

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

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**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 arrearages are paid. Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

### BANK NOTE LIST.

Rates of Discount in Philadelphia.

Banks in Philadelphia.		
Bank of North America	par	par
Bank of the Northern Liberties	par	par
Bank of Penn Township	par	par
Commercial Bank of Penna.	par	par
Farmers' & Mechanics' bank	par	par
Kensington bank	par	par
Schuykill bank	par	par
Mechanics' bank	par	par
Philadelphia bank	par	par
Southwark bank	par	par
Western bank	par	par
Moyamensing bank	par	par
Manufacturers' and Mechanics' bank	par	par
Bank of Pennsylvania	par	par
Girard bank	10	10
Bank of the United States	22	22

### Country Banks.

Bank of Chester co.	Westchester	par	par
Bank of Delaware co.	Chester	par	par
Bank of Germantown	Germantown	par	par
Bank of Montg'ry co.	Norristown	par	par
Doylston bank	Doylston	par	par
Easton bank	Easton	par	par
Farmers' bk of Bucks co.	Bristol	par	par
Bank of Northumberland	Northumberland	par	par
Honesdale bank	Honesdale	1 1/2	1 1/2
Farmers' bk of Lanc.	Lancaster	1 1/2	1 1/2
Lancaster bank	Lancaster	1 1/2	1 1/2
Lancaster county bank	Lancaster	1 1/2	1 1/2
Bank of Pittsburg	Pittsburg	1 1/2	1 1/2
Merchants' & Manuf. bk.	Pittsburg	1 1/2	1 1/2
Exchange bank	Pittsburg	1 1/2	1 1/2
Do. do. branch of	Hollidaysburg	1 1/2	1 1/2
Col'a bk & bridge co.	Columbia	1 1/2	1 1/2
Franklin bk	Washington	1 1/2	1 1/2
Monongahela bk of B.	Washington	1 1/2	1 1/2
Farmers' bk of Reading	Reading	1 1/2	1 1/2
Lebanon bank	Lebanon	1 1/2	1 1/2
Bank of Middletown	Middletown	1 1/2	1 1/2
Carlisle bank	Carlisle	1 1/2	1 1/2
Erie bank	Erie	1 1/2	1 1/2
Bank of Chambersburg	Chambersburg	1 1/2	1 1/2
Bank of Gettysburg	Gettysburg	1 1/2	1 1/2
York bank	York	1 1/2	1 1/2
Harrisburg bank	Harrisburg	1 1/2	1 1/2
Miners' bk of Pottsville	Pottsville	1 1/2	1 1/2
Bank of Susquehanna co.	Montrose	3 1/2	3 1/2
Farmers' & Drovers' bk	Waynesborough	3	3
Bank of Lewistown	Lewistown	2	2
Wyoming bank	Wilkesbarre	2	2
Northampton bank	Allentown	no sale	no sale
Berks county bank	Reading	no sale	no sale
West Branch bank	Williamsport	7	7
Towanda bank	Towanda	no sale	no sale

### Rates of Relief of Notes.

Northern Liberties, Delaware County, Farmers' Bank of Bucks, Germantown	par
All others	2

### CHAIRS! CHAIRS!!

The subscriber is now prepared to furnish every description of CHAIRS, from the plain kitchen to the most splendid and fashionable one for the parlor. Also the LUXURIOUS AND EASY CHAIR FOR THE INVALID, in which the feeble and afflicted invalid, though unable to walk even with the aid of crutches, may with ease move himself from room to room, through the garden and in the street, with great rapidity. Those who are about going to housekeeping, will find it to their advantage to give him a call, whilst the Student and Gentleman of leisure are sure to find in his newly invented *Revolving Chair*, that comfort which no other article of the kind is capable of affording. Country merchants and shippers can be supplied with any quantity at short notice.

ABRAHAM McDONOUGH,  
No. 113, Third Second street, two doors below Dock, Philadelphia.  
May 31, 1843.---1 yr.

### FRANKLIN HOUSE,

Huntingdon, Pennsylvania.  
**CHRISTIAN COUTS,**

WOULD most respectfully inform the citizens of this county, the public generally, and his old friends and customers in particular, that he has leased for a term of years, that large and commodious building on the West end of the Diamond, in the borough of Huntingdon, formerly kept by Andrew H. Hirst, which he has opened and furnished as a Public House, where every attention that will minister to the comfort and convenience of guests will always be found.

