

ROMANCE OF MATRIMONY.

We have all heard of marriages, cross-marriages, and inter-marriages; but for the utter confusion of marriages, the reader is referred to the following statement, which is avouched as true in all its particulars. Some years ago a respectable young English woman, residing near London, became the object of affection to a worthy sea captain, and after due acquaintance and preliminaries, it was agreed among the friends, as well as themselves, that their Union would be a proper one, and they were accordingly married. The marriage was a most happy one, and the husband and wife lived together in the bonds of real affection. At length, during a distant voyage, the captain's vessel was lost, and the young wife was made wretched with the intelligence that her husband, together with every soul on board, had been lost with the wreck. Utterly disconsolate, and wasting in health, the young widow was at length induced by her relatives to visit America, in the hope that a change of scene would wean away her distress. She had friends already here, and to them she came on a temporary visit. Having reached the western world, it was found that either change of scene, or the salt sea air, had wrought miracles on her health and spirits; her bloom returned, her mind was more composed, and in less than six months after her arrival, she found herself reclining on the affections of a second husband, a countryman of her own.

With this one she resided upwards of a year, and having a strong desire to visit home again, she obtained her husband's consent, and departed on board a steamer for the land of her early joys and sorrows. As she approached her native shores, her reflections naturally reverted to past scenes, among which, those of her first domestic enjoyments were vividly prominent. The form of her lost one rose before her, and mingled in memory with scenes of happiness, like the half-faded images of golden dreams, and a shower of tears attested the sincerity of her emotions. She reached England. What was her astonishment on being informed that her husband, the captain, after boxing the compass over strange seas and strange lands, for a couple of years, had returned safe and sound, and was at that moment within the sound of the Bowbells! Her delight was unbounded; she forgot—no, she did not forget—her latter spouse, but she forthwith sat down and addressed to him an epistle, stating the fact of the return of her first love, and in polite, if not tender strains, assured him that it would be utterly impossible to return to his affectionate arms. This dispatched, she forthwith prepared to seek and once more be happy with, the man who had won her virgin heart. But alas for the fallacy of hum hopes! Verily

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

The deserted husband, indignant at the seeming want of affection and respect, as evinced in her second marriage, refused to recognise, or have any thing to do with her. Here was a dilemma not anticipated. She had cast off one, and had been cast off in turn by the other. The poor thing took it much to heart, as well she might. To be a widow with two living husbands was an attitude as unlooked for as it was unusual, and her position afforded a spectacle for the world of gossip to gaze upon. The captain remained obdurate; and on the other hand, the idea of supplicating the other was too humiliating to be entertained, to say nothing of the chances of being again rejected. Thus things wore on for a few months, and the situation of the grass-widow grew more and more perplexing and appalling. A husband she must have; so, as a first resort, she determined to subdue her pride, cross the Atlantic again, and present herself in modest humility to her abused *sposa* in America. To resolve, was to perform. Again she crossed the ocean, when, horror of horrors! she found her love snugly ensconced in the arms of another wife! He, poor fellow, having given her up as irretrievably lost, had consoled himself philosophically, and taken a legitimate antidote for his sorrows, by marrying again. This new trouble appeared, at first sight, even more frightful than the former, but matters turned out better than she anticipated. The "gude mon" was not so fastidious as the captain, or else he had made a bad speculation in his venture. He no sooner knew of her arrival, than he presented himself before her, and finding her "disengaged" of all other matrimonial alliances, took her again to his arms, and coolly bowed the new incumbent out of the house. The returned wife still reigns mistress of the duplicate husband's heart, and she is well glad in the privilege of loving, honoring, and obeying him.

THE SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

Not long since, a sober, middle-aged gentleman was quietly dozing in one of the American railroad trains, when his pleasant, drowsy meditations were interrupted by the sharp voice of the individual by his side. This was no less a personage than a dandied, hot-blooded, inquisitive Frenchman, who raised his hairy visage close to that of the gentleman he addressed. "Pardunnez, sare, but vat you do viz ze pictair—hein?"

As he spoke, monsieur pointed to a pair of beautiful steel engravings, in frames, which the quiet gentleman held in his lap, and which suited the fancy of the little French connoisseur, precisely.

The quiet gentleman looked at the inquisitive foreigner, with a scowl which he meant to be very forbidding, and made no reply. The Frenchman, nothing daunted, once more approached his hairy visage to that of the stranger, and repeated the question,

"Vat you do viz ze pictair—hein?"

"I am taking them to Salem," replied the quiet gentleman, gruffly.

"Ha! you take 'em to sell 'em?" chimed in the shrill voice of the Frenchman. "I be glad of zat, by gar! I like ze pictair. I buy 'em of you, sare. How muche you ask?"

