

## Joshua Wheat's Courtship and Marriage.

Did you ever see a bashful man, reader?—If you have, then you have seen one of the most awkward, ungainly creatures among human bipeds. Now there may be something attractive and interesting in the shrinking timidity of a blushing girl, though I confess that I have my doubts in regard to it; but a bashful man, who ever pitted him? Though despised by one sex, and laughed at by the other, always doing what he never ought to have done, and saying what he never intended to say, he is one of the most pitiable objects in existence.

To be sure, in these days of brass and assurance, when everybody thinks himself as good as his neighbor, and a great deal better, they are very rare. But still they are to be met with occasionally, though they are quickly disappearing, and probably in a few years there will be no trace of them left.

My friend, Joshua Wheat, was one of this unfortunate class of people. I say *was*, for he has wonderfully improved of late years.—But I will not anticipate.

No one could have seen Joshua enter a room where there was company, and especially ladies, without being aware of the peculiarity of his. He generally either blundered along, looking red and foolish, or shot hurriedly in, with a white, scared face, hiding himself as soon as possible from observation behind a door, or in a corner. If there was a chair or stool anywhere in the room, which was very apt to be the case, he generally managed to stumble over it, which was not at all calculated to increase his self-possession, or add to the grace of his entrance. If a pretty girl spoke to him, he stammered and turned all sorts of colors, looking as frightened and ashamed as if he had been convicted of sheep-stealing.

Poor Joshua! there certainly never was a man who had a higher opinion of the better part of creation, or was more capable of appreciating the blessings of matrimony; yet he had reached the age of twenty-eight without being one step nearer towards realizing them than he was eight years before.

He had five brothers, but none of them had half his good looks or sense, they possessed what he did not, plenty of assurance, and a tact of showing all they did know, and were all married and happily settled in life, while he remained a forlorn, disconsolate bachelor.

It was not from the want of means to support a wife, for he had plenty of this world's goods, a well stocked farm, a nice new house, besides some money in the bank. It certainly was not for want of girls, for there were scores of them in the town where he lived, of all sorts and sizes, black-eyed, blue-eyed, and gray-eyed, and eyes of no color at all. No, Joshua Wheat remained unmarried merely because he had not moral courage sufficient to look any one of the girls in the face and say, "I love you—will you marry me?"

These words are very simple, and to the uninitiated very easily spoken; yet I have known many a man's courage fail him at the thought of saying them, who would have ridden into the front of the fiercest and hottest battle without the shadow of fear.

At last, all the girls of Joshua's acquaintance were married to braver, if not better, men, all but one, Mary Dearborn, the prettiest one among them all, and as good and sensible as she was pretty. Mary had plenty of suitors, but she turned a cold shoulder to them all, being fairly determined in her own mind that if she married at all, she would have nobody but Joshua Wheat.

Joshua had taken a great shine to Mary ever since they were children; they used to go to school together in the little red school-house on the hill, he drawing her to and from school in the winter on his little sled, and bringing her apples as red and shining as her rosy cheeks.

When they grew older, he exhibited his preference for her, though in a somewhat different manner. Every Sabbath after meeting was over, he would post himself by the church door to escort her home; and, in the evening, arrayed in his "Sunday best," he might have been seen striking a bee-line for Squire Dearborn's. About nine o'clock the old folks would go off to bed, leaving Joshua and Mary together. And there he would sit looking straight into the fire, and scarcely daring to move or breathe, with the momentous question trembling on the very tip of his tongue, yet never leaving it. No nearer toward the object of his visit when he left the house than when he entered it.

Things went on in this way for a number of months. But at last an event occurred which gave Joshua quite a start. A son of Dr. Hale the village physician, came home from college, where he had graduated, it is said, with considerable distinction. He was a tall, lank, smooth-faced fellow, with more learning than brains, and more brass than either. He saw Mary in church the first Sabbath afternoon; and took a great fancy to her, and commenced paying her considerable attention.

Young Hale had always been Mary's particular aversion. She had disliked him from his boyhood; but she did not scruple to flirt with him a little, hoping to rouse Joshua's jealousy and bring him to the point.

It seemed to have its effect; for, learning that Mr. Lawrence, one of his neighbors, intended to give a party, and having obtained an inkling in some way that that college chap, as he termed his rival, intended to take Mary, he went over to Square Dearborn's early the next morning and asked her himself.

Delighted at the success of her manoeuvre, Mary gave a smiling consent, and at the time appointed, much to the chagrin of the young

collegian, who had intended to appropriate her to himself, she went accompanied by Joshua.

