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THEODORE H. CREMER.

TERMS.

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POETRY.

Old Bachelors.

They are wanderers and ramblers—never at home; Making sure of a welcome wherever they roam; And every one knows that the bachelor's den, Is a room set apart for these singular men— A nook in the clouds of some five feet by four, Though sometimes, by chance, it may be rather more.

With skylight, or no light, ghosts, goblins and gloom, And every where termed 'the old bachelor's room.' These creatures, they say, are not valued at all, Except when the herd gives a bachelor's ball. Then dress in their best, In their gold brocaded vest, It is known as a fact, That they act with much tact, And they leap 'how d'ye do!' And they coo, and they woo, And they smile, for a while, Their fair guests to beguile; Condensing and bending, For fear of offending, Though inert, And they spy, With their eye, To be pert, And they sigh, And to flirt, As they fly, And they whisk and they whiz, And are brisk when they quiz.

For they meet, Advancing, To be sweet, And glancing, And are feet, And dancing, On their feet, And prancing, Sliding and gliding with minuet pace, Pinnetting and setting with infinite grace.

And jumping, And racing, And bumping, And chasing, And stumping, And pacing, And thumping, And lacing, They are glittering and glittering, gallant and gay, Yawning all morning, and lounging all day. But when he grows old, And his sunshine is past, Three score years being told, Brings repentance at last.

He then becomes an odd old man, His warmest friends the warm man; He's fidgety, fretful and wary; in fine, Love's nothing but self, and his dinner and wine. He rates and he prates, And reads the debates; Decried by the men, and the women he hates. Then posing, And poring, And dosing, And snoring, And cooing, And boring, And nosing, And roaring, When'er he falls in with the rabble, His delight is to vapor and gabble. He's gruffy, And musty, And puffy, And tusty;

He sits in his slippers, with back to the door, Near freezing, And grumbling, And wheezing, And mumbled, And teasing, And stumbling, And sneezing, And tumbling, He curses the carpet, or nails in the floor. Or falling, Or waking, Or bawling, Or aching, And sprawling, And quaking, And crawling, And shaking;

His hand is unsteady, his stomach is sore. He's railing, Uncheery, And falling, And dreary, And ailing, And weary; And groaning, and moaning, His selfishness owning, Grieving and heaving, Though nought he is leaving, But self and ill health, Himself and his wealth.

He sends for the doctor to cure or to kill, Who gives him advice, and offense, and a pill, Who drops him a hint about making his will. As fresh antiquity cannot be mended, 'The miserable life of the bachelor's ended. Nobody misses him, nobody sighs, Nobody grieves when the bachelor dies.

[Reading Gazette.]

From the Whig Standard.

Clay and Frelinghuysen.

Our country's flag aloft we raise, Our hopes now high are upwards rising; In burning words it there displays The names of Clay and Frelinghuysen.

To free our land from folly's sway All freemen now with zeal are striving; Our foremost champion's Henry Clay, Our second man is Frelinghuysen.

With Freedom's cry our land is rife, In tones which echo round 't' horizon, Her watchwords in the coming strife, Are Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen.

Ah! Matty's in a horrid way— His porridge all is turned to 'pain'— For every where the people say, We go for Clay and Frelinghuysen!

Love and Lightning.

A lady, who her love had sold, Ask'd if a reason could be told Why wedding rings were made of Gold? I ventured thus 't' instruct her: Love, ma'am, and lightning are the same— On earth they glaze, from Heaven they came; Love is the soul's electric flame, And gold its best conductor!

Remember, young man, that your character ought to shine brighter than your boots.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A RACE FOR A WIFE.

OR PEGGY MAGRATH, THE IRISH COQUETTE.

By Miss S. C. Hall.

