

When he retired from business, I succeeded him, and became his son-in-law; but without you, without your care, without your generous assistance, I should not have lived to enjoy so much happiness. Generous man! consider henceforth, my house, my fortune, and myself, wholly yours."

The kind doctor was affected almost to tears; and both these happy beings participated in the most delightful expression of their feelings, which were soon shared by the merchant's interesting family, who came to join them.

MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

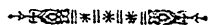
AS READ BY SQUIRE GABRIEL.

You broomish now, you goot man dare,
Vat stands upon de vloor,
Te hab dish voman for your wife,
And lub her ebermore.
To feed her vell mit sour crout,
Peans, puttermilk, and sheesc,
And in all tings to lend your aid
Dat will promote her ease.

Yes and you voman standing dare,
So bledge your vord dis tay,
Dat you will take for your husband,
Dish man and him opy.
Dat you will ped and poerd mit him,
Vash, iron, and ment his clothes,
Laf ven he smiles, veep en he sighs,
Dus share his shoys and voes.

Yell, den, I now vidin dese vall.
Nit choy, and not mit krief,
Bronounces you puth to pe von mint,
Von name, von man, von peef,
I buoblish now dese sacret panna,
Dese matrimonial ties,
Pefore mine wife, Got, Kate, and Poll,
And all dese gazen eyes.

And as do sachred skriptures shay,
Vot Got unites togedder,
Let no man dare eshunder put,
Let no man dare tem sever;—
And you, pridekroom, tare you shlop,
I'll n it let go your kollar,
Pefore you answer me dish ting,
Dat ish—vare ish mine tollar?



A MELTING STORY.

One winter evening, a country store-keeper, in the Green Mountain State, was about closing his doors for the night, and while standing in the snow outside, putting up the window shutters, he saw through the glass, a lounging, worthless fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected, than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few minutes found the Green Mountain store-keeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture, for which he might have gained a premium from the old inquisition.

"I say, Seth!" said the store-keeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hand over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his feet.

Seth had his hand on the door, his hat upon his head, and the roll of butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon now, on such an e-ter-nal night as this, a little somethin wouldn't hurt a fellow."

Seth felt very uncertain, he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of something warm sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter, taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes, that while the grocer sat before him there was no possibility of getting out, and right in this, sure enough the store-keeper sat down.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer; so he opened the stove-door and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit; "without it you'd freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter settling down to his hair, and jumped up declaring he must go.

"Not till you've had something warm, Seth; Seth, come, I've got a story to tell you, too, sit down now;" and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormenter.

"Oh! it's tu darned hot here," said the petty thief attempting to rise.

"Sit down—sit down—don't be in such a plaguy hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back in his chair.

"But I've got the cows to fodder, and some wood to split, and I must be going," said the persecuted chap.

"But you musn't tear yourself away, Seth in this manner. Sit down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear to be fidgety," said the roguish grocer with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head, had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I'll give you a toast now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's—here's a Christmas goose well roasted and basted, eh? I tell you, that it's the greatest eating in creation. And, Seth, don't you never use hog's fat, or common cooking butter to baste with—come, take your butter—I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke, as well as melt, and his mouth was hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright, with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red-hot furnace before.

"Plagued cold night this," said the grocer. "Why, Seth, you seem to respire as if you were warm! Why don't you take your hat off? Here let me put your hat away!"

"No!" exclaimed poor Seth at last, with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, clapping both his hands upon his hat. "No, I must go, let me out, I ain't well; let me go!"

A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor fellow's face and neck; and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous Vermonter, "if you will go!" and adding, as he left, "neighbor, I reckon the fun I've had out of you is worth mnenpence, so I shant charge you for that pound of butter."

MRS. HEMANS.

