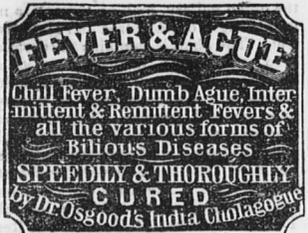


# Huntingdon Journal

BY JAS. CLARK.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1848

VOL. XIII, NO. 46



This excellent compound is for sale by the proprietors—**T. READ & SON.**  
Price \$1 50 per bottle.

**What is the matter with me, Doctor?** What the cause of this sallow complexion, jaundiced eye, depression of spirits, pain in the side and shoulder, weariness of body, bitter taste in the mouth? Such is the enquiry, and such the symptoms of many a sufferer! It is the liver which is diseased, and the Cholagogue is the remedy always successful in curing it. Try it, and judge for yourself. For sale by T. Read & Son, agent for the proprietor.

**Better die than live,** if I am to be tortured from day to day with this horrible Ague, explains the poor sufferer whose life has become a burden from the racking paroxysms of an intermitted, and whose confidence in human aid is destroyed by the fat use of remedies to produce the promised relief. Such has been the situation of thousands who are now rejoicing in all the blessings of health from the use of Dr. Osogood's India Cholagogue. In no instance does it fail of effecting a speedy and permanent cure. For sale by the proprietor's agent, **T. READ & SON.**

How few who think aright among the thinking few.  
How many never think, but only think they do.

**The sentiment implied in the above exclamation is on no subject more fully exemplified than on that of health.** But few give it a single thought, and fewer still reflect upon it with the observation and good sense which mark a man of minor consequence. As observation teaches the fact that Dr. Osogood's India Cholagogue is a never failing remedy in Fever and Ague, good sense would surely indicate its prompt and immediate use. To be found at **T. READ & SON'S,** agent for the proprietor.

**Certificate.**  
JULIA PARKINSON of Huntingdon desires to say that she has used the "India Cholagogue" for Ague and Liver complaint with entire success. She therefore recommends it to all similarly afflicted.

**FALL AND WINTER GOODS.**  
Great Reduction in Prices.

**DORSEY & MAGUIRE,**  
Have just received direct from the Eastern Cities, and are now opening a splendid assortment of **NEW AND CHEAP GOODS,**

consisting of every variety of **DRY GOODS,**  
Suits to Ladies and Gentlemen's wear, including Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinets, Vestings, Silks, Batons, Alpachas, Cashmeres, De Laines, Plaids, Bombazines, Gingham, Calicoes, Checks, Shawls, &c. We have also a handsome assortment of **READY-MADE**

**CLOTHING,**  
They would also invite attention to their stock of **GROCERIES.**

Sugars—5, 6 and 8 cents per pound—  
Molasses, from 37 1/2 to 40 cents per gallon; and every other article usually kept in a Grocery Store, at equally low prices.

**Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps,**  
Hardware and Cutlery, China, Glass and Queensware, Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, &c.  
All of which will be sold at very reduced prices. The Ladies and Gentlemen are requested to call and examine these Goods, as they cannot fail to please all both as regards style and price.

**DORSEY & MAGUIRE,**  
In the store room formerly occupied by Jacob Miller, opposite the residence of Judge Gwin, Huntingdon.

All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. [Sept. 26.]

## NOTICE

Is hereby given to all persons interested, that the Trust account of Joshua Greenland and Caleb Swoppe, Assignees of Dr. Jacob M. C. Caver, late of Cassa township, has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of Huntingdon county, and that the same will be presented to the said Court on the second Monday of November next, for confirmation and allowance.

**JAMES STEEL, Pro'ry.**  
Oct. 17, 1848.

**TENNENT'S**  
Washington Gallery of Daguerrotypes,  
No. 234 North Second Street, N. W. corner of Callowhill Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.

