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## Select Poetry.

### ANGEL WHISPERS.

BY S. M. PETERS.

Fast gathering shadows  
Clothed meadows and meadows,  
As the day-god went down in far distant wave,  
My heart was despairing,  
For thought was comparing  
The season of night to the gloom of the grave.  
As lowly reclining,  
I sat thus reposing,  
The angel of mercy was hovering near;  
Her low whispered measure,  
Was a heaven-born treasure,  
A charm to the soul, as it fell on the ear.

"Poor mortal, thy sorrow  
Will fly, when the morn  
In glory appears, on the sun's gilded beam;  
When the glad light of morning,  
The landscape adorning,  
Shines upward and onward o'er life's turbid  
"Thus the pathway of duty  
Is lighted by beauty," [rom:]  
There's a smile for a tear drop, wherever we  
There's a heaven above us,  
And a Father to love us,  
And our Father is calling His weary ones home."

## A Fireside Tale.

### THE PEDAGOGUE'S STRATAGEM.

BY ROBIN WELFELLOW.

It was one of those truly wondrous evenings  
with which some of our States seem most  
singularly favored. It was in the year—  
and the wind, which endeavored to force  
an entrance at every point, whistled round  
the out-houses, sending stern defiance to  
the stout weather-boards of the Homestead.  
In each succeeding howl, louder than its  
predecessor, keen old Boreas spoke volumes  
of scorn to his hemlock opponents, and the  
towering button-wood, whose branches, al-  
though leafless, stood out from the trunk in  
silent majesty, gazed upon the wintry  
scene as though vain to wrap itself in the  
luxuriant garment of summer. But, think  
you, that with such an angust spectator  
as Mr. Button-ball the stout weather-board  
would deign a reply to the insults of such  
a hapless scoundrel fellow as the wind? Not  
so; contenting themselves with the opening  
of a few ports, in the form of knot-holes  
they sat cozily in their places, protecting  
the occupants of the mansion from the in-  
cursions of Jack Frost.

Around the old family hearth was a truly  
rural and wintry scene. The old lady  
sat knitting by the side of the generous  
hickory fire, which spread its welcome heat  
through the spacious sitting-room, while  
Squire Stiles—as he was commonly called  
by his constituents—a good-humored spec-  
imen of rustic simplicity, contented him-  
self with a pipe, and, perchance, the latest  
number of the "Journal." In short, the  
Squire was about to subject the aforesaid  
newspaper to a real, old-fashioned, rural  
fire-side perusal. It would be read, ad-  
vertisements and all, while the ill-looking  
phiz of Santa Claus himself, would be again  
scrutinized for self-elification. A kitten  
was lying cozily by the fire, its dimes snugly  
escorted in a Buffalo robe, which John  
had thrust from the sleigh; albeit it might  
have been a little cold from recent buffeting  
with the frosty air. Jemima was busily  
engaged in stringing together dried apples  
which would eventually be suspended from  
the kitchen ceiling, ranged in fanciful  
festoons by the side of their likewise unfor-  
tunate comrades. Rachel (not the Rachel  
of "Les Horace," etc.) was folding up  
some towels she had been neatly ironing;  
while Sammy, by his anxious glance toward  
"Greenleaf" and "Davies" and the ner-  
vous patting of his pencil, was engaged in  
the elimination of the hieroglyphical ques-  
tion before him, preparatory to the mor-  
row's review by the Pedagogue—one Samuel  
Slocum, who was remarkable for two  
very important qualities—readiness with  
the cane, and freshness of appetite. The  
former he exercised in the most improved  
manner, being one of those short-legged,  
thick-headed, long-eared persons, who ad-  
here to the old maxim: "Spare the rod  
and spoil the child." The latter quality,  
bless his soul, he never lacked when any  
of the choice stores, of the careful house-  
wives were in view. How lovingly did he  
gaze at the gay lassies of the village, while  
the careful matrons were quietly dozing in  
the great arm-chair, that hereditary article  
of furniture which had descended from  
generation to generation, bearing with it,  
hereditary associations and hereditary com-  
forts. In such cases, the good dames had  
no fear of the learned schoolmaster; while  
the bright-eyed daughters, with their skirts  
tucked up, and sleeves rolled back, were  
engaged in the composition of those chief  
productions of Yankeeedom—pumpkin pies.

