

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 11, 1861.

VOL. 8--NO. 40

TERMS:
"DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL" IS PUBLISHED EVERY Wednesday Morning at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE; ONE DOLLAR AND SIXTY FIVE CENTS IF NOT PAID WITHIN SIX MONTHS, AND TWO DOLLARS IF NOT PAID UNTIL THE TERMINATION OF THE YEAR.
No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be at liberty to discontinue his paper until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the editor.
Any person subscribing for six months will be charged ONE DOLLAR, unless the money is paid in advance.
Advertising Rates.
One insertion, Two do. Three do.
1 square, [12 lines] \$ 50 \$ 75 \$ 1.00
2 squares, [24 lines] 1 00 1 50 2 00
3 squares, [36 lines] 1 50 2 00 3 00
3 months, 6 do. 12 do.
8 lines or less, \$1.50 \$3.00 \$5.00
1 square, [12 lines] 2 50 4 50 9 00
2 squares, [24 lines] 4 00 7 00 12 00
3 squares, [36 lines] 6 00 9 00 14 00
Half a column, 15 00 22 00 35 00
One column, 15 00 22 00 35 00
All advertisements must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Select Poetry.

THE WIFE AND THE UNWIFE.

Weep for the wretched land that falls
Unfined from its stem,
And weep in fond affection's eyes
Must glass its glowing gem,
Nor in its fragrant bosom know
The joy that noontide suns bestow.
Weep for the reprobate, who steals
Dishonored to the dust,
Life's highest purpose unachieved,
And mocked its boldest trust,
Yes—weep for him who stained the scroll,
And scorned the giver of his soul,
But weep for him, whose mortal span
Completes its perfect round,
His grief well used—his length of days
With every virtue crowned;
No tears for him,—he gains the bliss
Of more exalted spheres than this.
The statesman, who his country's cause
Married not with selfish aim;
But ever to her hour of need,
With patriot ardor came;
Write his pure deeds, for future years,
In glory, all undimmed by tears.
No tears—save what the heart of love
O'er its own loss must weep;
Yet go his fame to history's hand,
For nobler time to keep;
Lift high the name, that earth shall see
What Heaven can give and Man may be.

BEECHNUT FARM; OR THE DEEP DARK SHADOW.

By EMMA BERLINDSON.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

The first person Frederic met after entering the village was Dr. Lawson, the physician of the place, who, after inquiring for Carrie, and ascertaining that she was under the investigating influence of sleep, exclaimed, with a hearty laugh, "Fred, you dog, how dare you show your face in town? Don't you know that we are all in imminent danger of being annihilated by hobgoblins and witches? Hush! take care; there may be one behind you now. Don't your hair stand up endways?"
And the good natured doctor laughed until the tears forced their way down his cheeks.
"If you deem it advisable for me to show fear you should first set the example," said Frederic, as the old gentleman drew out his handkerchief to wipe his eyes.
"Ah! I setting it as fast as I can, actually shuddering about it? But, never mind me, just go on and hear the yarns that are told at the grocery and blacksmith shop, and you will get a perfect idea of all that is horrible. I verily believe that one-fourth of the inhabitants of our fine little New England village are in a complete panic of terror in consequence of the fright Mrs. Chapelle's boarders received last night. I wish you had been there, Fred. Did I forget myself; I was not going to tell you anything about it; so good day. I shall expect you at the office tomorrow to resume the thread of your studies."—
And, touching his hat, the doctor hurried on to avoid being questioned, laughing at the probable character of the story, should it reach Frederic's ear from the mouth of those who were so frightened. But Frederic did not stop at the grocery or shop; his time was limited, and, to avoid a late return, which would cause his mother and Cameron much uneasiness, he proceeded at once to the hotel where Mrs. Chapelle was awaiting him with impatience.
As soon as the ceremonies of greeting were over Frederic drew his chair near the fire, divesting himself of his overcoat and cap, exclaimed, "Now, Mrs. Chapelle, take pity on my curiosity and tell me at once of the nocturnal visitor who has thrown the whole neighborhood into such a state of confusion."
"That is just what I intended to do," rejoined the lady, "and I will immediately put you in possession of the facts as I know them. It was late when I retired last evening, and I had but just fallen into a light slumber when I was startled by the striking of the clock in the room below. It was one; and as the stroke died away, I heard a low, peering laugh near my bed. Raising myself upon my elbow, I saw the figure of a young girl standing in the centre of the floor, and holding a small lamp in her hand. Her black hair floated down over her white dress in wild disorder, unfastened by comb or braid, and her large glittering eyes were fixed on me with an intensity that made me shudder."
"Well," ejaculated Frederic, as Mrs. Chapelle made a slight pause.