**THE** Likenesses taken and beautifully colored at this well known establishment, for one dollar, are universally conceded to be equal in every respect to any in the city. Pictures taken equally well in cloudy and clear weather. A large assortment of **MINERALIONS and LOCKETS** on hand, from \$2 to \$5, including the picture. The subscribers respectfully invite the citizens of Huntingdon County, to call and examine specimens of the latest improvements in the art of Daguerrotyping, which will be exhibited cheerfully and without charge.

**T. & J. C. TENNENT.**  
July 4, 1848.

A fresh supply of Mackerel just arrived and for sale by **J. & W. SAXTON.**

## THE DAYS OF THE BARRICADES, Or, Love and the Republic.

One of my friends who had never arrived at doing any thing, from having been for the last ten years in a happy state of expectation of a consulship in the East, made up his mind some time since to settle in Paris. He is yet young and much given to day dreams. However, he was taken up seriously by a banker in the matter-of-fact region, the Bourse; the worthy gentleman having ascertained that my friend Henri Delmasures had some hundreds of acres of land in Beauce and Normandy on which to build his castles in the air. He was a romantic visionary, but yet a landed proprietor. The banker after a whole night spent in convincing himself that his daughter must be happy with such a man—a conclusion he arrived at by adding, multiplying and subtracting—consented to bestow her hand upon him.

Mademoiselle Matilda Hoffman was not merely a young lady wrapped up in bank notes or cased in bullion; she had, on the contrary, in the atmosphere of three per cent, imbibed somewhat of aerial grace of nature and poetry. The chink of the guineas had not prevented the airy voices that in every varied tone—but all soft, sweet, cheering—whisper the young heart, and fill its spring time with delight. The dark, dull, close house in which she lived, had not shut out from her all fairy visions of the

Gay creatures of the element,  
That in the colors of the rainbow live,  
And play in the plighted clouds.

And thus when my friend spoke to her a language not very usual before the 24th of February, till which epoch nothing was more rare than a union of hearts it was little wonder that she had listened to it, then learned to love it and him who spoke it.

The only unions taking place of late in France were marriages between rank and ready money—between position and pelf.—Nor, incredible as it may seem, was this altogether to be laid to the charge of too cruelly prudent papas and mammas; for the young ladies themselves had more than their full share of the fault. A rage for titles, or a passion for gold, possessed every heart, and had dispelled all the delightful illusions all the bright glowing romance of life. It is not long since I heard a young creature, who had scarcely seen seventeen times the budding of the hawthorn, say in confidence to a friend: "I will marry no man that is not either a nobleman or a stockholder;" while the friend on her part reciprocated the trust reposed in her by a whispered determination "never to marry any one but a prince or a banker." But Matilda Hoffman troubled not herself either about the titles her Henri had not, or the money that he had, she was in love, just as the young were wont to be in the Golden Age. She was delighted to find that he did nothing, and wanted to do nothing. "At all events" said she to herself "he will not immure me in a bank; and we can go where we like, free to love and live for each other."

It is but due to my friend Delmasures to say that he was quite ready to live for her. Matilda Hoffman had suddenly shown upon him as the visible image of his beau-ideal of grace, goodness and loveliness—as his taste personified. The matter was soon settled, and the marriage fixed to take place on the twenty-fourth of February.

On the evening of the twenty-third, after repeated calls, we at length succeeded in finding the mayor at home. Whilst the young lady was signing the necessary documents, the functionary entertained her with a lecture on politics and morality. He did not find it a very difficult matter to prove to her satisfaction that a government which thus sanctioned love by marriage was the best of all possible worlds, and might defy any attempts to subvert it. On leaving the mayoralty house, however, neither Matilda Hoffman, the bridegroom nor the witnesses, could find their carriages. Whilst the mayor, in all the loyalty of his tri colored scarf, had been proving that there was nothing serious in this ebullition of boys and sucking children, the heroic and patriotic gamins had seized upon every hackney-coach, cab, omnibus and other vehicle to make barricades.

