

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

Vol. VIII, No. 47.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., DECEMBER 6, 1843.

Whole No. 411.

PUBLISHED BY
THEODORE H. CREMER.

TERMS.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50.

No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrears are paid.

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TO INVALIDS.

How important it is that you commence without loss of time with **BRANDRETH'S PILLS**. They mildly but surely remove all impurities from the blood, and no case of sickness can effect the human frame, that these celebrated Pills do not relieve as much as medicine can do. **COLDS** and **COUGHS** are more benefited by the Brandreth Pills than by Leucogen and Candies. Very well, perhaps, as palliatives, but worth nothing as RADICAL CURES of diseases from the human system. The Brandreth Pills cure, they do not merely relieve, they cure. Diseases, whether chronic or recent, infectious or otherwise, will certainly be cured by the use of these all-sufficient Pills.

CURE OF A CANCEROUS SORE.

SING SING, JANUARY 21, 1843.
DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH:

Honored Sir,—
Owing to you a debt of gratitude that money cannot pay. I am induced to make a public acknowledgment of the benefit my wife has derived from your invaluable Pills. About three years this winter she was taken with a pain in her neck, which soon became very much inflamed, and swollen, so much that we became much alarmed, and sent for the doctor. During his attendance the pain and swelling increased to an alarming degree, and in three weeks from its first commencing it became a running sore. She could get no rest at night the pain was so great. Our first doctor attended her for six months, and she received no benefit whatever, the pain growing worse and the sore larger all the time. He said it was healed up it would be her death, but he appeared to be at a loss how to proceed, and my poor wife still continued to suffer the most terrible tortures. We therefore sought other aid, in a Botanical doctor, who said when he first saw it that he could cure the sore if he gave her the benefit, and he gave her the cure.

I have felt after having tried during one whole year the experience of two celebrated physicians in vain, in absolute despair. My poor wife's constitution rapidly failing in the prime of her years from her continued suffering. Under these circumstances we concluded that we would try your Universal Vegetable Pills, determined to fairly test their curative effects. To my wife's great comfort the first few doses afforded great relief of the pain. Within one week to the astonishment of ourselves and every one who knew the case, the swelling and the inflammation began to cease so that she felt quite easy, and would sleep comfortable, and sir, after six weeks' use she was able to go thro' the house and again attend to the management of her family, which she had not done for nearly fourteen months. In a little over two months from the time she first commenced the use of your invaluable Pills her neck was quite sound, and her health better than it had been in quite a number of years before. I find you to be a true and honest man. I rest of the cure, considering it only an act of justice to you and the public at large. We are with much gratitude,
Very respectfully,
T. H. & ELIZA A. LITTLE.

P.S.—The Botanical Doctor pronounced the sore cancerous, and finally said no good could be done, unless the whole of the flesh was cut off and the bone scraped. Thank a kind Providence, this made us resort to your Pills, which saved us from all further misery, for which we hope to be thankful.
T. & E. A. L.

Brandreth's Pills are for sale by the following Agents in Huntingdon county.

Wm. Stewart, Huntingdon.
N. Cresswell, Petersburg.
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Each of Dr. Brandreth's Agents has an engraved certificate of Agency.—The name of this and you will find the NEW PILLS upon the certificate corresponding those on the Boxes, none other are genuine.
B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
Pa. Office S. North 8th St.—1y.

Proposals

will be received up to the 25th day of December next, by the Trustees of Huntingdon Congregation of the Presbyterian Church, for building a Presbyterian Church in the borough of Huntingdon. The plan and specifications will be exhibited at the residence of Maj. David M. Murtrie, Col. John Cresswell and William Dorris at any time after the 1st day of December next, to whom also can be directed.

JOHN K. RER,
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T. H. CREMER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
HUNTINGDON, PA.

POETRY.

Christ Walking on the Sea.

BY MRS. M. T. W. CHANDLER.

"Fear not—it is I!"

In the dark hours, when the shades of night
Had gathered gloomily upon the wave,
And the huge billows' snowing-crested light,
Bift seemed as torches pointing to the grave,
While the loud surge, which beat against the shore,
Gave utterance to its hoarse voice in the blast,
The weary mariners still plied the oar,
Though lost the hope, to reach the shore at last.
Yet telling on, they watched in wild despair
The waters, dashing by, in horrid glee,
While their loud shrieks, which rent the troubled air,
Were lost amidst the roaring of the sea;
As thus they gazed—ere the fourth watch was past,
Each cheek was blanched anew with awful dread,
For, midst the angry howling of the blast,
They saw a shadowy form the waters tread.

