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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.

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.

PICTURE OF HEALTH.—Health is characterized in an individual by the absence of all pain, suffering or affection in any part of his body; by the free and regular exercise of all his functions without any exception. They consist in having a good appetite at meal times, an easy digestion, free evacuations, without looseness or constiveness at least once in every twenty-four hours, and without heat, dryness, or burning at the passage; the free issue of water without acrimony or burning, and without a reddish sediment which is always a sign of a present or an approaching pain; quiet sleep without agitation or troublesome dreams; no taste of bile or other bad taste in the mouth upon rising in the morning; no sourness or disagreeable rising of the stomach; a clean tongue; a sweet breath; no itching, pimples or spots on the skin; no piles; no burning heat upon any part of the body; no excessive thirst when unexposed to labor or other known cause; no interruption to any natural evacuation, nor pain at their periodical return.

Where the state of the system does not harmonize with the above picture of health, it is of the greatest importance that no time be lost in sending for a doctor, or in the use of foolish remedies too often the result of speculation; instead of this course let a dose of Brandreth's Pills be taken, which will not deceive, but will at once restore health to the organ or part that requires it.

All who wish to preserve their health, all who are determined to defend their life against the encroachments of disease which might send them prematurely to the grave, without hesitation, have recourse to the Brandreth's Pills, when the state of the system does not harmonize with the above picture of health.

Those who live in a country where contagious or other diseases prevail, should often think of this true picture of health, and observe himself with particular attention, in order to act accordingly. The wise and rightly directed will follow this advice—the unwise are left to their own destruction.

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

Wm. Stewart, Huntingdon.
McFarlane, Garber, & Co., Hollidaysburg.
A. & N. Cresswell, Petersburg.
Crawford & Swoope, Lexington.
Hartman & Smith, Manor Hill.
Thomas M. Owens, Birmingham.
A. Patterson, Williamsburg.

The above are the only authorized agents in Huntingdon county.
Sept. 11, 1844.—6m.

SUDDEN DEATH, APOPLEXY, BURSTING OF VESSELS, &c.—Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are certain to prevent the above dreadful consequences, because they purge from the body those morbid humors which, when floating in the general circulation, are the cause of a determination or rush of blood to the head, a pressure upon the brain, and other dreadful results.—From two to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night, on going to bed, will in a short time so completely cleanse the body from every thing that is opposed to health that sudden death, apoplexy, bursting of blood vessels, or indeed any malady, will be in a manner impossible.

Wright's Vegetable Indian Pills also aid and improve digestion, and purify the blood and therefore give health and vigor to the whole frame, as well as drive disease of every name from the body.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are cautioned against the many spurious medicines which in order to deceive are made in outward appearance, closely to resemble the above wonderful Pills.

OBSERVE.—Purchase only of the General Depot, No. 169 Race street, Philadelphia, and be particular to ask for WRIGHT'S Indian Vegetable Pills.

The genuine medicines can be obtained at the store of Wm. Stewart, Huntingdon.

REWARD.—Storied or stolen from the subscriber living in Huntingdon, about the first of August last, a large red and white cow, with small crumpled horns, a good deal of white along the back, red sides and neck, spotted legs, and 5 years old; supposed to have calved some time in the beginning of August. The above reward will be given if said cow and calf are brought to the subscriber, or for the cow only.

J. THOMAS C. MASSEY,
Huntingdon, Oct. 2, 1844.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Take notice, that the undersigned auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, to audit and administer the account of Eliza Flenner, late Eliza Port, surviving administratrix of the estate of Christian Port, late of Walker township, dec'd., to which exceptions have been filed, will for that purpose attend at the office of David Blair, Esq., in Huntingdon, on Friday, the 8th day of November next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where all persons interested may attend. JACOB MILLER,
Oct. 16, 1844.—4t. Auditor.

BLANK DEEDS, of an improved form, for sale at this office.
Also **BLANK PETITIONS FOR NATURALIZATION.**

WRIGHT'S Indian Vegetable Pills.