That night Matilda passed alone in prayer for the dying. The next day at eleven o'clock, Henry Delmasures presented himself at the banker's in the dress of the evening before, which it was evident he had not taken off all night but with the addition of sabre and pistol, and no small quantity of mud.

"But, my dear friend," said the banker, without raising his eyes from three or four newspapers he held in his hand; "my dear friend, we cannot marry to-day."

"Not marry to-day! Who says so?"

"Do you not know what has happened? The people have been making barricades. M. Mole succeeds M. Guizot; M. Thiers succeeds M. Mole; M. Odillon Barrot is in place—I forget whom—but no matter—the people will soon be in everybody's place. Just glance at these papers; really some of the predictions are quite terrifying."

"Not an instant is to be lost!" exclaimed Henri. "Where is Matilda?" He hurried to the young lady's room, and found her in her wedding dress. "My own Matilda how lovely you are looking! But we must hasten to Church, for in one hour it might perhaps be too late. You must not leave me longer in this revolutionary torrent that is carrying all Paris away. See, I have been fighting hard—were I not modest I would say as hard as a gamin. To-morrow the Republic—but to-day love!"

The terrified girl threw herself into the arms of Henri. "In mercy take me hence; far from the world if you will; but anywhere from hence!"

"But, my love, you must change this dress. We shall have to make our way to the church over the barricades."

Before an hour had elapsed, the cure of the parish had pronounced the nuptial benediction in a small chapel, the humble walls of which were wont to witness only the plighted vows of those who had no wealth save their strong arms and true hearts.

"Now," said Henri to Matilda, "let us leave your father to finish his discussion with the cure on the present state of affairs, and let us fly to some steam carriage that, swifter than the wind will take us somewhere—I care not whither provided it be to a country where we can peacefully enjoy the honey-moon."

"Suppose we take the Railway to Rouen?" Well do I remember in the woods there an old chateau; it was enchanting, dear Henri. I spent six weeks there last summer wandering in its groves, with no one to speak to but the trees. I am only afraid it is too near Paris; let us go to the other end of the world."

Henri and Matilda were soon on their way to Rouen, at the full speed of a train baptized that very morning. "The Republic," and through the windows of their carriage they were witnesses of the general flight attesting "the magnificent national co-operation that had accepted the new institutions, and the sincerity of the adhesions to the republic, and evincing the universal confidence in the proclamations that order, liberty and equality had been established. "Hurrah! the dead can ride apace," says the poet Burger; but fallen courtiers can ride the faster. "Only look," said Matilda, "at that servant in livery galloping so furiously, that I should not wonder at his outstripping us. Do you see him?"

"I see him," answered Henri; "it is one of the ex-ministers."

"And that poor young woman who is dragging her feet so slowly along the rough road, and from time to time looking back with such a terrified air?"

"I see her," replied Henri; "she is a princess."

Thus they beheld pass along before them all that, for nearly twenty years, had been the court and the administration. A dark page of history was unrolled upon the high road—the last unfinished story of Kings and Queens—"Once upon a time."

Journeying in this way, the two lovers arrived at Havre. While strolling on the sea-shore in the evening, they perceived an old gentleman hurriedly making his way towards a steamer a little apart from the rest of the shipping. Henri and Matilda paused to observe him. It was the monarch leaving the soil of France; and the most determined republican would scarcely have chided the respectful salutation of the young pair—the respect of pity.

But they gave up an intention they had formed of going to London. Was it from reluctance to follow in the track of the fugitive monarch, to come in contact with the hoary head from which a crown had so lately fallen! Or was it the fear that the ex-king might carry about with him, however involuntarily, the seeds of a successful revolution?—Perhaps each of these reasons had some influence in changing their route. Neither would they venture to Brussels, for reports had reached them, whether true or false, of a new edition of a revolution there as well as in Holland, where the people were demanding a little, and the king granting a great deal.

