

HAYS AND HIS BULL.

We do not know where the following came from, but take it from a newspaper on our exchange list.—Redston (now Brownsville and Bridgeport, in Fayette county, Penn.) was the scene of many a border fray before and subsequent to the Revolution. Its locality is here presented in a new and comical light. We never laughed more heartily over any tale in our life, and it is commended to every surly reader of this paper, as good for the blues.

Some forty years ago, the managers of a race course near Brownsville, on the Monongahela, published a notice of a race, one mile heat, on a particular day, for a purse of \$100, "free for anything with four legs, and hair on." A man in the neighbourhood named Hays, had a bull that he was in the habit of riding to the mill with his bag of corn, and he determined to enter him for the race. He said nothing about it to any one; but he rode him round the track a number of times, on several moonlight nights, until the bull had the hang of ground pretty well, and would keep the right course. He rode with spurs which the bull considered particularly disagreeable; so much so that he always bellowed when they were applied to his sides.

On the morning of the race, Hays came upon the ground on "horseback"—on his bull. Instead of a saddle, he had a dried oxhide, the head part of which, with the horns still on, he placed on the bull's rump.—He carried a short tin horn in his hand. He rode to the Judges' stand, and offered to enter his bull for the race, but the owners of the horses that were entered objected. Hays appealed to the terms of notice, insisting that his bull "had four legs and hair on," and that therefore he had a right to enter him. After a good deal of "cussin' and dissin'," the Judges declared that the bull had a right too run, and he was entered accordingly.

When the time arrived for starting, the bull and the horses took their places. The horses-racers were out of humour at being bothered with the big bull, and at the burlesque which they supposed was intended, but thought that it would all be over as soon as the horses started. When the signal was given they did start, Hays gave a blast with his horn, and sunk his spurs into the sides of the bull, who bounded off with a terrible bawl, at no trifling speed, the dried ox-hide flapping up and down, and rattling at every jump, making a combination of noises that had never been heard on a race course before. The horses flew off the track, every one seeming to be seized with a sudden determination to take the shortest cut to get out of the Redstone country and not one of them could be brought back in time to save the distance. The purse was given to Hays, under a great deal of hard swearing on the part of the owners and jockeys who rode the horses.

A general row ensued, but the fun of the thing put the crowd all on the side of the bull. The horsemen contended that they were swindled out of their purse, and that had it not been for Hays' horn and ox-hide, which he ought not to have been permitted to bring upon the ground, the thing would not have turned out as it did. Upon this, Hays told them that his bull could beat their horses, anyhow, and if they would put up a hundred dollars against the purse he had won, he would take off the ox-hide and leave his tin horn, and ran a fair race with them. His offer was accepted and the money staked.

They again took their places at the starting post, and the signal was given. Hays gave the bull another touch with the spur, and the bull gave a tremendous bellow. The horses remembering the dreadful sound, thought all the rest was coming as before. Away they went again, in spite of all the exertions of the riders, while Hays galloped his bull around the track again and won the money.

SCIENTIFIC.—"Pray, Dr. Sknütz, what on airth is a horrorscope?" "Why harrn, you perceive that when the nocturnal hour is so far procrastinated by a superabundant application of the oleaginous acidulous piperine-mustardic oviparous component of crustaceoperculatory salad and its vinous and alcoholic acidestis an undue expansion of the stomachic integuments ensues which is the progress of it constipating influences stigmatises the cerebral function confuses the nervo optic system, and gives a scope to the horrors." "Läh!"

A QUAKER WEDDING.

From the *Cincinnati Nonpartiel*.

Married in this city yesterday, at the Quaker Meeting House, on Fifth Street, Mr. Henry Shipley, of this city, to Miss Hannah D. Taylor of the city of Newport.

A large company assembled at the unostentatious church of the Society of Friends yesterday at 11 o'clock to witness so unusual an occurrence as a Quaker wedding.—As the spirit moved us to be present, we propose to give a description of the ceremony. It was a regular monthly meeting of the Friends, a small though highly respected Society, worshipping regularly at the house above mentioned. When we arrived, the church was nearly filled with young ladies, who had been attracted there by curiosity, their gay dresses contrasting strongly with the sober drab of the three or four rows of Quaker ladies occupying seats on the opposite side of the house, and fronting the main audience. The shad-bellies and broad-brims slipped quietly into the seats in the men's division of the house, and commenced their silent communion with their own spirits and the spirits of the unseen world. After a half an hour's profound silence there was some appearance of uneasiness among the spectators. We were amused at a whispered conversation between a country girl and her more knowing city companion.

"What do those women wear such awful looking bonnets for? They look like half hornet's nests; half coal scuttle."

"Hush: that's the Quaker fashion."

"Where's the pulpit?" said the first mentioned.