If, during the continuance of storms and floods, the channels of

OUR MIGHTY RIVERS become so obstructed as to afford an insufficient outlet for the superabundant waters, we can expect nothing less than that the surrounding country will be

Overwhelmed with the Flood in like manner with the human body—if the skin, kidneys and bowels (the natural outlets for useless and corrupt humors) become so obstructed as to fail in affording a full discharge of those impurities which are in all cases

THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS, we surely can expect no other results than that the whole frame will sooner or later be

OVERHELMED WITH DISEASE As in the first place, if we would prevent an inundation we must remove all obstructions, in order that there may be no hindrance to the free discharge of the superabundant waters. So, in the second place, if we would prevent and cure disease, we must open and keep open, all natural drains of the body.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills of North American College of Health, will be found one of the best if not the very BEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD for carrying out this beautiful and simple theory, because they completely cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bitious humors, and other impurities, and at the same time promote a healthy discharge from the lungs, skin and kidneys; consequently as all the natural drains are opened,

DISEASE OF EVERY NAME IS LITERALLY **DRIVEN FROM THE BODY.**

Caution.—As the great popularity and consequent great demand for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills has raised up a host of counterfeiters, country storekeepers and agents will be on their guard against the many impostors who are travelling about the country selling to the unsuspecting a spurious article for the genuine.

It should be remembered that all authorized agents are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by WILLIAM WRIGHT, Vice President of the North American College of Health. Consequently, those who offer Indian Vegetable Pills, and cannot show a certificate as above described will be known as impostors.

The following highly respectable storekeepers have been appointed agents for the sale of

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and of whom it is confidently believed the genuine medicines can be obtained:

William Stewart, Huntingdon.
Henry Leamer Hollidaysburg,
B. F. Bell, Antes township.
Robert McNamara, Newry.
Samuel S. Issett, Tyrone township.
Milliken & Kessler, Mill Creek.
A. & N. Cresswell, Petersburg.
Gammel & Porter, Alexandria.
Moore & Steiner, Water Street.
Joseph Patton, Jr. Duncausville.
R. H. McCormick, Collinsville.
Wolf & Willet, Frankstown.
Henry Brewster, Shirlsberg.
Walter Graham, Yellow Springs.
Office devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 169 Race street, Philadelphia.

Beware of counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed that medicine purporting to be Indian Pills made by one V. O. Flack, are not the genuine

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. The only security against imposition is to purchase from the regularly advertised agents, and in all cases be particular to ask for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pill.
Dec. 27, 1843.—ly.

Cheap Carpet Store (On the cash plan.) At No. 41 Strawberry street, Philadelphia.

The Rent of the subscribers in their present situation being very low, and their terms CASH, they are enabled to sell at such low prices that customers cannot fail to be satisfied, and they invite the people of Huntingdon county to call and examine their stock, as they offer an excellent assortment, comprising:

Beautiful Imperial, 3 ply,
Superfine Ingrain,
Heavy Twilled Venetian,
Fine English Worsted, do,
Plain Striped, do.

With a large stock of well seasoned floor Oil Cloths, of all widths, for Rooms, Halls, Doorsteps, &c. Also, Furniture Oil Cloths, beautiful Hearth Rugs, Table Covers, Floor Baize, Rug Carpets, Tacking, &c. &c., together with a large stock of low priced Ingrain, Entry, and Stair Carpets, WHOLESALE OR RETAIL, at the lowest prices in the city. ELDRIDGE & BROTHER,
No. 41 Strawberry Street, one door above Chesnut and 2nd street. Entrance also at No. 50 South second street.
Philadelphia, Sept. 18, 1844.—2m.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—Take notice that the members of the 1st Presbyterian Church of the borough of Hollidaysburg, by petition at August Term, last, of the Court of Common Pleas of Huntingdon county, have made application for a **Charter of Incorporation** for said church; and if no sufficient cause is shown to the contrary, the said court will, on the second Monday of November next, decree a charter of Incorporation to the said church. JAMES STEEL, Proth'y.
Proth'y's Office, Huntingdon, Sept. 11, 1844. }

BLANK BONDS to Constables for Stay of Execution, under the new law, just printed, and for sale, at this office.

POETRY.

THE SPIRIT-BAND.

BY MRS. NICHOLS.

"Ye are with me! Ye are with me!
Even at the morning's birth,
When her robes of light are loosened
O'er the fair and freshened earth;
Ye are with me—round about me,
Winged spirits of the skies,
Peopling air and space around me,
Though unseen by other eyes,
As I gaze upon your features,
In each liniment I trace,
Though ye are but passing shadows,
Likeness of some well known face.

First thou comest, longest parted,
Bound by every tie to earth;
Slowly, sadly did I yield thee,
Knowing well thine angel worth.
When the summer flowers were stricken,
By the autumn reaper's breath,
Deeming thee as ripe for harvest,
Came the noiseless reaper, Death!
By the border lakes, whose beauty
Cast around thy heart a spell,
Where thy steps have often lingered,
There thy corse is sleeping well!