However, as somewhere they must, they went to Switzerland—the classic land of honey-moons. "Switzerland being already a republic," said they to themselves, "we need not be afraid of its wanting to make itself one." In the confidence of this hope, Henri and Matilda rented a chalet by the side of a mountain, where they might place them-

selves and their love under the protection of the Lendemann and the old Helvetic Confederacy. But they were hardly on their way to it, after a short stroll by the side of the lake, when they perceived a band of armed nationalists wheeling about them. It was at Naufchatel.

They now turned their thoughts to Germany. "Let us go to Germany," said they. "There no one troubles himself about anything but waltzing or metaphysics." They set out, but they were warned, "Do not go to Vienna; do not go to Berlin."

As their carriage was about to cross a bridge, a female equestrian, with her hair floating over her shoulders, and her long graceful velvet drapery falling over her Arab horse, yet withal of a martial air that might have become the queen of the Amazons, galloped up so suddenly to them, and threw herself so directly in their way, that the postillion had scarcely time to pull up her leaders—"Back there!" she cried, as she presented in his face, a little pocket-pistol.

The terrified postillion fell back upon the horse he was riding, while Henri, putting his head out of the carriage-window, recognized in the desperate Amazon the Countess de Landsfield.

"Madame," he said, with a courteous smile, "I beg to assure you that we are neither Prussian gendarmes nor Bavarian municipal guards. Have the goodness, then, to reserve your powder and ball for some greater political emergency, and allow us to pursue our route."

Lola Montes broke into a merry laugh, which made the mountains ring with its echo. They were like old courtiers, but a little more genuine—perhaps the last courtiers.

"Take good advice," said she, "wherever you get it. Go not to Germany; they have burned my hotel!" So saying, the Countess de Landsfield set off like an arrow from the bow, leaving Henri and Matilda to exchange glances of surprise, and to ask each other in utter despondence, whether they were now to bend their steps—what country would receive them?—"Let us go straight forward," at last they cried. And straight forward they went, through woods, and meadows, and ravines, till the Rhine became the splendid barrier to further progress, unless they committed themselves to its waters. They did so, and stopped not till they came to Johannsburg, where they met an old man seated in an arbor, with his bottle and glass before him.

It was M. de Metternich, who was drinking his last bottle of Johannsburg.

"Your Excellency," said Henri, respectfully saluting the bottle, "your excellency will pardon me if, in presuming to address you, I derange the balance of power in Europe; but we are a young couple from France, who are in search of some pretty little cottage where we may give a few short weeks to each other. Your excellency, who knows all news better than any telegraph, any newspaper—will have the goodness to tell us whether there are any cottages in Germany."

The diplomatic eye of M. Metternich flashed somewhat angrily; but seeing nothing but artless simplicity in the faces of the young couple, he filled a fresh bumper, tossed it off, and buried his face in his hands.

"My lord minister," said Matilda, timidly.

"I am no longer minister," answered he.

"My lord prince," stammered Henri.

"There are no more princes."

"Well, my lord of Austria."

M. de Metternich raised his head, looking sad as a German ballad.

"Austria is no more," said he, in a gloomy whisper. "Austrians have destroyed it in destroying me. Diplomacy is no more, for I am the last diplomatist; and I—Oh, Talleyrand, thou hast done well to die! The great art of working the hinges upon which all politics turn is at an end forever. The people break the hinges when they cannot open them, and the axe is a hammer that opens every lock. We have fallen upon evil times, when words are of no other use to statesmen than to express their thoughts, and that even when perhaps they have none to express. Pity me, then; behold me reduced to swallowing my last refuge of diplomacy—that is to say, my Johannsburg wine, that wondrous beverage with which I have mystified all Europe for more than sixty years."

And M. de Metternich was silent, having nothing more to drink or to say.