With what anxiety would the Ped-  
agogue watch the smoke ascending from the  
chimneys of the sober-looking farm houses,  
as he sat upon his throne in the school-  
room, and counted the frosty designs upon

the window panes, while his pupils were  
lost in the labyrinthian passages of "fox  
and geese," "tit tat to," and "pen the ball,"  
and he—most politic Samuel—beheld in  
each curling line, gently losing itself amid  
the wintry clouds, the distant image of a  
pumpkin pie, and turkeys, neatly trussed,  
upon the table of the honest farmers. Lay-  
ing the flattering unction to his soul, he  
would turn once more to his obtuse pupils,  
and soon a hue and cry in the neighbor-  
hood of his "Temple of Learning," told  
that school had been "let out early," while  
the Pedagogue himself was silently trug-  
ging up the hill, soon to come down, array-  
ed in his best, to introduce himself to the  
good things of the Squire's house.

But Samuel Slocum had other errands  
to the house of farmer Stiles, aside from  
discussing the noble pies and fat poultry  
of the Squire. Their relish was doubly  
enhanced by the thoughts of their serving  
as the medium of a tete-a-tete with the  
bright-eyed Rachel. Now this self-same  
schoolmaster was a sort of prying fellow,  
who invariably happened to "drop in" at  
the nick of time to obtain his fill of the  
eatables, and a budget of news which "gath-  
ered as it flew," and yet he was generally  
welcomed by the old ladies and not exact-  
ly hated by the younger ones. As a mat-  
ter of course, Squire Stiles smiled graciously  
upon Samuel, who had of late become  
a visitor at the mansion, and since the  
good dame rather liked him, and Rachel  
actually did, the worthy farmer followed  
him, for the simple reason that Slocum was  
a noted person—the philosopher of the vil-  
lage, who could, by hard work, tell how  
the earth went round; define the reason  
why the weathercock kept moving; and  
without mistake or hesitation, add four and  
five together, and perform similar astound-  
ing feats, to the edification of the sons  
and expense of the sires. On that account  
also could he gain the loan of any maiden's  
arm for an evening, and make himself ac-  
quainted with the fact whether the lips of  
the girls "were real stuff," or merely  
painted; as the matrons would prefer trust-  
ing their daughters to the care of the school-  
master, who kissed "for fun," than to those  
mad-caps of the village, who went at it  
with a will.

Still, there was another whom Slocum  
eyed askance, with a jealous sneer, as he  
entered the house, leaving his horse and  
gig at the door, and that personage was  
none other than the E-culapius of the vil-  
lage, who had his "office" under the lodge  
and whose window shone resplendently  
with blue pills and liquorice, backed by  
sundry parti-colored bottles, filled with  
water, but which the inhabitants of the  
neighborhood deemed of fabulous origin.—  
The Doctor was also one of the learned  
class, and carried a high head and golden-  
tipped cane, which did much in gaining  
him favor with the rural dames; and were  
it not for being called out suddenly when  
in the midst of a tete-a-tete with the  
daughter, might have vanquished. As it  
was, Slocum was rather sanguinary in re-  
gard to Rachel Stiles; but still he had  
feared lest the valiant M. D. should eventu-  
ally carry off the palm. But, while the  
Doctor in one sense, acted the part of Slo-  
cum's antagonist, in another his role was  
that of a cotemporary, being as he was,  
a noted braggart and never-failing spy upon  
the actions and opinions of his neighbors,  
who, were it not for the Pedagogue and  
the Doctor might possibly have been term-  
ed a quiet, steady-going set of villagers.—  
Of course they had their petty quarrels,  
arising from petty offences but they were  
unavoidable, and like a gust of wind, were  
soon over and presented a sky unshaded  
by storm, and radiant with sunshine.

