HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK:] CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH. [EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XI, NO. 41. HUNTINGDON, PA., OCTOBER 28, 1846. WHOLE NO. 561.

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.

☞ V. B. PALMER, Esq., is authorized to act as Agent for this paper, to procure subscriptions and advertisements in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Boston.

OFFICES:

Philadelphia—Number 59 Pine street.
Baltimore—S. E. corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets.
New York—Number 160 Nassau street.
Boston—Number 16 State street.

GREAT BARGAINS IN HATS AND CAPS,

At the old established cheap Hat and Cap Store, No. 196 Market street, second door below Sixth, Philada.

WE extend a general invitation to the citizens of Huntingdon and its vicinity, as well as to all others, to our store. We have on hand a large and complete assortment of Hats and Caps of every style and variety, which we are selling full one-fourth lower than the usual prices, namely:

Extra Superior Beaver Hats,	from	$2.50	to	$350
" " Brush "	"	2.00	to	3.00
" " Silk "	"	1.25	to	2.00
" " Moleskin "	"	2.50	only.	

Good Hats as low as $1.25 and upwards. Also, a complete stock of Caps, cloth, fur trimmed, glazed, silk oil cloth, velvet and fancy Caps; fine Otter, Shetland Fur Seal, Musk Rat, Hair Seal Caps, &c. &c., at lower prices than they can possibly be had elsewhere. From our extensive sales, we can sell, for a smaller profit than others can. Call and be satisfied, it is to your interest.

Merchants, Storekeepers, Hatters and others, who buy to sell again, supplied on reasonable terms.—Be sure and call at No. 196 Market Street, second door below sixth Street.

GARDEN & BROWN.

September 2, 1846.

CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD.

Steam Refined Sugar Candies—12½ cents per pound, Wholesale.

J. J. RICHARDSON, No 42 Market street, PHILADELPHIA, takes pleasure in informing the public, that he still continues to sell his very Superior Steam Refined Candy at the low price of $12.50 per 100 pounds, and the quality is equal to any manufactured in the United States.

He also offers all kinds of goods in the *Confectionary* and *Fruit* line at corresponding low prices, as quick sales and small profits are the order of the day.

Call or send your orders, and you cannot fail to be satisfied. Don't forget the number, 42 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

J. J. RICHARDSON.

September 2, 1846.

Lewistown Money taken at Par!

THE subscriber has on hand Thrashing Machines, which he warrants to be good, and offers them for sale very cheap. He will also repair Thrashing Machines, and furnish castings at his shop in Allegheny street, opposite the stable of the Pioneer Line of Boats, Huntingdon, on the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms. He would also remind his friends and the public generally, that he still carries on the coach and wagon making business in all its branches.

EDMUND HAWKINS.

August 26, 1846—tf

NOTICE.

HUNTINGDON COUNTY, SS.

THE Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to ANN VARNS—*GREETING:*

WHEREAS Abraham Varns, did on the 23d day of February 1846, prefer his petition to the Hon. James Gwin, one of the Associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, in and for said county of Huntingdon, praying for the causes therein set forth, that he might be divorced from the Bonds of Matrimony, entered into with you the said Ann Varns: We do therefore command you the said Ann Varns, as often before commanded, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our judges at Huntingdon, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held in and for said county on the the second Monday of November next, to answer the petition and libel of the said Abraham Varns, and to shew cause if any you have, why the said Abraham Varns your husband, should not be divorced from the Bonds of Matrimony, agreeably to the acts of the General Assembly in such case made and provided. Hereof fail not. Witness the Hon. A. S. Wilson, Esq—President of our said court at Huntingdon, the 22d day of August, A. D. 1846.

Sept. 16, '46. JAMES STEEL, Prot'y.

Orphans' Court Sale.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county will be exposed to public sale on Saturday, the 17th day of October next, at 1 o'clock P. M. the following described Real Estate of John Kennedy, late of the Borough of Alexandria, dec'd, viz: Three Lots of ground in the borough of Alexandria, adjoining Lots of John Bisbin, and the heirs of Thomas Lloyd, dec'd, being Lots number 89, 90, and 91, in the plan of said borough, having thereon erected two Log dwelling houses and a log stable.

Terms of Sale: One half of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of Sale—one half in one year thereafter with interest, to be secured by the bonds and mortgages of the purchasers.

By the Court, JACOB MILLER, Clerk.