### Table

will at all times be abundantly supplied with the best to be had in the country.

### Bar

will be furnished with the best of Liquors, and

### HIS STABLING

is the very best in the borough, and will always be attended by the most trusty, attentive and experienced ostlers.

Mr. Couts pledges himself to make every exertion to render the "Franklin House" a home to all who may favor him with a call. Thankful to his old customers for past favors, and respectfully solicits a continuance of their custom.

Boarders, by the year, month, or week, will be taken on reasonable terms.  
Huntingdon, Nov. 8, 1843.

### 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 benefitted by the Brandreth Pills than by Lozenges and Candies. Very well, perhaps, as palliatives, but worth nothing as ERADICATORS 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 face, 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 soon cure the sore and give her ease at once. To our surprise he gave her no relief, and acknowledged that it quite baffled all his skill.

Thus we 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 face was quite sound, and her health better than it had been in quite a number of years before. I send you this statement after two years test 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. & E. A. L.

PS.—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, and for which we hope to be thankful.

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

Thomas Read, Huntingdon.  
Wm. Stewart, Huntingdon.  
A. & N. Cresswell, Petersburg.  
Mary W. Neff, Alexandria.  
Joseph Patton, Jr., Dumfriesville.  
Hartman & Smith, Manor Hill.  
S. Miles Green & Co., Barree Forge.  
Thomas Owens, Birmingham.  
A. Patterson, Williamsburg.  
Peter Good, Jr., Canoe Creek.  
John Lutz, Shirleysburg.  
Observe each of Dr. Brandreth's Agents have an engraved certificate of Agency.—Examine this and you will find the NEW LABELS upon the certificate corresponding with those on the Boxes, none other are genuine.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.  
Phil'a. Office S. North 8th St.—1y.

DR. WISTAR'S

BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

The best medicine known to man for incipient Consumption, Asthma of every stage, Bleeding of the Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Liver Complaint, and all diseases of the Pulmonary Organs, may be had of Agents named below.

(All published statements of cures performed by this medicine are, in every respect, TRUE. Be careful and get the genuine "Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry," as spurious imitations are abroad. Orders from any part of the country should be addressed to Isaac Butts, No. 125 Fulton street, New York.

AGENTS.  
For sale by Thomas Read, Huntingdon, and James Orr, Hollidaysburg.  
Price one dollar per bottle.  
December 6, 1843.

Read the following from Dr. Jacob Hoffman, a physician of extensive practice in Huntingdon county:

Dear Sir:—I procured one bottle of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, from Thomas Read, Esq. of this place, and tried it in a case of obstinate Asthma on a child Paul Schwebel, in which many other remedies had been tried without any relief. The Balsam gave sudden relief, and in my opinion the child is effectually cured by its use.

Yours, &c.  
JACOB HOFFMAN, M. D.  
Dec. 23, 1841.

GEORGE TAYLOR,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Attends to practice in the Orphans' Court, Stating Administration accounts, Scrivening, &c.—Office in Hill street, 3 doors East of T. Read's Drug Store.  
Feb. 28, 1844.

### POETRY.

#### I CARE FOR NOBODY.

BY LEWIS J. GIST.

"I care for nobody—no! not I,  
And nobody cares for me!"—Song.

In her bower one eve, sat a maiden fair,  
Caroling forth a joyous strain,  
'Twas borne afar o'er the evening air  
Till Echo, sweet nymph, sent it back again.  
Her voice was sweet, and bright was her eye,  
And merrily, merrily, thus sang she—  
"I care for nobody—no! not I,  
And nobody cares for me—for me—  
And nobody cares for me!"

"Oh! Love is a wild and devious chace,  
At best a fair deceitful snare,  
And men are a false and faithless race,  
With their vows as light as the empty air."  
Then her joyous laugh rang loud and high,  
And merrily, merrily, still sang she—  
"I care for nobody—no! not I,  
And nobody cares for me—for me—  
And nobody cares for me!"