"They are not for sale!" replied the sleepy gentleman,

more thoroughly awake, by the way, and not a little irritated.

"Hein?" grunted monsieur, in astonishment. "Vat you say, sare?"

"I say I don't want to sell the pictures!" cried the other, at the top of his voice.

"Parbleu! cest drole!" exclaimed the Frenchman, his eyes beginning to flash with passion. "It is one strange circumstance, parbleu! I ask you vat you do viz ze pictair, and you say you will not sell 'em! Vat you mean, sare—hein?"

"I mean what I say," replied the other, sharply; "I don't want to sell the engravings, and didn't tell you I did."

"Morbieu!" sputtered monsieur, in a tone loud enough to attract the attention of those of his fellow-passengers who were not already listening; "morbieu! you mean to say I 'ave not any ear? Non, monsieur, by gar, hear ver' well vat you tell me. You say you sell ze pictair. Is it because I be one Frenchman, zat you will not sell to me ze pictair?"

The irritated gentleman, hoping to rid himself of the annoyance, turning his back upon his assailant, and made no reply.

But monsieur was not to be put off thus. He laid his hand on the shoulder of the other, and showing his small, white teeth, exclaimed—

"Sacristie! monsieur, zis is too muche. You 'ave give me one insult, I shall 'ave satisfaction."

Still no reply.

"By gar, monsieur," continued the Frenchman, "you are not one gentleman. I shall call you one poltroon—vat you call 'em? coward!"

"What do you mean?" retorted the other, afraid the affair was beginning to be serious; "I havn't insulted you, sir."

"Pardonnez, monsieur, but it is one grand insult! In America, perhaps not, but in France, one blow your brains out for zat."

"For what, pray?"

"For vat? Parbleu! you call me one menteur—how you speak 'em—liar? you call me one liar!"

"Oh, no, sir. You misunderstood—"

"No, by gar! I 'ave got ears. You say you will sell ze pictair; and ven I tell you vat you say, you say ze contrarie—zat it is not so!"

"But I didn't tell you I would sell the pictures," remonstrated the man with the engravings, beginning to feel alarmed at the passion manifested by the Frenchman, "you misunderstood—"

"I tell you no. It is not possibl'! When I ask you vat you do viz ze pictair, vat you say?"

"I said I was taking them to Salem."

"Yes, Parbleu!" exclaimed monsieur, more angry than ever, "you say you take 'em to sell 'em—"

"No, no!" interrupted the other, "not to sell them, but to Salem, the City of Salem."

"Ze City of Sell'em!" exclaimed the Frenchman, amid the roars of laughter that greeted his ears. "Sacristie! Zat is one grand mistake. Pardon, monsieur! Que je sus bete! Ze City of Sell'em? Ha! ha! I will remember dat, by gar!"

And he stroked his moustache with his fingers, while the man with the pictures once more indulged his drowsy inclinations.

PAT'S "LANDLORD."

Not long since one of the close-fisted and brass-faced Yankees—one who, to save a cent, would almost risk his life—called at the *American House* in Lowell, at a late hour in the night, and demanded lodging. The porter was in charge of the rooms, and asked the man from—no matter where—to "pay before going to bed."

"I don't pay over night," said the Yankee, "I havn't any money."

"And then ye'll have not bed, sure," replied Pat.

"I'll be darned if I don't though," continued the Yankee, at the same time taking a light and starting for the stairs.

Pat here attempted to stop him, and the Yankee chose to give Paddy a slap in the face, rather than a quarter for his lodging. A tussel ensued, in which the Yankee got considerably the worst of it, and he withdrew from the scuffle with his outer man the worse for wear. After a few moments' thought he drew a knife from his pocket, advanced towards the Irishman, and said, "I want a bed sir!"

"I want a quather as much," said Pat.

"If you don't give me a bed, sir, I'll cut your throat," threatened the Yankee. This was a poser for Pat, who replied to the forcible remark,

"The beds are not mine, but they are in me charge; I'll go speak with the landlord, and if he says ye may have a bed, why then I havn't the laste objection."

And off started Pat, up stairs. He was not long absent, ere he returned, holding one hand behind him as he approached the Yankee, who at once asked,

"Did you see the landlord?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he coming down?"

"Faith, an' I'll make yez believe he is," said Pat, as he drew from behind him a big shillalah, exclaiming "Och! ye blaguard! this is 'the landlord,' an' he sez ye can't have a bed here to night, bad luck to the head of yez!"

And a tap on the head from Pat's "landlord," straightened the Yankee on the floor, and he was soon thrown into the street.

