

case, a great good to the world has come out of her sufferin'.

I guess she haint wrote but one piece sense she was married, and they was wrote, I suppose, the day I ketched her with her teeth out, for the come out in the next week's *Gimlet*, for just as quick as the Editor of the *Auger* was married, Betsy changed her politix and wrote agin as formally for the *Gimlet*.

The following are some of the verses she wrote :

I AM MARRIED NOW.

A Him of Victory.

BY MRS. BETSY SLIMPSEY *knee* BOBBET.

Fate, I defy thee! I have vanquished thee, old maid.

Dost ask why thus, this proud triumphant brow? I answer thee, old Fate, with loud and joyful burst

Of blissful laughteh, I am married now!

Once grief did rave about my lonely head;

Once I did droop, as droops the drooping willow bough;

Once I did tune my liah to doleful strains;

'Tis past! 'tis past my soul! I am married now!

Then, sneering, venom'd darts pierced my lone, lone heart;

Then, mocking married fingers dragged me low.

But now I tune my liah to sweet extatic strains. My teahs have all been shed, I am married now!

No gossip lean can wound me by her speech, I, no humiliatin' neveh more shall know; Sorrow, stand off! I am beyond thy ghastly reach.

For Mrs. Betsy Slimpsey (formerly Bobbet) is married now!

Oh, mournful past, when I in Ingun file Climbed single life's bleak, rocky, mounthen's brow.

Blest lot! that unto wedlock's glorious glade Hath led me. Betsy's married now!

Oh female hearts with anxious longings stirred, Cry Ho! for wimmen's speah, and seal it with a vow.

Take Mrs. Betsy Bobbet Slimpsey's word That thou shalt triumph! I am married now!

Yes, Betsy's married now! sweet to meditate upon it,

To tune my haughty liah with haughty, laugh-ing brow

To those sweet, glorious words, the burden of my sonnet,

That Mrs. Betsy Bobbet Slimpsey's married now!

HORACE AND JOSIAH.

When the news come to me that Horace Greeley was dead I almost cried. The tears did just run down my face like rain-water, I don't know when I have come nearer cryin' than I did then. And my first thought was, they have tried awful hard to keep him out of the White House, but he has got into one whiter than any they have got in Washing-

ton, D. C. And then my very next thought was, Josiah Allen's wife did you say any-thing to hurt that man's feelin's, when you was a tryin' to influence him on your tower?

I believe if folks would only realize how every harsh word, and cold look they stab lovin' hearts with, would just turn round like bayonets, and pierce their own heart in a time like this—they would be more careful how they handled 'em. But glad was I to think that I didn't say a hard word to him, but I had freed my mind, and told him jest how good I thought he was, and how much he had done for the Black African, and the Human Race, before it was too late. Glad enough was I that I didn't wait till that noble heart was cold and lifeless, and couldn't be pained by unkindness, or made gladder by sympathy, before I gin him mine.

But in the time of trouble, the love that had been his best reward for all the successes of his hard workin' life, had gone from him. And I know jest how that great heart ached for that love and sympathy. I know jest how poor the praise of the world would have looked to him, if he could have seen it a shinin' through them lovin' eyes—and how hard it was for him to bear its blame alone. Tired out, defeated the world called him, but he only had to fold his hands, and shet his eyes up and he was crowned with success in that world where He, who was once rejected by a majority, crowned with thorns of earthly defeat waits now to give the crown of Eternal Repose to all true souls, all the weary warriors on life's battle field who give their lives for the right. And it seemed so kinder beautiful too, to think that before she he loved so, hardly had time to feel strange in them "many mansions," he was with her agin, and they could keep house together all through Eternity.

Yet—though as I say, I don't know when I have come so near cryin' as I did then—I said to myself as I wiped my eyes on my apron, I wouldn't call him back from that happy rest he had earnt so well if I could.

But there are other things that are worry-some to me, and make me a sight of trouble. It was a day or 2 after this, and I was settin' alone, for Josiah had gone to mill, and Thomas Jefferson and Maggy Snow and Tirzah Ann and Whitfield Minkley had gone a slay ridin', (them two affairs is in a flour-ishin' condition and it is *very* agreeable to Josiah and me, though I make no matches, nor break none—or that is, I don't make none, only by talkin' in a encouragin' manner, nor break none only with thorough-wert in a mild way.)

I sot all alone, a cuttin' carpet rags, and a