Andrew Kennedy and Mike Barry were suitors for the hand of Peggy Magrath. The power which Irish fathers exercise over their children, is often any thing but genteel; they dispose of them in marriage frequently to those considered the best bidders; and it is no small compliment to Irish women to say that even in instances where they very generally succeeded in withdrawing their affections, and making true and devoted wives, and affectionate mothers. In the case of Peggy Magrath, however one candidate stood about as well with her father as the other. Both were fine stout fellows, able to work, when they could get work to do, with a cabin and a potato garden, 'waiting for furniture,' and both anxious to possess the hand, heart, and fortune of Peggy Magrath. There are two ways of winning a woman's favor—the right and wrong. Andrew in the first instance made sure of the girl—Mike of the father. And if Andrew had been a man worse off in the world—if his cow had not been as good—his feather-bed as heavy, or his pig as weighty as those of his rival, might would overcome right, and Andrew would have had no chance. But as it was, the father finding that one 'boy' was as well to do as the other, and that moreover the 'faction' of the rejected would be too strong for him, though they would yield to the lady, declared as he was walking home from an 'early mass,' that he would leave it 'twixt the Almighty and his daughter; let her settle it in God's name, and he'd wash his hands of it altogether; only she must settle on the one or the other that week, for he could not be having his peace of mind destroyed, with her and her sweet-hearts any longer; his house was like a fair or a station with them, for boys, that could not let the girls alone; and sure it was well for him and his 'old woman,' they had but one daughter; for if they had more, they'd quit the country sooner than be bothered entirely in the way he had with them—for bachelors!

Now Peggy was as arrant a coquette as ever flirted a fan in a ball-room; one of those who are born with an intense desire to continue 'the slave trade,' who delighted in tormenting, and who, whether she cared or not for a man, would enjoy teasing him; indeed, the better she loved, the greater pleasure in tantalizing the object of her affections. As long as her father wavered between Andrew and Mike, the true affection she bore the former made her dread losing him so much, that she was far more affectionate to him than she had ever been to any one else; and once when her father said something that led her to believe that he decidedly favored Mike, she burst into a flood of tears, and declared that she would 'die' sooner than marry him. Now, when her father accompanied by both suitors, entered the house, and he told her there were her bachelors, and she must make up her mind which of the two should be her husband, for he (her father) had no mind to keep an old maid in his house, she blushed and simpered, looking through the long lashes of her eyes without once raising the lids, and to the utter astonishment of both her father and Andrew, accepted Mike's offer to dance the first jig with her that evening—completely turning her back on her former favorite. Mike having got her consent to the dance, eager to show himself off to the best advantage, he thought that his brogans would look bad 'on the floor,' and, like a fool, left the field open to Andrew, while he set out to borrow his brother's 'pumps.' This opportunity was not lost upon Andrew, who renewed his suit, but became thoroughly perplexed by the waywardness of women's nature—he could make nothing of her.

'Indeed,' she said, 'she would as soon—as her father was so hard upon her—marry one as the other. May be she showed more favor one time to Andrew than to Mike, and may be at another time she showed more favor to Mike than to Andrew; may be she'd toss up for them, call Mike the Head and Andrew the Tail, and so get her luck.'

Andrew, poor fellow! was half mad with vexation—and yet, what could he do? He entertained serious thoughts of an abduction, but where was the good of it! Sure, if she was that changeable 'craythur' she wasn't worth having.

He offered to fight Mike for her, but this her father negated at once: he couldn't have any fighting for a child of his. 'But I'll tell you what, brave boys!' exclaimed the old man; 'I'll tell you what—do as I did for my good wife, and what no Irishman was ashamed to do—run for her! Every body in the place is free-footed-run-for, and let the fleet foot win her.'

This was agreed upon. Both the young men were remarkable for activity—both anxious to win a bride; and despite Peggy Magrath's coquetry, when she took her stand upon the rising ground that commands a view of the 'race course' all agreed that she was worth ten times the trouble.

'I'll tell you what it is, Peggy,' said one of her companions, 'I'll bet my bran new handkercher that never crossed my neck, baring this day, that Mike will be the hero, he's longer in the legs—and oh, my! but he's the active boy intirely.'

'Well, who ever wins, Peg's luck will be happy; that's all I say.'

'Suppose they should both win!' added another.

* The custom here alluded to is still common among the rude peasantry of the south of Ireland.

'What will you do then, Peggy dear, toss up for them!'

'There they go!' exclaimed a third—while Peggy's heart beat stout reproaches at her unfaithfulness; 'there they go—it's cruel hard, so it is, to make them end such a race by coming up even this bit of a hill at a long run. Mary Grady, do mind the day Ahy Flynn running the race for his wife, fell and cut his head, so that the grave was his wedding bed—poor fellow.'

