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BY DAVID OVER.

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THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer.
Her snow white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast,
Just swelling with the charms it hid,
And from her long and flowing dress,
Escaped a lace and snowy foot,
Whose steps upon the earth did press
Like a new snow-flake, white and mute;
And then from slumbers soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed that light and matchless form
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.
Oh, God! if souls unmolested as these
Need daily mercy from thy throne;
If she upon her bedded knees,
Our boldest and purest one;
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light;
If she with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
What far, far deeper need have we!
How hardly, if she win not Heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven!

From the Home Journal.

WILLIE'S CHOICE.

When Willie was and weds a wife,
I wonder who the bride will be!
For any maiden might be proud
Of such a noble lot as he.
Now Willie is our village pride;
The flower of all our country youth;
He's turned the heads of twenty girls!
Though they are easy turned, in truth!
His father lives on yonder farm;
The country people call him "Squire";
They say to save his soul from harm,
That he would pass through food or fire.
The good Squire lists of days to come;
And looks as wise as wise can be!
Will he shall bring his maiden home;
But no one knows his choice but me!
Nay, do not frown so, stately maid;
For we will call you "Princess" still;
Though Willie calmly passed you by,
I'm sure you wish his bride no ill.

Withhold your anger, pretty Madge.

Still pour your lips, and curl your hair,
The simple maid that Willie loves
Is not one half so fair!

She's only lovely in his eyes—

Indeed she wants no other praise!

Her only wealth is in his love—

Her pleasure follows in his ways.

I cannot blame our princely Madge;

Or Madge, the rose of the little hill.

What marvel that they tried their best!

I strive to please the lad myself!

HOOPS REVES GOATEES.

A female Hooper thus indignantly hurled back
the ridicule of hoops by the masculine lipids.
We copy from the Franklin Republican:
Mr. Editor—The great mania of the times
seems to be, who can say the most silly things
about "hoops?" Just as if it was anybody's
business about them, save those who choose to
wear them. Since a paper came to hand that
has not something about "Hoopiana" in it,
written by some brainless editor, or some one
of his less gifted correspondents. To these
scolding lipids I will reply under the most
suitable cognomen of which I can employ, viz:
WOOLLY JIMMIES.

Talk not to us about our hoops,
Or of our skirts, nor what of loops;
We'll wear just what we please,
For every lady now doth need,
Protection from the woolly breed,
If she regards her ease.

Was ever earth more cursed with trash,
Than you who grow the vile mustache?
And with no sparing hand,
Deal out to us in endless rhyme,
That wearing "hoops" is all a crime,
But this we understand.

There's some of you look quite fine,
While others look somewhat canine,
And some seem both combined;
Just as it seems to suit the taste,
Of woolly men, in hottest haste,
If they bet had a mind.

Then too, in this progressive age,
A woolly face is all the rage,
A filthy face to mask:
Which makes one look so very prim,
Like every other woolly-jim,
But here just let me ask,

Is there a place about your head,
In which to put your dirty bread?
If so, where is the place?
For I declare, no one can see
Where such a place can fairly be,
About your woolly face.

And if you have, it is in use,
And filled with vile tobacco juice;
All ready for a squirt,
Upon some lady's fancy dress,
Or in the face of loveliness,
What don't fall on your shirt.

To smoke and chew and raise a crop
Of rag-rod wool, and act the top,
With time and money spent,
Just fills your cup of usefulness,
While too you are of filthiness,
A walking monument.

And as you walk the streets about,
Like some great awkward, lazy, loat,
With a long nose to puff,
You think yourself most wondrous wise,
And like the road quite large in size,
But hold, I've said enough.
Franklin, Ind. HOOPERIAN.

THE FRIGATE'S TENDER, OR THE RUSE.

It was early on a sunny morning during
the progress of the last war with Great
Britain, that a young naval officer, walking
on the Battery of New York, had his at-
tention drawn to a group of persons car-
nestly engaged in watching two vessels that
were just visible down the battery.
"What is it my friends?" he asked, in a
frank, hearty tone as he joined them.
"The tender, again, chasing a schooner,"
said an old tar, touching the
point of his hat, as he noticed the anchor
button on the gentleman's coat.
"Here's a spy glass, sir," said a master's
mate who stood near, and at the same time
respectfully handing it to him.
"Thank you, my man," answered the lieu-
tenant with a smile, as he took the instru-
ment and placed it to his eye.
By its aid he could clearly distinguish an
armed schooner of about ninety tons, crowd-
ing sail in chase of a frigate and after, that
that was making every exertion to escape,
both by towing and wetting her sails.
"The chase is about a half a mile ahead,"
said the master's mate; but the tender
sails like a shark in chase of a dolphin.—
The fore and after don't stand any chance
of getting in past the fort."

