The Lehigh Register Is published in the Borough of Allentown Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday, by HAINES & DIEFENDERFER.

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POFFICE in Hamilton street, two doors we ± of the German Reformed Church, directly opposite Moser's Drug Store.

Letters on business must be POST PAID otherwise they will not be attended to.

JOB PRINTING.

Having recently added a large assortment of fashionable and most modern styles of type, we are propared to execute, at short notice, all kinds of Book, Job, and Fancy Printing.

THE PROPLE'S CABINET WARE ROOMS BALLIET & CO., [The following is "a gerh of purest ray Cheap and Fashionable serene":] CABINET MAKERS.

South East Corner of Ninth and Hamilton Streets, a few doors below Dresher's

Lumber Yard, ALLENTOWN, PA.

The undersigned respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they have taken the establishment of Mr. S. Blank, and are now carrying on the Cabinet business in all its various branches. They are provided with all the new and improved machinery of the day, and having skillful workmen, will be enabled to sell good and handsome furniture as cheap as can be sold anywhere. Their Store is on the south-cast corner of Ninth and Hamilton streets, near Dresher's Lumber yard, where they offer a fine assortment of

Sofas, of various styles and patterns, Side Boards, Secretaries, Wardrobes, Bureaus, of various patterns; Cupboards of different kinds : Card, Centre, Side Breakfast and Dining Tables ; Bedsteads of different styles and patterns, Wash-stands, Twist, Small and Large Etagers, What Nots, Musicstands, Sofa Tables, Tea Tables, Oval and Serpentine Tables; Chinese What Nots, Fancy Work Tables, Refreshment Tables, Etashas, Tete-a-Tetes, French Divans. A general assortment of Kitchen Furniture, on hand and made to order.

They employ at all times none but the best workmen, attend personally to their business, and will warrant all Furniture of their manufacture to be made of the best materials. Or ders for Ware will be faithfully and immediate ly attended to, and when sent out of the Bo rough, will be carefully packed. They also make to order all kinds of wood

carving, to which they particularly invite the attention of Cabinet makers and others BALLIET & CO.

Nov. 29.

FRENCH TRUSSES. WEIGHING LESS THAN $2\frac{1}{4}$ ounces.

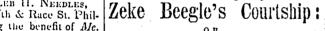
¶-3n

For the Cure of Hernia or Rupture.

Acknowledged by the highest medical authorities of Philadelphia, incomparably superior to any other in use. Sufferers will be gratified to learn that the occasion now offers to procure not only the lightest and most casy, but as durable a Truss as any other, in lieu of the cumbrous and uncom fortable article usually sold. There is no difficulty attending the fitting, and when the pad is located, it will retain its position without change.

Persons at a distance unable to call on the subscriber, can have the Truss sent to any address, by remitting Five Dollars for the double-with measure round the hips, and stating side affected. It will be exchanged to suit if not fitting, by returning it at once, unsoiled. For sale only by the Importer, CALEB 11. NEEDLES,

Cor. Twelfth & Race St. Phil-Ladies, requiring the benefit of Me. chanical Supports, owing to derangement





Devoted to Local and General News, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Amusement, Markets, &c., &c

VOLUME IX.

Poetical.

THE BOVER'S GRAVE.

They bore him away when day had flod,

And the storm was rolling high ; And they laid him down in his lonely bed,

By the light of an angry sky; The lightning flashed, and the wild sea lashed The shore with its foaming wave;

And the thunder passed on the rushing blast, As it howled o'er the rover's grave.

No longer for him, like a fearless bird,

Yon bark floats under the lea; No longer his voice on the gale is heard,

Her nest by the gleaning wave :

And the heaving billows groan and die

On the sands of the rover's grave.

Alas, how everything has changed,

And aprons nice and clean. With bonnets made of braided straw,

That tied beneath the chin,

And fastened with a pin.

I recollect the time when I

The shawls laid neatly on the neck,

Rode father's horse to mill, Across the meadows, rock and field,

And when our folks were out at work,

And up and down the hill.