"The Quakers have no pulpits."

"Where's their minister?"

"They have no minister."

"Who preaches then?"

"All of them, or any of them just as they happen to feel."

"Why don't the meeting begin?"

"Hush up; the meeting has been begun this half hour."

"Why, nobody has said a word, and those men opposite have got their hats on."

"Never mind, somebody will speak soon provided the spirit moves them and they always wear their hats in church."

"O! I know; they are waiting for the bride and groom."

"No, indeed; they have been here half an hour don't you see them sitting directly opposite; that handsome young man in gold specs and the lady beside him, dressed in plain white satin."

"I want to know if that's them: they don't look Quakerish a bit. I should like to know who's going to marry them?"

"Nobody; they'll marry themselves."

"Marry themselves! well, why in the world don't they begin. What are they waiting for?"

"Waiting for the spirit to move."

Another half hour was passed in solemn silence, at the end of which time the bride and bridegroom rose and facing the audience, the bridegroom pronounced the following words:

"I, in the presence of God, and of this assembly, take this woman to be my wedded wife, promising with divine assistance, to be her faithful and loving husband as long as we both shall live."

The bride then in a low voice somewhat faltering, repeated a similar declaration, and both of them sat down.

Two young men of the society then placed before them a small table containing a huge parchment scroll, which they opened, and in presence of the assembly, the bride and groom affixed their signatures. An elder of the church then read the document aloud to the audience. It set forth that the parties had at the regular monthly meeting preceding, signified their intention of marriage that the society had approved the same, and that by their joint declarations and signatures they had arrived at a "full accomplishment of their intentions." He then stated that all the friends were invited to sign as witnesses after the close of the meet-

After a few moments more of silence the newly married couple suddenly rose and left the church and were followed by the whole congregation. The audience was well pleased with the ceremony, which we think was the most sensible one we have ever witnessed.

THE OLD OAK TREE.

Give me a home—O! a home for me,
Where the lofty boughs of the Old Oak Tree
Are swung by the winds in the deep wild wood,
Where he dwells in his sombre solitude;
His is the strength that defies the storm,
Where it dances round the stately form,
'Tis then that he laughs like a king in his glee,
For a daring chief is the Old Oak Tree.

Long years have fled since I first knew
The forest spot where the Old Oak grew;
Long years are flown—yet memory still
Commands the mind at her own good will.
She leads me back to a happier time,
To fairer scenes and a sweeter clime,
When I wander'd alone in childhood free,
And sought me a nook by the Old Oak Tree.

A nook in the forest—a sweet retreat
From the tumult of men in the noisy street,
From the city's trade—the hum of the crowd,
As they wended forth with their voices loud;
'Twas dear methinks, for there was heard
The warbling notes of many a bird;
They came from the glens, o'er the hull and the lea,
A tribute to pay to the Old Oak Tree.

Give me a home—O! a home for me,
Where the branches green of the Old Oak Tree
Will cheer my life as it glides along,
With a rustling sigh and an inmate's song;
I ask no more from the world's dark frown,
As my days on the stream are wasted down,
Than a peaceful home, tho' humble it be,
By the swinging boughs of the Old Oak Tree.

SHOEMAKERS, STRAIGHTEN YOURSELVES.

Linnaeus, the founder of the science of Botany, was apprentice'd to a shoemaker in Sweden, but afterwards taken notice of in consequence of his ability and sent to college.—The elder, David Pareus, who was afterwards the celebrated Professor of Theology at Heidelberg, Germany, was at one time apprentice'd to a shoemaker. Joseph Pendrill, who died some time since at Gray's buildings Duke street, Manchester square, London, and who was a profound and scientific scholar, having and excellent library, was bred and pursued the trade of a shoemaker. He was descended, it was said, from the Pendrill who concealed Charles II. after the battle of Worcester. Hans Sachs, one of the earliest and best poets, was the son of a tailor, served an apprenticeship to a shoemaker, and afterwards became a weaver, in which he continued. Benedict Bauddoin a most learned man of the 16th century, was a shoemaker, as likewise, was his father. This man wrote a treatise on the shoemaking of the Ancients, which he traced up to the time of Adam himself. (Thus Adam was a shoemaker and Eva a tailoress.—"She sewed fig leaves together"—proving only the antiquity of these two branches of industry and skill.)—To those may be added, those ornaments of literature, Holcroft, the author of the *Critic*, and other works; Gifford, the founder, and for many years the editor of the *London Quarterly Review*, one of the most profound scholars and elegant writers of the age; and Bloomfield the author of the *Farmer's Boy*, and other works, all of whom were shoemakers, and the pride and admiration of the whole literary world. Anthony Furver, who was a teacher of the languages at *Andover*, England, and who received £1000, for his translation of the Scriptures, served an apprenticeship to a shoemaker.