On the evening when our story opens,  
these two gents had been duly talked of by  
the fireside of farmer Stiles, and he, with  
a good-humored smile gently hinted to Ra-  
chel, that in the event of being again chosen  
Squire, the fee to that functionary  
could be easily avoided, and what would  
otherwise form that donation, be given to  
ward a wedding dress. The daughter  
smiled, blushed, and continued folding her  
towels; while something like K. N. might  
have been seen lurking about the corners  
of her mouth, as she finished her work, and  
placed the towels in the bureau drawer.—  
After several ineffectual attempts to entice  
the girls into conversation, to the distur-  
bance of Sammy, who muttered something  
about "figgers and thunder" and quietly  
lighting a candle, departed for the kitchen  
to get his lessons, uninterrupted, save by  
the tea-kettle, which told that hot water  
was near—the old lady, like Toodles, con-  
sidering it "handy to have in the house."  
The long winter evening was waxing  
late and the inhabitants of the mansion  
were just observing that "gaping was  
catching," when a knock at the front door  
aroused them, and Jemima, followed by

Towzer, who looked rather dogmatical, en-  
tered the hall, and hurried to the entrance.  
The chilly night air caused the flame of  
the candle to flicker restlessly, and as  
the snow beat into the face of Jemima, she  
instinctively drew back and gazed upon  
the misty scene without. The ruddy face  
of Dr. Peachblossom was thrust within the  
hall, enveloped in a red comforter, and as  
he entered the sitting-room, brushing the  
snow from his hat, those who had huggd the  
delusive hope of a good sound nap,  
turned in their seats, and bade adieu to all  
dreams of warm beds, and buckwheat cakes  
in the morning.

"Well, Doctor, what's the news?" inquired  
the Squire, laying aside his paper at the  
appearance of the vendor of pills and  
plasters—"Cold out, isn't it?"  
"Cold! It's the coldest night we've had  
this winter by a long shot. It's cold en-  
ough to freeze the heart within one.—  
Bo—o—o!" replied the Doctor, rubbing his  
hands together.

"Come nearer the fire, and let's see what  
virtue there is in good old hickory and a  
noble black-log," said the Squire, taking  
off his spectacles and stirring up the coals  
with a pair of carefully-polished tongs.  
"Thank you; don't care if I do," replied  
Peachblossom, loosening his heavy com-  
forter and removing his overcoat. It's  
cold enough to take up lodgings in the fire  
place. Ah! Rachel, is that you? Excuse  
me, I am so cold that I forget you were  
there. And you, Jemima, you look as  
blooming as a rose. And you, Mrs. Stiles  
how have you been? Did you apply the  
plaster I sent you?"

Drawing near the fire the Doctor smacked  
his lips, muttering something like "Ah!"  
rubbed his hands, blew his nose, cast a  
few loving glances at Rachel, and stretch-  
ed himself in an easy chair, not omitting,  
previously, to lay aside his cane in such  
a position as to present the "solid" part of it  
to the glances of the fireside group.

But let us, while the children are sur-  
veying the above symbol of honor, take a  
view of the worth owner of this centre of  
attraction. Jeremiah Peachblossom was  
but a little below the medium height, of a  
robust complexion and of enormous rotund-  
ity of person, while the nose portrayed  
his worship of the "inner man," and gave  
indubitable evidence of his meriting the  
appellation of Peachblossom. His face  
was as round as a newly made cheese,  
while his eyes, like a pair of beads, shone  
out from above his glasses as beacon-lights  
guiding the seeker after knowledge in  
physic to the Doctor's laboratory—his  
knowledge-box, or cranium. What added  
to his appearance was the fact that he wore  
a wig. In short, whatever claim Doctor  
Peachblossom may have possessed to the  
affections of Rachel Stiles, by dint of good  
looks Samuel Slocum could have well for-  
med his rival. But the gold-headed cane  
of the worthy Esculapius accomplished  
that which the book and rule of the Ped-  
agogue had as yet failed to do.