"That tender can sail, and I am the one
that ought to know it," said a stout, wheat-
crusted man. "She was a pilot boat, and
was the fastest craft that ever danced over
the water. Three weeks ago, I and my
crew were out in her, when you English
frigate suddenly made her appearance out
of a fog bank, and brought us to. But I
took my yawl, and pulled for the land a
league away, and escaped; for the fog was
so thick that the Englishmen could not get
a glimpse of me. It is my schooner they
have turned into a tender, sir, and that's
made so many captures the last three weeks
of our coasts."

"She carries forty men, and a long thirty-
two—so I hear," observed a sailor in the
group.
"And is commended by buff and reefers,"
added the master's mate.
"It would be a blessing," observed a man-
of-war's man, who had not yet spoken, "if
that craft could be taken. It ain't safe for
a sloop to put her nose out of the harbor,
beyond the cape. While the frigate was
there alone they could slip along the coast
in night water, and show their heels; but now
everything that ventures out is brought to
by the long tender."

"There's a fact, Ben," responded another
seaman. She has taken or driven back in-
to port no less than twenty six crafts in the
last three weeks. I shall be glad, for one,
when our frigate lying off there gets her
armament aboard, for then I think we'll
swallow the English frigate outside, and
pick our teeth with the tender."
All these remarks were heard by the
young officer who all the while continued to
look through the spy-glass at the tender and
her chase.

"There goes a guin!" cried several of the
spectators, as a flash and jet of smoke came
from the tender's bows.
"That is bold enough," observed the young
officer, as if speaking his thoughts aloud;
"that impudent tender is almost up with
the fort, and dares to fire at the chase in the
very face of the batteries."

"It's only to try and do her mischief, sir,"
said the master's mate; "for she finds the
fore and after will escape her, so she fires a
gun to cut something away."

"You are right, my man," responded the
man "for she has put about and stands sea-
ward again."
He continued to watch the retiring ten-
der for some length of time in composed
silence.

"It's a pity that we hadn't an armed out-
ter in port that would sail faster than she
can, so that we might give her chase out,"
said a lad approaching the group. His
dress was that of a midshipman, and his
air singularly free and careless.

"Ah, Frank you are here!" said the lieu-
tenant. When did you get back from your
father's?"

"Last night. I was in hopes to find the
sloop ready for sea, Mr. Percival; but I am
told that it will be three weeks before we
can get away. I want to have a brush with
John Bull's frigate, that hovers off and on
the harbor with such bravadoing. When
did you get into town sir?"
"Yesterday morning. Have you been
witnessing the pretty chase down the bay
this morning Frank?"
"Yes. I would give a year's pay if I
could only have a hand in capturing the
rogue."
"Come with me," said the officer, putting
his arm in that of the midshipman. "Your
words but express my own wishes. I have

conceived a plan for capturing the ten-
der."
"In what way, sir?" demanded the youth,
with animation.
"I will show you. The tender's game
appears to be the coasting vessels, from
which she takes men to impress in the Brit-
ish navy, also, plunders the craft of such
things as they contain which are of any
value. My plan is to charter an old sloop,
the worst looking one that it is possible to
find in port, yet a tolerable fast sailer, for
she must work well, and readily obey her
helm. I will load her deck with benches
filled with poultry, pens crammed with pigs
and a few sheep, and a calf or two by the
way of variety. You laugh, Frank; but
the commander of the tender will find it no
laughing matter, if I succeed as I anticipate.
I shall slip about thirty five men, and con-
ceal them in the hold; and taking command
of my craft, with only one hand visible on
deck, I shall set sail out to the harbor.—
When I get outside, I think I shall be able
to show John Bull a Yankee trick he will
not be able to forget very soon. But all
will depend on our good management of
the affair. Now you see what I would be
at, Frank! Will you join me?"

"Heart and hand, sir," responded Frank
Talbot, with enthusiasm. "Will you allow
me to be the hand on deck to help to work
the sloop?"
"Yes, if you can talk Weathersfield Yan-
kee!"

