Huntingdon Journal

BY JAS. CLARK. HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1850. VOL. XV.---NO. 42.

CLOCKS! CLOCKS! CLOCKS!

IN any quantity, and of all the various patterns the market affords, may be obtained at No. 55 North 3d Street, six doors north of the City Hotel, at the Manufacturers lowest cash prices. Clocks purchased at the above establishment may be depended upon as being good and durable time keepers, or the money refunded in case of the failure of any Clock to perform according to the recommendation. Purchasers, now is the time, and here is the place for bargains, and although I do not pretend to sell Clocks for less than cost, I can sell them at a figure which does not admit of complaint on the part of the closest buyer, and for the simple reason that I sell *exclusively for cash.*

THOS. READ, Jr.

No. 55, North Third Street, Philadelphia.

Sept. 10, 1850.—tf.

GLASGOW & STEEL,

Saddle, Harness & Trunk Manufacturers.

THE undersigned are now associated in the above business, in the old stand heretofore occupied by Wm. Glasgow, in Main street, nearly opposite the store of T. Read & Son. Everything in their line will be furnished on the shortest notice, and on terms that cannot fail to suit all. They manufacture the most of their work themselves, and can therefore assure the public that every article will be made in the best and most durable manner.

☞ A large assortment of superior *SADDLES, READY MADE*, always on hand.

☞ Hides, and country produce, generally, taken in exchange for work.

WM. GLASGOW returns thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, and hopes that his old patrons will continue to patronize the new firm. WM. GLASGOW,

August 27, 1850. WM. J. STEEL.

IMPOSITION STOPPED!

NEW LIVERY!—It is a well known fact that the public have been imposed upon by Liveries in this place; therefore I would respectfully announce to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity, that I have the BEST SADDLE, CARRIAGE AND BUGGY HORSES ever kept in a Livery in this place, and will accommodate all who may favor me with their custom, at the most reasonable rates.

I hope by strict attention to my business, and an endeavor to please all, to merit and receive a liberal share of public patronage.

JOSEPH O. STEWART.

Sept. 17, 1850.—tf.

Another Arrival at the "Elephant."

THIS DAY RECEIVED, Splendid **EIGHT CENT SUGAR,** beautiful Fall style of Calicoes, Muslins, Flannels, Trimmings, Boots and Shoes, Caps, &c., which will be disposed of at the same rates which have rendered the "Elephant" proverbial as being, by far, the cheapest store in town.

October 1, 1850.

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of Administration have been granted to the undersigned, upon the estate of JOHN RUTTER, late of Cromwell township, Huntingdon county, dec'd. All persons knowing themselves indebted, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims, will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement.

BENEDICT STEVENS,
WILLIAM RUTTER,

Oct. 1, 1850.—6t. *Administrators.*

PAMPHLET LAWS.

PROTHONOTARY'S OFFICE,
Huntingdon, September 17, 1850.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Laws of the late session of the Penn'a. Legislature have been received at this office, and are ready to be delivered to those who are by law entitled to receive them.

THEO. H. CREMER, *Prothonotary.*

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

J. T. SCOTT has this morning, (Aug. 12,) received from Philadelphia an additional assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, &c. He is enabled to sell this stock at much reduced prices. Call at his new establishment 3 doors west of T. Read & Son's Drug Store, and satisfy yourselves. [Aug. 13, 1850.

AUCTION STORE!

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Huntingdon that he has opened an Auction Room in the brick building next door to the Huntingdon Book Store, in which will be held sales on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY evenings of each week, and also on SATURDAY AFTERNOONS. Sales to commence at 2 o'clock. HORACE W. SMITH.

October 1, 1850.—tf.

Millinery and Fancy Store.

MRS. SARAH KULP, from Philadelphia, respectfully informs the Ladies, that she has opened a store in the Borough of Huntingdon, nearly opposite Couts' Hotel, for the sale of Bonnets, Trimmings and Fancy articles.—She invites the Ladies to call at her establishment, and examine her stock. Her Bonnets are of the latest fashion. Also, bleaching and pressing done on reasonable terms and at short notice. [June 18, 1850.—tf.

M. & J. M. ROWE,

MANUFACTURERS and wholesale dealers in Brooms, Baskets, and Wood Ware, have removed to the large store formerly occupied by Messrs. Seller & Davis, where they have opened an extensive stock of Eastern and city made BROOMS and WOOD WARE, which they are now selling at the lowest manufacturers prices.

A full assortment of Bristol Brushes, Mats, Cordage, &c., constantly on hand.