"I am no coward, Fred, you well know that; and yet, for one moment, I thought I should have died with terror were it not for my pride. I summoned my quaking nerves to the ordeal, and sprang from my bed, demanding why she was there. The girl made no reply, but retreated toward the door, with her face still turned toward mine, and her wicked eyes fastened on me until she reached the threshold, and then she turned. Again that mocking laugh reached my ear, and then the door closed, and I could plainly catch the sound of light footsteps descending the stairs. Dressing myself with all possible haste, I started to leave the room and search for her, when the dining-room bell rang violently. Peal upon peal sounded through the house, and when I reached the foot of the stairs I met four or five of my boarders hurrying on and casting furtive glances behind them. In three minutes we were all assembled in the dining hall, and then, to my surprise, I learned that the spectre had visited every room, and awoke every person in the house. We searched every niche and corner, closet and cupboard, but could find no traces of her except that the front door was unlocked and slightly ajar.—But who could have visited the house and gone forth so quietly on such a wild and stormy night; and what could be the incentive of such conduct. Again and again we asked each other the question, and every one but me decided that there was some supernatural agency in the affair; so, to-day, one by one picked up their traps and left. Jane and Tom were the last to go, but, like the lambs in a flock of sheep, they went over the wall because the others did, or, in plainer words, left because the others had not courage to stay."
"What is your opinion of this phantom?" asked Frederic.
"I do not know," replied Mrs. Chapelle. "I could not tell all my thoughts about it, and can only wait for time to unravel the mystery. At any rate, so long as it continues harmless, I shall not be scared away from the house, even if I stay alone. But, Fred, I sent for you to ask you if you will get me a bowl of wood and some coal.—The depth of the snow forbids my going out, and, as no one else comes near the house except Dr. Lawson and Fanny, I might freeze unless I should go to the neighbors."
"I will see that you have a plenty of fuel provided," said the young man, rising from his seat; "and if you have any orders to execute at the grocery I will go for you with pleasure."
"Thank you, Fred; I believe I have," returned the lady, as she folded up her work.
"You will not stay alone to-night, Mrs. Chapelle?" said Frederic, in a tone of inquiry.
"No, Fanny Lawson is coming to stay with me. Shall you change your boarding place on account of the ghost?" she asked with a smile.
"Not at present; I shall be up tomorrow to resume my studies, and shall be here again, as usual," he replied, taking the order that Mrs. Chapelle had hastily scribbled on a piece of torn paper.
"This is for groceries, I suppose," he continued, as he hid his hand on the door latch; and, receiving a reply in the affirmative, he hurried from the house to perform the requests of Mrs. Chapelle.
"This is for groceries, I suppose," he continued, as he hid his hand on the door latch; and, receiving a reply in the affirmative, he hurried from the house to perform the requests of Mrs. Chapelle.
"What is it?" asked the young man, taking his sister's hand as they entered the dining room. But, before she had time to answer, a tall and well proportioned figure arose from the farther side of the room and came forward.
"Will, my brother Will, can it be that you are with us once more?" ejaculated Frederic clasping the hand that was extended to meet his own, and pressing it with fervor.
"It is a blessed reality, Frederic," returned the elder brother, as he gazed fondly at the face of Mrs. Southwick, who was standing near by with her eyes brimming with tears.
"I have returned to Holly with the intention of remaining here for several months, in order to regain my health, which has been slightly impaired by too strict attention to business," he continued, as the party took seats.
"And we never was in more need of company than now," said Frederic, "for Beechnut Farm is getting to be a lonely place. Cameron is kept in the house day after day because she has no one to ride or walk with her, and I am boarding at Chapelle's tavern, and poring over medicine in the doctor's office six hours in the day, so that I get no time for anything else. But, now that you have come, we will have a general holiday all around; that is, if nothing transpires to prevent it."
And so Frederic rattled on, joined by Cameron and Will, and the room echoed back a happy chorus of voices and laughter as the family gathered around the tea table.
Nothing seemed to mar the joy of the home-circle except the absence of the parent and his band, and it was late when they bade each other good night and sought repose.
Frederic's forebodings concerning Noyes Willard were quite forgotten, and even Cameron, thoughtful though she was, laid her head on her pillow without a dream of future harm or unhappiness. And it was well that the trials of futurity were secreted from their gaze; for the soul of each did not sicken with the stern picture