Ye are with me! Ye are with me!
At the golden hour of noon,
Spirit-gleams are shining round me,
Like the mellow autumn moon,
There's another form beside me,
Slight and fairy-like its frame;
Life was short, no years it numbered,
Earth scarce stamped it with a name!
Yet I wept when thou didst leave us,
Little infant, meek and mild—
Glancing at thy fleeting shadow,
I recall my brother's child!

Ye are with me! Ye are with me!
At the twilight hour of rest,
When the sunset rears its banners,
O'er the portals of the west,
Hush thy moanings, gentle spirit,
Soft thy shadow falls on mine,
For I hear an angel whisper,
"Lo! young mother, he is thine!"
Ay, thou'rt with them, loved and loving,
Naught could stay the reaper's hand;
Onward! still his course is onward,
O'er our bright and cherished land.

What to me are spring's low breathings?
What the melodies that ring
Through our green and ancient forests?
Thee, to me, not these may bring,
Thou art called the Awak'ner;
Gentle spring, no magic art
Which thy cunning hand possesses,
Wakes again the pulseless heart!
Ye are with me! Ye are with me!
When the mournful midnight waxes
Woo the moon's unsteady gleamings
As it lights the new made graves!

What! art thou, too, gazing on me,
With thy dark and eager eyes;
Last to leave us—gentle brother!—
Thee I view with sad surprise.
When the low-voiced breeze is sighing
In its strange yet sweet unrest,
And the leafy urns are flinging
Odors on its peaceful breast,
Then these phantom forms fit by me,
Breathing of a better land?
Yet I feel most lone, when round me
Float the silent SPIRIT-BAND."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Value of the Newspaper.

Somebody—a very sensible somebody—speaks as follows:—A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of names and things which are very familiar, and he will make a progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year, says Mr. Weeks, is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with this advancement. The mother of the family being one of its heads and having a more immediate charge of children, ought to be intelligent of mind, pure in language, and always cheerful and circumspect. As instructor to her children, she should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ill of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children amused by reading or study are, of course, considerate and more easily governed.

Neal's Saturday Gazette says.—The difference between people who read the newspapers and people who do not, is striking. It may almost be seen in their faces, and it is at least made evident in two minutes of conversation. We have indeed been always of opinion, that newspapers of the proper character should be regularly placed in the hands of children, as soon as they are able to read. It will soon be to them a pleasure as well as an advantage, and its beneficial effects in awakening the mind would be felt throughout life. We might even, if we had leisure just now, prove that to read the journals is an improver of beauty—an actual cosmetic, giving intelligence to the eye, expansion to the brow, and vivacity to the expression. The aspect often indicates the soul, and if the soul be dark and unenlightened, the imprint will be likewise on the visage. How often do we see children with the most bright and intellectual look, become gradually heavy, dull and contracted in their expression as they advance towards maturity. And why is this?—for want of the proper mental culture. The best part of their nature perishes for lack of exercise. They do not read the newspapers. People may laugh, perhaps; but if this be a jest there is not a little of truth in it.

A correspondent of the Picayune has such a cold in his head that he can't wash his face without freezing the water.

From the N. Y. Evening Mirror. Jem Fletcher's Last Flame.

"Where away Jem?"
"Up country,"
"Ah! What's in the wind?"
"A raise!"
"As how?"
"Honour bright!"
"Honour bright!"
"Fact is, Tom, the New Yorkers are purse-proud—no money to be had for love, even. All wrong—money buys love, why not love money? Aint I a philosopher, Tom?"
"Very good for a beginning."
"Well, I must practice a little, you see—nothing like practice; and no knowing how soon I may be drawn out. Country belles, I've heard say, are the deuce-and-all at philosophy!"
"And who is to have the honor of buying the nine-tenth part of some hitherto hidden corner of Jem Fletcher's heart, (all there is left), and what's the bid?"

"No funning, Tom; I'm in sober earnest this time. That is, what with the billeted-out from trades-people, and the lack of them from heiresses, I am getting feeble, very. Pulse low, (alas purse,) no rest, (worried by bills a mile long every day,) can't sleep o'nights, (for want of a bed,) appetite shockingly irregular, (ravenous when somebody else foots the bill.)—tell ye what it is, Tom; I'm a case that's clear. Nothing will do but change of scene—country air, and country exercise—doctors would recommend it I know. If I don't get better, they'll smooth me with duns—I shall be regularly Burked—chopped into mince meat for the benefit of Shears & Co. Sad, isn't it?"