As yet it neared, a softened light
Shone o'er the brow, and round the angelic head,
And through the storming of that fearful night,
They heard his voice—"Tis I, be not afraid!"
'If it be thou, bid me come unto thee!'—
One doubting said, who on the frail ship stood;
And Jesus answered, "Come," and on the sea
He walked, and safely trod the opposing flood.

But when he saw around, wave piled on wave,
His fears o'erwhelmed him and he sinking cried,
"Lord, save me, or I perish," and Christ gave
His hand, and raised him to the vessel's side.
So thou, my soul, in the dark hour of doubt,
Shalt to thy God for help and mercy turn,
Roll back the waves that sweep thee about
And from his succor, faith's sweet lesson learn.

From the Knickerbocker for July.

Forget-Me-Not.

There is a flower, a lovely flower,
Tinged deep with faith's unchanging hue;
Pure as the ether in its hour
Of loveliest and sincerest blue.
The streamlet's gentle side it seeks,
The silent fount, the shaded grove,
And sweetly to the heart it speaks,
Forget-me-not! forget-me-not!
Mild as the azure of thine eyes,
Soft as the halo beam above,
In tender whispers still it sighs,
Forget-me-not, my life, my love!
There where thy last steps turned away,
Wet eyes shall watch the sacred spot,
And this sweet flower be heard to say,
Forget! oh no! forget-me-not!

Yet deep its azure leaves within
And white its stem when soft the sun,
The drooping stem may well declare,
The dew-drops on its leaves are tears,
That ask, "Am I so soon forgot?"
Repeating still amidst their fears,
My life, my love! forget-me-not!

SONG.

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token.
If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice of song would cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee;
But if upon the troubled sea,
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave shall bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its clusters yet may glow,
Through the leaves their bloom revealing.
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
With a bright draft filled—oh! never
Shall earth give back the lavished wealth
To cool thy parched lip's fever.
Thy heart is like that cup,
If thou wast the love it bore thee,
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like that string of harp or lute,
Whence the sweet sound is scattered,
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords
So soon for ever shattered.

Lines.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He cares for you."—1st Peter, 5 c. 7 v.
Child of sorrow, mourning one,
Thou whose light of life is gone;
Thou who wepest, sad and lonely,
In whose heart dwells sorrow only;
Deepest darkness hovering o'er thee,
Nought but agony before thee;
Thou whose brightest hope is death,
Thou who pin'st to yield thy breath;
Thou from whom cold wordlings turn,
Leaving thee alone to mourn;
There is One for thee who carest,
Even though thy soul despaireth.
He is near while thou art sleeping,
He is nigh while thou art weeping;
He has marked thy every sigh,
Breathed when none beside was nigh;
Great is He in majesty,
Yet He stoops to care for thee.
Cast upon Him all thy cares,
Breathe to Him perpetual prayers,
He will never turn away,
He will hear all thou canst say,
He can give thee thine inmost heart,
He can know thee as thou art,
Thoughts by mortals all unseen,
Hidden by a calm cold mien;
Sufferings which thy spirit rend,
He can view and comprehend;
He can feel, how tenderly!
Child of misery, for thee,
Come, then, to thy Father, God,
He can stay the chastening rod;
Cast thy cares and fears before Him,
And for help and peace implore Him;
To His love for refuge flee,
Child of tears, He cares for thee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New Mirror. THE MARQUIS IN PETTICOATS.

I am commanded to write a love story.

But a love story with anything new in it can never be invented. Fact is the jack-o'-lantern to more sober Fable. Truth is stranger than fiction.

And I have not much space to tell a story in; and, long or short, it must have beginning, and middle, and end. So I introduce you at once to the Marquis de la Chetardie—a diplomatist who figured largely in the gay age of Louis XV.—and the story is but one of the illuminated pages of the dark book of diplomacy.