"Wall, I rath'er guess I ken, though I
haint been to Connecticut a mong 'em sin
last grass!"
This reply was pronounced in such an im-
itable Yankee dialect, that the lieutenant
burst into a hearty laugh.

"You will do, Frank! Now we want to
proceed to action. I want you to go
to the Anchor rendezvous in Pearl street
and drum up about five and thirty men.—
Take only those who are daring and ready
for anything. Let none of them know your
object, lest we should be betrayed by infor-
mation being conveyed to the tender. You
will find enough in those times that will
ask no questions. Meet me at twelve
o'clock at the Exchange reading rooms, and
report to me."

The midshipman then took his leave, and
hastened up the Battery. The lieutenant
returned to the group, and taking aside the
master's mate whom he knew, laid briefly
before him his project. The old tar enter-
ed into it with a zeal. Together they went
to the docks, where, on account of the
blockade, lay idle a large number of ves-
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now, she will take her refuge in the har-
bor.
The sloop stood out for half a mile, and
then hauling her wind, beat down along the
land. The tender delayed her chase until
she had got too from the entrance of the
harbor again, and then putting about, ran
for her so as to cut her off. The sloop
seemed to take alarm, and began to make
the best of her way toward the harbor she
had left. Confident of the speed of his own
vessel, the English lieutenant felt satisfied
that the chase was already his, and laughed
at the efforts of the sloop to get away.

At length they came near enough to see
that her decks were covered with pigs and
poultry.
"A rare haul we shall make this morning,"
said the midshipman. "Enough chicken pie for
the whole frigate's crew, to say nothing of
the turkeys and roast pig for the cabin!"
"What a regular slab sided Yankee skip-
per she has at the helm! Man and boy, she
has a stout crew," said the lieutenant,
laughing. "They look frightened out of
their senses, they begin to think they are
done for! Sloop ahoy!"
"What ye want?" came across the water
in the strongest nasal Yankeeism.
"I want you to leave to, Brother
Jonathan!"

"I'd rath'er not, if it's all the same to
you! I'm in a mity hurry! Frank!" added
the disgusted American officer, in an under-
tone, "when I order you to let go the jib,
you must draw it aft as hard as your
strength will let you. I at the same time
will put the helm hard up, so that the sloop
will pay off rapidly, and fall aboard of the
tender for I'm determined to get aboard of
her. I shall course your blunders and order
you to let go; but don't mind me; keep
pulling the jibsheet hard to windward—
leave the rest to me. Now my men," he
said, speaking through the companion way,
"take a good grasp for your pistols and
cutlasses. When I stamp my foot on the
deck over your heads, throw off the hatches
leap on the deck, and follow me."

"Heave to, or I will sink you!" What are
you palavering about! shouted the Eng-
lish officer.
The two vessels were now side by side,
steering in the same course, a beam of each
other, the tender to leeward, and about a
hundred fathoms off.

"Wall, don't be too free with your pow-
er and I will. Aminadab, let go that
jibsheet!"
"Yes, I will," answered the young reefers
and with a hearty will began to draw it
to windward. At the same moment the
American officer put the helm hard up,
and the sloop rapidly paid off right toward
the tender.

"Let go that jibsheet!" shouted the Eng-
lish officer.
"Yes, Aminadab, you taral fool you, let
it go, say! Let it go! Don't you see we
are going aboard the capting's vessel!"
"But 'Aminadab' pulled the harder, and
fairly took a turn with the sheet about a
belying pin.

The English officer was about to pour a
volley of oaths upon him, when, seeing that
the sloop would certainly fall foul of him,
he turned to give orders for the protection
of his own vessel; but ere he could utter
them, sloop's bow struck her near the fore
tugging, and swung round stern with stern.
At the same instant the American officer
stamped upon the deck, and forty armed
men made their appearance from the hatches,
fore and aft and leaped after Percival upon
the tender's deck.

The Englishman, taken by surprise, sur-
rendered without scarcely striking a blow;
and getting both vessels under sail, in the
very sight of the frigate, the gallant young
captain sailed with his prize back into the
harbor, and safely anchored her off the bat-
tery, after an absence of six hours and
twenty-seven minutes.