As sure as I'm a sinner, I jumped upon a horse bare back,

And carried them their dinner.

Dear me. young ladies, now a days

In wagon, chaise, or sleigh. And as for giving " pa," his meals, Or helping " ma," to bake,

Began to beat and flutter ;

Or if the storm was bleak and cold

And never mind the weather.

And honest his intention, He never asks the girls to ride,

But such a war is waged, And if he sees her once a week,

The girls and beaux together,

But now, indeed, it grieves me much,

The circumstance to mention : However kind the young man's heart,

Why surely " they're engaged !"

A gankee Story.

Sleigh-riding in a cutter.

O saints, 'twould spoil their lily hands,

Though sometimes they make cake.

When winter came, the maiden's heart

Each beau would take his sweethcart out

Would meet and have most glorious fun,

Would almost faint away,

To think of riding all alone,

When its guns peal over the sea ; But near him the white gull builds on high

NOW-A-DAYS.

Since I was sweet sixteen; When all the girls wore homespun frocks;

ALLENTOWN, PA., JANUARY 31, 1855.

I now wanted to know how he came to get to Charity Mackintosh, and says I, 'Miss out: so, after she'd finished, I just hits her a the ducking and the churn sweating. At this Charity, shall I have the pleasure of your com- couple of cawallops with my heels and sings out Zeke burst into a loud haw, haw ! and says | pany in a straight four ?' well says she, ' Zeckle, he, if you'll jist sit down on this pile of rails a I don't know but what you mought ;' git out, minute, I'll tell you all about it, only you see, says I, hands off, and I jumped right straight Doctor, I want you to keep it shady, else if the up on an end, and says I, bowing very pergals about here find it out, they'll tease the litely, 'I'm your most absquotulous.' Old BY JAMES G. CLARE, TENORE OF OSSIAN'S BARDS. day-lights out of me.

Cuff put it on the cat gut, and the way we "Well you see, doctor, I was settin' in the heed it down, was enough to frighten old Satan barn 'tother day cogitatin' over one thing or Into fits. Some how it appeared to me they all another, when I began to recollect that there kept up a darn'd sort of a sniggerin', and old Cuff he showed his ivory, and rolled his eyes were goin' to be a quiltin' over to Deacon Snyder's, on the next Friday night; so says I to about till they looked like a couple of snow myself, right out loud, says I Zeckle, I guess balls glistening in a coal hole. Directly Jehosas how a chicken about the size of this chap haphat Acres bawls right out 'Zeekle, what's will be somewhere about deacon Snyder's pre- the duty on leather,' and then they all haw mises about the time of that quiltin'. Soon as hawed like a party of crazy loons. Says Miss the idee struck me, I started right up on an | Bailey, 'Zeckle, if you arn't keerful, you'll lose' end and scratched off for the house like a streak something out of your pockets ;' with that. I of greased lightnin' through a cane brake.went to feelin' in the pockets of my bobtail, and Mother was sittin' in the kitchen peelin taters, there some on 'em had stuck a pair of Deacon and sister Sal she was stirrin' up squashes to | Snyder's slippers in one pocket, and an old boot make punkin' pie. Mother says I, and 1 leg in the 'tother. Well, after the dance was squaked so sharp it nearly frightened the old over, we all sot down on the benches round critter into fits ; mother I've got an idee, what, about the room, and the old Deacon he handed you got an idee Zeke, says she, why I never round pies and all other kinds of sass. Says know'd that sich a thing troubled you in all Miss Mackintosh to me, says she, 'Zeckle, creation. I tell you what doctor, that rather what kind of pie do you like best ?' (at the same riled me : my dander ris right up to about four time she had a chunk of apple pie in one hand hundred and ninety-six degrees below zero, and a slice of punkin puddin in the other,) says and says I old woman, I have got an idee, and I, 'Miss Mackintosh, what kind o'sort o' pie do I guess as how you'll find it out too ; says I I'm vou prefer ? Says she, 'apple pie.' Says I, 'so do I.' 'O, no,' says she, 'I forgot;' I goin' next Friday night to Deacon Snyder's quiltin', and if this chap don't put himself ment punkin puddin'.' ' Law,' says I, ' so do alongside of something in the shape of a female I.' 'Well,' says she, 'don't you like both, woman, my daddy's no judge of horned cattle. Zeekle ?' Says I, 'sartin, Miss Mackintosh,' The old woman was always pokin' her fun at and with that, the sarpint plastered one side of again on Miss Brigham, you may take my head me, and I was all-fired riled, I tell you, I shook my face with the apple pie, and 'tother side for a punkin. Well, the very next Sunday my head jist like a mad gander, and says I, old with the punkin', and there I sot, looking woman, git out. At that the old critter burst a most like a drowned Jackass, with the apples right out loud a laffin', and says she, Zeke, you drippin' off one side, and the punkin' off 'tother. I tell you, Doctor, that last caper rather raised ain't got spunk enough ; you'd be frightened half to death at an old cloak and bonnet stuck my Ebenezer, and says I, 'if that's the way on a broom stick. Well, says I, old woman, you are going to sarve a fellow, your darned you'll see.' quiltin's may go to darnation. Well, I went