The same man just escaped from being thrown from the cars a short time since, because he refused to pay his passage, although he is worth from twenty to thirty thousand dollars; but the conductor obtained his fare by asking him, "Do you remember Pat's 'landlord'?"

Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept—*Scripture*.

If Rachel was a pretty girl, and kept her face clean, we can't see what Jacob had to cry about.—*New York Globe*.

How do you know but that she slapped his face for him?—*N. O. Delta*.

Weeping is not unfrequently produced by extreme pleasure, joy, happiness; it might have been so in Jacob's case.—*Whig*.

Gentlemen, hold your tongues. The cause of Jacob's weeping was the refusal of Rachel to allow him to kiss her again.—*Taylor Flag*.

It is our opinion that Jacob wept because he had not kissed Rachel before, and he wept for the time he had lost.—*Age*.

Green, verdant, all of ye. The fellow wept because the gal didn't kiss him.—*Manchester American*.

Nonsense! Jacob wept because Rachel told him to "do it twice more," and he was afraid to.—*Freeman*.

Ridiculous! there is not a true Yankee among you.—We guess Jacob cried because Rachel threatened to tell her maim.—*Seneca Union*.

There you are wrong again. He wept because there was only one Rachel to kiss.—*Rutland Herald*.

Oh, get you out! He wept for joy 'cause it tasted so good.—*Mail*.

We reckon Jacob cried 'cause Rachel had been eating onions.—*O. P.*

Our opinion is, that Jacob wept because he found after all, "it was not half what it was cracked up to be."

Richmond Whig.

Our humble opinion is, that Jacob wept on account of the weakness of "human nature," that he should so far forget himself as to kiss a woman.—*Acorn*.

You are all out. Rachel must have reproved Jacob for waiting till he watered her flock before he kissed her, and wept for being so green.—*New York Sun*.

The Sun is as much in the dark as the Globe and all the rest of them. Jacob blubbered, like the Roman whimperer, because—

The women had not one such rosy mouth,

That he might kiss them all from North to South.

Gateshead Observer.

Gentlemen of the Quill, none of you have went to guessing school. We think one of the sons of Haran had a sneaking notion after the girl, and it is not altogether unlikely that he used Jacob rather roughly, for the liberties he took with the damsel, on such short acquaintance.

OUR DREAM.—We seldom dream—men who work hard all day and sometimes all night as printers do, are too weary to dream when they go to bed. But when we do get dreaming, we go it strong, and night before last we dreamed that the fair day had come. We heard steamer after steamer come thundering up our beautiful river, with their decks covered with living freight, we saw the people from the country, young men and old men, ancient maiden ladies, and young ladies, beautiful as the flowers of spring, go by our office in one continuous stream. At last we saw a great party coming in regular order—they were well dressed and well looking, and they came up our street in magnificent style, and with the looks of men bent on something desperate. When they got opposite our office the leading man cried halt, "Fellow patriots! here we are, and now I ask are you still determined to do that thing?"

A thousand voices replied "We are, we are! we are." "Then go it in the name of Crockett!" cried the leader, and before we could say Jack Robinson, they came rushing into our office like so many Pawnees.—We concluded that our time had come, when we saw the savage roll of their eyes, and we tried to remember if we had ever cheated any one or did any thing very mean, to repent of, before we went out of time.

"All ready?" cried the leader.

"Nothing else," responded the crowd.

"Then draw," and each one drew out—not a pistol, but a pocket book, and with one voice, and in tones that sounded like the music of the better land, they shouted, "We come to pay the Printer." The announcement was such a shock to our nerves that we awoke, and found, alas, that like many other things, it was only a dream.

A recent Prussian paper announces that in Copenick, a lady's maid shot herself, from disappointed love. A subsequent number of the paper has the following curious correction: "The notice of a suicide is to be corrected as far as to say that the event took place, not in Copenick, but in Potsdam, that it was not a lady's maid but a page, not from disappointed love, but on account of debt, and also that the party did not shoot, but hung himself."

A minister, a short time ago, held forth to his female auditors in the following manner: "Be not proud that our blessed Lord paid you the distinguished honor of appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was only done that the glad tidings might spread the sooner!"

A Boston loafer was brought up under the city ordinance for being found drunk in the street—the fine being one dollar for each offence. The fine he paid, and was again arraigned. "No you don't, judge," said he; "I knows the law—one dollar for each offence, and this is the same old drunk!"

A lawyer, on his death-bed, willed all his property to the Lunatic Asylum, giving as a reason for so doing, that he wished his property to return to the same liberal class of people who patronized him.

A down east editor advises his readers, if they wish to get teeth inserted, to go and steal fruit where a watch dog is on his guard.