I now lost all trace of Henri and Matilda for sometime, but rested satisfied that they had at length found the promised land, when this evening I received the following letter:

"Brescia, March 19.  
MY DEAR FRIEND:—We have at length

arrived in Italy, after having passed through twenty countries, all in revolution. Up to this moment we have not had an hour's quiet, for wherever we turned, there burst the revolutionary water spout. Whatever shore we reached, the waves broke in upon it and drove us before them. We have been at Brescia about half an hour, and leave it before the hour is over. We were afraid of Vienna—afraid of Milan. "No strangers!" was the cry there; and though I knew they meant the Austrians, yet I was not certain how far they might carry their nationality. We knew that Rome was celebrating a constitutional carnival; that Florence's grand duke was proclaiming constitutions; that Naples had a king to-day and will have tomorrow a Massanello. We thought of Monaco, but it appears a republic is proclaiming there. The republic of San Marino next occurred to us, but there they are seriously talking of proclaiming an emperor. A prophetic hurrah has reached us from the Don Cossacks. Asia has turned her eyes westward, and drawn the sword against the emperor of all the Cossacks. Every day we see the moon rising, it appears to us under every form and every color. I suppose you have it tricolored in Paris! But it is not the honey-moon; alas! we know not where to find that! To what shore, favored of Heaven, are we now to steer our frail bark of love, launched into open sea in such stormy weather! We had joyfully cried out "land!" when we reached Brescia. Here in the fair fields of Lombardy, where spring has already come with her hands full of opening flowers and verdant foliage, we hoped to forget the world and all its revolutions; but hardly had we alighted from diligence, than a huge creature, one of the rabble, collared me and demanded if I were not the viceroys; for the report had been already spread that the viceroys, driven from Milan, was on his way to Brescia, which he believed to be friendly to him.

"My worthy friend," said I, "you really wrong me. I have just come from a country where the very word royal is erased from the dictionary.—(Apropos of the dictionary, have you still an academy?) By this time the diligence was surrounded by a crowd, not less demonstrative in its greetings than my first friend. I commenced a parley with them, interrupted from time to time by a poor nervous English-woman, white as her country's cliffs, protesting that though she did come from Munich, she was not Lola Montes. In a few minutes, however, a diversion was effected in our favor by the arrival of a second carriage. The mob rushed towards it, and seizing upon a man who alighted from it, dragged him into the next square. They say it is the viceroys; I am not sure; but one thing is certain, that the revolution is here as well as everywhere else. Danton said, 'that we did not carry our country about with us on the soles of our shoes;' but methinks I must carry about with me dust pregnant with revolutions.

"At length, in utter despair, I thought of Ireland. 'I have heard of no revolution in Ireland.' 'If not,' answered Matilda, 'then we must not go; a revolution there would imply quiet, for it implies change, and the usual natural state of that country is disturbance.' "Her woman's wit at last suggested: 'Why not go back whence we came? She is quite right. Will you then have the goodness to call at my house and tell my English servant—but I was forgetting that the cause of liberty, equality and fraternity would be compromised by my retaining him in my service—but tell any of my people you can find that we are on our way to Paris, and hope to spend our honey-moon at home!' "Farewell. I have but time to add, health and fraternity."  
HENRI DELMASURES.