N. B. Persons desirous of purchasing can have any information by applying to Mr. Judith Kennedy, who resides on the premises, or to the subscribers.

ROBERT CARMON,
GEO. B. YOUNG,
Sep. 9, 1846—6t. *Administrators.*

JOB-WORK of all descriptions neatly executed at the Journal office.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, by precept to me directed, dated at Huntingdon, the 2d day of September, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, under the hands and seals of the Hon. Abraham S. Wilson, President of the Court of Common Pleas, Oyer and Terminer and general jail delivery of the 20th judicial district of Pennsylvania, composed of the counties of Huntingdon, Mifflin and Union, and the Hons. James Gwin and John Stewart, his associates, judges of the county of Huntingdon, justices assigned, appointed, to hear, try, and determine all and every indictments and presentments, made or taken for or concerning all crimes, which by the laws of the State are made capital or felonies of death and other offences, crimes and misdemeanors, which have been, or shall be committed or perpetrated within said county, or all persons who are or shall hereafter be committed or be perpetrated, for crimes aforesaid, I am commanded to make public proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick, that a Court of Oyer and Terminer, of Common Please and Quarter Sessions, will be held at the Court House, in the borough of Huntingdon, on the second Monday (and 9th day) of November next, and those who will prosecute the said prisoners, be then and there to prosecute them as it shall be just, and that all justices of the peace, coroner and constables within the said county, be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and remembrances, to do those things which to their offices respectively appertain.

Dated at Huntingdon, the 2d day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, and the 70th year of American Independence.

JOHN ARMITAGE, *Sheriff.*

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, *Huntingdon, Oct.* 10, 1846.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, by precept to me directed by the Judges of the Common Pleas of the county of Huntingdon, bearing test the 2d day of September, A. D. 1846, I am commanded to make public proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick that a Court of Common Pleas will be held at the Court House in the borough of Huntingdon, in the county of Huntingdon, on the third Monday (and 16th day) of November, A. D. 1846, for the trial of all issues in said court, which remain undetermined before the said judges, when and where all jurors, witnesses and suitors, in the trial of all said issues are required.

Dated at Huntingdon, the 2d day of September, A. D. 1846, and the 70th year of American Independence.

JOHN ARMITAGE, *Sheriff.*

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, *Huntingdon, Oct.* 10, 1846.

EXTENSIVE

CLOTHING EMPORIUM.

THE greatest bargains are to be had at M. TRACY'S OLD ESTABLISHD PIONEER LINE, No. 292 Market street, Philadelphia, who has just finished one of the largest and most complete assortment of FALL and WINTER Clothing in the city, consisting of

Super Black Dress Coats,	from	$10 to	$14 00
Do Frock do	"	10 to	14 00
Do Blue dress do	"	10 to	14 00
Super bl'k Beaver bangup Coats	from	8 to	12 00
Do Cloth do	do	10 to	15 00
Do brown Cloth do	do	10 to	14 00
Pilot Cloth Bangup Coats,	from	3 to	5 00
Super blk Sack Coats,	do	9 to	13 00
Do brown Sack Coats,	do	8 to	12 00
Tweed Coats,	do	3 to	6 00
Union Cassimere Coats,	do	5 to	6 00
Blk Cloth Cloaks,	do	10 to	18 00
Business Cloaks,	do	6 to	7 00
Black Cassimere Pants,	do	4 to	5 00
Do Fancy cassimere,	do	4 to	5 00
Satin Vests,	do	2 50 to	4 00
Merino Vests,	do	2 to	4 00
Silk Velvet Vests,	do	3 to	4 50

Gentlemen in want of CLOTHING, may depend upon being suited in every respect, as we are determined not to be undersold by any competitor in the business. All goods are purchased for *CASH*, which enables us to sell a little lower than those who deal on the credit system; it being a self-evident fact that the "nimble sixpence is better than the slow shilling." *Don't forget the number—292 Market street, Philadelphia.*

oct6-3m M. TRACY.

Brooms, Buckets and Cedar Ware.

MANLY ROWE,

No. 63 North Third st. 2d door above Arch,

PHILADELPHIA.

I am enabled this fall to offer an unusually large assortment of the above articles. Also—Willow and French Baskets and Coaches, Wash Boards, Matts, Clothes-pins, Nest Boxes, Wood Bowls & Trays, Boston Blinds, Sickles, Oil Paste Blacking, Shoe Brushes, Clamps, Hand Scribs, Wall Brushes, Dusters, &c. and Wooden ware of every description.

