

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "Journal" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year in advance, and if not paid within six months, two dollars and a half.

Every person who obtains five subscribers and forwards price of subscription, shall be furnished with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year.

No subscription received for a less period than six months, nor any paper discontinued until arrears are paid.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, post paid, or they will not be attended to.

Advertisements not exceeding one square will be inserted three times for one dollar for every subsequent insertion, 25 cents per square will be charged—if no definite order is given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charge accordingly.

COUGH, ASTHMA AND SPITTING BLOOD

Cured By

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 16, 1838

Mr. Atkinson—Dear Sir:

A few weeks ago I noticed in your paper, an account of the surprising effects of Jayne's Compound, in restoring a great number of passengers on board of a Mississippi steamboat to perfect health, who were affected by violent Bowel Complaint. I was glad to see you notice it so kindly; you may rest assured it deserves the praise bestowed upon it. The benefit I have received from his medicine, more especially his EXPECTORANT induces me to state my case to you. For the benefit of those who are afflicted in the same way. It has been my misfortune, sir, to have suffered under a Cough and Asthmatic oppression, for more than half a century. When a soldier in the American Camp, in 1778, I, with many others, (owing to great exposure) had a violent attack of disease of the lungs, by which I was disabled from duty for a long time. Since that period, until recently, I have never been free from a violent cough and difficulty of breathing. Year after year, I have expectorated over a gill a day. Often much more, and sometimes mixed with blood. For months together, night after night, I have had to sit or be bolstered up to obtain my breath. The weakness and debility caused by such constant expectoration, frequently brought me to a state bordering on death. It has been a matter of astonishment to my family and friends, that I am here to write this to you. I have had skillful physicians to attend me, and every thing done that was thought likely to give me relief, without any beneficial effect. Last winter I had another very severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, which I fully expected would be the last. I then considered my case as past the aid of medicine. When I was persuaded to call in Doctor Jayne—with the assistance of Divine Providence, through him I was once more raised from my bed; but the cough and wheezing wearied me day and night. He advised me to use his Expectorant. I did so, with a strong hope, that, as it had cured many of my acquaintances of various diseases of the lungs, it might, at least mitigate my sufferings. Need I say how satisfied I feel? IT HAS EFFEC TUALLY CURED ME AS SOON AS I commenced taking it. I found it reached my case, and I began to breathe with more freedom. My expectoration became easy, and my cough entirely left me. I now feel as well as I ever did in my life, and better than I have been for the last six years. Last summer I spit a great deal of blood, now thank God I am perfectly cured. Now sir, after suffering so long, and finding at last, such signal relief from the above Expectorant, I feel anxious to inform my fellow citizens where relief may be had. If you think this worth a place in your paper, you will oblige me by noticing it.

NICHOLAS HARRIS, Sen.

No. 35 Lombard street.

The above valuable medicine may be had wholesale and retail at Jayne's Drug and Chemical Store, No. 20, South Third street Philadelphia, Price \$1.

Sold, also, by JACOB MILLER, Agent, Huntingdon Pa.

INTERESTING CURE PERFORMED BY DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF PRUNES, VIRGINIANA, OR WILD CHERRY.

Having made use of this invaluable Syrup in my family, which entirely cured my child. The symptoms were Wheezing and choking of the Lungs, difficulty of Breathing, attended with constant cough, Spasms, Convulsions, &c. of which I had given up all hopes of its recovery, until I was advised to make trial of this invaluable medicine. After seeing the wonderful effects it had upon my child, I concluded to make the same trial upon myself, which entirely relieved me of a cough that I was afflicted with for many years. Any persons wishing to see me call at my house in Beach street, above the market Kensington, Phila. JOHN WILLCOX.

OBSERVE—The only place where this medicine can be obtained, is at Jacob Miller's store Huntingdon.