And who bestow a thought upon  
A race so false and vain as men?  
The maiden paused for she thought of one,  
Right glad were she to see again.  
Then she breathed a low and gentle sigh,  
The while she sang, yet still sang she,  
"I care for nobody—no! not I,  
And nobody cares for me—for me—  
And nobody cares for me!"

The maiden ceased—'twas a step well known,  
And a manly form stood by her side;  
Her snowy hand he took in his own,  
And wo'd that fair one for his bride:  
She gave one glance of her bright black eye,  
And she sang, and then, "higho!" sang she,  
"I care for somebody now—do I,  
Since somebody cares for me—for me—  
Since somebody cares for me!"

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### THE STOLEN DRESS.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

In a city, which shall be nameless, there lived, long ago, a young girl the only daughter of a widow. She came from the country, and was ignorant of the dangers of a city as the squirrels of her native fields. She had glossy black hair, gentle, beaming eyes, and "lips like wet coral." Of course, she knew that she was beautiful; for when she was a child, strangers often stopped as she passed, and exclaimed, "How handsome she is!" And as she grew older, the young men gazed on her with admiration. She was poor, and removed to the city to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was just at that susceptible age, when youth is passing into womanhood; when the soul begins to be pervaded by that restless principle, which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union.

At the hotel opposite, Lord Henry Stuart, an English nobleman, had at that time taken lodgings. His visit to this country is doubtless well remembered by many, for it made a great sensation at the time. He was a peer of the realm, descended from the royal line, and was, moreover, a strikingly handsome man, of right princely carriage. He was subsequently a member of the British Parliament, and is now dead.

As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella-girl, and was impressed by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the opposite store, where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the way-side, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gracefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic. He was playing a game, for temporary excitement; she, with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens on the 4th of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she therefore accepted the invitation, with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank—whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband.—While these thoughts revolved in her mind her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk, belonging to her employer. Ah, could she not take it, without being seen, and pay for it secretly, when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness.—She concealed the silk, and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful fourth of July, she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her upon her elegant appearance; but she was not happy. On her way to the gardens, he talked to her in a manner which she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, she spoke more explicitly. The guileless young creature stopped, looked into his face with mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her hand kindly and said, "My dear, are you an innocent girl?" "I am, I am," replied she with convulsive sobs. "Oh, what have I ever done, or said, that you should ask me that?" Her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature.

"If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents so readily, that I supposed you understood me." "What could I understand," said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?" Though reared amid the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of life stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her would soon be to him as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her the wound was deeper. In her solitary chamber she wept, in bitterness of heart, over her ruined air castles. And that dress, which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride! Oh, what if she should be discovered! And would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she should ever know that her child was a thief? Alas, her wretched forebodings were too true. The silk was traced to her; she was arrested, on her way to the store, and dragged to prison. There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly.

On the fourth day, the keeper called upon Isaac T. Hopper, and informed him that there was a young girl in prison who appeared to be utterly friendless, and determined to die by starvation. The kind-hearted old gentleman immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, but could obtain no answer.

"Leave us alone," said he to the keeper. "Perhaps she will speak to me, if there is none to hear." When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said in soothing tones, "My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast done. If thou hast taken this silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would for a daughter; and I doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty."

After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, "Oh, I wish I was dead. What will my poor mother say, when she knows of my disgrace?"

"Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it," replied he; and alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn. He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story. "This is her first offence," said he, "the girl is young, and the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, a useful and honored woman. I will see that thou art paid for the silk." The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise by the girl, had he known all the circumstances. "Thou shouldst have inquired into the merits of the case, my friend," replied Isaac. By this kind of thoughtlessness, many a young creature is driven in the downward path, who might easily have been saved."

The good old man then went to the hotel, and inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. "Tell him my business is of importance," said Friend Hopper. The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a plain old Quaker should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy; but when he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to "bear a testimony," as the Friends say, against the sin and selfishness of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched.—He excused himself, by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl, if he had known her to be virtuous. "I have done many wrong things," said he, "but, thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence rests on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable."

The imprisonment of the pure girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found, distressed him greatly. And when Isaac represented that the silk had been stolen for his sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty dollar note, and offered it to pay her expenses. "Nay," said Isaac, "thou art a very rich man; I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another."

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note and smiled as he said, "you understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit England, come to see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman."