Country Merchants will take notice that as I am now manufacturing extensively, and receiving directly from the Eastern Factories, I can furnish the Fall Trade with superior goods at prices greatly reduced from what I have hitherto been selling.

Sep. 16, '46.

Valuable Real Estate for Sale.

WILL be exposed to public sale on the premises, on MONDAY, the 26th day of October next, that valuable tract of Limestone land, situate in Warriormark townshrp, in the county of Huntingdon, and State of Pennsylvania, known as the property of Samuel Spanogle, decd., bounded by lands of John Spittler, Henry Spanogle, the heirs of George Mong, decd. and others, containing about 118 acres, of which about 70 acres are cleared, and in a good state of cultivation. The improvements are a two story dwelling house, a good barn, with out-houses, a good orchard of fruit trees, and a never-failing spring of limestone water.

Said property must and will be sold. The terms of sale will be made known on said day by

ABRAHAM BUCK,
AZARIAH SACKETS,
oct6-ts] *Ex's of Saml. Spanogle, decd.*

A. K. Cornyn,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Huntingdon, Pa.—Office in Main street, near the old Court House. oct15-'45

T. H. Cremer,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

POETICAL.

The following spirited song, written by the late Major Ringgold, a short time previous to his death, was furnished to the Feliciana Whig, by an officer of the Army.

THE DRAGOONS SONG.

DEDICATED TO THE BRAVE CAPT. MAY.

A fleet steed with a flowing mane,
A troop that follows fast,
That fills the wide and spreading plain,
And sounds the battle blast;
And sounds the battle blast, my boys,
While like an arrow bright,
Away the brave steed sweeps, he bears
The warrior to the fight.

O for a nice and gentle nag,
I've heard a fair one sigh,
But give to me the warrior steed,
His white crest arching high,
His white crest arching high, my boys,
His motion grand and free,
He sweeps along the boundless plain,
'Midst death and victory, my boys,
'Midst death and victory,
He sweeps along the boundless plain,
'Midst death and victory.

There's lightning in his flashing eye,
There's danger in his bound,
Hark to the trumpet, warriors brave,
The battles rages round,
The battle rages round, my boys,
The war-horse charges free,
The field of battle is out own,
'Midst shouts of victory,
'Midst shouts of victory, my boys,
'Midst shouts of victory,
The field of battle is our own,
'Midst shouts of victory.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MAIL ROBBER.

A FRAGMENT OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him one of the most formidable enemies to his usurpation was Sir George Cochrane, a prominent actor in Argyle's rebellion.

For ages a destructive doom seemed to hang over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes to the cause of the chieftans. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the king's troops—long, bold, and desperate was his resistance; but at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried and condemned to die upon the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and the jailor only awaited the arrival of his death-warrant, to lead him forth to execution. His family and relatives had visited him in prison and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart-yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing—one who was the pride of his eyes and of his house, even Grizelle, the daughter of his love.

Twilight was casting a deep gloom over the grating of his prison house, and he was mourning for a last look of his favorite child, and his head was pressed against the cold, damp cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like streams of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling hinges, and his keeper entered, followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding, her eyes bright and tearless, but their brightness told of sorrow—sorrow too deep to be wiped away, and her raven tresses parted over an open brow, clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as the two entered.

"My child, my own Grizelle!" he exclaimed, and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father, my dear father!" sobbed the miserable maiden, and dashed away the tears that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short, very short," said the jailor, as he turned away and left them for a few minutes together.

"Heaven help and comfort thee, my daughter!" added Sir John, while he held her to his breast and imprinted a kiss upon her brow, "I feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death itself; but thou art come, and the last blessings of thy wretched father——"

"Nay, father, forbear!" she exclaimed; not thy *last* blessing! not thy *last*—my father shall not die."

"Be calm, be calm, my child," he returned. "Would to heaven I could comfort thee, my own! But there is no hope; within three days and thou and all my little ones will be——"

Fatherless, he would have said, but the word died on his lips.

"Three days," repeated she, raising her head from his breast, but pressing his hand, "three days, then there is hope, my father shall live! Is not my grandfather with the confessor and the master of the king? From him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."

"Nay, nay, my Grizelle," returned he "be not deceived, there is no hope; already the king has sealed the order of my execution and the messenger of death is on his way."