"Very. Poor Jem Fletcher!"
"Tho't the soul of ye would melt a little.—But don't quite break your heart: I shall take a dose of the country and come out new. The worst of it is, I must serve an apprenticeship, and my labor will out do his prototype; he will make me spin every tho't that is in me into gold threads to match the yellow boys in his eel-skin!"

"That will be oppressive!"
"So it will; but I must submit!"
"And, for lack of the gold, substitute the labor of gilding, eh?"
"Ah! you understand Tom; you know all about it. A fortune in your eye, my boy?"
"Something in that way, you know!"
"Ah, yes!—a waiting for dead men's bones; but take my word for it, Tom, there's nothing like this plan o'mine. Catch a bird with a piece of money in its mouth, and you have birdie and all."

"Ay, catch the bird!"
"Oh! that's nothing. She's as good as caught, now. I've got a fourth cousin up there in the woods. (Alder Brook they call the settlement,) and he's a great man among them—justice of the peace, town clerk, or something or other. Well, I believe he has an inkling of the state of my affairs; and, having done pretty well in the matrimonial-money-making line himself, he just takes it upon himself to advise me. Let me see—I have a nunc somewhere. Deacon—Deacon Palmer, (I believe it is.)—a hundred thousand—one pretty daughter, very pretty, and sole heiress—about sixteen, bright eyes, dark hair, given to curling—tall—hands and feet—(dang it! not a word about them!) all right, tho', I dare say,—loves to queen it—a little blue, and willful as Zantippe? What say to that, eh? Tom?"

"No pulling hair, I hope."
"Do you think I had better go to the barber, Tom, by way of a preventive?"

"Time enough. You told of an apprenticeship."
"Oh! ay! that's the bitter pill, the drop too much, the great sacrifice that's to make a martyr of me, Tom. It seems they have got an academy of learning up there—when I am President, I'll have all such ruminous institutions levelled. James Fletcher, A. B., your servant, sir, was graduated at old Harvard, and he purposes assuming the duties and responsibilities of principal of that most excellent institution—the Academy at Alderbrook, I mean."

"Capital, Jem! But no! Why not dash out, play high, and take the fortress by glitter! No danger of an indictment for swindling."
"There's a papa in the way, with an eye like a hawk. No; sober and intellectual is my cue—not a moneyed, but evidently a rising young man."—Dang it! wont I rise?"

"If you can. But see! the steamer is ready for putting off. Success to ye, Jem—Good-bye."
"Good-bye.—Better try my prescription, eh? Think on't—do!"

Oh! what a sensation there was in our village when it was reported that James Fletcher Esq., of New York city, a young gentleman of very brilliant parts and highly finished education, was coming to take charge of our academy.—There was much sympathy for him, too. For it was rumored that the exigencies of the times had deprived him of a very fine fortune; and, moreover that he came to us for the sake of giving his mind the opportunity to recover its proper tone and vigor, after having been nearly shattered by adversity. Mr. Fletcher arrived late of a Saturday evening; but in the ten minutes that elapsed before he disappeared in one of the upper chambers of the 'Sheaf and Sickle,' he had been seen by half the men of the village. The next morning there was a great rush to church; which must have been anticipated by the parson, for the elder part of the congregation did not fail to observe that he had taken unwonted pains with the discourse. Adeline Palmer called at our door, (Ada and I were close friends, and never went anywhere

alone before the first of yours, Bel,) and, as we walked to church together, I had a full description of Mr. Fletcher—eyes, hair, complexion, bearing character, and even feelings. The picture was rather 'talking,' I must own; but my muslin and straw were 'as good as new' then; so I only re-adjusted the precious morsel of paste glittering in my breast-rush, and carried my parasol as daintily as possible. But it was of no use. Ada Palmer was the belle of the Alder-Brook; and though it is impossible, in any case to resist the desire to look one's prettiest, the vainest of us never dreamed of being seen when beside her. Worse still, I was informed that Mr. Fletcher was particularly anxious to board at Deacon Palmer's for the reason that his love of retirement and quiet might be better gratified there than at any other house in the village.