of sorrow to come, so that life itself should become a burden, and the grave a welcome release from misery. For the gaze that would cast towards the untried future, could it penetrate the screen that shields it, would so magnify its ills that the light of its joy would be completely overshadowed by darkness.
CHAPTER III.
It was the night following that on which William Southwick arrived at Beechnut Farm, and he sat alone in one of the chambers of the hotel at Holly. He had drawn a table near the fire, and with a number of unanswered letters before him, was rapidly widdling his pen, unheeding the lateness of the hour. Frederic had sought his room, which adjoined his brother's, and was wrapped in a deep sleep, while all around was silent and noiseless, save the roaring of the bright fire in the little Franklin stove, and the faint ticking of the watch that William had laid upon the table among his papers.
With his back towards the door, the young man did not heed the light step that approached him, and, as a warm breath touched his cheek, he started with an exclamation of astonishment. At the same moment a low taunting laugh sounded in his ear, and, as he turned around, he saw the figure of a young girl retreating towards the door, with her hand raised warningly towards him.
Springing to his feet, he hurried past her and intercepted her by placing himself before the door. A second time the figure laughed, and a shudder ran through its slight frame. That laugh! It would be impossible to describe it perfectly.—There was a cool mocking in its music as its echo woke the stillness of the lonely chamber, an undefinable defiance in its clear tone, that must be heard to be understood; and, as it died away upon the air, the phantom whispered,
"Weak, presuming mortal, go not trifle with the spirits of another world!"
The thin hand that was extended towards William Southwick dropped to her side, and again a light tremor convulsed the form of the girl.
"The spirits of another world do not visit the earth," said William, in a calm slow tone.—"You are like myself, mortal, and subject to the good and evil of the world. Why do you take an unearthly form and strive to frighten the inmates of this house? Are you angry with them? This is but a poor revenge.—Are you instigated to the deed by their enemy? My child, this is wrong."
The girl took a step towards the door.
"Let me pass," said she, with dignity.
"Not until you tell me your motive in visiting this room," replied William, firmly.
"You have no right to question me," said she, half proudly. "I acknowledge that I am no ghost, and that is enough. Will you not allow me to quit the room?"
Her dark eyes flashed up at her companion's face, on which lingered a faint smile, and she quickly cast them down while her pale face grew crimson.
"I will let you go when you tell me why you came," said William, turning the key in the lock and placing it in his pocket.
"I cannot, oh, I cannot!" exclaimed the girl in confusion. "You will think me a great deal worse than I am; you will not believe me," and she covered her face with her hands, burst into a passion of tears.
Her distress touched the heart of William Southwick, and he led her to a seat, speaking kindly to her, and encouraging her to tell him what he wished to know, and soon she grew calmer.
"I may as well tell you the whole of it," said she, gathering back her loose black hair from her face, and twisting it around her taper fingers, "and I will commence with my name. I am Hattie Grey, and Mr. Noyes Willard is my guardian. I came here last week, and, one evening, they all got to telling ghost stories down at Mr. Willard's; stories about every kind of ghosts. How one girl scared another by wrapping herself up in a sheet, and so on. You see I had never heard such stories, and I thought how nice it would be for me to scare some one, so I thought it all over that night, and the next night, when the snow was falling, and the wind howling like mad, I dressed myself in white and ran up street, calculating to get into some house when no one saw me. The front door of the hotel was open, and I ran in here and hid in a closet under the chamber stairs at the back of the hall. There I waited till one o'clock, and then went into every room with my lamp in my hand. Mrs. Chapelle's room was the last one I visited, and when I left that I ran down stairs, out at the front door, and back home as fast as I could."
"But did not Mr. Willard's family miss you?" inquired William.
"No. I stay alone in my room evenings, and, as I locked the door, they thought I was in bed."
"Then you came here for no other purpose than to frighten people," said William, inquiringly.
"That was all," replied Hattie, blushing deep red. "I wanted some fun and excitement, and I never dreamed of being discovered."
"It was very wrong, my child; you have seriously frightened a great many persons, caused Mrs. Chapelle much trouble, besides risking your own health in encountering the night air."
"I know it—oh, I know it," mourned the girl, "but I have been kept in school so long, and the teacher was so strict, that I was ready for any sport when I got free. I did not think it was so bad then as I know it is now, and I wish I hadn't done it. But you won't tell any one that it was me, will you?" said she, pleadingly, as she laid her hand upon his arm.

