

## THE CALLIOPE.

the benefit of every young man to learn. When the disappointment has passed we begin to feel more confidence in our own abilities, and, instead of loosing time grumbling over what cannot be recalled, we are more particular in preventing its recurrence.

The following is part of an *anonymous* contribution, which, on account of its *originality*, we lay before our readers. We should like to know the author, for, if he is not watched, in a fit of desperation he may *back out*.

A destructive durk I'll be;

I'll bid pharewell to every phear

And wipe my weeping I.

And cut my throat from ear to ear.

*Comparative Anatomy*.—You may be better than others, but that dosen't mean to say that you are worth much.

### A WESTERN WEDDING FEE.

A minister settled in one of our frontier western villages, in which the primitive manners of a pioneer life had been smoothed and polished by refinement and cultivation, was seated in his study one day, endeavoring to arrange the heads of his to-morrow's discourse, when his attention was called by a loud knock at the door.

The visitors proved to be a tall, gawky, shambling countryman, evidently arrayed in his Sunday suit, and a stout girl, attired in a dress of red calico, which from the frequent glances towards it by the fair owner, was considered quite a magnificent affair.

"Won't you walk in?" asked the minister, politely.

"Much obliged, squire, I don't know but we will. I say, you're a minister, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"I reckoned so. Betsy and me—that's

Betsy, a first rate sort of a girl anyhow—"  
"Oh, Jotham," simpered the "ashful Betsy.

"You are now, and you needn't go for to deny it. Well, Betsy and me have concluded to hitch teams, and we want you to do it."

"You wish to be married?"

"Yes. I believe that's what they call it. I say, though, before you begin, let's know what is going to be the damage, I reckon, isn't hes' to do it blind?"

"Oh, I never set any price! I take whatever they give me."

"Well that's right; go a head minister, if you please, we are in a hurry, as Joe's got to finish plantin' the potato patch, afore night, and Betsy she's got to fetch the butter."

Thus abjured, the minister commenced the ceremony, which occupied but a few moments.

"Kiss me Betsy," said the delighted bridegroom. "You are my old woman, now Ain't it nice?"

"First-rate," was the satisfactory reply.

"Hold on a jerk," said Jotham, as he left his bride abruptly, and darted out to the gate where the waggon had been left.

"What's your husband gone out for?" asked the minister, somewhat surprised.

"I expect it's the sassage," was the confused reply.

Just then Jotham made his appearance, dangling in his hand a pail full of the "sassage," which he handed to the minister, with the grin of one conferring a favor.

"We hain't got much money," said he, "and so we thought we'd pay you in sassage. Mother made 'em, and I reckon they are good. If they ain't just you send them back, and we'll send you some more."

"Now Sam if you don't stop licking that molasses, I'll tell the man?"

"You tell the man, and I'll lick you and the 'lasses, too."