Alarmed at the bare possibility of losing her, Joshua appeared like a new man, and, instead of moping in some corner, as was his wont, not daring to speak to her, or any one else, he remained by her side nearly the whole evening, scarcely quitting her for a moment, and then only when she requested him to bring her some refreshments.

Mr. Hale, who had viewed Joshua's attention to Mary with a jealous eye, heard this request and, being well aware of Joshua's blundering propensities, very maliciously placed a stool directly in his way. Pretty soon Joshua came back and, instead of walking around the stool, as anybody else would have done, he stumbled over it, and sprawling full length upon the floor, landed the contents of his hands, which consisted of a cup of coffee and a plate heaped with doughnuts, pumpkin pie and various other eatables, directly in Mary's lap.

This unexpected feat produced quite a sensation. Mary set up a loud scream, and the rest of the company rushed to see what was the matter; and it was sometime before order was restored.

When the tumult had in a measure subsided, Mary looked around for the unlucky cause of it, but he was nowhere to be found. Mortified at the ridiculous figure he cut, and the merriment of those who witnessed it, he rushed from the house and never stopped or slackened his speed, until he had reached his room and bolted the door, firmly resolving as he did so, that he would never speak or even look at a girl again, as long as he lived.

Poor Mary was more annoyed at Joshua's evident discomfiture than at the loss of her dress, which was nearly ruined, and she conceived a stronger dislike than ever to the young colli-gian who, she was quite sure, was at the bottom of it all. She resolutely declined his proffered escort at the close of the entertainment, going home with one of her brothers, leaving him the alternative of attending some other lady, or going home by himself.

Two Sundays passed and Joshua never came near her; and, on Monday following, Mary put on her bonnet and shawl, and went over to the house for the ostensible purpose of having a gossip with old Mrs. Wheat, who lived with her son, but in reality to find out what had become of her sensitive lover.

Much to her disappointment, Joshua was not at home, though she saw a coat-tail quickly disappear through an adjoining orchard, walking disconsolately among the trees laden with their luscious fruit, and looking as though he hadn't a friend in the world.

He started and colored as his eyes fell upon Mary.

"Why, Mr. Wheat," she exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, "who would have thought of finding you here? Why, I haven't seen you for an age! Have you been sick?"

"Yes—no—that is, I haven't been very well, lately," stammered poor Joshua, looking as if he had half a mind to run away.

"You don't say so! You are looking pale!" said Mary, with the appearance of great sympathy, glancing mischievously at his face, which was growing redder every moment, and which certainly showed no signs of ill health.

"What a beautiful situation!" she resumed, after a pause, looking admiringly around on the well cultivated farm. "There is only one thing wanted to make you quite comfortable," she added slightly, "and that is a wife. What in the world is the reason you don't get married, Joshua?"

The poor fellow colored clear up to the tips of his hair. "I—really don't know," he gasped, "there won't anybody have me."

"Fiddlestick's end!" was the laughing rejoinder; "I know better than that! There are plenty that would if you would only take the trouble to ask them. I know of one, at least," she added in a lower tone.

"No, but really do you?" inquired Joshua, earnestly. "Who can it be?"

This was rather too much; and, growing indignant at either his stupidity or want of courage to take advantage of the opportunity she gave him, she remained silent.

"What a singular looking apple that is that you hold in your hand!" she remarked, at last, breaking the embarrassing silence that ensued.

"Yes," returned Joshua. "It is a new kind I grafted last year, and the only one that came to perfection. Won't you have it, Miss Mary?" he added, looking at her timidly.

"Will I have you, Joshua? Of course I will," said Mary, with the most innocent air imaginable.

Joshua was thunderstruck, scarcely daring to believe his ears. "Are you in earnest, Mary?" he inquired, looking anxiously into her face.

"To be sure I am," she returned, laughing and coloring. "And we will be married next Christmas."

Unable to contain himself, Joshua immediately threw his arms around Mary, and ratified the bargain with a hearty kiss, at which performance Mary manifested not the slightest objection or displeasure.

On the following Christmas there was a merry wedding at Squire Dearborn's, at which our friends, Joshua and Mary, were the chief actors.

And now the staid, dignified looking man, who walks into church with such an important air, with his wife on one side and a little boy on the other, would hardly be recognized as that blundering, awkward fellow, Joshua Wheat.

## Ancient and Modern Penmanship.

Great is the difference between the clerkly penmanship in the body of ancient deeds and the rough, rude, and often illegible signs of those famous men of the sword whose functions in the middle ages were so much in demand; and it may be remarked that in those days when the circumstance of having a pen in hand must have been a remarkable event in the lives of the great mass of the community, the penmanship of the few learned clerks was noticeable for its beauty, and also for its correspondence, to some extent, with the contemporary style of architecture.