No. 111, North Third street, 3 doors below Race, Phila. [July 23, 1850.—3m.

DR. J. D. STONEROAD,

HAVING located permanently at Mill Creek, offers his professional services to that community. All calls trusted to his care will receive his utmost attention.

Mill Creek, Sept. 24, 1850.

Alexandria Foundry and Tin Shop,

WHERE Stoves, Ploughs, Castings, Spouting, &c., can be bought cheaper than at any other place.

July 9, 1850. ROBERT GRAFIUS.

DANIEL AFRICA,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—Office in Main street, Huntingdon, Pa.

SARSAPARILLA, a fine article, for sale at Marks' Confectionary. [May 21.

CHOICE POETRY.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY CLARA MORETON.

There's scarce a leaf on the forest trees,
There is scarce a flower in bloom;
But the days are soft and sunny,
As the balmy days in June.

Ah, the Autumn is a glorious time,
When the skies are clear and blue,
When the mellow rays of the noon-day sun
Stream down with a golden hue.

But sorrowful, sorrowful, when the mist
Enshroudeth the upland and vale,
And the sad wind moaneth thro' desolate trees,
A sorrowful, desolate tale.

The sere leaves rustle and sigh 'neath our feet,
And the dark clouds weep all the day;
And at night the pale stars from the leaden skies
Gleam out with a tremulous ray.

Ah, then it is that our thoughts are sad;
We number the days that are gone,
We weep for the friends that are with the dead,
And we sigh for the hours flown.

For once there were stars on the earth so bright,
We heeded not those above;
And once there were flowers as sweet and pure
As those which the wild bees love.

The stars grew pale, and vanished away,
And early the fair flowers died;
And our hearts were wrung with grief and gloom,
As we missed them from our side.

Though now when the Autumn skies are bright,
And the autmnn winds at rest,
We recall those days with tearful smiles,
For we know that they are blest.

But when the earth is gloomy and drear,
And the heavens look dark and cold,
We only think of our own great loss,
And we weep for the days of old.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A THANKSGIVING SCENE.

A Thrilling Story.

Adelaide Talbot was beautiful and lovely in her youth, dearly loved by all, but best by those of her own fire-side circle. When the long lashes were lifted from her ever-changing cheek, you could look into the very soul of the high-minded, sunny hearted girl. Six years before, she had stood in her father's low parlor, on Thanksgiving eve—she had stood between her father and mother to whose faces she lifted her soul-speaking eyes, the bride of an hour. And as the good mother's raspberry wine, carefully bottled for the occasion, went round, she dreamed not that in that cup lurked a demon that should yet overthrow the altar just erected. Caleb Reynolds was now a drunkard and a deserter from his home. He had enlisted, it was thought, in an hour of intoxication—but his young wife was left to learn it from other lips. He went, without one word of farewell, to the plains of Mexico—and never since had she heard of him. Poor Adelaide carried her crushed heart back to her father's house, longing only to lay in the grave.

Have you ever seen a tree in our Western forests, blighted by "girdling," as the woodsmen call it—cut off from its connection with the life-giving earth, and left to wither for years? I never pass such a tree without thinking of the slow death of the heart, to which some writer has strikingly compared it. It was thus that Adelaide stood among the other plants of her father's nurture. Have you ever seen from such a girdled tree, a young shoot spring out, and striking down its fibres form a feeble connection with the earth below, and sustain a sure though sickly life in the tree? It was thus that little Robert came, to bind a few broken fibres from her early hopes and dreams on earth.

But we are forgetting the Thanksgiving—none of the aunties forget it, however, nor the cousins—and by the time farmer Talbot's "big sleigh" had emptied twice upon the old salt-sprinkled stone steps, all were brought home from church, and all were there. All, except two unaccountable stragglers, "the boys," as two striplings nearly six feet high continued to be called, who were cultivating the sciences in a college not many miles away.—And why were they not there? So questioned every one. But Grandmamma did not answer—only wiped her spectacles on her apron, and looked out of the south-west window.

Meanwhile, the new comers were all clustered in the "sitting-room," making a merry use of the interlude between service and dinner. There was Robert, the eldest son, with his romping family, and anxious looking wife. There was Charlotte—no, nobody knew her by that name—Lottie, blooming in her prime, and managing her little ones to a charm. There was Philip, "the old bachelor," though by no means a crusty one. Next to him sat a pale, stiff-looking cousin, from the nearest factory village. Last, but not least, though in truth she was a little one—was the school ma'am—the youngest of her father's flock, the fun loving Susie. She was not beautiful as Adie had been, but there was such a world of good nature in her low, broad forehead, and dimpling cheeks, that you loved her at first sight. I will not attempt her portrait, for I do not know that she ever sat still long enough to have it taken, except in church. This day she was here, and everywhere among the children, kissing one, romping with another, and then tossing up Robert's baby, to the terror of its mamma, and the delight of all others.