Charles de la Chetardie—appeared for the first time to the eyes of the king at a masquerade ball, given at Versailles, under the auspices of *la belle* Pompadour. He was dressed as a young lady of high rank, making her *debut*; and so perfect was his acting, and the deception altogether, that Louis became enamoured of the disguised marquis, and violently excited the jealousy of "Madame" by his amorous attentions. An *éclaircissement*, of course, took place, and the result was a great partiality for the marquis's society, and his subsequent employment, in and out of petticoats, in many a scheme of state diplomacy and royal amusement.

La Chetardie was at this time just eighteen.—He was very slight, and had remarkably small hands and feet, and the radiant fairness of his skin, and the luxuriant softness of his profuse chestnut curls, might justly have been the envy of the most delicate woman. He was at first subjected to some ridicule for his effeminacy, but the merry courtiers were soon made aware, that under this velvet fragility lay concealed the strength and ferocity of the tiger. The grasp of his small hand was like an iron vice, and his singular activity, and his cool courage which afterwards gave him a brilliant career on the battle-field, established him in a very short time, as the most formidable swordsman of the court.—His ferocity however, lay deeply concealed in his character, and unprovoked, he was the gayest and most brilliant of merry companions.

This was the age of occult and treacherous diplomacy, and the court of Russia, where Louis would have exercised an influence, (private as well as political in its results,) was guarded by an implacable Argus, in the person of the prime minister, English Ambassador, one of the craftiest men of that crafty period, he had succeeded for some years in defeating every attempt at success to the imperial ear by the secret emissaries of France. The sudden appearance of La Chetardie, his cool self-command, and his successful personation of a female, suggested a new hope to the king however; and called to Versailles by the royal mandate, the young marquis was taken into cabinet confidence, and a secret mission to St. Petersburg, in petticoats, proposed to him and accepted.

With his instructions and secret despatches stitched into his corsets, and under the ostensible protection of a scientific man, who was to present him to the tsarine as a Mademoiselle de Beaumont, desirous of entertaining the service of Elizabeth, the marquis reached St. Petersburg without accident or adventure. The young lady's guardian requested an audience through Bestucheff, and having delivered the open letters, recommending her for her accomplishments to the imperial protection, he begged leave to continue on his scientific tour to the central regions of Russia.

Congee was immediately granted, and on the disappearance of the *swain*, and before the departure of Bestucheff, the tsarine threw off all ceremony, and pinching the cheeks and imprinting a kiss on the forehead of the beautiful stranger, appointed her, by one of those sudden whims of preference, against which her ministers had so much trouble to guard, *lectrice intime et particuliere*—in short confidential personal attendant. The blushes of the confused marquis, who was unprepared for so affectionate a reception, served rather to heighten the disguise, and old Bestucheff bowed himself out with a compliment to the beauty of Mademoiselle de Beaumont, veiled in a diplomatic congratulation to her imperial mistress.

Elizabeth was forty, and a little *passée*, but she had pretensions, and was particularly fond of beauty in her attendants, female as well as male. Her favorite, of her personal suite, at the time of the arrival of the marquis, was an exquisite little creature who had been sent to her as a compliment to this particular taste, by the Duchess of Mecklenberg-Strelitz—a kind of German "Fenella," or "Mignon, by the name of Nadge Stein. Not much below the middle size, Nadge was a model of symmetrical proportion, and of very extraordinary beauty. She had been carefully educated for her present situation, and was highly accomplished; a fine reader, and singularly sweet musician and dancer. The tsarine's passion for this lovely attendant was the arrival of a new favorite of the same sex, was looked upon with some pleasure by the eclipsed remainder of the palace ladies.

Elizabeth summoned Nadge, committed Mademoiselle de Beaumont temporarily to her charge; but the same mysterious magnetism which had reached the heart of the tsarine, seemed to kindle quite as promptly the affections of her attendant. Nadge was no sooner alone with her new friend than she jumped to her neck, smothered her with kisses, called her by every endearing epithet, and overwhelmed her with questions, mingled with the most child-like exclamations of wonder at her own inexplicable love for a stranger. In an hour she had shown to

the new demoiselle all the contents of the little boudoir in which she lived; talked to her of her loves and hates at the Russian court; of her home in Mecklenberg, and her present situation; in short, poured out her heart with the *naïf abandon* of a child. The young marquis had never seen so lovely a creature; and responsibly as he felt his difficult and dangerous situation, he returned the affection so innocently lavished upon him, and at the end of this first fatal hour, was irretrievably in love. And, gay as his life had been at the French court, it was the first, and subsequently proved to be the deepest passion of his life.