READ THIS: DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF PRUNES VIRGINIANA, OR WILD CHERRY: This is decidedly one of the best remedies for Coughs and Colds now in use: it allays irritation of the Lungs, loosens the cough, causing the plegm to raise free and easy; in Asthma, Pulmonary Consumption, Recent or Chronic Coughs, Wheezing & Choking of Plethoric Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Croup, Spitting of Blood, &c. This Syrup is warranted to effect a permanent cure, if taken according to directions which accompany the bottles. For sale only at Jacob Miller's store Huntingdon.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

This disease is discovered by a fixed obdurate pain and weight in the right side under the short ribs; attended with heat, uneasiness about the pit of the stomach;—there is in the right side also a distension—the patient loses his appetite and becomes sick and trouble with vomiting. The tongue becomes rough and black, countenance changes to a pale or citron color or yellow, like those afflicted with jaundice—difficulty of breathing, disturbed rest, attended with dry cough, difficulty of laying on the left side—the body becomes weak, and finally the disease terminates into another of a more serious nature, which in all probability is far beyond the power of human skill. Dr. Harlich's compound tonic strengthening and German aperient pills, if taken at the commencement of this disease, will check it, and by continuing the use of the medicine a few weeks, a perfect cure will be performed. Thousands can testify to this fact.

Certificates of many persons may daily be seen of the efficacy of this invaluable medicine, by applying at the Medical Office, No. 19 North Eighth street, Philadelphia.

Also, at the Store of Jacob Miller, Hua.

DYSPEPSIA AND HYPOCHONDRIA.

Cured by Dr. Harlich's Celebrated Medicines.

Mr. Wm Morrison, of Schuylkill Sixth Street, Philadelphia, afflicted for several years with the above distressing disease—Sickness at the stomach, headache, palpitation of the heart, impaired appetite, acrid eruptions, coldness and weakness of the extremities, emaciation and general debility, disturbed rest, a pressure and weight at the stomach, after eating, severe flying pains in the chest, back and sides, costiveness, a dislike for society or conversation, languor and lassitude upon the least occasion. Mr. Morrison had applied to the most eminent physicians, who considered it beyond the power of human skill to restore him to health however, as his afflictions had reduced him to a deplorable condition, having been induced by a friend of his to try Dr. Harlich's Medicines, as they being highly recommended, by which he procured two packages, he found himself greatly relieved, and by continuing the use of them the disease entirely disappeared—he is now enjoying all the blessings of perfect health.

Principal Office, 19 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

Also, for sale at the store of Jacob Miller, who is agent for Huntingdon county.

DYSPEPSIA! DYSPEPSIA!!

More proofs of the efficacy of Dr. Harlich's Medicines.

Mr Jonas Hartman, of Summeytown, Pa. entirely cured of the above disease, which he was afflicted with for six years. His symptoms were a sense of distension and oppression after eating, distressing pain in the pit of the stomach, nausea, loss of appetite, giddiness and dimness of sight, extreme debility, flatulency, acrid eruptions, sometimes vomiting, and pain in the right side, depression of spirits, disturbed rest, faintness, and not able to pursue his business without causing immediate exhaustion and weariness.

Mr. Hartman is happy to state to the public and is willing to give any information to the afflicted, respecting the wonderful benefit he received from the use of Dr. Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German aperient pills. Principal office No. 19 North Eighth street Philadelphia. Also for sale at the store of Jacob Miller, Huntingdon.

LIVER COMPLAINT,

Ten years standing, cured by the use of Dr. Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German Aperient Pills.

Mrs Sarah Boyer, wife of William Boyer, North Fourth Street, above Callowhill, Philadelphia, entirely cured of the above distressing disease. Her symptoms were, habitual costiveness of the bowels, total loss of appetite, excruciating pain in the side, stomach and back, depression of spirits, extreme debility, could not lie on symptoms indicating great derangement in the functions of the liver. Mrs. Boyer was attended by the several of the best Physicians, but received but little relief from their medicine—at last, a friend of hers procured two packages of Dr. Harlich's Strengthening and German Aperient Pills, which, by the use of one pack, induced her to continue with the medicine, which resulted in effecting a permanent cure beyond the expectations of her friends.

Principal Office for this Medicine is at No. 19 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

Also for sale at the store of Jacob Miller, who is agent for Huntingdon county.

RICHES NOT HEALTH.

Those who enjoy Health, must certainly feel blessed when they compare themselves to those sufferers that have been afflicted for years with various diseases which the human family are all subject to be troubled with. Diseases present themselves in various forms, and from various circumstances, which, in the commencement, may all be checked by the use of Dr. O. P. Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German Aperient Pills,—such as Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Pain in the Side, Rheumatism, General Debility, Female Diseases, and all Diseases to which human nature is subject, where the Stomach is affected. Directions for using these Medicines always accompany them. These Medicines can be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate Female, as they are mild in their operation and pleasant in their effects.

Principal Office for the United States, No. 19 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

Also for sale at the store of Jacob Miller, who is agent for Huntingdon county.