"Yet my father shall not—*shall not die!*" she repeated emphatically, clasping her hands together. "Heaven speed a daughter's purpose," she exclaimed, and turning to him said calmly, "we part now, but we shall meet again."

"What would my child!" inquired he eagerly, and gazed anxiously upon her face.

"Ask not now," she replied, "my father, not now, but pray for me and bless me—but not with thy *last* blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart, and wept upon her neck. In a few minutes the jailor entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a wayfaring man crossed the bridge at Berwick, from the North, and proceeding along Marygate, sat down to rest upon a bench by the door of an hostelrie on the South side of the street, nearly fronting where what was called the "main guard" then stood. He did not enter the inn, for it was above his apparant condition; being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his head quarters a few years before, and where, at a somewhat earlier period, James the 6th, of Scotland, had taken up his residence, when on his way to enter upon the sovreignty of England. The traveller wore a close jerkin, fastened around his body by a leathern girdle, and over it a short cloak of equally plain materials. He was evidently a young man, but his beaver was drawn down so as almost to conceal his features. In one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff. Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting for a few minutes, rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, and sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to travel far such a night as this," said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross over the bridge.

In a few minutes he was over upon the wide, desolate, and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which for miles presented a desert of furze, fern, and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle cover with thick brushwood. Slowly he toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm which now raved with the wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger hurried onward, until he had proceeded two or three miles from Berwick, when, as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amid some crab and bramble bushes by the way side.

Nearly an hour passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night, and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard madly splashing through the water along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly the horse was grasped by the bridle, the rider raised his head, and the stranger stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount or die!" said the stranger sternly.

The horseman, benumbed and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms, but in a moment the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily upon his face, and for several minutes remained senseless.

The stranger seized the leather bag which contained the mail to the North, and flinging it on his shoulders, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning, the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the roberry had been committed, and were scattered in every direction over the moor, but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days had yet passed and Sir John Cochrane had lived. The mail which contained his death warrant had been robbed, and before another order for an execution could be given, the intercession of his father, the Earl of Donald, with the king's confessor, might be successful.

Grizelle now became his constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the prisoner became more bitter than the first despair. But even that hope, bitter as it was, perished. The intercessions of his father has been unsuccessful, and the second time the bigoted haughty monarch had signed the warrant of his death, and within little more than a day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of heaven be done!" groaned the captive.

"Amen!" responded Grizelle, with wild vehemence; "but yet my father shall not die."

Again the rider had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and the second time he bore with him the doom of Sir John Cochrane. He spurred his horse to the utmost speed, he looked before, behind, and round him, and in the right hand he held a pistol ready to defend himself.—The moon shed a ghastly light across the heath, which was only sufficient to render desolation dimly visible, and it gave a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning an angle of a straggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to flash in its very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and his horse rearing violently, he was driven from his saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was on his breast, who, bending over him and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said:

"Give me thy arms or die!"

The heart of the king's servant failed within him, and without venturing a reply he did as he was commanded.

"Now go thy way," said the robber sternly, "but leave the horse with me, and leave thy mail, lest a worse thing come upon thee."

The man arose and proceeded towards Berwick, trembling, and the robber mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly over the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waiting only for the arrival of the mail and the second death warrant, to lead him forth to the scaffold, when the tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed. For fourteen days the life of the prisoner would yet be prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter, and said:—

"It is said—the hand of heaven is in this."

"Said I not," replied the maiden, and for the first time she wept aloud, "that my father should not die!"

The fourteen days had not passed when the prison door flew open, and the Earl of Donald rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had been successful, and after twice signing the death warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had so often failed in its place of destination, the king had sealed his pardon.

He had hurried with his father from the prison to his own house, his family were clinging around him, shedding tears of joy: but Grizelle, who, during the imprisonment had suffered more than them all, was absent. They were marvelling with gratitude at the mysterious Providence, that had twice intercepted the mail and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted, and the robber entered; he was habited as we have before described, with the coarse cloak and jerkin, but his bearing was above his condition. On entering, he slightly touched his beaver, but remained covered. "When you have perused these," said he, taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them into the fire."

Sir John glanced at them—started, and became pale—they were his own death-warrants!

"My deliverer!" he exclaimed, "how shall I thank thee; how repay the saviour of my life? My father, my children, thank him for me."

The Earl grasped the hand of the stranger, the children embraced his knees. He pressed his hand to his face and burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly inquired Sir John, "shall I thank my deliverer?"