## Son against Father.

The Cork Reporter relates the following incident of the recent flurry in Ireland: Very soon after it was known that Smith O'Brien and his companions had assembled in the neighborhood of Ballingarry, five or six young men, holding a respectable position in society, some having attained collegiate honors, went down from Dublin to join him.— They reached the locality the evening after the affair at Widow Cormack's house; and on learning the result, and finding that the "leaders" were divided and dispersed, they made their way back to the country Meath, where they purposed to lie perdu for some time.— There, however, they found that the police were on their track, and determined on returning to Dublin, and taking their chance. Accordingly, they did so, and reached the city about 11 o'clock at night. Here, after consulting for a while, they resolved on calling upon a young friend and asking quarters for the night, until they could decide on their future location. Proceeding to the house of their friend's father, a respectable professional gentleman, whose political sentiments were at variance with those of his son, they knocked at the hall door, and inquired for the person with whom they desired to communicate, who presently came down to them. While conferring in the hall as how he could best provide for them, his father overheard the conversation and coming out locked the hall-door putting the key into his pocket; and having called for assistance, he sent a servant through the back door for the police.— The son entreated, prayed, and pleaded the sacredness of a stranger seeking hospitality; but in vain. His parent was immovable; and, seeing the urgency of the case, he said to his friends, "Come, boys, this shall never be." In an instant the father was seized and overpowered, he was brought into a back parlor, and tied hand and foot in an arm-chair; the hall-door was opened, and his son, having seen his friends out of danger, returned to the house. Next day he was made a prisoner, as "suspected of treasonable practices," and sent to Newgate. His father went to visit him, and he refused him an interview.

## Posing a Pedagogue.

Sally Jones have you done that sum I set you?"  
"No, thir, I can't do it."  
"Can't do it! I'm ashamed of you. Why at your age I could do any sum that was set me. I hate that word can't! for there is no sum that can't be done, I tell you."  
"I think, thir, that I know a thum you can't thifer out."  
"Ha, well, well Sally, let's hear it."  
"It ith thith thir: If one apple cauth the ruin of the whole human rath, how many thuch will it take to make a barrel of thweet thider, thir?"  
"Miss Sally Jones, you may turn to your parsing lesson."

## GAMBLING IN NEW YORK.

The New York Herald hears from various quarters that the increase of gambling in that metropolis, has been very remarkable during the last two or three years. Houses of this description multiplying in all the fashionable streets and quarters of the city.

[For the Huntingdon Journal.]

BY R. M'DIVITT.

"When a maiden dies (among the Senecas) they imprison a young bird, until it first begins to try its power of song, and then loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings neither close its eyes until it has flown to the "Spirit-land," and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost."—Ind. His.

Away sweet bird in thy onward flight,  
Through the trackless realms of air;  
To fold thy wing in a world of light  
And leave thy message there.

Meet emblem thou, of "the loved and lost"  
Whose spirit, (now unconfined)  
Has soared away from its earthly dross,  
And left no trace behind.

Thy pinions are freed, thy way is clear,  
Fly away to the "Spirit-land"  
And wait our sighs for our friend so dear  
As she moves in that "Shadowy band!"

We have loosed thy fetters her grave above,  
We have kissed thee o'er and o'er,  
Then safely bear these tokens of love  
To her we shall see no more.

But oh! thy pinion would fail thee, bird,  
Ere the journey thou hast begun,  
Thine eye the bright could never meet  
The blaze of the noonday sun.

Away through the regions of boundless space  
Bath that deathless spirit fled!  
And an Angel's pinion alone can trace  
The flight of the early dead!

She hath gone to dwell in a world afar  
Unperceived by human eye;  
Beyond the bounds of the farthest star  
That twinkles in yonder sky!

When the seraphs thir glittering pinions fold,  
Beneath the "Sapphire blaze,"  
Where the angels strike thir harps of gold,  
And "fremble as they gaze!"

'Neath the azure of bliss she hath folded her wings,  
O'er the regions of boundless love,  
She drinks for aye of the nectaring Springs  
Which gadden the courts above!

To those she loved she can ne'er come back,  
But there in the land of the blest,  
She will welcome the friends who may follow  
her track

To the mansions of Heavenly rest.  
Huntingdon, Nov. 13, 1848.

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LOVE'S FORGETFULNESS.—It is said that poor men always make love better than those who are rich, because, having less to care about, and not being puffed up with their own consequence, they are not selfish, and think more of the lady than themselves. Young ladies also, who fall in love, never consider whether there is sufficient "to support the cuisine." Probably young ladies in love lose their appetites, and not feeling inclined to eat at that time, they imagine that love will always supply the want of food. They discover their mistake after the honeymoon, when their appetites return.