The effect of the introduction of Italian architecture may be traced both in manuscripts, and book. Many of the specimens of the handwriting of Queen Elizabeth are singularly beautiful, and show much variety. There is the small Italian hand, which was used when writing, as princess, to her dear cousin and king, Edward VI, and on other complimentary occasions; a more vigorous style for state purposes; and a very large hand, which combined the Gothic with the Italian, which "good Queen Bess" used when she threatened to unfrock a bishop.

Looking at ancient documents of a time when being obliged to resort to the use of a cross for a signature was not considered disgraceful, even to the nobility, it is curious to notice the great variety of the crosses, and the different degrees of artistic skill which are shown in them. As the practice of writing became more general, the use of the cross became less so; and, although many could not write their entire name, they managed to sign with a letter, or a peculiar form or flourish which had some resemblance to one.

In a collection of autographs of the relative of Shakspeare, published by Mr. Halliwell, a great variety is shown. Agnes Arden's signature resembles the letter U, such as would be made by a schoolboy who had just got out of his "pot-hooks." John Shakspeare signs sword-like cross, so firmly and vigorously marked that one can fancy, if opportunities had offered, that this hand might have been cultivated into that of the skilled draughtsman. Others of those signs are crosses surmounted by circles, and some show imperfect attempts at regular signatures.

Remembering the systems of book-keeping and accounts which are now required for successful trade, it is difficult to understand how business, to any extent, could have been carried on. Tallies kept by notched sticks, with certain hieroglyphics for the different goods, were much used instead of books; and no doubt those instruments were produced by many of the traders of London and elsewhere, with as much gravity as a regular bill at the present day.

In the reign of George III, when education had become more general, the crosses of those who could not write, lost the distinction and artistic character of older times, and the large bold round hand corresponds in style with the buildings and furniture then in use. This writing, although without much beauty, has, notwithstanding, the merit of distinctness. In these railway times, with the exception of book-keepers in banks, and clerks in merchants' offices, few seem to have time to trim their letters. Few artists write a good hand. Physicians' prescriptions are often as difficult to decipher as ancient hieroglyphics; and it must be confessed that writers for the press are not generally remarkable for either the distinctness or beauty of their manuscript. As regards artists, the practice of handling the brush and pencil is not favorable to graceful penmanship; and in respect of the literary profession, it is generally difficult for the pen to keep pace with the thoughts, to say nothing of the fact, that time often presses;—[London Builder.

## Marriage.

We may have disagreeable neighbors, but we retire home and leave them. We may have trouble in situations, we can leave them also. Business may fail and a change may improve it. We may get sick and get well again. It may rain and we can go in doors. But the marriage life brings us together, in the day time, and the night time, when hungry and when full, when tired and when rested together in the crowd of the theatre, and in the lonely walk, in the ball room, and in the chapel. Often you can only see the children you love by meeting the parent. When the marriage life is blest. When "two hearts beat one," then are the many ills of life consoled by the sympathies and affections of a well selected union. It is a happiness that should be ever sought. The will is strengthened by this union. Our fortitude is increased. Our slumbered love is roused and burns with intenseness. How important then, that a relationship so close, so intimately connected with our happiness should be carefully selected, and every word and act carefully weighed that the love might be abiding and that years should only cement in this lifetime that union which will endure for eternities. A. B.

—New Orleans, when the plan is completed, will have, in Canal street one of the most splendid avenues in the world. It is eight miles long, from river to lake, and two hundred feet wide. In the centre is to be a wooded promenade of 40 feet in width; the trees to be of all varieties. At intervals for the entire length, are to be fountains, statues, monuments, &c. Nothing is to be spared to render this an avenue of unequalled magnificence.

The best Remedy for Rheumatism—Hall's Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock and Iodide of Potass. 8-6m



## To Encourage



## THE OWNERS AND RAISERS OF STOCK.

On the 5th of October next, a \$50 SADDLE will be awarded to the best mile horse; to the best quarter horse, a \$16 BRIDLE; to the fastest trotting horse, one mile in harness, a \$40 SINGLE HARNESS; to the fastest pacing horse, one mile in harness, a \$25 fancy HORSE COVER.

Entrance fee for horses will be made known on the ground.

The above trial of speed will conclude with a MULE RACE, \$1 entrance to be placed in a purse to be awarded to the slowest mule. No one allowed to ride his own mule. [30-2] F. M. LITTLE, Chairman.