"I see the Wests have got a new sleigh,"  
remarked the quizzical Doctor, after hav-  
ing tongued the palms of his hands to his  
utmost satisfaction.  
"I haven't noticed it, as I know of. But  
West is a good fellow, he has got money  
enough to afford it, and I have not the least  
doubt of it," replied the Squire, who, it  
will be seen, was one of those quiet, thor-  
ough-going farmers who rely on their own  
resources, and feel happy to see their neigh-  
bors enjoying the comforts of life.

The reply of the Squire rather discom-  
forted the Doctor. He had attempted, as  
regarded farmer West, to draw Squire  
Stiles into a confirmation of his opinion.—  
and thereby commit himself; which had  
Peachblossom effected would have been  
dispatched to the dominion of farmer West  
by the first train upon the railroad of Scan-  
dal. However, nothing daunted by the  
apparent frustration of his plan, he sum-  
moned his tact for another sally, and quic-  
kly remarked—  
"West may be pretty rich, but I think  
I'll call on him for my bill. If his wife and  
daughter wear those fine things—only  
think, they've all had new velvet hats this  
winter—he'll not remain in funds long.—  
So the 'early bird gets the worm.'"

"I can see no immediate prospect of  
George's failure, at all events," slowly re-  
plied Stiles, taking up the newspapers and  
deliberately folding it up.  
"If you don't, I do," said the persevering  
Doctor. "Things cannot hold on at such  
a rate of expenditure, and I may as well be  
in time as any one."

"Very well; do as you like. I never have  
presented a bill to West that he has not  
paid promptly, and I am in no great hurry  
to inform him of any intention to call on  
him. As to the fine clothes, I can see no  
reason why his wife and daughters should  
not wear them. Mrs. West is a nice in-

troustrous woman, and the daughters are  
fine girls."

"Then West is indebted to you,"  
"Only a couple of hundred or so, and I  
in no hurry to call for it. But why don't  
you set your cap for one of the girls Peach-  
blossom? they are nice girls and would  
make good wives," familiarly answered  
the Squire, evidently wishing to waive the  
subject of West's expenses.

"I have reasons of my own," said the  
Doctor, evidently not a little piqued at the  
indifference of the Squire.  
"No doubt of it. Perhaps I am in the  
way. Good night, Doctor Peachblossom.  
Rachel, my dear, I have business to attend  
to. You can entertain the Doctor," replied  
the Squire, gathering up his glasses and  
paper, and leaving the room to Rachel and  
Peachblossom.

"Business—when?!" muttered the latter  
to himself, as drawing a chair close to his  
side, he invited Rachel to occupy it, and the  
two seated themselves by the cozy fire,  
while the old clock tolled the hour of eleven  
and the bright wood fire cast fantastical  
shadows o'er the old fashioned furniture of  
Squire Stiles' sitting-room.

But the actions of Doctor Peachblossom  
were observed by other than Rachel Stiles,  
and the silent spectator of the Doctor's ad-  
dresses was Samuel Slocum. The face of  
the Pedagogue closely muffled in a thick  
comforter was pressed against the window  
pane, and as the rival suitors made his pro-  
posals of love to the listening girl, the  
vengeful schoolmaster silently untied the  
Doctor's horse, and entering the gig of the  
kneeling Esculapius, drove off in the direc-  
tion of a mill-pond, not far distant.

A knock at the sitting-room door soon  
brought the constant Jeremiah to his feet  
and scarcely had he regained his chair,  
when a man entered, eagerly inquiring if  
he were Doctor Peachblossom. It was  
none other than the Pedagogue, and no one  
would have recognized in the thick-whis-  
kered man in Squire Stiles' sitting-room,  
the schoolmaster of the village, who had so  
often entered it in his true character of Sa-  
muel Slocum.