up my shirt collar, and says I, ' squire, how are " So when next Friday night came, just about out into the kitchen and took a blanket out of you ? it's quite a sort a kind of weather this ; sundown, I began to put on my fixins'. I con- the cradle. and, arter wipin' off the apple sass quite a fogmatical state of the atmosphere; the cluded it was best to look pretty smart and and punkin', started back to the dancing cute on the occasion ; so I jist slicked down my feet 'tother side of sundown.' 'How do you room. Jist then, Methusela Sigafoos steps up, hair with a little hogs fat and ile of peppermint, and, says he. ' Zeekle, if you'd like, I'll interdo ?' says he, ' what's that your business ?' 'O,' put on my gray bobtail coat, pinned Sal's laced says I, 'nothing in particular, squire.' 'Well,' duce you to Miss Mehitable Brigham ; we are says he, 'Zeekle Beegle, you ain't wanted night cap to my shirt bosom for a rufile, and goin' to break up shortly, and I know she will arter puttin' on father's short breeches and want some chap to see her home.' Says I, about these premises, and the sooner you make strappin' 'em down with a pair of old gum sustracks, the better,' and the old sarpint mo-'Methusela, I'm jist the critter;' and cff we penders, concluded, I began to look pretty castarted to where Miss Brigham was sittin' .niptious : I tell you what, I felt as if I warn't She was a cute lookin' one, I tell you. Says to be sneezed at ; I shook my feet jist as much Methusela, 'Miss Brigham, I'll make you acas to say' 'go it boots,' and away I streaked it quainted with Mr. Zeekle Beegle, son of the ter lean.' It don't take this chap long to take off for the Deacon's: when I got there, the Hon. Hezekiah Beegle, and grandson of Jerehouse was chuck full. The gals had got thro' miah Beegle, Esq. Zeekle Beegle, this is Miss quiltin'; the floor was sanded, and the way old Mchitable Brigham. Jist then, that tarnal old Cuff was rippin' the hair of the horse over the critter, the Deacon was passin' round behind bowels of the cat, was a caution to dead nigme, with a waiter chuck full of apples and glassgers. I tell you what, doctor, when I heard es of eider, and, as I went to bow to Miss Brigthat music and seed all them cute looking gals, ham, I struck the waiter, and cawallop went it made my hair bristle up like a porcupine's, the apples and tumblers in every direction .-and my heart jump about like a little toad on There was a great squallin', then, I tell you : a hot skillet ; now, says I, Zeke Beegle, let's some of the gals got tripped up, treadin' on the

says he, 'what on airth are you doin' in my churn, Zeke Beegle ?' ' Nothin,' says I, squire 'in particular,' and with that, the old feller cotched up a boot-jack, and says he, 'you sassy varmint, I'me a great mind to pound the daylights out of you;' with that I hopped out of the churn and scratched for the door, but the tarnal thing was fast ; jist then, I happened tosee a window open on 'tother side of the room and arter the old squire had chased me round the premises once or twice, I 'gan to think it was about time I was gittin out there; so I made a jump with all my might, and out I went; but I didn't land where I thought I would, by a long way ; I went right slap intothe old squire's swill-tub, that was sittin' under the winder, and when I got out, if I wasn't juicy, jest shake me; arter I got out o' that NUMBER 17 scrape, I put for home, and I railly believe, doctor, it was the milk, swill and water that gave me that spell of sickness.' "