He took that fragile little hand and held it in his own as he said,—
"No, Hattie, I will tell no one on one condition."
"And what is that?" asked she, eagerly.
"That you will never be guilty of such an offence again."
"I will not, I promise you I will not," cried Hattie, joyfully; "and I shall always remember how kind you are to keep my secret."
William Southwick smiled.
"You may go now, Hattie; I will keep you no longer. I hope I shall see you again. I believe you will be a good girl after this. How old are you?" he asked abruptly, as he arose to unlock the door.
"Fourteen," replied the girl; and, after a moment's hesitation, she inquired timidly, "may I ask your name?"
"William Southwick," she repeated, as though trying to stamp the name on her memory. "I shall not forget it, nor you either," continued she, archly, "for I like both. Good night," and stealing noiselessly out of the room, she crept down stairs, and the young man heard her footsteps on the snow a few moments after, as she passed through the gate into the road.
"She is a strange child," soliloquized William, as he turned from the window after watching her retreating form by the light of the newly arisen moon; and, long after he had sought his bed he pondered on the face of the young orphan, and her low sweet voice.
The phantom was seen no more at Holly, but long years elapsed before the inhabitants ceased to wonder at its disappearance; and from the day in which William Southwick first saw it he dated a kindly affection for little Hattie Grey, an affection that a brother might entertain for a young sister. Thus he defined it, but was it nothing more?
CHAPTER IV.
As day after day passed by the conduct of Noyes Willard grew more insolent towards Mrs. Chapelle, rendering her situation more unpleasant. The boarders who had been so unceremoniously dismissed by the presence of the mysterious phantom did not return, and the superstition of the surrounding neighborhood made the people shun the hotel as though it were a dwelling infected by some dreadful disease. No one, except the members of Mr. Southwick's family, and Dr. Lawson and his young daughter Fanny, dared to call on Mrs. Chapelle after dark; and travelers were frightened by the stories told them, so that they would put up at private houses instead of risking their safety in a haunted tavern. No domestic could be procured, and at last Mrs. Chapelle decided to change her residence. She sold the greater part of her furniture, and with the proceeds paid her mortgage and the rent of the hotel for one year in advance. With strict economy she retained money enough to hire a small, untenanted cottage in the outskirts of the village, and, with the assistance of Dr. Lawson and Frederic Southwick, she moved her household goods and established herself quite comfortably there. Her old domestic returned, and, as Frederic could not pursue his medical studies and remain at Beechnut Farm, he also resumed his situation as boarder in the small family.
Scarcely a week had elapsed after Mrs. Chapelle's removal when, one evening, as Frederic was leaving the office of Dr. Lawson, he met Noyes Willard upon the threshold.
"Good evening, Mr. Southwick," said the man, ironically. "I had a few words I wished to say to you, but, as you seem impatient to meet your lady, I will not detain you."
"My lady!" repeated Frederic, with a flushed brow; "explain your meaning, Mr. Willard, for I do not comprehend it. To whom do you allude?"
"Your devoted friend, Mrs. Ellen Chapelle, for whom, it is said, you entertain the most profound and sincere admiration," replied Mr. Willard, continuing in the same tone of sarcasm.—"But I advise you, young man, to be more watchful of discovery in your assignment meetings with her, as she has acquaintances who would not hesitate to inform her absent husband of your intimacy."
"Noyes Willard," said Frederic, speaking in a quick, firm tone, "I understand you now. I see your base design against the fair name of a helpless and innocent woman; and I caution you to beware how you proceed to breathe slanders against her name in connection with mine, for I will not endure this insult."
Mr. Willard laughed sardonically.
"It is all very well for you to declare this, my young doctor, but it is a very different thing to make people believe it. I am too old a bird to be caught with chaff, and I shall lay before the world the faithfulness of Herbert Chapelle's unprincipled wife, together with the duplicity of her paramour."
"And in so doing may the execrable falsehood, the black, degrading lie, blister your foul tongue, even as it has your soul!" exclaimed Frederic, passionately.
"Take care, Frederic Southwick, you are treading on dangerous premises when you accuse me of falsehood," said Mr. Willard, growing excited with anger.
At this moment Dr. Lawson stepped to the door and laid his hand on Frederic's shoulder.
"My dear boy, do not let passion sway you to say that which will afterwards cause repentance," said he, in an undertone. "Treat the villain with the cool contempt that he unquestionably merits."
The quick ears of Mr. Willard caught the word "villain," and he turned quickly to the doctor.