On the tsarine's return to her private apartment, she summoned her new favorite, and superintended, with condescending solicitude, the arrangements for her palace lodging. Nadge inhabited a small tower adjoining the bedroom of her mistress, and above this was an unoccupied room, which, at the present suggestion of the fair little attendant, was allotted to the new comer. The staircase opened by one door into the private gardens, and by the opposite, into the corridor leading immediately into the imperial chamber. The marquis's delicacy would have made some objection to this very intimate location; but he could hazard nothing against the interests of his sovereign, and he trusted to a speedy termination of his disguise with the attainment of his object. Meantime, the close neighborhood of the fair Nadge was not the most intolerable of necessities.

The marquis's task was a very difficult one. He was instructed, before abandoning his disguise and delivering his secret despatches, to awaken the interest of the tsarine on the two subjects to which the document had reference, viz: a former partiality for her majesty for Louis, and a formerly discussed project of seating the Prince de Conti on the throne of Poland. Bestucheff had so long succeeded in cutting off all approach of these topics to the ear of the tsarine, that her majesty had probably forgotten them altogether.

Weeks passed, and the opportunities to broach these delicate subjects had been inauspiciously rare. Mademoiselle de Beaumont, it is true, had completely eclipsed the favorite Nadge; and Elizabeth, in her hours of relaxation from state affairs, exacted the constant attendance of the new favorite in her private apartments. But the almost constant presence of some other of the maids of honor, opposed continual obstacles and interruptions, and the matters more serious than the common trifles of the hour. She was extremely indolent in her personal habits; and often reclining at length upon cushions on the floor of her boudoir, she laid her imperial head in the lap of the embarrassed demoiselle, and was soothed to sleep by reading and the bathing of her temples. And during this period, she exacted frequently of the marquis, with a kind of instinctive mistrust, promises of continuance for life in her personal service.

But there were sweeter hours for the enamored La Chetardie than those passed in the presence of the partial and imperial mistress. Encircled by sentinels, and guarded from all intrusion of other eyes, in the inviolable sanctuary of royalty, the beautiful Nadge, impassioned and she knew not why, in her love for her new companion, was ever within call, and happy in devoting to him all her powers of caressing endearment. He had not yet dared to risk the interest of his sovereign by a disclosure of his sex, even in the confidence of love. He could not trust Nadge to play so difficult a part, as that of possessor of so embarrassing a secret in the presence of the shrewd and observing tsarine. A betrayal, too, would at once put an end to his happiness. With the slight art of the fair and relying creature about his waist, and her head pressed close against his breast, they passed the balmy nights of the Russian summer in pacing the flowery alleys of the imperial garden, discoursing with but one reserve, on every subject that floated to their lips. It required, however, all the self-control of La Chetardie, and all the favorite darkness of the night, to conceal his smiles at the native confessions of the unconscious girl, and her wanderings at the peculiarity of her feelings. She had thought, hitherto, that there were affections in her nature which could only be called forth by a lover. Yet now, the thought of caressing another than her friend—of repeating to any human ear, least of all to a man, those new-born vows of love, filled her with alarm and horror. She felt that she had given her heart away—and to a woman! Ah, with what delicious, though silent passion, La Chetardie drew her to his bosom, and with the pressure of his lips upon hers, interrupted those sweet confessions!

Yet the time at last drew near for the waking from the celestial dream. The disguised diplomatist had found his opportunity, and had successfully awakened in Elizabeth's mind both curiosity and interest as to the subjects of the despatches still secret safely in his corsets. There remained nothing for him now but to seize a favorable opportunity, and with the delivery of his missives, to declare his sex to the tsarine. There was risk to life and liberty in this, but the marquis knew not fear, and he thought but of its consequences to his love.

In La Chetardie's last interview with the *swain* who conducted him to Russia, his male attire had been successfully transferred from one portmanteau to the other, and it was now in his possession, ready for the moment of need. With his plans brought to within a single night of the *denouement*, he parted from the tsarine, having asked the imperial permission for an hour's private interview on the morrow, and, with gentle fare excluding Nadge from the apartment, he dressed himself in his pro-

per costume, and cut open the warm envelope of his despatches. This done, he threw his cloak over him, and with a dark lantern in his hand, sought Nadge in the garden. He had determined to disclose himself to her, renew his vows of love in his proper guise, and arrange, while he had access and opportunity, some means of uniting their destinies hereafter.