'Well, Zeke,' 'says I, 'the probability is, that your attack of sickness was brought about by your triple ducking ; but as you have now fairly recruited, you must forget the past, forgive Charity Mackintosh, the old squire and Mchitable, and hope as Jacob Faithful says, 'For better luck next time.' "

The French Fiddler's Bet.

A little French fiddler and his wife, who gained a livelihood by teaching the art of dancing, were on board a steamer on the Mississippi, a short time since. They had got short of funds, and having got run out in the last place where they had stopped, were ' changing Zeke ; the old mare I guess was frightened | their spots' for a more favorable opportunity to engage in their profession of teaching. The Frenchman was extravagantly fond of his wife ... and withal, very chary of her, often boasting that no man could be allowed by her to take even the small liberties with her charms which are usually winked at by husbands. But a little affair occurred, which shook the poor man's: belief in this delusion.

> Soon after the starting of the boat he went into the cabin, and was soon in conversation. with the captain. Discovering that the captain was a bachelor, Frenchy was prolific in: sympathy, declaring that he should die of grief if it were not for the company and caresses of his wife.

'Oh, as for that,' said the captain, 'I have the company of ladies much of the time, on board ; and the best of it is, they are all willing that I should indulge in a little kissing with them, sometimes."

'You mean you kiss 'em all ?' said our hero. 'I bet you five dollars, you no kiss my little woman !?

' It's done !' replied the captain.

The Frenchman took out his wallet; but could not find the amount. 'I find I has no money, captain; but I bet dis fiddle (holding up the instrument), no man ever kiss my little woman !'

'Well,' replied the captain, 'I bet my ship and the whole cargo against your fiddle, that I can kiss your wife in two hours from now, if you will bring her into the cabin and then retire vourself."

'I goes it-you lose your ship and cargo, sar.

Accordingly, Frenchy brought down his wife, telling her that the captain wished to see her. and adding---

' Take care of yourself, little woman ; I don't

a hint, no-how, especially if it's a pretty pointknow what kind of a man this captain is." ed one; so off I put, but says I to myself, ' old The Frenchman retired from the cabin : but chap you don't git clear of this chicken jist though he felt quite sure that his wife would yet,' so I slid round the barn yard towards the repel indignantly any attempts which the caphouse, and there I seed Miss Brigham settin' tain might make to gain his bet, yet he was a all alone in the kitchen, singin' a psalm tune; little fearful of what might happen. He tho't the moment she spied this chap, her face colhe might keep his wife in mind of him, by playored up like a turkey goblers, and says she, ing and singing a little. So going to a respect-· Zeckle, why I didn't expect to see you to ful distance from the cabin door, he commencnight, no how,' 'O, says I, 'git out.' I then ed to sing, accompanying himsolf with his up and told her all about my chat with the old vorite instrument :

of the Internal Organs, including Falling of the Womb, Vocal, Pulmonary, Dyspeptic, Nervous and Spinal Weakness, are informed that a competent and experienced LADY will be in attandance at the Rooms, (sct apart for their exclusive use,) No. 114, Twelfth St., 1st door below Race. June 28, 1854. ¶-1y-\$8

Allentown Academy.

THE Annual Examination of the pupils of this Institution will take place on Thursday and Friday 21st and 22d inst. Friends are cor-dially invited to attend. After the usual Christ-mas recess the school will resume its duties on Trussday Inst. Tuesday Jan. 2, 1855. This year has been one of continued prosper-

ity, the Catalogue showing an aggregate of over two hundred pupils, of whom one hundred and twenty-seven were in attendance during the quarter ending with the year. Young Ladies' Department for the year, 86-

for last quarter; 56

Young Gentlemen's Department for the year, 116-for last quarter 71.