"Are you Doctor Peachblossom?" eagerly  
inquired the seeming stranger, drawing near  
the fire.  
"My name is Jeremiah Peachblossom, M.  
D. What do you want?—a pretty time of  
appellation of Peachblossom. His face  
was as round as a newly made cheese,  
while his eyes, like a pair of beads, shone  
out from above his glasses as beacon-lights  
guiding the seeker after knowledge in  
physic to the Doctor's laboratory—his  
knowledge-box, or cranium. What added  
to his appearance was the fact that he wore  
a wig. In short, whatever claim Doctor  
Peachblossom may have possessed to the  
affections of Rachel Stiles, by dint of good  
looks Samuel Slocum could have well for-  
med his rival. But the gold-headed cane  
of the worthy Esculapius accomplished  
that which the book and rule of the Ped-  
agogue had as yet failed to do.

"No impudence if you please. Remem-  
ber, sirrah! you are in the presence of a  
man," replied Slocum, eyeing the astonish-  
ed Doctor with a triumphant air, and cast-  
ing a side long glance at the blushing Ra-  
chel.

"Oh, you needn't get wrathful, Doctor, I  
suppose you an' the young lady understand  
it all by this time. Keep cool, Peachblos-  
som," quickly retorted the schoolmaster,  
with a greater degree of tact and delibera-  
tion than he generally had credit for.  
"Another word and I strike!" exclaimed  
the aroused Doctor flourishing his stick o-  
ver the head of the devoted Pedagogue.

"May be the gal you fooled might say  
something if she saw you," said Slocum,  
contemplating the doctor, as if to discern  
the effect of his remark.  
This was too much for Jeremiah Peach-  
blossom, and seizing his hat and cane, he  
rushed from the house, and upon arriving  
at the spot where he left his gig, the read-  
er may judge of his surprise to find it gone.  
In vain he called his horse, and gazed up  
and down the road, in hopes of obtaining  
some clue to the whereabouts of the mis-  
sing vehicle. But the flakes were falling  
fast, and the faint tracks which Slocum had  
left behind, while driving off the Doctor's  
gig, were soon effectually concealed by the  
snow which drifted rapidly from side to  
side. What made matters still worse, the  
worthy Peachblossom was compelled to  
trudge home on foot, the cold wind and the  
snow beating into his face, and he without  
overcoat or comforter, having, in his pre-  
cipitation, left them in the house.

In vain he swore and searched for his  
audacious enemy. He was nowhere to be  
found, and, while his horse and gig were  
standing by the old mill, and the Doctor  
was plunging about in the snow, to find his  
way home, Samuel Slocum, in his true  
character, was snugly ensconced in bed.

## PART II.

The affair of the gig had been long for-  
gotten—the advent of the stranger had  
long since faded from the memory of Jer-  
emiah Peachblossom, and in a few short  
days, he was expected to claim the blush-  
ing Rachel Stiles as his wife.  
The Squire was to officiate, and the  
young folk looked forward to Rachel's wed-  
ding with a degree of pleasure only to be

seen when a first class marriage is about  
to take place in a village.

All thoughts of Samuel Slocum had fled,  
and the Pedagogue had not been seen nor  
heard of since the night of his appearance  
in the sitting-room of Squire Stiles. At  
the house of the latter, all were preparing  
for the approaching nuptials—old dresses  
were taken down and examined, new dresses  
ordered and made, the Squire got him-  
self a brand new suit to officiate at his daugh-  
ter's wedding. As to Rachel, she was as  
happy as could be. She grumbled a little  
at the dressmaker, to be sure—laid in a  
good stock of the needfuls, and looked for-  
ward when Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Peach-  
blossom, M.D., should be told to all admir-  
ing young men, to bid them look no more  
for the hand of Rachel Stiles. The car-  
pets which had so long remained undistur-  
bed, were taken up and shaken—the furni-  
ture underwent a thorough cleaning—and,  
by the way that the old lady applied the  
cleaners, one would be led to conjecture  
something was about to happen.

The "big-room" was fitted up anew,  
and one of the best apartments in the house  
was furnished at the Squire's expense for  
the special accommodation of the soon  
to be newly married couple.