## Save your Paper Rags.

The inhabitants of Utah are requested to gather up and save their worn out wagon covers, and every description of cotton and linen rags for paper making, and deliver them, from time to time, to the Bishops of the several Wards, or the "News" and "Mountaineer" Offices or their agents, for which, when clean, they will be allowed five cents a pound. The rags can be sufficiently cleansed in pure water, without soap.

It is expected that, in a few months, all who wish can receive paper in exchange for rags.

9-11 EDWARD HUNTER, Presiding Bishop.

Hall's Sarsaparilla Yellow Dock and Iodide of Potass is prepared from the finest red Jamaica Sarsaparilla and English Iodide of Potass—admirable as a restorative and purifier of the blood, it cleanses the system of all morbid and impure matter—removes pimples, boils and eruptions from the skin—cures rheumatism and pains of all kinds—All who can afford should use it, as it tends to give them strength and prolong life. Sold by Druggists generally, at \$1.00 per bottle.

R. HALL & CO.,

Proprietors, Wholesale Druggists, 143 and 145 8-6m. Clay street San Francisco.

## General Notices.

### NOTICE.

THIS is to inform all persons indebted to the estate of the late Dr. Wm. France, deceased, that I have left all such unsettled accounts in the hands of W. I. Appleby, Esq., my attorney, who is duly authorized to collect and settle the same.

MARGARET FRANCE, Administratrix of said estate.

30-3

### STRAWBERRIES! STRAWBERRIES!!

At the Gardens and Nurseries of C. H. Oliphant, a lot of plants of that celebrated Strawberry, the Hooker, for sale by the subscriber.

These are plants raised by myself from the pioneer importation made by me last season, and combine as many good qualities as any Strawberry now cultivated, being hardy (as they stood the rigors of last winter unharmed) very large, productive, and of excellent flavor; they will be sold reasonable for good pay. 29-2

### GET OUT OF THE GROUND!!!

## THE GRAND EXCUSE ANNIHILATED.

### B. SNOW & CO.

BEG leave to inform the public their CIRCULAR SAW MILL at Fort Ephraim is now ready for operation, and there are a plenty of logs in the mountains adjacent.

Any and all who are desirous of living above ground till the proper time for burial, can be accommodated with sawing in double quick time, at short notice. All kinds of stock and produce taken for lumber or sawing.

BERNARD SNOW,

GEORGE SIDWELL.

FORT EPHRAIM, July 11, 1860.

19-3m

### FARMINGTON CARDING MACHINE.

STILL running and doing good work. We have a room fitted up expressly for carding and can card in cold weather. Be sure that your wool is clean before it is greased, as grease sticks to dirt and does not benefit the wool. Put the grease on equal; otherwise bring it and let us put it on for you.

Parties who wish can deliver their wool and receive their rolls at my residence. WM. H. WALKER.

P.S. Rolls for sale at residence, 16th Ward, G. S. L. City. 29-1 W. H. W.

## CITY MARKET.

I have now opened a market in this city, on First South Street, where I will endeavor to keep for sale all articles in the

### MEAT AND PROVISION

Line, and by strict attention to business and accommodation to customers will endeavor to merit a share of public patronage.

### WANTED:—

BUTTER,

CHEESE,

EGGS,

BREEVES,

SHEEP,

PORK.

J. R. CLAWSON.

30-6m

## NOTICE TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

### TERRITORY OF UTAH,

Great Salt Lake County.

At a Meeting of the Hons. Robert P. Plenniken and Henry R. Crosby, Associate Justices of the United States Supreme Court, within and for the Territory of Utah, held at Great Salt Lake City, County and Territory aforesaid, on Monday, September 24th, A.D. 1860 (several members of the bar for said Territory being present), in order to determine and appoint the time for holding a general term of the District Courts of the United States for the several Districts in said Territory, under the Act of Congress, approved AUG. 16, 1856; it was ordered by said Judges that the same be holden as follows, viz.:

1st. For the Third Judicial District to be held at Great Salt Lake City, G. S. L. County, on the fifth Monday (29th day) of October next, and continue four weeks, if the business should require it.

2nd. For the Second Judicial District to be held at Geneva, Carson county, on the third Monday (19th day) of November next, and continue four weeks, if the business should require it.

3rd. For the First Judicial District to be held at Provo city, Utah county, on the third Monday (17th day) of March next, 1861, and continue four weeks, if the business should require it.

4th. No suit will be entertained before either of said courts, unless the suit is commenced, and the summons or writ, (together with a copy of the complaint or declaration) be served upon the defendant fifteen days previous to the first day of said term.

R. P. PLENNIKEN, Associate Justice U.S.

HENRY R. CROSBY, Supreme Court.

W. I. APPLEBY, Clerk.—30-2 [Mountaineer please copy.]