The school offers it is believed, superior advantages, and the method of instruction is pe-culiarly adapted to the wants of the community.

RATES OF TUITION, PER QUARTER. Common English Studies, \$4 00 and \$4 50 5 00 " 5 50 Higher 5 50 " with ** Classical, 6 00 " with Classical and French, 7 50 Music 8 00 Use of Piano for practice, 2 00 Fuel for the Wint J. N. GREGORY, A. M. Principal. Dec. 20. 50 ¶----t

Freight Team to Easton.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that he is running a freight team from Allentown to Eastor and three times a week, to both depots of Philadelphia and New York. All persons who shall send goods by his way, are requested to be careful and direct it in his care. His charges are 25 cents per hundred. JOHN ALBRIGHT.

Jan. 8.

Love in the Mountains. BY MEDICUS.

From the Montgomery Watchman.

I was just prepared to retire to my bed on stormy evening in the month of October, when I was called to visit the son of a farmer in the neighborhood. The messenger informed me that the young man was dangerously ill, and that my services were instantly needed : with-

out delay I started for the dwelling of my patient, and, as the house was but a short distance from my residence I was soon at his bedside. The sufferer, I found, was a young man of about twenty years of age-long, lank, and gawky, with red hair and ferrety eyes-a most excellent specimen of a live down-cast Yankce.

My patient's name, I soon ascertained, was Ezekiel Beegle. I had heard of the gentleman before, under the name of Yankce Zeke, but until now had never the pleasure of seeing him, Ezekiel, or Zeke, as we shall call him, was very uneasy; he had considerable fever, with pain in the breast and violent cough, and was extremely anxious that I should immediately relieve him. I put a number of questions to him relative to his ailment, and amongst them asked him what he supposed it was that gave him such a cold ; he hesitated about giving an answer, and informed me that he would tell me at another time, I therefore prescribed for him, without troubling him further, and in a few days he had entirely recovered. His hesitation about answering my question relative to the cause of his cold excited my curiosity, and I was determined to keep him to the promise he had made to enlighten me upon another occasion. Meeting him along the road a short time after his recovery, I made allusion to his recent indisposition and its cause, and by promising not to reveal anything, got for answerthat he got a most deuced duckin' in the creek down by the meetin' house, a couple of weeks before he was taken sick, and he always supposed that was the cause of his illness, and besides that, was darn near sweated to death in £-5w an old barrel churn.

see your spunk ; so arter takin' off my hat, and apples, and others was lamentin' dreadfully slickin down my hair with a little bit more of about the cider splashin' on their new calicocs the hogs fat and ile of peppermint that I'd and other dresses. Thinks I, the sooner I git

ny with me that evening. Says she, 'Zeekle, wrapped up in a piece of paper and stuck in my out of these scrapes, the better. So, says I, pocket, and bitin' into a clove or two to make ' Miss Brigham, it's gitten late ; shall I have the breath sweet and takin', I streaked it right the pleasure of scein' you to home ?' ' Well, off across the room and sot myself down alongsays she, ' Zeekle, as the night's putty dark,] side Deacon Snyder's daughter Lucy. Says don't care if you do.' Well, while the boys she. ' Mr. Beegle, how do you do ?' says I, and gals was talkin' about startin', I jist slips I'm pretty well, I thank you, how do you out into the kitchen, and, arter searchin' round do ?' says she, ' I'm right smart, Zeekle, 'cept a while, gits hold of an arthen pot full of soft I've got a sort of pain in my breast.' You see soap, and sneakin' round into the back room. a barrel churn over in the corner, there ; jist know'd that a little soft sawder was good once where the gals had put their fixins, 1 jist hapin while, so says I, ' Miss Lucy, I've got a pain nened somehow or other, to spill about a quart too ;' says she, ' Zeekle, where abouts is your of it right into Charity Mackintosh's bonnet .pain ?' says I. ' Miss Lucy, it's right about my I warn't much sheered about it, but I streaked heart ;' says she, and she drawed a breath like it out of the room pretty sharp, and I guess