"Things do turn up queer, John," ex-  
claimed Mrs. Stiles the day previous to  
the anticipated wedding; "when you and  
me got married there was no such fixin' at  
all. You said you'd marry Nancy Perk-  
ins—I said I'd have John Stiles; that was  
all about it; no expense, no nothing—all  
went on ship-shape."

"Yes, but my dear, we were then be-  
hind the age. These things won't do now  
a days; girls will be girls do what you may  
and Rachel's the oldest, and she shall have  
a nice wedding. Then, you know, I've  
just been re-elected Squire; and it won't  
do to let Rachel get married without hav-  
ing something nice."

"Yes; and then they say this Doctor  
Peachblossom's got money."

"I don't care a fig for the money. If he  
can't support my daughter, I can, so there's  
the whole of the matter. I don't know  
much about Peachblossom, but Rachel ap-  
pears to love him, you have given your  
consent, I have given mine. All you've  
got to do is to give her a wedding, and she  
shall have it. She's always been a good  
girl, and now that she is going to be mar-  
ried she shall have a nice wedding."

"All very well, John. But, come to  
think of it what's become of Samuel Slo-  
cum?"  
"That I cannot say. But here comes  
Rachel and the Doctor, and we old folks  
may be in the way." And, taking the  
lead, Squire Stiles, followed by his wife,  
left the sitting-room, while Rachel and the  
Doctor entered arm in arm, and took seats  
near the fire.

"That disappearance of your old beau  
was rather strange," remarked the Doctor  
as he drew a chair near the fire and seat-  
ed himself by the side of his intended.—  
"Confound the fellow, I actually believe  
he was at the head of that jig affair. He  
caught me in a rather unpleasant predicam-  
ent."

"Yes. But I really should like to know  
what became of Slocum," replied Rachel,  
casting her eye toward the floor, while a  
hot tear fell on her feet.  
Hastily thrusting its follower aside, the  
young girl drew nearer the doctor, waiting  
for a reply to her last remark.

The inquiry of Rachel did not seem to  
please the expectant vendor of medicine,  
as he quickly answered—  
"That I cannot say. But I must hurry  
to my office; let us have one kiss, Rachel  
and we part. To-morrow, at twelve, I'll  
be on hand."

It is midnight; Jeremiah Peachblossom  
is snugly ensconced between the sheets,  
dreaming of the morrow and its anticipa-  
ted events. But, while he is slumbering,  
let us survey the actions of another, who  
is slowly creeping on hands and knees to-  
ward the spot where the wedding-suit of  
the Doctor is repositied. Drawing it out  
piece by piece, the stranger carefully closes  
the drawer, and, withdrawing as he came  
hurried along to the village tavern. Creep-  
ing stealthily, he passes through an  
open window on the first floor, and enter-  
ing the apartment, draws the curtains con-  
ceals the wedding-suit of Dr. Peachblos-  
som; and donning his night attire, blows  
out his light and retires, and soon the hea-  
vily breathing in the chamber of the new-  
ly arrived traveler, tells that he is sleep-  
ing. That traveler is Samuel Slocum, the  
discarded Pedagogue.

The morning dawned, and Peachblos-  
som arose, beholding in his mind's eye,  
the happy hour when he shall stand by  
the side of Rachel Stiles. But a letter  
upon the table arrested his movements,

and *au dishabile*, he broke the seal and  
read as follows—  
"DEAR HENRY:—We have been discov-  
ered. Let me see you at 12 o'clock precise-  
ly. You have yet time to meet me, and  
your horse can easily accomplish the dis-  
tance."  
"The devil!" exclaimed the doctor, and  
crushing the letter in his hands, he drew  
near his writing desk, and immediately  
penned the following lines, which by the  
address, it will be seen, are intended for  
the Squire.

"Circumstances will prevent me from  
attending at twelve, but I will be there at  
two—a very sick patient."  
PEACHBLOSSOM."