Beauty in woman is like the flower in Spring; but virtue is like the stars of heaven.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd From various gardens cull'd with care."

SONG OF THE ARAB.

By H. H. Tucker,

Song of the desert! rise:
There's a war-cry on the blast;
And the flag of the vaunting foeman flies
Like a storm-cloud frowning past.
Let your wild steeds spurn the plain;
Let your shouts on the night-wind swell:
With flashing brand and with loosened rein
On, sons of Ishmael!

And, lo! where the gathering warriors come
Each from the wilds of his desert home;
For each glancing spear and each flying
steed,
Shall an Arab conquer, a Roman bleed:
Onward in dusky masses wheeling,
Ev'n as the black-winged tempests wend,
Dimly the murky night revealing
Brother to brother, and friend to friend:
And, hark! how shrill,
Through the night air calm and still,
The cymbals' clash and the trumpets' peal
From the far encampment steal:

Forward, on the foe!
Let the shout of battle swell;
Lay the spoiler waste, and the boaster low
On, sons of Ishmael!

The watchman watcheth wearily,
And the sleeper grasps his sword.
For great is the name, and wide is the fame
Of the wondering desert-horde!
O'er earth hath the conquering eagle flown
And flapped his wings in pride;
But the Arab's lonely tent alone
Hath his iron grasp defied.

O'er the arid sands
A moaning blast is sailing,
And the war-horse trembling stands
And snuffs the air in tear;
There's a rush as of mighty winds,
And a voice as of spirits wailing,
And a shadow blacker than midnight fings
Its shroud o'er the night-watch drear.

Hail to the dread sirocco,
The leagu'd Arab's friend!
He soareth on high in his giant strength,
And his voice thro' the desert rent;
There's death in his eye, and its glancing
light
Doth wither where it falls,
And he shroudeth the sky in his whirling
flight.

And his shadow the earth appales:
And his shifting sands uprise
Like demons in his wake,
And dance as in maniac revels
Till the sultry air doth shake!

And onward howling fierce they speed
To the camp of the sleeping foe,
And the strong-limbed men and the sinewy
steed
Are buried at a blow!

Joy! joy! joy!
Raise the shout of triumph high!
To the land of the roving Arab race
Hath the Roman come to die.
His grave is in the sand,
And his conquerer is the wind,
And the might of that dauntless warrior-
band
Doth the arm of the whirlwind bind;
And their souls have shrunk from his grasp
of fire,
And his hot breath hath lit their funeral
pyre;

And the hollow blast their requiem moans,
Sweeping the sand from their whitening
bones,
And Rome shall bow her head,
And her widowed daughters mourn,
For low lie her sons with the silent dead,
And their ashes repose not in tomb or urn.

Hail to the wind, to the mighty wind,
Whom none can conquer and nought can
bind!

Wildly he winged his viewless way,
Chasing the clouds in his blithesome play;
Proudly he sweepeth the prostrate earth,
And rouseth the deep in his reckless mirth,
Tossing the foaming billows high,
And roaring in wildest revelry!

The globe he wandered round and round,
And the tempests all to his car are bound;
Onward he sweepeth his trackless flight
Free—ay! free is the Ishmaelite:
Him nor foe nor lord control,
Wide as his desert wastes his soul;
And thou, O Wind! his friend abide.

Foe and dread of the world beside;
Freely both thou and he will fly
O'er the plains of his own loved Araby,
And the dark-eyed queen of his home shall
bless
The guardian Power of the wilderness.

SELECT TALE.

THE OLD CAMPAIGNER.

A STORY.

On the twenty-fifth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, three taps were lightly struck on the fourth-floor door of a house on the Meigeseere quay at Paris one of those tall and ugly tenements that seem to make cross faces down upon the waters of the Seine from morning till night, like so many antiquated and grinning buffoons. The three taps in question caused a young girl, who was seated alone inside of the door to whom they were applied, to start rather hurriedly from her seat, and to throw a piece of embroidery, on the floor at her feet, believing sincerely however that she had put it on the chair beside her. Whether this arose from emotion at the announcement of an unexpected visit or an expected one will by and by appear; but in the first place, it is necessary to tell what the damsel was, as the reader cannot be expected to take such interest as we could wish in one yet a stranger to him.

