

Let me go... At dead of night I heard a cry— The sleeping thousands heard it not— A wail, a smothered sob, a sigh...

MISCELLANY.

Polly Peablossom's Wedding.

"My stars! that person is powerful slow coming. I reckon he want so tedious getting to his own wedding, as he is coming here," said one of the bridesmaids...

"He preaches enough about the shortness of a lifetime," remarked another pointing Miss, and how we ought to improve our opportunities...

"Have patience, girls; maybe the man's lost his spurs and can't get along any faster," was the consolatory appeal of an arch-looking damsel...

"Oh, perhaps his old fox-cared horse has jumped out of the pasture, and the old gentleman has to take it about," surmised the fourth bridesmaid.

The bride used industrious efforts to appear patient, and rather indifferent amid the general restiveness of her aids; and would occasionally affect extreme merriment...

"Hello, Floyd!" shouted old Captain Peablossom, out of doors to his copers-trowered son, who was entertaining the young beaux...

"As the night was wearing on, and no person had come yet to unite the destinies of George Washington Hodgkins, and the amiable and accomplished Miss Polly Peablossom...

"Polly asked her ma; and her ma after arguing that it was not the fashion in her time, in North Carolina, to dance before the ceremony, at last consented.

The artist from Dusky Creek was called in, and after much turning and spitting on the screws, he stamped his foot, and struck up "Money Musk," and away went the country dunes.

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"Well, what is it? You are all getting as bad as Floyd," "tariffing" a fellow to death.

"Parson Gynapsy was digging a new horse-trough and cut his leg to the bone with the foot-axe, and can't come 'O dear!'"

"I wish he had taken a fancy to 'a done it a week ago, so we 'mont' 'a got another parson; or, as long as no other time would suit but to day, I wish he had cut his 'dern'd eternal head off."

"O, my! husband," exclaimed Mrs. Peablossom. Dusky Creek Ned, standing in the piazza with his fiddle, struck up the old tune of "We'll dance all night, 'till broad daylight, and go home with the girls in the morning."

Ned's hint caused a movement towards the dancing-room among the people, when the Captain, as if walking from a reverie, exclaimed in a loud voice, "O, the Devil! what are we all thinking of? Why, here's Squire Tompkins, he can perform the ceremony. If a man can't marry folk's what's the use of being a Squire at all?"

"Mamma did not come in better time to the children of Israel in the wilderness, than this discovery of the worthy Captain. It was as vivifying as a shower of rain on corn that is about to rot and tassel, especially to George Washington Hodgkins and his lady wife.

Squire Tompkins was a newly elected magistrate, and somewhat diffident in his abilities in this untried department. He expressed a hint of the sort, which the captain only noticed with the exclamation—"hoot too!"

Mrs. Peablossom insinuated to her husband, that in her day the "quality" or better sort of people in North Carolina, had a prejudice 'gainst' being married by a magistrate. To which the old gentleman replied—"None of your nonsense, old lady—none of your Dublin county aristocracy about here now. The better sort of people, I think you say! Now you know North Carolina 's the best State in the country, nowhow; and Dublin's the poorest county in the State. Better sort of people is it? Quality, eh?—Who the Devil's better than we are? A'nt we honest? A'nt we raised our children decent, and learned them how to read, write and cipher?"

"A'nt I found under Newman and Floyd for the country? Why damn it! we are the very best sort of people. Stuff! nonsense! The wedding shall go on—Polly shall have a husband." Mrs. P's eyes lit up, her cheek flushed, as she heard '—the old North State spoken of so disparagingly; but she was a woman of good sense, and reserved the castigation for a future certain lecture.

Things were soon arranged for the wedding; and as the old wooden clock on the mantle-piece struck one, the bridal party were duly arranged on the floor, and the crowd gathered round, eager to observe every twinkle of the bridegroom's eye, and every blush of the blooming bride.

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Each of the attendants bore a candle; Miss Tabitha held hers in a long brass candlestick, which had belonged to Polly's grandmother, in shape and length something resembling "Cleopatra's needle." Miss Lavisa bore a flat tin one; the third attendant bore such an article as is usually suspended on a nail against the wall; and a fourth had a curiously devised something, cut out of wood with a pocket knife.