"You must let me go and help Grandma take up the turkey, indeed you must," cried Susan, laughing, as she pushed through the doorway, followed by the whole scampering troop. One had sprung from the top of the arm-chair to her shoulder, and sat crowing like a parrot on his perch.

As she advanced towards the kitchen, the outer door was thrown open, and "A merry Thanksgiving to you!" burst from the lips of the intruders, amid the shouts of the boisterous brood.

"Why, brothers, we never heard your sleigh bells," exclaimed Susan, throwing off her encumbrance, and welcoming the young collegians.

"I dare say not," cried Edward, as he knocked the snow from his boots. "We chartered other sort of vehicles, hey, Will?"

"The fact is," exclaimed Will, "that we started with the sun-rise, this morning, but met with a most provoking "break-down" by the way. So, not to be cheated of our Thanksgiving, we footed it through the drifts. We've lost Parson Woods' sermon, but we are in time for mother's dinner; and I assure you, a walk of eight miles has given us a pair of appetites."

So they sat down to dinner at last, all the loving and merry ones. Grandfather hushed them for a moment, while he lifted his bronzed hands over the huge platter, and invoked bountiful Heaven, in a fervent "blessing." Then followed the usual clattering, and——but I need not describe it all, you see it as well as I do.

The "wish-bone" (a great prize that) fell to the share of the shyest one, little blue-eyed Nelly, who carefully wrapped it in her white apron, as a sacred treasure.

"Coz, may I break it with you?" screamed her cousin Harry, from the other end of the table.

"No, I am going to break——"

"With whom, I should like to know?"

"With aunt Susie, then," said the little dove, nestling close to her side.

Aunt Susie—ha! ha! aunt Susie would look fine breaking a wish-bone."

"And why not, Master Harry?" said Susan, merrily. "I assure you I have broken more than one wish-bone at this very table."

"And did your wish ever come to pass—did it ever, aunt Susie?" cried three voices at once.

"Yes, did it ever, aunt Susie?" chimed in Edward, casting up from his plate a side-long glance, that brought blushes and dimples to her cheeks.

Susie had seen some quiet little flirtations even under her father's argus eye. Suddenly her face grew serious. She caught Adelaide's expression of countenance, as the latter quietly arose from the table, and made some excuse for withdrawing.

The wish-bone was broken to a charm—snapping exactly in the middle, to the infinite amusement of the juveniles, who had been making bets on the result. The "babies" went to sleep at the right hour precisely, and were packed into their snug cradles with blankets and pillows. The elders of the juvenile company were ensconced in a corner to play "button;" and the brothers and sisters clustered in quiet little knots. William and Susan sat by the window, not to sentimentalize over the moonlight that came flickering through the fleecy clouds, but to gather up the threads of the confidential *tete-a-tetes*—to chat of college scrapes—and "school-mam's" rogueries.

Grandma had her knitting of course—bless the dear old fingers that had kept so many feet warm—and Susie a crotchet purse to net.

"William," said Susie, lowering her voice, at a pause in the conversation, and glancing up furtively, "what do you think of Addie, to-day?"

William stole a glance around. "Much as usual, is she not, poor thing?"

"See how she sits there with her fingers moving thro' Bobby's curls, and her eyes fixed on vacancy."

"This was her wedding night, you know."

"I tell you, Willie, Addie loves Reynolds with her whole heart yet, as truly as she did on that evening. She has never spoken his name, even to me, since the day when father forbade it ever to be mentioned in his presence; but there is something terrible in this statue-like grief of hers.

A sharp, quick bark, under the window, arrested the conversation.

"Be quiet, Growler, old fellow, what are you about?" shouted William, and he was still.

Dear silent Adelaide now brought around the tray of nuts and apples, and every one tried to make her smile, as they took a share, but her smile was as faint as moonlight on an icy lake.

Harry and Nelly had called aunt Susie over to the corner to name their apples, and all were quite silent for a few moments.

The quick bark came again from the dog, followed by a low protracted growl. Edward jumped up to investigate matters, but before he reached the door it was opened, slowly but firmly, and a tall figure stepped within it, and stood—silently. The sudden paralysis of surprise bound every voice. A moment more, and with a thrilling scream Adelaide dropped her boy from her lap, and sprang across the room to—HER HUSBAND!