"Farewell, friend," replied Isaac, "though much to blame in this affair, thou too hast behaved nobly. Mayest thou be blessed in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted."

Luckily, the girl had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name when arrested; by which means her true name was kept out of the newspapers. "I did this," said she, "for my poor mother's sake." With the money given by Lord Henry the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother, well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence remain to this day a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Several years after the incidents I have related, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house, and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsomely dressed young matron, with a bloom of five or six years old. She rose to meet him, and her voice choked as she said, "Friend Hopper, do you know me?" He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said, "You once helped me, when in great distress." But the good missionary of humanity had helped too many in distress to be able to recollect her, without more precise information.

With a tremulous voice, she bade her son go into the next room for a few minutes; then, dropping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out, "I am the girl that stole the silk. Oh! where should I now be, if it had not been for you?" When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his native State. Having a call to visit the city, she had again and again passed Friend Hopper's house, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter, her courage failed.

"But I go away to-morrow," said she, "and I could not leave the city without once more seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy, and said to him, "Look at that old gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest invitation that he would visit her happy home, and a fervent "God bless you," she bade her benefactor farewell.

My venerable friend is not aware that I have written this story. I have not published it from any wish to glorify him, but to exert a general influence on the hearts of others; to do my mite toward teaching society how to cast out the Demon Penalty, by the voice of the Angel Love.—*Boston Courier.*

#### THE DARK EYED MAID.

BY MRS. L. HAYNES.

A lovely valley where the flourishing village of W— now stands, in 16— was occupied by a circle of cone topped wigwags, before one of which at the close of a sultry afternoon, sat a son of the forest, whose girle of scalps and hieroglyphic marks told that he was a warrior and chief of high honor. His sinewy arm held forth a string of beads, while his piercing eye looked into those of a young female who eagerly sprang forward on seeing the bubbles. Grasping the treasure wit a laugh of joy and twining them in her hair, she bounded away like a young fawn to join her companions.

On the hill side near by, stood a well formed, fair faced youth, in the garb of a huntsman, leaning on his gun. Through an opening in the trees he had been an unseen witness to what had just passed, and as he gazed upon her who seemed a bird escaped from Paradise, he shouldered his rifle and with apparently wearied step approached the spot where the chief still sat, who on seeing him asked:

"Whence comes the pale face—who seeks he of the red man?"  
"Food and rest," replied the other; "three days ago I left Shawmut with a hunting party; while in search of game I separated from, and being unable to find them, or my way out of the forest, I have since wandered about, and was contemplating another night in the woods, when through the trees I saw the smoke of your cabin. I am ill; let me lie in it, and here is money," added he, temptingly offering the chief a handful of silver.

"The chief of great people will not take it.—His wigwag is open to the hungry, though he be a white face who would rob him of his game. Enter." The parents of William Raymond came from England with the hopes of retrieving a lost fortune. By their indulgence, he at an early age had mingled with those circles of fashion that demanded but payment for a recommendation. He had learned their vices, and had brought to this country an unprincipled heart, combined with a handsome face and pleasing manners.

He was soon seated on a mat in the rough dwelling of the Indian, who recalled his daughter to tend on him. When William beheld her regular features, snow white teeth, sunny cheek, eyes of such dazzling brightness, as to defy a knowledge of their true color, he thanked fate for placing him in the way of the forest-follower. With his usual gallantry he arose at her entrance, when the red man said:

"This is the daughter of the great chief, the pride of the squaw, the idol of the warrior! They call her Violet Eye. Fifteen times the birds and flowers have come back since that Great Spirit gave her to me;" turning to her he added, "bring some venison and corn for the pale stranger."

A little time and William joined the games of the Indians; by his daring courage, fleetness of foot, and skill with the rifle, which he presented to the chief, he soon became a favorite with them. For the maiden, whose guileless heart knew no wrong, he gathered wild flowers to deck her hair, the brightest plumage for her dress; placed his rings on her fingers, and tied his bright handkerchief round her neck. She, in return, prepared him food, wove him moccasins and smoothed the long, fair curls from his brow, while he talked of love.