'I'd rather they'd give it up at once,' exclaimed Peggy; following the contending parties with her eyes, and trembling from head to foot at the advantage which Mike had evidently obtained over Andrew—I'd rather they'd give it up. Well, I don't care who wins or who loses—I'll marry which I like,' she continued, bursting into tears, and covering her face with her hands.

'Oh honor Peggy,' they exclaimed; 'surely you would not be guilty of such a falsity as that?'

'Tell me,' she answered, all her coquetry forgotten in her anxiety for him she really loved, so that she dared not look upon the race; 'tell me for the love of mercy, how it's going with him?'

'With him!' repeated as arrant a coquette as herself—'which of the hims?'

'Andrew!' she breathlessly replied.

'Oh, be the dads! I don't know,' she answered, winking her merry eyes at her companions, while Peggy held her hands more tightly than ever over hers; 'I don't know at all—what do you think Mary?'

'Oh!' said mischievous Mary, 'I can't tell; I'm sure now six to one, and half a dozen to the other—but now—oh my! but Mike has the legs to be sure—may be he can't use them—thath! well that last spring he gave bates all. Oh, then, it's Mike that will make the fine husband; and no mistake—take your hands from eyes Peggy, woman—there's money bid for you!'

'Open your eyes, jewel avourment!' said another 'there, they're coming up the hill—that's right, shoot boys. Oh, then, Mrs. Mike, may be I won't shake a foot at your wedding; take down your hands, and look for yourself—Mike yer a rale haro!'

The young men were, as he said, running up to where they stood, but not in the degree Mary so mischievously intimated. Peggy was without the power to withdraw her hands; her feelings overcame her.

'Take her, Mike; you well deserve her, exclaimed the tantalizing girls, as Andrew, panting and grasping, ascended considerably in advance of his rival. But Peggy heard them not, subdued by her emotions, she had fainted on the sward.

Such is the overpowering nature of woman's coquetry, that after she recovered, and was well assured of Andrew's victory she would have played the fair lady Disdain, if she dared—but her father interposed, and she is now a good wife, and the mother of five small children!

A Good Little Story.

By Mrs. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

'Please, my lady, buy a nose-gay, or bestow a trifle,' was the address of a pale, emaciated looking woman, holding a few withered flowers in her hand to a lady who sat on the beach on Brighton, watching the blue waves of the receding tide.

'I have no half pence, my good woman,' said the lady, looking up from the novel she was perusing with a listless gaze; 'if I had, I would give them to you.'

'I am a poor widow, with three helpless children depending on me; would you bestow a small trifle to help us on our way?'

'I have told you I have no half-pence,' reiterated the lady, somewhat pettishly.—'Really,' she added, as the poor applicant turned meekly away, 'this is worse than the streets of London; they should have a police on the shore to prevent such annoyance.'

These were the thoughtless dictates of the HEART. 'Mamma,' said the blue eyed boy, who was lying on the beach at the lady's feet, flinging pebbles into the sea, 'I wish you had a penny, for the poor woman does look hungry, and you know we are going to have a nice dinner, and you have promised me a glass of wine.'

The heart of the lady answered the appeal of her child; and with a blush of shame crimsoning her cheek at the tacit reproach of his artless words conveyed, she opened her reticule, placed half a crown in his tiny hands, and in another moment he was bounding along the sand on his errand of mercy. In a few seconds he returned, his eyes sparkling with delight, and his countenance glowing with health and beauty.

'Oh mamma, the poor woman was so thankful; she wanted to turn back, but I would not let her; and she said, 'God bless the noble lady, and you, too, my pretty lamb, my children will now have bread for these two days, and we shall go on our way rejoicing.'

The eyes of the lady glistened as she heard the recital of her child, and her heart told her that its dictates bestowed a pleasure the cold reasoning of the head could never bestow.

From the Phila. Dollar Newspaper.

The Prairie.

BY WILLIAM HEY.

'Oh! fly to the Prairie, sweet maiden, with me, 'Tis as green, and as wild, and as wide as the sea!'

J. K. MITCHELL.

I sing of the prairie land,
The wilds of the West,
Where peace crowns the husbandman,
His toil and his rest.