Pierre Bertrand, the father of Marie, was a splendid specimen of the old half-pay captain of the empire, such as that personage, or class of personages, became subsequently to the empire's fall. Rude and rough, though warm-hearted; retaining the mustache of the soldier, and all the soldier's habits, among which drinking and smoking held so prominent a place as to swallow almost his pension; perpetually grumbling, yet continually jolly, enormously proud of various scars and cuts, and certain relics in the shape of crosses of honor, backed sabres, and riddled uniforms; spending in telling old campaigning stories, and in playing at dominoes, all the time that was not spent in drinking and smoking; such was Pierre Bertrand; and such was his way of life. For his family, Pierre had, properly speaking, two children, although one only had a just claim of paternity upon him, as far as blood went. But for his having an adopted child, however, the old campaigner might never have had an offspring of his own. On the field of battle a dying comrade had consigned an infant boy to his arms, and Pierre had received the consignment with as much satisfaction and pride as others might receive a legacy of millions. It was to give this child a mother that Pierre had at first thought of marriage; and it chanced that this step, when he took it, only proved the means of bringing upon Pierre another dying legacy, his own little Marie. But the veteran bore up bravely under his burdens, and did his duty nobly by both his charges. To the boy Jules he contrived to give a good education, and six months before the period of our story—six months, in short, before the three taps at the door—Jules, then precisely twenty-three years of age, had completed a course of legal studies, and had been entered a member of the bar of the Court Royal of Paris.

It was a proud day for the old captain, when Jules donned the barrister's black cap and robe. Marie was then eighteen, and as pretty a blue-eyed, merry-faced maiden, as could be seen, with a heart warm and open as a sunny sky. Pierre had long settled in his own mind that his two "marmots," as he called them, should be married, and that the union should take place on the day that Jules pleaded his first case. About the feelings of the parties themselves he had never thought much—and, in truth, they had given him no cause for any uneasiness on this score. One day, immediately after Jules had passed the legal ordeal, old Bertrand was seated in his lofty but neat domicile, smoking silently and furiously, as he always did during any meditations of special importance, when a letter was brought to him. Letters were rare things with the veteran, and he looked long at the post mark, which was that of his native province. Opening it finally, he read thus: "Sir, I hasten to announce to you the demise of M. Joseph Bertrand, your cousin. He has left a fortune valued at 1,000,000 francs. No direct heir presenting himself here on the paternal side, it is presumable that to you reverts the sum of 500,000 francs, the half of the whole succession, and which the law destines to that branch of the deceased's relatives. Of course you will take the necessary steps to secure your rights." This epistle bore the signature of a provincial justice of the peace, and gave other particulars of the case.

Bertrand was struck dumb for five minutes, and then broke out by way of thankfulness, into a few of his common conversational phrases, which were composed of some three or four thousand bombs, one or two hundred pieces of cannon, and a proportionate quantity of thunders. "Five hundred thousand francs!" at length cried he; "Marie, my girl, read—read this. Read, my darling! 500,000 francs! Yes, units, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands? All right, Marie, my girl! Hurrah for the emperor! Hurrah!" All was indeed right—and yet all proved not right in the end. Bertrand, soon after receiving the letter, set out for his native place, concluding that he had but to appear and take possession. But the collateral relations had taken advantage of his absence from the spot, and had prepared unexpected obstacles for him. They had stirred and intrigued most actively, and had bought four or five consciences at some few thousand francs apiece. In short it was found that Bertrand could not establish his degree of relationship to the deceased. Certain extracts of birth and baptism, with other indispensable documents, could not be procured, notwithstanding the lengthened researches of the old clerk of the registry, to whom Bertrand gave five thousand francs to prove his titles—which sum, by the by, in addition to twenty thousand received from the other side, made the affair a very profitable one for the old fox. The necessary documents, however, could not be found, and Pierre returned to Paris totally disheartened, and smoking furiously.

Jules was the receptacle of the veteran's complaints. The young advocate was not slow to pronounce that chicanery and roguery must have been at work and persuaded Pierre to pursue the matter at law. Within a few months the cause came on before the provincial court of Paris. Jules, whose activity and researches had been unrewarded, appeared for the first time as a pleader. While the case was going on, Marie Bertrand was in a state of feverish impatience. She knew not the issue on the evening of the 25th day of December, 1835. It was then that she heard the three taps at the door of her father's dwelling, and started from her seat to open it.