Giving it to a boy to deliver to the man-  
sion of his intended father, the Doctor  
mounted his horse and rode from his office  
in great haste.  
It is noon, and a visitor arrives at the  
house of Squire Stiles, drawn by two fine  
horses, which he gives to the care of a ser-  
vant, and hastily enters the house. To all  
appearances the stranger is the impatient  
bridegroom, Jeremiah Peachblossom.

"I came punctually at the hour, and now  
may I claim Rachel as my wife!" ex-  
claimed the happy Doctor as he entered  
the sitting room, clad in his suit of wed-  
ding-clothes, which had been carefully se-  
lected by the expectant Mrs. P.—her-  
self.

"Then we will go on with the ceremony  
at once," said the Squire, and bidding the  
family be seated, he drew forth his book  
and signified his readiness to perform the  
rites.

The ceremony did not occupy much  
time, and with a hurried air the bridegroom  
exclaimed—  
"I have a very sick patient to attend at  
some distance. The snow is fine, and as  
you like riding, my dear Rachel, suppose  
you go with me?"

The jaunt was no sooner proposed than  
it was accepted by Rachel, and the bride  
and groom were comfortably seated in the  
new sleigh, while the light-footed steeds  
bore them swiftly through the village; and  
the folks wondered within themselves what  
the school-master would say to behold Ra-  
chel Stiles the wife of Doctor Peachblos-  
som.

The bridal pair soon returned to the  
house of the Squire's, and the team once  
more given to the care of the servant,  
while the newly-wedded couple entered the  
house.

The guests had duly arrived, and punc-  
tually to the hour of two, so had Doctor  
Peachblossom—minus the wedding suit.  
"There must have been some fraud  
here!" exclaimed the Squire as the stran-  
ger entered the apartment.

"Close the door and I will explain,"  
replied the groom gazing at the newly ar-  
rived and abashed M. D., and graciously  
handing the bride a chair. "There is a  
mistake, and a great one too. Peruse  
this paper, if you please," handing a docu-  
ment to the Squire.

"What can it mean?" inquired the old  
lady and girls in a voice, as the Squire  
sank upon a chair, clasping the paper  
tightly in his hand.

"It means," interrupted the stranger  
bridegroom, "that I am Samuel Slocum,  
the schoolmaster. I come here, it is true,  
in the character of Doctor Peachblossom,  
and in the wedding-suit of that person.—  
My marriage with Rachel Stiles was af-  
fected by means of a stratagem—purloin-  
ing the suit. But my object was to pre-  
vent the union with such a base villain as  
Doctor Peachblossom, and I have succee-  
ded."

"Speak, for heaven's sake! what means  
this?" said the Squire, placing his arms in  
front of the affrighted bride as if to pro-  
tect her.

"That my true name is Burgess, and an  
officer of the Government. I arrest the  
seeming Doctor Peachblossom as Henry  
Sawyer, you are my prisoner!"

"Never with my life!" exclaimed the  
detected villain, "you have played your  
game deeply, but you will never take me  
while I have this," drawing a pistol and  
aiming it at the head of the stranger.

But the threat of the forger was not ex-  
ecuted, as a body of officers rushed in and  
Sawyer was properly secured.  
"I borrowed this suit," continued the  
bridegroom, "without Doctor Peachblos-  
som's consent, but I will return it. La-  
dies, I apologize to you for the intrusion.  
Under the disguise of a Pedagogue, I have  
tracked the forger and arrested him.—  
Squire Stiles, you have the warrant. But  
enough of this; I love Rachel, Rachel  
loves me, Mr. Stiles have I your con-  
sent?"

"Freely, Let the ceremony I have per-  
formed be considered valid—I will fill up  
the certificate, and the bands shall be wit-  
nessed by the guests."

The pair were indeed united, and now  
by the generous winter fire, the happy cir-  
cle re-hers the affair of that day, and  
crack many a joke upon  
"THE PEDAGOGUE'S STRATAGEM."