wheezing turkey, ' and so is mine, too.' The when Miss Charify went to put on her bonnet, ce was now broke, and the way we chatted her face looked about as slick as mine did. ter I'de been in there about an hour," I began about the weather, and the gals, and the Parstuck full of apple pie, and punkin puddin' .-Arter this conniption, I gits Miss Brigham, and son's sarmons, and cattle, and quiltin,' and a gitten' back, and says I to myself, ' Zeekle, a corn-huskin's, and apple cuts, was a caution. off we started ; when we got opposite the old The critter was tickled half to death, for she Deacon's barn, says I, 'Miss Brigham, hosses' did nothing but laugh, and giggle, and wink hoofs ain't as easily soiled as morocco shoes.'-jist about raisin' up the lid to straighten up a at the gals and boys. We are just beginnin' "Why,' says she, " what on airth do you mean to git sociable when the floor was cleared for a Zeekle ?' ' Why,' says I, ' I mean that I'm little, when I heard the door open, and in come agoin' to git the old Deacon's mare out for you

dance ; and now, says I, if I don't show 'em how to go into the toe and heel speculation, my and I to ride home on, for you see the night's name is not Zeke Beegle. Says I, 'Miss Lucy, all fired dark, and it's most oudacious muddy, shall I have the pleasure of your company in a and with that, I slipped into the stable, got out straight four ,' ' thank you, Zeckle,' says she, I'm very sorry, but I've jist engaged to dance for a saddle, and, arter helpen' Miss Brigham with Si Faithorne;' so I turned right short round on my heel, and says I, 'Miss Lucinda | soul put her arms around me, she said, for fear Bailey, shall I have the pleasure of dancin' a of fallin' off. I swow, I never felt half so good straight four with you ? I've just axed Miss and queer in all my life. Well, after we had Lucy Snyder, and she's engaged.' The way got right snugly fixed, I give the old mare a

Miss Bailey looked daggers at me, war'nt slow. I tell you,' says she, 'Zeke Beegle, if you wanted to dance with me, you mought have axed me fust ; I don't allow myself to be made convenience of no how;' and she turned round and shook her shoulders like a mad heifer. I'tell you what, doctor, I begun to git mad too, and I felt jist like lickin' all creation; thinks I you darn'd old coots, you don't git this well up, but I thought there warn't any danger, chap off without his havin' a little somethin' to and concluded, after the old critter had enough

I wouldn't mind kcepin' company with you, but father's terribly wrathy about you, 'cause you got me sich a duckin' in the creek ; howmesoever,' says she, ' if you want to have my comady pany, you must hide somewhere about the house until after the old folks have gone to bed.' Say I, 'agreed Miss Brigham, any port in a storm,' says I : so says she, ' Zccl:le, there's

Squire, and axed her if she would keep compa-

' come along, old Doll,' and away she started

like a ravin' tearin' mad cat ; instead of turnin

round, shot rite across the water and begun a

crawlin' up the opposite bank. Quick amost as

she touched it, she slipped down on her hind

legs and slid us both off, right casouse into the

water ; I tell you what, I never was half so

skeered in all my life ; says I, ' Miss Brigham,

are you drowned ? ' Oh, no,' says she, ' Zeke ;

but I tell you I'me pretty damp,' and with that,

she scrambled up the bank, and commenced

wringing out her clothes. I tell you, but we was

in a juicy pickel, and if I didn't cuss all quiltin's

and Deacon's old hosses, then my name's not

worse than I was, and she streaked it off in

pretty short metre, I tell you ; arter gittin' our-

selves up and pretty well shook out, we started

for squire Brigham's ; arter we got there, Miss

Brigham opened the door, and says she, ' Mr.

Beegle, I'm much obliged to you for your trouble

and hope you will call again some other time,'

and then she shut the door cawallop in my face.