As he opened the door of the turret, Nadge flew up the stairs to meet him, and observing the cloak in the faint glimmer of the stars, she playfully endeavored to envelope herself in it. But seizing her hands, La Chetardie turned and glided backwards, drawing her after him towards a small pavilion in the remotest part of the garden. Here they had never been interrupted, the empress alone having the power to intrude upon them, and La Chetardie felt safe on devoting this place and time to the double disclosure of his secret and his suppressed passion.

Persuading her with difficulty to desist from putting her arms about him, and sit down without a caress, he retreated a few steps, and, in the darkness of the pavilion, shook down his imprisoned locks to their masculine *abandon*, threw off his cloak and drew up the blind of his lantern. The scream of surprise which instantly parted from the lips of Nadge, made him regret his imprudence is not having prepared her for the transformation, but the second thought was mirth, for she believed it of course to be nothing but a playful masquerade; and with delighted laughter she sprang to his neck and overwhelmed him with kisses—another voice, however, joined very unexpectedly in the laughter!

The empress stood before them!
For an instant, with all his self-possession, La Chetardie was confounded and dismayed. Siberia, the knout, the scaffold flitted before his eyes, and Nadge was the sufferer. But a glance at the face of the tsarine reassured him, she, too, took it for a childish masquerade!

But the empress unfortunately was not disposed to have a partner in her enjoyment of the society of this new apparition of "hose and doublet." She ordered Nadge to her turret with one of those petulant commands which her attendants understood to admit of no delay, and while the eclipsed favorite disappeared with the tears of unwilling submission in her soft eyes, La Chetardie looked at her with the anguish of eternal separation at his heart, for a momentary moment, forgettable upon him.

The empress was in slippers and *robe de nuit*, and, as if fate had determined that this well-kept secret should not survive the hour, laid her arm within that of her supposed masquerader, and led the way to the palace. She was wakeful, and wished to be read to sleep. And, with many a compliment to the beauty of her favorite in male attire, and many a playful caress, she arrived at the door of her chamber.

But the marquis could go no further. He had hitherto been spared the embarrassment of passing this secret threshold, for the *passée* empress had secrets of toilette for the embellishment of her person, which she trusted only to the eyes of an anti-quoted attendant. La Chetardie had never passed beyond the boudoir which was between the ante-chamber and the bed room, and the time had come for the disclosure of the secret. He fell on his knees and announced himself a man!

Fortunately they were alone. Incredulous at first the empress listened to his assertions, however, with more amusement than displeasure, and the immediate delivery of the despatches, with the commendations of the disguised ambassador by his royal master to the forgiveness and kindness of the empress, amply secured his pardon. But it was on condition that he should resume his disguise and remain in her service.

Alone in his tower, (for Nadge had disappeared, and he knew enough of the cruelty of Elizabeth to dread the consequences to the poor girl for venturing on direct inquiries as to her fate.) La Chetardie after a few weeks fell ill; and fortunate, even at this price, to escape from the silken fetters of the enamored tsarine, he departed under the care of the imperial physician, for the more genial climate of France—not without reiterated promises of return, however, and offers, in that event, of unlimited wealth and advancement.

But, as the marquis made his way slowly toward Vienna, a gleam of light dawned on his sadness. The Princess Sophia Charlotte was newly affianced to George the Third of England, and this daughter of the house of Mecklenberg had been the playmate of Nadge Stein; from infancy till the time when Nadge was sent to the tsarine by the Duchess of Mecklenberg. Making a confident of the kind which Nadge had confided in, La Chetardie was confirmed by the good man's better experience and knowledge, in the belief that Nadge had shared the same fate of every female of the court who had ever awakened the jealousy of the empress. She was doubtless exiled to Siberia; but as she had committed no voluntary fault, it was probably without other punishment; and, with a playmate on the throne of England, she might be demanded and recovered ere long, in all her freshness and beauty. Yet the recent fate of the fair Eudoxie Lapoukin, who, for an offence but little more distasteful to the tsarine, had been pierced through the tongue with a hot iron, whipped with the knout, and exiled for life to Siberia, hung like a cloud of evil augury over his mind.