For want of a further supply of candlesticks, the male attendants held naked candles in their hands. Polly was dressed in white, and wore a bayflower with its green leaves in her hair; and the whisper went round, "Now don't she look pretty?" George W. Hodgkins rejoiced in a white satin stock and a vest and pantaloons of orange color; the vest was straight collared, like a continental officer's in the Revolution, and had eagle buttons on it. They were a fine looking couple.

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"Know all men by these presents, that I"—here he paused and looked up to the ceiling; while an audible voice, in a corner of the room, was heard to say, "He's drawing a deed to a tract of land," and they all laughed.

"In the name of God, amen!" he began a second time, only to hear another voice in a loud whisper, say—"He's making his will now. I thought he couldn't live long, he looks so powerful bad."

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord." was the next effort, when some crude gentlemen remarked, "He is not dead but sleeping."

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" continued the Squire. One voice replied, "Oh no! oh no! don't let's;" another whispered, "Wo, Ball!" some person out of doors sung out, "Come into court!" and the laughter was general. The bridesmaids spilled the tallow from their candles all over the floor, in the vain attempt to look serious. One of them had a red mark on her lip for a month afterwards, when she had bit it. The bridegroom put his hands in his pockets, and took them out again; the bride looked like she would faint, and so did the Squire.

But the Squire was an indefatigable man, and kept trying. His next effort was—"To all and singular the shers." "Let's run! he's going to level on us!" said two or three at once.

Here a gleam of light flashes across the face of Squire Tompkins. The dignitary looked round all at once, with as much self-satisfaction as Archimedes could have felt when he discovered the method of ascertaining the specific gravity of bodies. In a grave and dignified manner he said, "Mr. Hodgkins, hold up your right hand." (George Washington obeyed and held up his hand—"Miss Polly, hold up yours." Miss Polly, in her confusion, held up the left hand—"The other hand, Miss Peablossom." And the Squire proceeded in a loud and composed manner to qualify them—"You and each of you, do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God and the present company, that you will perform toward each other all and singular the functions of a husband or wife—as the ease may be—to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God!"

"Good as wheat," said Captain Peablossom. "Polly, may gal, come kiss your old father; I never felt so happy since the day I was discharged from the army, and set out homeward to see your mother."

BOY CONVICTED OF MURDER.—WEST CHESTER, Pa., Feb. 11.—The trial of Benjamin Reynolds, for the murder of Susan Emma Kinble, terminated in the jury rendering a verdict, this morning, of murder in the second degree. The actor in this fearful murder is but sixteen years old, and the murdered girl was but nine.

After an exciting trial of more than a week, the jury had the case given to them at noon yesterday. At seven o'clock this morning, crowds were seen making their way to the court house, it being understood that the jury had agreed upon their verdict.

The circumstances of the case were that, on the 25th of October last, in the Southwestern part of this county, the little girl in the vicinity of the field in which Benjamin Reynolds was plowing; on the next day a trail of blood and displaced leaves, a bloody stone of ten pounds weight, and the place of an apparent struggle, were discovered in the margin of the woods adjoining the field in which Reynolds had been working; the trail led to a mill pond, in which, at a distance of forty feet from the shore, the body was discovered in the water, which was, at that place, some four feet deep; when the body was drawn upon the bank, finger-marks were found upon the throat, the head gashed and bruised in many places, and the person generally bearing marks of violence.

On Benjamin was found blood, his shirt and his pantaloons being marked with its traces. Yet, according to the testimony, he had done a full day's work at plowing; had gone to a religious meeting on the evening of the day of the murder, and acted throughout in wonderful consistency with his protestations of innocence. He accounted for the blood by saying his nose had bled—a matter not difficult of belief, as he was plowing land both stony and stumpy, and where the handle of his plow might, at any time, have occasioned bleeding at the nose.

This case is one which combined almost every element of mystery, of terror, and of pathos. The boy's mother has been dead eight years, and he was reared by his uncle, who, with his father, sat at his side, and evinced to a greater extent than even the accused, a painful interest in the trial.

The boy is manifestly not very bright, as when returning from the court to the jail, and

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