HON. CHARLES B. PENROSE.
The following Resolutions were offered
in the Senate on the 7th inst, on the death
of Hon. Charles B. Penrose, by Mr. Crabb,
who accompanied them with a very eloquent
speech. We have not room for all the
speech and we will therefore only copy that
of Mr. Jordan, in the Senate, and Mr.
Thorne in the House:

Resolved, That the Senate has learned
with the deepest sorrow, the death of its
late member, Charles B. Penrose.

Resolved, That by the death of Charles
B. Penrose, the Commonwealth has lost one
of her most distinguished sons, and the
Senate one of its most brilliant ornaments.

Resolved, That although we must sincerely
deplore the death of our late associate, and
feel as though it had bereft us of a friend
and brother, we bow with humility to the
act of an inscrutable Providence.

Resolved, That on account of the respect
we entertain for the character and memory
of our deceased friend, the members of the

Senate will wear the customary badge of
mourning for thirty days.
Resolved, That the members of the Senate
will attend the funeral of Mr. Penrose in a
body.

REMARKS OF MR. JORDAN.
Mr. SPEAKER—I cannot in justice to
the occasion or to my own feelings, sit silent
on this solemn and impressive occasion. It
is but a few days since we performed the
sad duty of paying appropriate honors to
the memory of one of Pennsylvania's noblest
sons, (Dr. KANE,) who died far off in the
sunny islands of the Atlantic. Death has
now come nigh unto us. He has not only
entered our legislative halls, but he has
most suddenly, and unexpectedly, entered
this Senate Chamber, invaded our small
circle here, and taken away one of us.—
This startling intrusion, yonder vacant chair,
and that unoccupied desk, all speak to us
by whom death's arrows have so closely
passed, in a language of solemnity and warn-
ing, which can neither be unheard nor mis-
understood. Our departed friend had served
our State and nation, long and faith-
fully, in many important posts of honor.—
The wisdom of this world has said: "Death
loves a shining mark," and a wisdom, not
of this world, has proclaimed, that "Man,
being in honor, abideth not."

It was my good fortune to have made the
acquaintance of our deceased fellow Senator
several years ago; but I never became in-
timate with him, or learned his real worth,
until we met here this session. Not only
have I enjoyed the pleasure and advantage
of his superior wisdom in our daily inter-
course on the floor of the Senate, but we
met often on one of the most laborious com-
mittees of this body; and I can bear most
cheerful and heartfelt testimony to his in-
dustry, his zeal, his learning, his fidelity,
and his patriotic and self sacrificing devo-
tion to the interests of his immediate con-
stituents, and to the State at large. He
seemed to have acquired an inexhaustible
store of knowledge on all subjects; he was
truly "learned in the law," and ever ready
and powerful in debate. And all these
united with a most commendable personal
presence, a practical knowledge of all the
details of legislation, and most amiable and
fascinating manners, combined to form a
man of no ordinary mould, and one who had
every qualification to dignify and adorn any
legislative assembly in the world. Although
his load was whitened over with the frosts
of many winters, his spirit and affections
were buoyant, and his heart warm; and in
both body and mind he retained, in a tran-
scendent degree, all the energy and vigor of
youth. Only a few days ago he was here
with us, with "his eye undimmed, and his
natural force unabated," taking a giant's
part in the battle of life; and now he is gone.
I called to see him in his sick room "on
Saturday last. He was then suffering, but
talked of going home; and in the character-
istic kindness of his heart and affability
of manners, he thanked me for my call.—
Alas! how little did I then think I should
see his face no more forever. But he is
dead. "The golden bowl is broken; and
the silver chalice is hoisted;" and at this
sudden close of life's journey, he has taken
passage, as we all sooner or later must,
"In that dark omnibus,
Which brings no passengers back."

If not all Christians, it is at times like
this we are made to feel that we should be;
and we can at least all join in the hope that
our loved friend has passed to a better
world, and that he is enlisted in a more ex-
alted service, under Him, "whose banner
over him is love, and at whose right hand
are pleasures for ever more."

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
Mr. THORNE, after offering the resolutions,
spoke as follows:
Mr. SPEAKER—It becomes my unpleasant
duty to announce to this House the death
of Hon. Chas. B. Penrose, late Senator
from the city of Philadelphia.

