly—just the thing he wanted. To be sure, she was rather young; but Mr. — was young-looking also. Sometimes his mind would wander to the mother who was quite as handsome as the daughter, and almost as young in appearance, but he had made up his mind to marry the daughter, and he set about it with a will. He did not mention his determination to his son, fearing the idea of marrying one so much younger than himself might expose him to his ridicule.

In the meantime his son had become desperately enamored of the widow; and he had likewise determined on marrying her. He did not communicate the fact to his father for the same reason that actuated the old gentleman, for fear of exciting ridicule by marrying a woman so much older than himself. They both commenced calling at the house of the widow, and frequently met each other there. This circumstance annoyed them both immensely. The old gentleman thought very natural that the young man was there for the young lady, and the young man, as naturally supposed the old one was there for the widow.

As the matter progressed, the meeting of the father and son at that place became frequent, and the more often it occurred, the more intolerable it became. Finally, Mr. — determined to speak to his son on the subject.

"Charles," said he, "I have determined, after much consideration to marry; and thought it but right and proper to make you acquainted with the determination." "Very good," replied Charles. "I consider it very proper that you should do so. And speaking of marrying, I have concluded to marry myself." "I approve of the idea," returned the old gentleman; "you are of suitable age to settle down. May I ask the name of your intended?"

"Mrs. —," exclaimed Charles, bracing up and assuming a defiant look. "What?" whispered the old gentleman, frowning. "Mrs. —," but isn't she a fine old advanced in years?"

"I think not," said Charles, "but who have you decided upon?"

"Why, Charles, it is a very curious circumstance, but I had determined to marry her daughter."

"Daughter?" exclaimed Charles; "why you are at least twice as old as she is I don't object."

The matter was thus happily settled, and in the course of a few weeks it was satisfactorily arranged with the widow and daughter, and the parties were married.

Very soon after the marriage was consummated, they all discovered that they had made a grand mistake. The son found that the widow was altogether too motherly for the wife of a young man of twenty-three, and the old gentleman found that a young lady of twenty was too volatile for a sober-minded man of fifty. Disagreements followed, then neglect, and finally the thousand little quarrels and snubbings, and bickerings, simpering down into a grand fight, which was kept up with slight variations for three months.

Finally they agreed permanently to disagree, and availing themselves of the ease with which divorces are obtained in Indiana, where, in due time, the divorces were obtained.

The four came home as they went, together, the son taking the daughter under his special charge, and the father doing the agreeable to the widow. Long before they had arrived at Bucyrus, they had arranged matters on an entirely different basis. The father and the widow made up a match, and the son and daughter fitted. The re-marrying was performed immediately on their arrival at Bucyrus. Up to date they all appeared well satisfied with each other, and it is to be hoped that they will long continue so.

WOMAN SHOT.—A few nights since, one of the deputy provost marshals in Jefferson county, Pa., shot a woman in mistake for her husband. It is alleged that the marshal had taken a despatch, who escaped from him on a pretence of getting dinner. He then took a posse, went to the house of the despatch, and sent the posse to the rear of the house, until he should apprehend the presence of the prisoner by firing a pistol, when they should assist him. In a minute he fired; and when the posse came around to the door they found that the wife of the despatch had been shot in a mistake for the husband, who the marshal thought was the prisoner.