There's no smoke of a city,
Noise, rattle, and din;
No sinks of iniquity,
Shame, anguish and sin.

But the lark in the morning,
High rising above,
In the rays of a bright sun,
Shouts her song of love.

And the deer, lightly bounding,
Casts sweet scents around,
With his feet gently pressing,
The flower-strewn ground.

Then adieu to the town,
Farewell to the city,
Be it ever so pretty,
Or high in renown!

Content with the prairie land,
The wilds of the West,
No more will I roam again
Of pleasures in quest!

But long as life receiving,
From the fount above,
Still prove the truth so pleasing,
That our God is love.

Prairie du Long, Ill., 1844.

The Irish Highwayman.

Doctor W—, the Bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin, accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to perform the journey by easy stages, in his own carriage, and with his own sleek and well-fed horses, instead of trusting his bones to the tender mercies of an Irish postchaise, and the unbroke garrons used for drawing these crazy vehicles. One part of his route was through a wild and mountainous district, and very considerable of his cattle, made a point of quitting his carriage at the foot of every hill and walking to the top.

On one of these occasions he had loitered to look at the extensive prospect, indulging in a reverie upon its sterile appearance, and the change that agriculture might produce, and in so doing suffered his family and servants to be considerably in advance. Perceiving this he hastened to make up for the lost time, and was stepping out with his best speed when a fellow leaped from behind a heap of loose stones, and accompanying the flourish of a huge club with a demonic yell, demanded 'Money! with a ferocity of tone and manner perfectly appalling. The bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pocket, hoping that it would satisfy him; but he was mistaken, for no sooner had the ruffian stowed it away in a capacious rind in his tattered garment, than with another whirl of his bludgeon, with an awful oath, he exclaimed—'And is it with the likes of this I am after letting you off! a few paltry tenpennies! It's the Gould I'll have, or I'll spatter your brains. Arrah don't stand shivering and shaking there, like a Quaker in the ague, but lug out your purse, you devil, immediately, or I'll bate you as blue as a whetstone!'

His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well-filled purse, saying in tremulous accents: 'My good fellow, there it is, don't ill use me—I've given you all, pray let me depart. Surely you have taken enough; leave me my watch, and I'll forgive all you have done.'

'Who axed your forgiveness, you old varmint? Would you trifle with my good nature? Don't force me to do any thing I'd be sorry for—but, without any more bother, just give me the watch, or by all that's holy—'

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat in the horny palm of the former, and re-grasped the formidable weapon, as though seriously bent in bringing it into operation; this action was not unheeded by his victim—he drew forth the golden time-piece, and with a heavy sigh handed it to his spoiler, who, rolling the chain and seals round it, found some wider aperture in his apparel into which he crammed it; and giving himself a shake to ascertain that it had found, by its own gravity, a place of safety, he said—'And now be off with you, and thank the blessed saints that you leave me without a scratch on your skin, or the value of your little finger hurt.'

It needed no persuasion to induce the bishop to turn his back upon the spoiler of his worldly goods, and having no weight to carry, he set off at what equestrians term 'a hard canter;' scarcely however, had he reached the middle of the precipitous road, when he perceived his persecutor running after him. He endeavored to redouble his speed. Alas! what chance had he in a race with one whose muscles were as strong and elastic as highly-tempered steel?

'Stop, you nimble-footed thief of the world! roared the robber—'stop, I tell you; I've a paring word with you yet.' The exhausted and defenceless churchman, finding it impossible to continue his flight, suddenly came to a stand. The fellow approached, and his face, instead of his former ferocity, was lit up with a whimsical roguishness of expression, as he said: 'And is it likely I'd let you off with a better coat an your buck than my own? and will I be after losing the chance of that hat and wig? Off with them this moment, and then you'll be quit o' me.' The footpad quickly divested the

bishop of his single-breasted coat, laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full-bottomed wig, put them on his own person, and then insisted on seeing his late apparel used in their stead; and with a loud laugh ran off, as though his last act had been the most meritorious of his life.