Mr. Penrose had been suffering from what
was supposed to be a severe cold for some
time, and had for a few days been absent
from his seat in the Senate. On Thursday
last he returned to Harrisburg and resumed
his accustomed labors, and only to be
finished in death. He was absent from the
Senate again on Saturday, but not until
Sunday did his friends believe that his
Senatorial and earthly career was about to
close. Professional skill could not relieve
his suffering, or arrest the disease; and at
15 minutes before 3 o'clock yesterday, his
spirit winged its flight to another and a
better world.

Mr. Penrose was born in the city of
Philadelphia in the year 1798, and when
about 9 years of age, with his parents,

emigrated to and settled in that portion of
the Louisiana Territory now known as the
State of Missouri. That Territory was
then the home of the red-man, and its few
and sparse white settlements were subject
to his depredations. Charles B. Penrose,
when fourteen years of age, enrolled him-
self a member of a volunteer company, and
under Capt. Lucas, marched to the frontier
to protect his hardy and enterprising coun-
trymen. This early training amid scenes of
hardship and danger, doubtless more than
any other circumstance, gave point and
direction to his character, and was the
foundation of those traits which have so
prominently distinguished him through life.

After peace and quiet had been partially
restored on the frontier, he was sent to
Kentucky, where he received his education.
He subsequently returned to his native
city and commenced the study of law, and
in 1822 was admitted to the bar. After
remaining in Philadelphia some years he
removed to Cumberland county, and soon
found himself surrounded by new friends
and a lucrative practice. In the fall of
1833, under the provisions of the old Con-
stitution, he was elected a Senator from the
district composed of the counties of Cum-
berland and Perry, and was re-elected from
Cumberland, Franklin and Adams. On
the 26th March, 1838, he was elected
Speaker of the Senate, and was re-elected
in December of the same year. While a
member of that body, he was distinguished
for great ability and general and practical
knowledge of the measures of public poli-
tics peculiar to our State. As an eloquent
and forcible debater, he had no superior in
that body; and the dignity and grace with
which he presided over it as Speaker, was
the theme of universal praise.

Upon the accession of Gen. Harrison to
the Presidency, Mr. Penrose was appointed
Solicitor of the Treasury, and continued in
office until superseded by the administra-
tion of Mr. Polk.

In 1847 he again returned to Philadel-
phia, and in 1848 was appointed by Presi-
dent Taylor Assistant Secretary of the
Treasury, which position he held for a few
months, when he tendered his resignation.

The citizens of his native city, in 1855,
elected him a member of the Common
Council, under the Consolidation act, and
immediately afterwards he commenced the
task of assisting in the adjustment of the
municipal form of government of that city.

His enlarged experience gave him high po-
sition, and he soon became a ruling spirit
in that body.

In the summer of 1856, while Mr. Pen-
rose was absent from home, and without his
knowledge, the American party nominated
him for the Senate, and he was again elect-
ed to that body, which in early life, he
had so much adorned, and in the midst of
which he was to perform his last public
duty.

Mr. Speaker, when the members of this
body now surrounding me, left their homes
to enter upon their duties in this Hall, no
one of them enjoyed better health, than he
whose death we now mourn. A temperate,
prudent life, had added strength to an al-
most iron constitution, and though the
frosts of nearly sixty winters had silvered
his brow, still his erect form, and fra-
grant, gave promise that there were yet be-
fore him years of honor and usefulness.—
But "the ways of Providence are past find-
ing out," and when we were looking for-
ward to an early day upon which we might
again join our families and friends, the mes-
senger of death summons from our midst
our most distinguished colleague. "Death
loves a shining mark." That messenger
came not to him and found him unpre-
pared. He had long since learned the inestimable
truth of the Christian religion, and by
their practical application had made him-
self ready whenever the summons should
come. Though not surrounded by all his
immediate family, still to those who watch-
ed his dissolution, he said—"I am about to
die—but I am not afraid of death—I rely
upon my Creator, whom I have tried to
serve."

Thus passed from our midst a great and
good man, an ornament to his native State,
in the midst of a career of honor and use-
fulness. "Let the coffin pass." It bears
from our sight all that remains of one whom
it was our privilege to know, and honor to
be associated with. It bears to the grave
that generous heart that throbbled for
others' woes." Mr. Speaker,
"A warmer heart death has'er made cold."

Let us remember, that perchance, before
the close of this session, some one may be
called upon to perform the same sad offices
for us. May we, like the departed, be not
"afraid to die."

The uncertain man is as a wave of
the sea, forever tossed to and fro.