CARETTIQUETTE.
Somebody—not one of the drawing room dilettanti, but one who has taken lessons in heart-polliteness—must write the rail road Chesterfield or the wayfarer's book of etiquette. It is curious to see how the 'bug,' and the 'bear,' stick out in the little indications which people manifest in travelling, more than any other circumstances.
The following paragraph, taken from an exchange illustrates the great necessity of such an oracle for the migratory multitude.
"Pretty and Graceful"—It is now a day, a very common affair to see two ladies (?) enter a railway car half an hour before the time for the leaving of the train, throw the back of one seat over so as to sit, vis-avis, lumber the spare room with shawls, bundles and bamboos, and then when the cars begin to fill up, take every precaution to prevent any one from occupying either of what should be vacant seats, and in many instances compelling passengers to stand, when a spirit of accommodation should allow them a comfortable seat. Such persons should be informed by the conductor that when they buy a ticket, the purchase of the car is not included.
None of us have had similar scenes come under our notice. We are reminded at this moment, of a singular movement on the part of an individual on the Central rail road cars, which came under our observation a few weeks ago—a movement which combined in a striking degree at once, the judicial and the executive in the person of a single self-appointed righter of human wrongs.
Two ladies fashionably dressed and apparently intelligent, but of the species indicated above, had taken their seats in the cars, facing each other, and chiding out to the greatest possible extent what they called their 'baggage,' (though the live stock of the party were far worthier the name,) with shawls, reticules and little 'fixings' so as to effectually exclude all comers from the two vacant seats.
The cars soon became uncomfortably crowded, several were standing and many were the ineffectual applications made for the unoccupied places referred to, but all to no purpose, when at last, an elderly gentleman and his wife, coming in, and meekly requesting a place, the young lady, who sat with her brazen face toward the passengers, consented to allow the lady of the new comers to sit opposite to her, but no mortal would be permitted to occupy the seat by her side. Consequently the husband was compelled to find an asylum in some remot part of the car.
The indignation and contempt of all the passengers, by this time attained to about the murmuring pitch, but things went on in this way a few stations further, when a stalwart, hoarse looking fellow, who sat directly opposite the elderly lady, on the opposite side of the car, seeming to have been visited by a sudden inspiration, arose, and marched up to the self-complacent pre-emptor, and said in a tone that would have made a not wester nervous:
"Hello! say-a-look o'here! I bin thinkin' we can make a better arrangement than this one. I should like to hev that old gentleman and his wife sit together. I should. They'd ride a heap more comfortable. Now spose you and this gal turn over this seat and sit together, and I'll fetch the old gentleman and set him down along side of this woman."
With a superciliousness that was beautiful to see, her lauslyship replied:
"No, I thank you, sir, I want this seat for my baggage, and I shall not give it up to anybody," and up goes her nose into an angle of 45 degrees.
"Wa'll, now," persisted Hoosierous, "that don't seem reasonable, that you should litter up a hull seat with them little traps, when places is so scarce. Hang 'em up onto a nail; stick 'em under 'y; sit on them; there is lots of ways of fixin' it."
Snap went the eyes again, and up cocked the little nose, as she retorted;
"I shall do no such thing, sir; and moreover I'll be obliged to you, if you will just mind your own business."
"Well, now, you see, I've set my mind down to fixin' this, and it don't seem as though I could be discouraged. And I've about made up my mind, that unless you fix it, so, I shall be obliged to give up my seat to the old gentleman, so as to bring him as near as possible to his wife, and I shall hev to come and sit along o' you. I dunno but you'd like that 'rangement; I'm considered some, among the gals, where I live, I am."
A look of determination began now to gleam from the corrugated face of the countryman; and the young lady with mingled alarm and indignation hastened to reply.
"You had better take care what you do, sir; I'm not to be insulted with impunity."
"Oh, I am responsible," was the only answer as he led the old gentleman to his own seat, and immediately commenced crowding himself into a place by the young lady. This movement she resisted, when, embracing her waist with his brawny arm, he lifted her up, as though she were a child, planted her down at the further end of the seat and settled himself comfortably into his seat again.
"There," said he, "that's the dandy. Now let's have a little turn o'talk. You'll find me one o' the pleasantest fellows you ever did see, in private conversation."
The reader may well suppose there were screams and struggles, and eyes that flashed through tears and threats of vengeance by the quantity, while the passengers on every side, staggered by the Cromwellian boldness of this coup d'etat, and more than doubtful of its propriety, but rejoicing in spite of their misgivings, over the sudden retribution that had befallen the common enemy,