The marquis suddenly determined that he would see the affianced princess, and plead with her for her friend, before the splendors of a throne should make

her inaccessible. The excitement of this hope had given him new life, and he easily persuaded his attendant, as they entered the gates of Vienna, that he required his attendance no farther. Alone with his own servants, he resumed his female attire, and directed his course to Mecklenberg-Strelitz.

The princess had maintained an intimate correspondence with her playmate up to the time of her betrothal, and the name of Mademoiselle de Beaumont was passport enough. La Chetardie had sent forward his servant on arriving at the town, in the neighborhood of the ducal residence, and the reply to his missive was brought back by one of the officers in attendance, with orders to conduct the demoiselle to apartments in the castle.

He was received with all honor at the palace gate by a chamberlain in waiting, who led the way to a suite of rooms adjoining those of the princess, where, after being left alone for a few minutes, he was familiarly visited by the betrothed girl, and overwhelmed, as formerly by her friend, with most embarrassing caresses. In the next moment, however, the door was hastily flung open, and Nadge, like a stream of light, fled through the room, hung upon the neck of the speechless and overjoyed marquis, and ended with convulsions of mingled tears and laughter. The moment he could disengage himself from her arms, La Chetardie requested to be left for a moment alone. He felt the danger and impropriety of longer maintaining his disguise.—He closed his door on the unwilling demoiselle, hastily changed his dress, and with his sword at his side, entered the adjoining reception room of the princess, where Mademoiselle de Beaumont was impatiently awaited.

The scene which followed, the mingled confusion and joy of Nadge, the subsequent hilarity and masquerading of the castie and the particulars of the marriage of the Marquis de la Chetardie to his fair fellow maid of honor, must be left to the reader's imagination. We have room only to explain the re-appearance of Nadge at Mecklenberg.

Nadge retired to her turret at the imperative command of the empress, sad and troubled; but waited wakefully and anxiously for the re-entrance of her disguised companion. In the course of an hour, however, the sound of a sentinel's musket, set down at her door, informed her that she was a prisoner.—She knew Elizabeth, and the Duchess of Mecklenberg, with an equal knowledge of the tsarine's character, had provided her with a resource against the possibility of her being discovered. She had a handkerchief to the side looking over the public square.

The following morning at daylight, Nadge was summoned to prepare for the journey, and in an hour, she was led between soldiers to a carriage at the palace gate, and departed by the southern egress of the city, with a guard of three cossacks. In two hours from that time, the carriage was overtaken, the guard overpowered, and the horse's heads turned in the direction of Moscow. After many difficulties and dangers, during which she found herself under the charge of a Mecklenbergian officer in the service of the tsarine, she reached Vienna in safety, and was immediately concealed by her friends in the neighborhood of the palace of Mecklenberg, to remain hidden until inquiry should be over. The arrival of Mademoiselle de Beaumont, for the loss of whose life or liberty she had incessantly wept with dread and apprehension, was joyfully communicated to her by her friends, and so the reader knows some of the passages in the early life of the far-famed beauty in the French court, and in the time of Louis XV.—the Marchioness de la Chetardie.

Eyes like the blue of Damascus blade, and hair like a shower of braided and flouting sunbeams! I have done your bidding! Adieu! N. P. W.

RECIPE FOR A GOOD WIFE.—A good wife should be like three things, which three things she should not be like: 1. She should be like a mail, always kept within her house; but she should not be like a mail, carry all she has upon her back. 2. She should be like an echo, always speak when spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, have always the last word. 3. She should be like a town clock, always keep time and regularity; but she should not be like a town clock, speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

Lament.—
O, ven the stars are shinin', Kate,
Some risin', others settin',
And all are wakin' so fast rate,
Like chaps I've seen a bettin',
O, then I'm thinkin' on my fate,
Which sets my eyes a wettin'!

NOT VERY PARTICULAR.—A young Ohio gentleman once asked a lady if he could have the pleasure of waiting on her. To which she dully answered, "I don't thank you for your company, sir." Well, said he, "I didn't expect any thanks, and so I'll just go along any how."

"Oh! what a fall was there my countrymen" when you, and I, and all of us, fell down, while bloody Trees-on flourished o'er us," as the man said when a sycamore tree fell on him, and "blooded his nose."

"Can it be possible, Tom, that you've a shirt collar on at last! It certainly must belong to somebody else."
"No," replied Tom, gravely—"it belongs to the shirt."

"I'll try another bit," as the jockey said when his horse ran away with him.