A MARRIAGE IN THE ROTHSCHILD
FAMILY.—On Wednesday afternoon, the
14th instant, a marriage was celebrated
with great pomp and splendor at Gunners-
bury Park, near Chiswick, the country-seat
of Baron Lionel de Rothschild. The con-
tracting parties were the representatives of
the two great—or, rather, greatest—families
of the Rothschild family—the bride being
Miss Leonora, the eldest daughter of Baron
Lionel, and the bridegroom Baron Alphonse,
the eldest son of Baron James Rothschild
of Paris.

The wedding repast was laid out in two
large rooms, one of which was specially built
for the dining room for the occasion. Both
were decorated with exquisite taste and
splendor. The walls were covered with
large mirrors, with ornamental trellis-work
between, up which were twined long gar-
lands of flowers, lilies, wreaths of orange-
blossoms, and other emblematic Flora suited
to the occasion.

THE BRIDAL PRESENTS
The bridal presents, both in quality and
variety, were more than sufficient to have
stocked an eastern bazaar; so a mere glance
at the more prominent must suffice. Break-
fast services, as usual, distinctly prevailed;
there being some five or six of them; all of
silver, except one set from Mrs. Montefiore,
which was of massive standard gold, enrich-
ed with the most elaborate chasings. To
this princely gift succeeded a long row of
candelsticks, gold and silver filigree, and
enamelled ivory work boxes, lace fans, jewell-
ed buttons, Prayer books, bound in gold
and jeweled, escaroles of tulle and mar-
queterie, more breakfast services, and a
lace parasol. Arranged on a table by them-
selves were the jewels, a dazzling pile, all
given by different members of the Roths-
child family.

THE ENTRANCE
Shortly before three o'clock the guests
who were invited to be present at the cere-
mony began to arrive. The visitors assem-
bled in the drawing room, where Dr. Adler,
the Chief Rabbi, assisted by Mr. Arer and
Mr. Green, prepared to perform the cere-
mony according to the rites of the Jewish
religion. A velvet canopy, supported by four
of the bridegroom's grooms d'onneur, was
placed at the upper end of the room. The
bridegroom was then led in by his nearest
male relatives, and placed under the cano-
py. The bride, who till then had remained
in her apartment, descended to the saloon,
attended by no less than sixteen brides-
maids, all attired alike in white dresses,
trimmed with light blue—the bride wear-
ing the usual lace dress and orange blos-
soms. At the door of the saloon she was
met by her mother, who, assisted by the
bridesmaids, completely enveloped her whole
figure and persons in a veil which reached
to the ground, and which is worn in com-
pliance with the Scriptural verse in Gene-
sis relating to Hebeceah. She was then con-
ducted to the saloon with the same formi-
dable as the bridegroom, and placed under the
canopy.

THE CEREMONY
The Chief Rabbi, having pronounced a
most eloquent exhortation to exult, the ser-
vice was commenced in Hebrew. The be-
trouthee then drank a cup of wine and water,
and the bridegroom taking the ring, placed
it on the bride's finger, repeating in Hebrew
slowly, "Behold, thou art betrothed unto me
with this ring, according to the rites of
Moses and Israel." The marriage contract
was then read, and prayers resumed, the be-
trouthee again drank a glass of wine between
them, and the glass being laid on the ground
empty, the bridegroom crushed it with his
foot, all the relations at the same time wish-
ing (in Hebrew) that the marriage might be
happy, and the bride and bridegroom be as
irrevocably joined as the pieces of glass
were sundered.

THE DINNER
About an hour after the conclusion of
the ceremony the visitors sat down to the
dinner, for such, in fact, it was. The bride's
health was proposed by the French Ambas-
sador, and drunk with enthusiasm, shortly
after which both bride and bridegroom left
for Montevideo, the seat of Baron Meyer de
Rothschild, in Buckinghamshire. Mr. D'
Rothschild then proposed the health of Baron
James de Rothschild, and Lord John Rus-
sell that of his colleague, the Baron Lionel.
More toasts followed, and in the evening
a grand ball was given, at which there was
a brilliant attendance of aristocracy and
Parisian society.

DEATH.—When the veil of death has
been drawn between us and the objects of
our regard, how quick-sighted we become
to their merits, and how bitterly do we then
remember words, or even looks of unkind-
ness, which may have escaped in our inter-
course with them? How careful should such
thoughts render us in the fulfillment of