Not long after the first publication of her poems, the great event of her life took place—her introduction to Captain Hemans. "The young poetess was then only fifteen, in the full glow of that radiant beauty which was destined to fade so early. The mantling bloom of her cheeks was shaded by a profusion of natural ringlets, of a rich golden brown—and the ever-varying expression, of her brilliant eyes gave a changeful play to her countenance, which would have made it impossible for any painter to do justice to it." No wonder that so fair a creature should excite the admiration of a gallant captain. And the love on both sides was ardent and sincere; it supported the absence of three years; for Captain Hemans, soon after introduction, was called upon to embark with his regiment for Spain. On his return, in 1812, they were married.—Of their domestic happiness, or unhappiness, nothing is said; but six years after, in 1818 we are simply told that the captain went to Rome and never returned.—The separated pair never met again.

"To dwell on this subject, says her biographer, would be unnecessarily painful; yet it must be stated, that nothing like a permanent separation was contemplated at the time, nor did it even amount to more than tacit conventional arrangement, which offered no obstacle to the frequent interchange of correspondence.

nor to a constant reference to their father in all things relating to the disposal of her boys. But years rolled on—17 years of absence, and consequently alienation, and from this time to the hour of her death, Mrs. Hemans and her husband never met again."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

WIDOW JONES' COW.

Mr. Weld, Editor of the N. Y. *Despatch*, tells a story in as rich and quaint a style as any lord of the quill we know of. For example:—

"Widower Smith's wagon, that stopped one morning before widow Jones' door, and gave the usual sign, he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping the reins and sitting double with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow white cap. Good morning was soon said on both sides, and the widow awaited for what was further to be said. 'Well ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows no how, for nothing, no way, do you?' Well, there Mr. Smith, you couldnt have spoken my mind better. A poor lone woman like me does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to trade if we can fix it.' So they adjourned to the meadow. Farmer Smith looked at Roan, then at the widow, then at Brindle, then at the widow, at the Downing cow, then at the widow again, and so through the whole forty. The same call was made every day in the week but farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length on Saturday, when widow Jones was in hurry to get through her baking for Sunday, and had ever so much to do in the house, as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient, Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever. 'That Downing cow is a pretty fast creature—but—,' he stopped to glance at the widow's face, then walked around her—not the widow, but the cow—that ere short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know—': another look at the widow. 'The Downing cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her.' Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones. She sighed, and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment. 'Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle—but,—I have known better.' A long pause succeeded this speech—the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out,—Law, Mr. Smith, if I'm the cow you want, do say so!"

The intentions of the widower Smith and widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the law and custom in Massachusetts, and as soon as they were 'out published' they were married."—*American Paper*.

THE DEVIL AND THE PRIEST.

About ten days ago all the population of Brunn, in the Austrian States, were thrown into commotion by the appearance of the Devil, in propria persona, surrounded by gendarmes with drawn swords. His Sarcenic Majesty was, as he is always represented, perfectly black, with two enormous horns, goat's ears, a body covered with hair, horse's legs, and cloven feet; but he seemed decidedly out of spirits, and it appeared that he was undergoing the indignity of being conveyed to durance vile. The old men and women of the place fell on their knees, and prayed to all the saints to protect them against the terrible Prince of Darkness; but the young men had the impisty to laugh and scoff at him. On enquiry the following facts were stated.—A few days before, as a peasant woman named Hent was lying in bed after having been confined, the devil suddenly leaped through a window, clanking a chain, and demanded that she should either give him the child to be carried to the regions below, or to make over to him a sum of 100 florins in new silver, which he knew she had collected. The poor woman, greatly terrified, at once produced the money, and the Devil pocketed it; after which he went away. The next day the woman told the parish priest of the visit she had received, and added that she had collected the 100 florins penny by penny to pay for religious services on her accouchment. "Did you tell any one that you had the money?" asked the priest. "Only the midwife," said she. "Well, tell the midwife that the Devil was mistaken in supposing that you had only 100 florins, for that you have 50 florins more; and say that you are glad that he did not compel you to give them up. The