were vainly striving to conceal their merriment.
"You brute! you villain! I never was so insulted in my life! It's outrageous for the passengers to permit it. Conduct! conduct! wa—ugh—oh! Where's the conductor! I'll see if ladies are to be insulted in the cars with impunity."
"Fetch on your conductor!" said the imperturbable squatter, "I'd like to have him tell us what a lady in a car is."
Out bounded the lady in a rage.
"I'd rather jump out upon the track than sit with such a beast."
Immediately the hoosier arose, turned over the revolving back, removed the lady's 'things' carefully to the seat on which her companion, mute and terrified was sitting, placed the passive old man and his wife, (who obeyed him with an amusing reliance upon his superior ability,) into the vacant places, and returned quietly to his own seat with the *celesti manumensum* air of a man who has 'served his generation.'
The ejected lady soon returned to the side of her companion, and in a crestfallen and unobtrusive mood retained her place to the close of the journey.
Our story is done.
We hardly think we should have attempted it had we anticipated it would prove so long a one. We'll not spin it out any further with philosophizing, but let every reader make his own 'improvements.' We don't think the all prevailing young lady on the cars, at any rate, is in any doubt of the MORAL.
GETTING MARRIED.
During the last summer, a little incident transpired in one of the Eastern towns, which afforded some amusement to the spectators at the time, and furnished food for a considerable gossip thereafter. It occurred in church in one of those quiet afternoons when all the world seems ready to drop asleep; when the flies buzz lazily on the window panes, and the dog lies on the door stone.
The afternoon service had ended, and the congregation were arranging themselves for the benediction, when to the great astonishment of the worshippers, the good person descended from the pulpit to the desk below, and said in a calm clear voice:
"Those wishing to be united in the holy bands of matrimony, will now please come forward."
A deep stillness instantly fell over the congregation, broken only by the rattling of silk, as some pretty girl or excited matron, changed her position, to catch a view of the couple to be married. No one, however arose, or seemed to be inclined to rise.
Whereupon the worthy clergyman, deeming his first notice unheard or misunderstood, repeated the invitation.
"Let those wishing to be united in the holy bands of matrimony, now come forward."
Still no one stirred. The silence became alarming, and a painful sense of the awkwardness of the position was gradually spreading among those present, when a young gentleman who had occupied a vacant seat in the broad aisle during the service, slowly arose, and deliberately walked to the foot of the altar. He was a good looking, and well dressed man; but no one knew him, and no female accompanied his travels. When he arrived within a respectable distance of the clergyman, he paused, and with a reverent bow, stepped to one side of the aisle, but neither said anything, nor seemed at all disconnected at the idea of being married alone.
The clergyman looked earnestly around for the bride, who, he supposed, was yet to arrive, and at length remarked to the young gentleman in an under tone:
"The lady, sir, is dilatory?"
"Very, sir."
"Had we not better defer the ceremony?"
"I think not. Do you suppose she will be here soon?"
"Me sir!" said the astonished shepherd "how should I know of your lady's movements? That is a matter belonging to yourself."
A few moments more were suffered to elapse in this unpleasant state of expectancy, when the clergyman renewed his interrogatories:
"Did the lady promise to attend at the present hour?"
"What lady?"
"Why the lady, to be sure, that you are waiting here for."
"I did not hear her say anything about it," was the unsatisfactory response.
"Then sir, may I ask why you are here, and for what purpose you trifle in the sanctuary of the Most High?" said the somewhat enraged cleric.
"I come, sir, because you invited all those wishing to be united in the holy bands of matrimony to step forward, and I happened to entertain such a wish! I am very sorry to have misunderstood you, sir, and wish you a very good day."
The benediction was uttered with a solemnity of tone very little in accordance with the twitching of the facial nerves; and when, after the church was closed, the story got wind among the congregation, more than one girl regretted that her wishes had not been as boldly expressed as the young gentleman's, who had really wished to be 'united in the holy bands of matrimony.'
"Atrah, now, Jamie," said one Emerald of an other, as they stood gazing upon the fountain, on Boston Commons, "sure and what is it that makes the wathur splurt up so, do ye know?"
"Aisy, now Pat, and don't be after exposing yer ignorance and want o' sense," was the reply; "iverybody knows it goes by storm."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)