## Miscellany.

### A WOLF HUNT.

A few days since, says a Kansas letter  
in the St. Louis Republican, while riding  
in the rear of our town, in a small ravine,  
through which a streamlet takes its quiet  
way beneath its crystal covering and whose  
irrigation has produced tall grasses and  
shrubs that make a hiding-place for game,  
I came suddenly upon a large black wolf.  
He was scratching at a thin place in the  
ice, and seemed almost famished for water.  
When he saw me he started in full run for  
the forest in the river bottom. I kept up-  
on his heels, and tried to ride upon him.  
He was almost exhausted, and just as I sup-  
posed he would give out, he slipped into  
the hollow of a large cotton-wood tree.

I stopped the hole through which he en-  
tered, and came back to town to get an axe  
and the dogs, and the assistance of Frank  
Mahan and Wm. Palmer, and together, we  
returned to cut him out. The dogs were  
anxious, and we were prepared with our  
guns to receive him.

When we had made a large hole, about  
four feet from the ground, the dogs jumped  
at it on the outside and the wolf on the  
inside, and such barking, growling, snap-  
ping and howling, I never heard before.  
It made the woods resound for a great dis-  
tance, and brought several of the neighbors  
to the spot. Things continued so awhile,  
and we consulted what had best be done.  
We could not shoot the wolf through this  
opening, without too great a risk of killing  
the dogs, for he only appeared at the in-  
side when the dogs were at the outside.  
We finally concluded to stop the hole that  
we had made, and fell the tree by chopping  
a narrow gash all around it.

The tree came down a little sooner than  
we had expected. Frank Mahan had the  
axe lifted for another stroke, as it went over  
with a crash. The wolf, with bristled  
back and glaring eyes, and glittering teeth  
leaped at his throat with terrible ferocity.  
The descending axe met it half way, cleav-  
ing its skull and laying it dead at his feet.

We had no time to express our wonder  
and congratulations at his narrow and sin-  
gular escape, before our attention was cal-  
led to that which filled us with amazement,  
if not dread. It was a human skeleton,  
of medium size, and of a female, hidden  
in the cavity of the tree. Its posture was  
erect, and the bones were held together by  
a kind of clear integument that seemed to  
cover, like a transparent skin, the entire  
frame. The jar of the felled tree severed  
several of the joints, and we drew them all  
out and placed them again in form. The  
proportions were perfect and the limbs  
straight—indicating a contour, when in  
flesh, of perfect symmetry. Who could  
it have been, that thus perished, years ago,  
in this wild forest? and how came her  
death in this strange place? where queries  
that were immediately suggested. Could  
it have been some maiden, who, like the  
bride in "The Mistletoe Bough," had con-  
cealed herself from her lover in the heart  
of this old tree and become fastened there  
and died? Or, in fleeing from an enemy,  
had sought this refuge? Or, in escaping  
wild beasts, had climbed up in this close re-  
treat, whence she could not extricate her-  
self? These were natural suggestions, for  
the skeleton fitted close in the cavity and  
seemed to have been fastened there. How  
many years ago this frame possessed vital-  
ity, and how many years it had inhabited  
this time-worn, storm-rocked tenement, and  
how it came there, and to what race it once  
belonged, will remain a mystery until the  
universal revelation.

## The Toilet.

To improve the Hair.—Powdered hart-  
horn, mixed with oil, being rubbed upon  
the head of persons who have lost their  
hair, will cause it to grow again. A very  
good oil for the hair is made by mixing one  
part of the liquid hartshorn with nine  
parts of pure castor oil.

To Soften and Cleanse the Hair.—Beat  
up an egg, rub it well into the hair, and  
then wash the head well. If the hair is  
very oily, add the juice of half a lemon.  
The receipt also answers much better than  
soap for washing pet dogs.

An Excellent Cosmetic.—An infusion  
of horse-radish in cold milk.

A Natural Dentifrice.—The common  
strawberry is a natural dentifrice, and its  
juice, without any preparation, dissolves  
the calcareous incrustations of the teeth,  
and renders the breath sweet and agree-  
able.