There I stood, shiverin' and shakin', and now,

doctor, if a feller ain't likely to git cold after sich

work, I don't know what kind of mutton he's

made of. Thinks I, this does beat all nater ;

if the devil ain't in the woman, then there is

somethin' pretty much like him, that's all; and

off I started : I was ravin', tearin' mad, but

howmesover, before I got to home, owin' to the

coldness of the night, and the duckin' I got, I

was considerably cooled off, and says I to my-

self, 'since I've had an invite, if I don't call

night, there was a chap about my size scen

streakin' it off towards squire Brigham's .---

Now, the old squire he was out at the barn,

fodderin', so I walks right up to him, and

knowin' he was a pretty scientific sort of a

chap, I jist slicked down my hair a little, jerked

thenomicon must a lowered up to about three

tioned at me with a pitch-fork, as much as to

say, ' Zeekle Beegle, if you don't want a couple

of ilet holes drilled in your carcase, you'd bet-

git yourself down into that, and keep right quiet there till I come back ; I'm goin' over to Parson Evans' a minute, and I'll be right back agin.' So I gits myself down into the churn and Miss Brigham she puts on the lid, and then started right straight off for the Parson's ; af-

to think that Miss Brigham was mighty slow churn's well enough to keep milk, but as for any human critter bein' cooped up in one like a ground hog, it's too darnation bad. I was

the old squire and his wife ; the .way I drawed back my old calabash was nothin' to nobody ; says Mrs. Brigham to the squire, 'I guess since

Mchitable's gone over to the Parson's and the old critter, chucked a hoss blanket over her won't likely be back right soon, I'll jist do up a little bit of churnin.' Thinks I, 'guess you to a hind seat, got on myself. The dear little won't do it in this churn, no how,' and I was jist twistin' myself round a little, when off come the lid, and down come a not full of cream right on my carcase; I swow, the duckin' I had down by the meetin'-house warn't a circum couple of digs with my heels; and now, docstance to it. I jumped right upon an end and tor, I'm goin to tell you again, you keep shady. gin an almighty succee, while the liquor, was Well, you see, we streaked it along pretty well streamin' down my head and shoulders ; I tell till we come to the creck, near the old meetin you what, I guess old aunty thought the day of house, when instead of goin' over the bridge,

resurrection had come a little bit to soon ; the cuss the old mare, she would go right through old critter went right into a fit of the highthe water to drink. It had been rainin' for a strikes; she dropped her milk-pot, and the day or two before, and the water was pretty way she scratched and kicked about the floor,

you'd a thought a passel of crazy loons had jist got out of bedlam ; after the old squire had say to some gal, nohow ; so I walks right up to drink, she'd turn round and walk straight got his breath, for he was amazin' skeered loyed.

. Be true, my love, be true, my love, Be true for a couple of hours ; Be true, my love, be true, my love; And the ship and cargo's ours.

After he had finished, the captain said to the

'Your husband seems extremely anxiousbout you-I suppose it would half kill him. to have another man kiss his wife, wouldn't

'I don't know-suppose you try it !' The captain did try it, most assuredly, and !. he 'little woman" returned it as heartily .--Then, turning her eyes to the cabin door, she sung in a sweet voice, a reply to her waiting; spouse :

You're late, my loge, you're late, my love, His arm is round my middle; He kissed me once, he kissed me again-My dear, you've lost your fiddle !

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The little Frenchman burst open the door, aught up his wife, and carried her off, swearng vengeance on all sea-captains generally. and the Yankees in particular. It is no more than justice to the captain to add, that he didt not take the fiddle, but was perfectly satisfied; with the other results of the bet.

DA young man in this place, a few even. ngs ago, having been crossed in love, walkedi down to the Jordan bridge, gave one lingering look at the stream beneath him, and then went. ome. Ilis body was found in bed next morn-

The young gentleman arrested for killing an oyster, has been discharged. He proveds that the oyster was rabid, and attemptel to bite him. This will learn people to keep their oysters chained after this.

Never take a paper more than ton years. without paying the printer, or at least sending lock of your hair to let him know that you. are about.

ITA woman that does not love a flowerparticularly a son flower-deserves not to be