"And will he? I inquired with quite enough interest."
"If we can get papa to consent."
"To think of your having a boarder!"
"You pity us, I dare say, Fan," whispered Ada, with a very roguish twinkle of the eye, and a knowing look about the corners of the mouth, that was particularly provoking.

"Rather impertinent, Miss Deacon's daughter," thought I; "I shall treasure that up to measure back to you one of these days; but there was no chance to reply, for we had entered the church porch; and so, with a mutual smile, and a nod of good natured defiance we parted. I soon discovered Mr. Fletcher, for his was the only strange face there; and he evidently soon discovered Ada Palmer. Oh! Ada was a little queen; and she never looked so beautiful as on that day. It was impossible not to concede to her winnings; and when, in a fortnight after, Mr. Fletcher was reconed unflinchingly among them, I do not believe there was a belle in the whole village but thought it was her due, and yielded the conquest to her with a good grace.—But we did have rare times, making Ada blush, and (did you never observe that awkward right angle which bashful consciousness puts in the corner where two lips meet?) make square mouths. Rare times had we; and it was as good as revenge as need be."

But poor Jem Fletcher! he was right when he anticipated a severe apprenticeship, for the deacon was a marvel of a good man. Deacon Palmer's right hand, holding his purse within it, was given to every good enterprise, whether for the advancement of religion and morality, or intended to promote the secondary interests of the village which acknowledge him its head. So poor Jem was not only obliged to attend church three times every Sabbath, and lectures of various kinds during the week, but he must needs listen, with at least pretended interest, to a thousand plans for ameliorating the condition of the human race; from which weighty matters, he hoped as he listened, at some future day to relieve his intended father-in-law, by taking the helm into his own hand. The more Jem saw of the old gentleman's generosity, the more sanguine became his hopes; and bright was the picture his fancy painted, of the time when good Deacon Palmer would no longer be obliged to labor after wealth which he did not know how to use. But Jem's hardest apprenticeship was not to labor—it was to Rachel herself. Oh! such a spirit as was Ada Palmer! Proud as Juno, and mischievous as a whole troop of those small people they call fairies, headed by bright Titania's own jests. An

"Airy, fairy Lillian,
"Flirting fairy Lillian,"
was she, with the "crimson-threaded lips," and the "silver treble laughter" on them; but as dignified as a lady-duchess, when she chose. Oh! there was no bringing Ada to terms till she was ready to come, and sometimes I used to doubt whether Jem Fletcher, though he trained his eye and trained his tongue, and turned his voice to a tone of a harp with a die-away air on its strings, would be able to accomplish it. Ada was un-readable, even by us. Jem, however, hoped on, and with good reason, for it was evident that he had the right ear of both parents.

There was to be a meeting of the 'Alder Brook Young Ladies' Temperance Society,' and Mr. Fletcher was unanimously chosen 'the very one' to deliver a fitting lecture on the occasion. Jim Fletcher lecture on temperance! But no matter; he had embarked, and must push forward at all hazards. Besides, what better opportunity could a lover wish for the display of his eloquence? What delicate compliments might he pay to one under cover of the whole! How charmingly would he angelize all the fair teens at Alder Brook, while Ada would be thinking within herself, 'if he holds all of us in such high estimation, what would his idolatry be when concentrated?' Mr. Fletcher delighted the ladies by consenting to address them; but, in the meantime, he begged a week's delay, as he would not presume to rise before such an assembly, of wit, and beauty, and talent, without due preparation. The delay was granted, and poor Jem Fletcher sat down determinedly and perseveringly to his severe task. Such havoc as was made among the goosequills and foolscap! Jem's organ of destructiveness had never accomplished so much since the days of his boyhood, when newspapers had been given him as playthings. Even his own fastidious tastes were fully satisfied. And what might not be expected of those bright beings on the look-out for beauties! Jem was in raptures. He read and re-read his address; and each time it grew more strikingly brilliant, more witty, more sweetly sentimental, more gracefully insinuating—in short more decidedly the precise thing to bait the hook

dropped through a lady's ear into her breast. We all expected wonders of Mr. Fletcher, and curiosity, pushed back like a boisterous beggar till the latest moment, was ready for a rush.

"Ada, go up to Mr. Fletcher's room and get the newspaper," said the deacon, after the young lady had donned bonnet and shawl to go to the lecture. Ada seized my hand. "Come with me Fan; Mr. Fletcher is down taking tea with mamma. He stayed out late to-night—conning his speech, I dare say," she added in a whisper.