Jules entered. Marie sat down on her chair in silence, after one glance at his countenance, which wore a downcast expression. "You have lost the cause, then, Jules?" said she at length. "No, Marie, it is gained; you are rich," was the reply. "The damsel raised her eyes in surprise, and exclaimed—"Gained! What then means this—this—?" Jules interrupted her. "Marie, I quit Paris this evening, and I come to bid you farewell. You will be wealthy and happy! Yes, I go—but you will think of me sometimes, will you not?"

The young girl looked at Jules to see if he spoke seriously, and was stunned to behold his eyes filled with tears. At this moment Bertrand entered. Jules went up to him, and placing a massive pocket book in his hands, said, "My kind friend, justice has been done to you; here are five hundred bank notes, 1000 francs each—the part of your cousin's heritage, which fell to you, and which I received, as authorized by you." Bertrand looked at the papers which Jules displayed to him; then the veteran looked at Marie, who was struggling to hide her tears; and finally, he looked at the pale face of Jules. "Why, what is this about?" cried he. "Why do you weep, Marie? Why do I not find you happy and joyful at such a moment? Jules, what have you been saying? Won't you answer me? Marie! Jules! By the thunder, there is something here—Marie, girl, tell me why you weep?"

The veteran's daughter made a violent effort to compose herself. "He is going away, father," said she, "he departs this evening—he quits us—through pride, perhaps. He loved us while we were poor, and does so no more since we have become rich."—After this effort, Marie laid her head on her father's shoulder, and wept more than ever.

"I hope Jules," said Bertrand, "that you will explain this. May I be shot if I understand a word of what this little whimpering means?" "My father," replied Jules, "I depart this night." "You depart—ah, well—how long will you be away?" was Pierre's answer. "A long time, father," said the young man, "a long time—forever perhaps! You have nurtured me, you have given me a place and station in life—I ought to be no more a charge to you—I leave Paris—." "Jules you are insane!" returned the old soldier. "Quit Paris! and at this moment above all others when you have won a cause that will ring in the courts! It is folly, and I don't comprehend it. Besides, it is impossible that you can go away. I have arranged matters otherwise."

Marie gently raised her head, and casts on her father a look so sweet, that Jules felt himself enfeebled by its influence. "Yes," continued Bertrand, "I have had my plans arranged, and for a long time

too. Only I thought I could bestow on you nothing but the pearl; but you shall now have the setting along with it, my lad! It won't do you any harm, will it, to have twenty-five thousand livers a year to keep you going! Come it is settled. Embrace him, Marie; I am pleased with him. Come, and let us off directly to the notary!"

"My father it is impossible!" cried Jules in accents which proved the struggle he was undergoing. "It is impossible! Already do my friends, the court, all Paris, declare that my labors, my researches, my journeyings, have all been for this money! Oh, Marie! pardon me—I love you! Yes, I love you to idolatry! But were you now to be my wife, all men would point the finger at me, as one who would not take the poor girl, but snatched at the rich heiress—snatched at her, as soon as she became so, and ere she could have an opportunity of seeing other suitors, more worthy her condition, at her feet!—Oh, why did I gain this cause?"

Jules was proceeding in this passionate strain when Bertrand, who had, in the mean time, taken the pocket-book into his hands, brought the young advocate to a pause by thus addressing him. "It is then, this parcel of papers which renders you so scrupulous, my boy? It is this bundle of stuff," continued he, holding up the pocket-book, "that prevents your wedding my little girl? Ah, well, young man, I admire your delicacy. But I will be not less generous than you! So speaking, old Pierre turned to the window, which he had previously opened, and with all the force of a vigorous arm, cast the valuable pocket-book far out into the deep and muddy water of the Seine!

Bertrand then turned from the window, and showing one single bank note to the astonished and thunder-struck youth, observed coolly to him, "I have kept but this one thousand francs, you see; it will serve for the expenses of the nuptials; for you will not draw back now, Jules?" He continued in a severe tone—"A few moments ago, my daughter was rich, immensely rich, and you refused her hand—like a madman, I must say. She is now poor as yourself, for I know she would have been miserable with riches which she could not share with you. Tomorrow you will marry her, if you are a man of honor.—If not—but I shall leave you together. Marie will inform me of your reply." Bertrand then left the room, shutting the door behind him with a shock that betokened an angry excitement of mind in the old campaigner. But, after all, the recent loss of fortune seemed not long to trouble the veteran, as, on sitting down soon after to a game of dominoes, with a boon companion, the latter declared he had never seen Pierre so merry in all their intercourse, or so given to burst into peals of laughter on the slightest excitement.