'My dear W—!' exclaimed his affectionate wife, after listening to the account of the dangers to which her husband had been exposed, 'for heaven's sake take off that filthy jacket, and throw it out of the window. You can put my warm cloak over your shoulders till we reach the next stage, and then you will be able to purchase some habit better suited to your station and calling. 'That is more easily said than done, my love' he replied; 'I have lost all the money I possessed; not a single guinea is left me to pay our expenses to-night. My watch, too, that I so dearly prized! Miserable man that I am!'

'Never mind your watch, or anything else just now—only pull off that mass of filth, I implore you; who knows what horrid contagion we may all catch if you persist in wearing it?'

'Take it off, dear papa,' observed his daughter, 'but don't throw it away; it may lead to the detection of the wretch who robbed you.'

The obnoxious garment was removed; the young lady was about to place it under the seat, when she heard a jingling noise that attracted her attention; and, on examination, found secreted in various parts of the coat, not only the watch, pocket book, purse, and silver, of which her father had been deprived, but a yellow canvass bag, such as is used by farmers, containing about thirty guineas.

Measuring for a Supper.

A tall, raw boned, broad backed fellow, of no very prepossessing appearance, stopped awhile ago at one of the hotels in Boston, and asked for supper. Schaffer, the famous dancing master, who is one of the greatest wags in the country, being present, Boniface tapped him the wink to assume pro tem, the duties of the landlord. Schaffer putting on such an air of importance as became the master of the house, told the stranger he could have supper, and desired to know what he would choose.

'Sauces,' replied the other.

'Very well sir, said the temporary landlord, stepping up to him, I'll take your measure, if you please.'

'My measure!' ejaculated the stranger and began to draw back.

'Yes sir, continued the wag, we always take the measure of people before we proceed to get them a meal of victuals.'

'What! measure a man for a meal of victuals, the same as you would for a coat or a pair of trousers? By jingo! that beats me, I tell ye. Then surveying his stout frame with a rueful expression of countenance, he concluded not to take supper, but content himself with a couple of crackers, and a glass of cider.'

'O, very well sir, said the lover of fun—and the man having despatched the crackers, and sent the cider after them, asked the landlord if he could have a bed.'

'I'll see presently, said the counterfeit landlord, and casting his eye busily over a slate that hung in the bar, he resumed—'Yes sir, we can accommodate you—we have one bed that has but eleven in it.'

'Eleven in it!' said the fellow, glaring with astonishment.

'Yes sir, replied the merciless wag.

'What! eleven in one bed, and more to be stowed in it yet! By hokey! I should like to know how they sleep in Boston.'

'Well you will have an opportunity of trying it: Here Thomas, light this gentleman to bed, in number 1340.'

'Stop, stop, mister! I say, landlord, I should like to know first how we are to lie, so many in a bed?'

'O, there's no difficulty at all sir—we pile them up in layers, four lengthwise, and then four crosswise, and then the same number lengthwise again, and so on till we get the bed full.'

'Is that the way you fix 'em? then by the holy spoons! (making toward the door) you don't catch this child to stay in Boston this night—I know!

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.—A nice young gentleman not a thousand miles from this, after a long and assiduous courtship, found himself, one bright evening, the betrothed of a pretty girl, the very pink of modesty. One night he was about taking his departure, and after lingering about the door for some time, in a fit of anxiety, declared and protested to Miss Mary, that he couldn't and wouldn't leave until she had kissed him. Of course Miss Mary blushed beautifully red, and protested in return, that she could not and would not do that.—She never had done such a thing, and never would until she was married—so now he had it. The altercation and debate now became deep and exciting, until the betrothed huffed outright, and declared that if he couldn't kiss her, he wouldn't have her—and was marching off. She watched him to the gate, and saw 'the fat was in the fire,' unless something was done.

'Come back then,' said she coaxingly, 'I'll split the difference with you—you may squeeze my hand.'

'We have proved an ALABY by five witnesses,' said a lawyer in a Criminal Court lately.—'Yes, I am ready to admit,' said the opposing counsel, 'that you have proved A-L-I-B-Y five of your witnesses.'

The Poet's Dog.

The manner in which Pope, the great English poet, was preserved by the sagacity of his dog, is truly remarkable.