No cloud obscured the heart of the Violet Eye, but he whose presence made it sunshine soon tired,

and under the pretence of getting ornaments for her, urged his departure, promising to return soon.—She doubted not his sincerity when he pressed her to his heart, and kissed away the tears that moistened her cheek. When gone, she sought the lonely spot to ask the Great Spirit for his safety. Many moons passed, and Violet Eye looked in vain for him she loved. Her heart saddened, she no longer cheered the young warriors in their sports; her ornaments were thrown aside, save such as had been his gifts.

The chief saw the change wrought by the white man's treachery, and swore revenge on his race.—Soon after he met with one whose sword crossed the tomahawk, and sent his spirit to the happy hunting grounds. Violet Eye saw the green sod placed over him, and broken-hearted strewed the spot with flowers: A little time and she too was gone from amidst her people. They mourned but could not bring her back.

William Raymond on returning to his friends, who supposed him at a neighboring settlement, no longer loved his forest bride, and never referred to her but to boast of his conquest.

Five years had passed, and the axe had felled the trees far back into the country; their places were occupied by pleasant hamlets and cultivated patches. Where had echoed the savage yell and shrill scream of the wild bird, now rise tones of praise and prayer. Much was changed, even the heart of William Raymond, as now for the first time he really loved, and sued earnestly for the hand of a beautiful woman. "Was promised; the nuptial day arrived, and friends assembled in the village church. As they approached the rough altar, an Indian maid appeared before them: fixing her dark eyes on the female, in a warning voice she said to her:

"Wed him not! or you are cursed. On his soul lies the crime of a broken heart, and turning to him added, 'William Raymond, the Violet Eye, will be upon you; we meet again'—and like a mysterious spirit she glided from the church.

Treating the occurrence as a mania's intrusion, the ceremony was performed; but those tones of threatening evil long rang in the ears of the wedded pair.

Nearly two years, and the bright rays of hope had dispelled the fearful cloud that dimmed the bridal day. The savage inhabitants finding their game dispersed, and themselves driven from their early homes and the graves of their fathers, ever and anon gave evidence of spirits pining for revenge.

At the close of a battle in which many hundreds of the Indian race were slain, one stood victorious. On the blood-stained snow lay William Raymond, wounded with a poisonous arrow; by his side was the graceful form which he once caressed, and the same voice which spoke at the bridal altar, now broke upon the ear of the dying man.

"William Raymond, when faint and weary, a dark maid of the forest nursed you; by the white man's arts you won her love. Your lying heart deceived—she was no more happy; trees and flowers looked angry. Ashamed before the people, she left them at the Great Spirit's bidding to revenge her wrongs. She warned the white flower that nestled in your treacherous bosom. Her eye followed you—her heart sought revenge, and has found it: 'Twas the hand of the Violet Eye that poisoned the arrow and sent it to your breast. She has brought a charm—can make you well."

Grasping at the shadow of restoration, he vowed to become her slave and think of none other if she would apply it. He called her back to happy days and spoke of future ones, and he half raised himself to take her hand, and sunk back almost exhausted. She bent over him till their lips nearly met. Had the old time come o'er her, and her woman's heart relented! No! Rising herself to the full height, with a laugh of triumph, and a heart unmoved, she replied:

"You cannot rise to get it—Violet Eye will not give it. You shall die! and your scalp hang at the red man's belt." Snatching a dirk from his side, she continued—When the Great Spirit passes you cloud you must die. Think of the white wife that wishes for you, look on the dark one now by your side. See! 'tis time." And with that hand

'So soft in love—so wildly nerved in hate,' she pierced it to his heart, and with the warm blood dripping from the polished steel planted it in her own.

"If we do but watch the hour— There never yet was human power, Which could evade, if unforgiven That patient search and vigil long— Of one who treasures up a wrong."

A stern one.—"Have you any onions?" said a gentleman, the other day, to a remarkably green looking sucker.

"Go," was the reply, and the gentleman passed on his way.

"I wonder," said the sucker, after scratching his head for some time, "if that tarnation fool didn't mean 'ingens'?"

Mix a little chalk on calcined egg shells, with the food that you give to your poultry; and they will lay *cateris paribus*, twice the quantity of eggs they laid before.

Persons who are always innocently cheerful and good-humored, are very useful in the world—they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper among all who live around them.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure contentment; the greatest perfection health; the greatest ease is sleep, and the best medicine a true friend.