The stranger wept aloud, and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizelle Cochrane fell on the coarse cloak.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father, "my own child—my saviour—my own Grizelle!"

It is unnecessary to add more. The imagination of the reader can supply the rest, and we may add that Grizelle Cochrane, whose heroism and noble affection we have briefly and imperfectly sketched, was the grandmother of the late Sir John Stewart, of Allenbank, Berwickshire, and grand-mother to Coutts, the celebrated banker.

☞ There is a law in Holland which obliges the government to bring up, at its own charge, the seventh child of every family in which there are already six living.

MOST AWFUL MURDERS.

A Man and Woman Killed, and a Child Dreadfully Mangled!

From the Lancaster Union we take the following account of two most brutal murders, perpetrated in that city on the 17th inst.:

On Saturday morning, the 17th inst., a man named JOHN HAGGERTY, living in South Queen street, in this city, committed a series of MURDERS unparalleled in the annals of our Commonwealth! Between 9 and 10 o'clock, after shooting a horse in the street, near his door, he went into the gun-smith shop—near his own residence—of Mr. MELCHOIR FORDNEY, an old and highly esteemed man; what took place we could not ascertain, but a boy, a son of Mr. Fordney, gave the alarm that his father, mother and sister had been murdered by Haggerty! On going into the room we witnessed one of the most horrid spectacles imaginable. Just inside the front door of the shop, lay the old man, with his brains battered out, and his legs nearly cut off! At his side, but with her head towards the back door, lay the body of his wife, her brains also battered out; and near by was her child, five and a half years old, with its scull broken, and the brains oozing therefrom! The floor and walls of the room covered and bespattered with the blood and brains of the unfortunate victims!

Fordney and his wife, it seems, had been killed instantly. The little boy stated, in substance, that Haggerty got at his father with an axe, and while he was killing him, his mother ran in to interfere, when he turned upon her and killed her, and then struck the child on the head with the axe! The child was still alive yesterday morning. The foul deed created intense excitement in our city.

This man Haggerty is a desperate fellow. He attempted to kill a man some years since, named Weis, and was sent to the penitentiary for the offence. He has committed many aggravated acts of assault and battery upon several of our citizens. For this last offence he has been arrested and is now in prison.

Much excitement existed on Saturday, and still exists, against High Constable Brintnall, for—we shall call it by as mild a name as possible—GROSS NEGLIGENCE—in not having had Haggerty arrested several days previous to this outrage. He had a warrant for his arrest in his possession, issued on Monday last, by the Mayor, for ill-usage to his family or neighbors; and yet, knowing his desperate character, he permitted him to run at large until he has most cruelly murdered nearly a whole family!

THE BALTIMORE BOYS.—The St. Louis Legion, part of the discharged volunteers, returned from Mexico a short time since. Passing the hall in which they were to be mustered out of the service, I dropped in. From the conversation of the men, I soon learned that the Baltimore's Own had excited the admiration of the b'hoys, and the fears of the timid. I was much amused at the remarks which incidentally dropped from time to time from the men. An honest Hibernian, speaking to a friend, said, in reply to the interrogatory as to whether he had seen any Mexicans—"the one; but, by my sowl, I laid my two eyes on the Baltimoor *bies*, and larks they are, indade. I pldige ye'z me honest word, whin they couldn't get a fight out of a strhanger, they would go to work at one another jist out of pure fun. Och! they are the b'hies, and no mistake."

I asked a German, a member of the company, what kind of men the Baltimore soldiers were? He looked at me some time without replying, and then heaving a long sigh, said, "Dey pe pad like de debil." Poor fellow, I judged from his manner that he spoke *feelingly*.—*Cor. Balt. Sun.*

BITING A LANDLORD.—"I say landlord" said a man in the west to a tavern keeper, "how many liquors can I get for two long bits."

"Five, said mine host."

"Well fork 'em over. Come up boys and drink."

The liquoring completed, he pulls out two worn out old bridle bits, which were long enough, in all conscience. It is needless to say how savage the landlord looked, when the customer walked coolly out, amid the shouts of the crowd.

SLAVES RUNNING AWAY.—We are informed by a gentleman living on the eastern shore of Maryland, says a Wilmington paper, that the slaves are running away by whole families. In Sassafras neck, which contains about twelve square miles of territory, two hundred have escaped within a year.

Why is a young woman like a due bill? Because she ought to be "settled off as soon as