

We take the following from the Editor's Easy Chair, of the Musical Journal.

We were once returning from a Western convention, when a snow storm of the kind which blocks up railroads set in. Having in the course of our life spent so many dreary nights in snowed up trains as can reasonably fall to the lot of one man, we concluded not to run the risk of getting blocked up by this storm, and so the first town we came to, (which chanced to be a small one,) we stopped off and took quarters at a cozy hotel. After supper, in reading the local paper, we noticed that there was to be a concert by a singing association, and we lost no time in donning the somewhat venerable heavy overcoat, which has been our companion in many a winter's storm, and wending our way to the hall where the concert was given. It was a very good concert, and despite the driving storm, the large hall was well filled. The next morning we took our seat at one of the small tables which the dining rooms of city hotels are furnished now a day, for breakfast. But one other person was at the table, and that was one of those genial, good humored, talkative old gentlemen one not infrequently meets in traveling. After some conversation about that highly interesting subject, the weather, the following dialogue took place between the old gentleman and myself:

O G I saw you at the concert last night?

Yes, sir, I was there.

O G It was a good concert, and well attended.

Very well attended for so stormy a night.

O G By the way, some folks near me kept looking at and talking about some one who sat over in the part of the hall you were in, and I heard them say he was a celebrated professor of music, but I couldn't make out which one it was. Do you know?

Yes I never was in this town before.

O G I would like to have known which man it was.

Which one did you think it was?

O G Bless if I didn't think they meant you, but of course it couldn't have been you.

Now how do you know but that they might have meant me?

O G Oh, I know! I have seen celebrated professors of music before, and they all look like d—n fools, while you look like a good honest farmer.

We concluded on the whole, that we would continue to pass for a farmer in the old gentleman's estimation, and not aspire to the rank of a "celebrated" professor of music.

A BASHFUL BRIDE ON HER WEDDING TOUR.—While we were making arrangements to pass the night (we cannot say sleep) in the sleeping car which carried us from Macon to Montgomery, Alabama, and just as we had begun to wish for a better bed, the cars stopped at a small station, and a blushing couple, "bold of hands," came into the car. Their appearance as the stood hesitatingly in the doorway, showed that they meant "mischief," and were just starting out on their wedding tour.

"Would you like a berth sir?" said the lively polly-faced conductor of the miserable sleeping car. "No, sir—I reckon—as my be—that 'aint what we want," stammered the bridegroom. "Hain't you got no bridal chamber?" on the one hand.

"Oh, the bridal chamber?" exclaimed the conductor. "Come this way, sir."

The couple went trembling through the car to the "state-room," which looked about as much like a state-room on a northern sleeping-car as a cell in the county jail appears like the Parker House parlor.

"Does the door shut up?" anxiously inquired the bridegroom.

"Oh, yes. See how it slides," said the conductor.

"But I'm dogged if I see any place to sleep," suggested the applicant for the chamber.

"Oh, we'll fix that, if you will be seated," said the conductor, pointing to a low, hard sofa on the opposite side of the car, close to the head of our curtained couch.

"I don't like it; so there—" whispered the bride.

"Don't like what?" said the partner.

"I won't go no further I won't if you keep talking so."

"You told him you didn't see no place to sleep, and I don't think it was 'nigh' me right."

"Well, I don't see no place now, neither. If we've got to be tucked away in that little hole, we'll haf ter stan' up all night, that's certain."

"Let's go back, Johnny; I'm afraid to go any further."

"Oh, no, don't let's go back. Let's stick'er out."

"I can't, I won't. I don't like ter. I can't stay here. Ther's lots of men behind those curtains. I'm sick. I won't go no further. Say, Johnny, let's do go home. Do, I want ter so much." And the fair one began to weep as though her heart would break.

"Wall, don't cry, Mollic, we'll get right out at the next place. But you hadn't orter be so fraid o' folks, now we're married."

This seemed to quiet her grief, and at the next station the afflicted couple left the cars, having paid for the 'state-room,' and we heard him, as he stood on the platform outside, remark that:

"That ar sleepin' kear was dog goneed small quarters for married folks."

—Correspondence of the Boston Traveller.

A SAD CASE OF LOVE.—We are called upon to chronicle the particulars of an affair of a very sad nature that lately occurred in our city. A young woman from Cattaraugus County, N.Y. became acquainted with a young man from Columbus, Warren County, an attachment sprung up between them which led to mutual pledges of marriage. The young man wandered from the right path, and another woman from Columbus claimed him as the father of an illegitimate child. The young man now found himself in a position forced to marry the woman he had seduced, or submit to the penalty of the law. He chose the former course, and deserted the other woman. She, maddened by the cruel wrong practiced upon her, attempted to put an end to her existence. She was at this time living with Mr. Meadows, of our city, and procuring half an ounce of arsenic from Davenport's drug store, attempted to carry her determinations into effect. On the day the young man was married she took one half the amount—a quarter of an ounce—but the dose was so large that instead of causing a speedy death, it produced nausea and almost continual vomiting during the night. A few days after she went to live in the family of Rev. Mr. Collins, where the attempt at suicide was discovered. Mr. Collins and his lady took every possible care of the girl, and soon after returned her to her home, still suffering from the effects of the poison. The girl has always led a very irreproachable life, and has been esteemed and respected by all who knew her. She expresses regret at the rash attempt on her own life, and avows her purpose never to repeat it.—Cory Republican.

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