Jules was completely staggered by Bertrand's act, but, when left alone with Marie, he soon recovered. The sensibility of the young advocate to the public voice was no affected sentiment, nor was his love for Marie; and the pair speedily pledged themselves to each other, hand and heart. They sat long together, Bertrand considerably staid out of the way, and ere he returned, Jules had departed. It would be peering too curiously, perhaps, into poor wretched human nature, to ask if Jules did not cast a self-reproachful glance into the Seine that night as he passed it on his way homewards. If he did look wistfully on the waters, however the future comforts, to do him justice, of Marie and her father, formed the cause of his feelings at the moment. The case was hopeless at all events. A hundred year's dragging might not have brought up that book from these deep and muddy waters.

The nuptials of Jules and Marie took place a day or two after these events. Bertrand took upon himself the ordainment of the marriage festival, and he made it so splendid a one, that the single bank note of the heritage must have deeply felt the inroad. All the friends of the family were present; and amongst them the majority at least of the gentlemen, were deficient in some prominent member of the body, from the nose to the right limb. But the defects of those friends of the veteran were honorably compensated by medals and crosses, and other badges of renown. After dinner, an enormous cold tart, or pie, which Pierre publicly declared to be a new dish of his own invention, was produced with the dessert.—All eyes were turned to the dish, the task of opening which fell to the pretty hands of the bride. Marie blushing began the duty; but her first incision fell upon a hard substance, which made her father's fine dish to consist of something totally indigestible and indigestible. "Ah, ha!" cried Pierre triumphantly, "cut it out!" Marie did so, and the company beheld a new red morocco pocket book, well stuffed and marked in gilded letters with words "Four hundred and ninety nine thousand francs."

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Bertrand then turned from the window, and showing one single bank note to the astonished and thunder-struck youth, observed coolly to him, "I have kept but this one thousand francs, you see; it will serve for the expenses of the nuptials; for you will not draw back now, Jules?" He continued in a severe tone—"A few moments ago, my daughter was rich, immensely rich, and you refused her hand—like a madman, I must say. She is now poor as yourself, for I know she would have been miserable with riches which she could not share with you. Tomorrow you will marry her, if you are a man of honor.—If not—but I shall leave you together. Marie will inform me of your reply." Bertrand then left the room, shutting the door behind him with a shock that betokened an angry excitement of mind in the old campaigner. But, after all, the recent loss of fortune seemed not long to trouble the veteran, as, on sitting down soon after to a game of dominoes, with a boon companion, the latter declared he had never seen Pierre so merry in all their intercourse, or so given to burst into peals of laughter on the slightest excitement.

Jules was completely staggered by Bertrand's act, but, when left alone with Marie, he soon recovered. The sensibility of the young advocate to the public voice was no affected sentiment, nor was his love for Marie; and the pair speedily pledged themselves to each other, hand and heart. They sat long together, Bertrand considerably staid out of the way, and ere he returned, Jules had departed. It would be peering too curiously, perhaps, into poor wretched human nature, to ask if Jules did not cast a self-reproachful glance into the Seine that night as he passed it on his way homewards. If he did look wistfully on the waters, however the future comforts, to do him justice, of Marie and her father, formed the cause of his feelings at the moment. The case was hopeless at all events. A hundred year's dragging might not have brought up that book from these deep and muddy waters.

The nuptials of Jules and Marie took place a day or two after these events. Bertrand took upon himself the ordainment of the marriage festival, and he made it so splendid a one, that the single bank note of the heritage must have deeply felt the inroad. All the friends of the family were present; and amongst them the majority at least of the gentlemen, were deficient in some prominent member of the body, from the nose to the right limb. But the defects of those friends of the veteran were honorably compensated by medals and crosses, and other badges of renown. After dinner, an enormous cold tart, or pie, which Pierre publicly declared to be a new dish of his own invention, was produced with the dessert.—All eyes were turned to the dish, the task of opening which fell to the pretty hands of the bride. Marie blushing began the duty; but her first incision fell upon a hard substance, which made her father's fine dish to consist of something totally indigestible and indigestible. "Ah, ha!" cried Pierre triumphantly, "cut it out!" Marie did so, and the company beheld a new red morocco pocket book, well stuffed and marked in gilded letters with words "Four hundred and ninety nine thousand francs."