This animal, who was called Marquis, could never agree with a favourite servant of his: he always growled when near him, and would even show his teeth whenever the servant approached. Although the poet was extremely attached to this dog, which was a spaniel of the largest species, yet on account of his extreme neatness, he would never allow him to be in his chamber at night. Nevertheless, in spite of orders, the spaniel would frequently sneak, towards evening, into the apartment of his master, and would not be driven from it without the greatest difficulty.

One evening, having slipped very shyly in without being perceived, the animal placed himself under his master's bed, and remained there. Towards morning the servant above referred to, entered the chamber of Pope. At this moment, the dog suddenly left his post and leaped on the villain, who was armed with a pistol. The poet started from his sleep, and throwing up the window to call for assistance, he beheld three highwaymen, who had been introduced by his servant into the garden of his villa, for the purpose of robbing him. Discouraged by this unforeseen accident, the robbers hesitated a moment, and then took flight. The servant thus betrayed by the watchful dog, was sentenced to forfeit his life.

The same dog, shortly after this singular event, exhibited another proof of his remarkable instinct. Pope reposing one afternoon in a little wood about twelve miles distant from his house, lost a watch of great value. He did not discover his loss until he had reached home. Two or three hours had elapsed, and a violent storm was just commencing.—The poet called his dog, and making a sign, which Marquis very well understood, he said, 'I have lost my watch—go look for it.' At these words Marquis departed and repaired, no doubt, to every spot at which his master stopped.

The poor animal was so long occupied in the search, as to create great anxiety, for midnight had arrived, and he had not returned. What was the astonishment of Pope, when on rising in the morning, he opened his chamber door, and there beheld his faithful messenger, lying quietly, and holding in his mouth, the costly jewel, with which he had returned perfectly uninjured, and which was the more highly valued by the poet, from its having been presented to him by the Queen of England.

Safety in Thunder Storms.

People are often led to inquire what are the best means of safety during a thunder storm. If out of doors, we should avoid trees and elevated objects of every kind, and if the flash is instantly followed by the report, which indicates that the cloud is very near, a recumbent position is considered safe.—We should avoid rivers, ponds, and all streams of water, because water is a conductor, and persons on the water in a boat, would be most prominent objects and therefore most likely to be struck by the lightning. If we are within doors, the middle of a large carpeted floor will be tolerably safe. We should avoid the chimney; for the iron about the grate, the soot that often lines it, and the heated and clarified air it contains, are tolerable conductors, and should, on that account be avoided. It is never safe to sit near an open window, because a draught of moist air is a good conductor, hence we should close the windows on such occasions. In bed we are comparatively safe, for the feathers and blankets are bad conductors, and we are to a certain extent insured in such a situation.

COURTING.—For the benefit of those who do not know much about upcountry fashions, we copy the following description of 'how they do up the courting business' in the region of New London, New Hampshire. We find it in a letter in the Nashua Oasis:—

A good looking young man meets a girl at a Lyceum, apple-and-cider party, or something of a similar nature. He invites her to a sleighride. She blushes and agrees to go. Then the matter rests until the father of the girl seeks out the promising young buck, and accosts him with a question something like the following: 'And is it the ride the lad's on?'

The youngster seems gratified with the flattering notice, and at once concludes the bargain. This, you see, is a great saving of time, and a decided improvement on the old method.

CURE ENOUGH.—The Latest Yankee Trick.—The Lovell Courier tells a story of a Shoemaker in Connecticut who bought a large quantity of shoe pegs at a very cheap rate. They looked well enough; but when he came to use them he found they were made of rotten wood, and entirely valueless. What did the Yankee son of St. Crispin do, on ascertaining that he had been taken in, but sharpened the other end of the pegs with a knife, and sell them back to the man of whom he had first purchased for outs!

AN UNFORTUNATE PLEADER.—A person, at an English Court of Requests, lately appeared against the surcharge of a dog, on the ground of its being a puppy under six months. 'How do you know that?' asked the Commissioner. 'Oh! I bred it myself and have got the mother, and we'll excuse you for the puppy.'

There were eleven ex-Governors among the Delegates to the recent Baltimore Convention.

STATE STOCKS.—Pennsylvania State 5's were sold lately at 76½. State 6's at 80.

Bulwer, is about to visit the United States.

Pay the Printer, and vote for Henry Clay.