The deacon rang for lights, and away went Ada and I for the newspaper. Mr. Fletcher's hat, with his gloves beside it, was upon the table; and upon a folded handkerchief, like the driven snow in whiteness, lay a little manuscript book.

"Look! the lecture, Fanny!" said Ada, taking one corner between the tips of her fingers, and elevating it above her head. "Now what would you give to see the inside of it?"

"Better to hear it, Ada; I never could bear to read a manuscript. But what a very nice man this Mr. Fletcher of yours must be! See how carefully that bit of blue ribbon is knotted!"

"The very same that he stole from my work basket this morning! Saucy, isn't it! I have half a mind to punish that impudence. Besides, (between our two selves Fan,) this very correct Mr. Fletcher is an ardent hypocrite—I see it in his eyes and hear it in his voice. He would be far more at home, I dare say, singing

"Blame not the bowl!—the fruitful bowl!"

than saying pretty things for the edification of us cold-water-ites. Let's punish his knavery. Here, come to the window while I untie this knot.

Ada Palmer's fingers shook as though shocked at their own naughty doings while she loosened the blue ribbon; and then she slipped the inner sheet from it, and slid it down behind the sofa.

"Now, if I only had some queer thing to substitute! Look! there's a sheet of note-paper on the table! He has just written down a page, and the ink is hardly dry on it. Bring it, Fanny—it is just the size of this—some love note, I dare say; and we shall get a blush from him, at any rate, when he opens it. Think of making him blush in public! but we must be very demure—it would not do for us to smile even, or we should be detected."

By the time Ada had finished her caution, the sheet of note paper was fastened snugly in the middle, and the book returned to its resting-place on the handkerchief.

A more mellow, rich-toned voice than Jem Fletcher's I never heard; and, on that evening, it was modulated to its utmost capacity for melody. I had entirely forgotten Ada's mischievous prank, and so had she, I doubt not, before he had turned over three leaves. The sentiments, too, and happy mode of adorning them! Oh! Jem Fletcher deserved success for his industry, if not for his honesty!—Suddenly, while Fletcher's tongue was thrilling beneath a whole tide of eloquence and hearts were beating and eyes flashing before him, he made an abrupt pause. Placing his right hand upon the book, he raised the other to his eyes hastily, as though brushing away some intruding vision—but no! it was there yet. Jem tried his handkerchief, but it did no good. Something had evidently placed itself before him that he did not wish to see.—He turned over leaf after leaf confusedly, and back again; while the red blood seemed ready to burst from his forehead; and we could almost fancy that we saw his hair raising itself in consternation above.

"I did not mean to embarrass him so much," whispered Ada in my ear.

At that moment Fletcher's eye fell upon us, and such an eye! Mortification, distress, anger, everything painful was there; and no doubt our blazing faces, with an attempt at a smile which we both of us instinctively made, betrayed the whole. Fletcher gave but one glance at us, one at the curious audience, now in a buzz of wonder; and, smatching his hat from the seat behind him, he bounded for the door. The congregation was astonished, and poor Ada and I trembled like two leaves in a storm.—Slowly, and one by one, the people went out; and, that night, a light was kept burning in every house, for fear of the mad tutor.

"Do you know what was the matter with Mr. Fletcher last evening?" inquired Deacon Palmer of his daughter, while at the breakfast table. Ada's face took on the hue of a full blown peony. "Then you have seen this before?" and the deacon pulled from his pocket the little book tied with the blue ribbon.

"I am sorry, papa; indeed, I am very sorry. I did not intend to mortify Mr. Fletcher so much—I only slipped in that paper for a frolic; and poor Ada actually burst into tears."

"Then you have not read it!"
"Oh, no, papa! you could not think I would be so mean?"

"Well, Mr. Fletcher thought you had. I found this by the church door, where he dropped it. If you do not know what paper you slipped in for a frolic, you may read it now."

Ada's eye grew larger and larger as she perused the precious document which had turned Jem Fletcher into a madman; and such a volume of laughter as she closed it with, had never before burst even from her merry heart.

No wonder that poor Jem was mortified past redemption; for the note which he supposed Ada had perused, gave a full account of his plans and prospects to his friend Tom; and closed with a characteristic eulogium on pretty damsels in general, and moneyed pretty ones in particular.

Jem Fletcher has never been heard of since at Alder-Brook; and many a good lady, to this day, often expresses the hope, that the poor dear young man has found shelter in some Lunatic Asylum.