As his arms closed around her, and her head sank like a broken lily on his shoulder, old farmer Talbot started, as if stung by a bitter memory.—His arm was raised, his white hair floated back—

"Father!" It was Susan's voice, choked with beseeching agony, as she sprang to catch the hand of the old man.

The uplifted hand fell, and for a moment all was silent as the grave.

"Come you as a reformed man, Caleb Reynolds?" and farmer Talbot's tone was firm, though quiet.

"I do, by the help of God, my father," was the solemn response.

Farmer Taloot threw the glare of the candle on his features. "Caleb Reynolds never spoke like that," and the old man modulated each word, as if to steady his trembling voice. "Have you signed the Temperance Pledge?"

"I *have*, and kept it for one year."

"Then, my son"—the old man's hand was extended, but his voice was choked. He bowed his head and wept like a child.

But his arms hung loosely around Caleb Reynolds' neck; the surprise had been too sudden, and gentle Addie had fainted. Not till they had won back the life tide to her cheek, and seen her again in the arms of her husband, turning to him that look of soul-full earnestness that her early years had worn—not till then did the others approach to welcome their long-lost brother.

"And is this our boy, Addie, whom I never saw?" murmured Caleb, pressing his lips to the round forehead of the little sleeper. She only replied by her tears.

No question further was asked; but Caleb soon spoke of his wanderings. Wounded in battle, and brought to the point of death, he had listened to the angel Reflection. But with reflection and good resolution came also remorse and despair. Who should win back to him the forfeited affections of his deserted wife? It was then that the lesson learned at his mother's knee, came beaming up through the gloom of years squandered in dissipation. He went to the fountain of peace, and drank of the "living water." Having fixed and finished his term of probation, he sought again his home.

"I knew," said he, "you would all be assembled here, to-night; and I lingered in the cold, shivering, long before I could man my heart to come in among you."

"Brother!" simultaneously exclaimed a dozen voices at once.

The clock in the corner struck nine—it was the hour of prayer. Farmer Talbot laid his hand on the family bible, and wiped his glasses.

"Come, my children, let us give thanks with the angels to-night, "for this my son was dead and is alive again—was lost and is found."

"HONOR THY PARENTS."

What can be more beautiful than the following simple and touching narrative:—

As a stranger went into the church yard of a pretty village, he beheld three children at a newly made grave. A boy about ten years of age was busily engaged in placing plants of turf about it, whilst a girl, who appeared a year or two younger, held in her apron a few roots of wild flowers. The third child, still younger, was sitting on the grass, watching, with thoughtful looks, the movements of the other two. They wore pieces of crape on their straw hats, and a few other signs of mourning, such as are sometimes worn by the poor who struggle between poverty and affliction.

The girl soon began planting some of her wild flowers around the head of the grave, when the stranger thus addressed them:—

"Whose grave is this, children, about which you are so busily engaged?"

"Mother's grave, sir," said the boy.

"And did your father send you to place these flowers round your mother's grave?"

"No, sir, father lies here too, and little Willie, and sister Jane."

"When did they die?"

"Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday, sir, but father died last winter—they all lie here."

"Then who told *you* to do this?"

"Nobody, sir," replied the girl.

"Why, then, do you do it?"

They appeared at a loss for an answer; but the stranger looked so kindly at them, that at length the eldest replied, as the tears started in his eyes:

"O we did love them, sir."

What can be more beautiful than such an exhibition of children honoring the memory of departed parents! Reader are you an orphan! Never forget the dear parents who loved and cherished you in your infant days. Ever remember their parental kindness. Honor their memory by doing those things which you know would please them were they now alive; by a particular regard to their dying commands; and by carrying on their plans of usefulness. Are your parents still spared to you? Ever treat them as you will wish you had done, when you stand a lonely orphan at their graves. How will a remembrance of kind and affectionate conduct towards those departed friends, then help to soothe your grief and heal your wounded hearts. Honor thy parents!

The Charms of---Money.

"Heigh ho! I must have a husband!" said Miss Crooks, "what shall I do? Here I am hard upon twenty-fifth year, and they say that I am homely as a hedged fence, to boot! what shall I do?"

Woman's wit is not to be sneezed at by those who do not take snuff, and being bent on getting a husband, she would leave no stone unturned.—She bought a ticket in the lotery. It drew a handsome prize.

"My dear Miss Crooks, is that you!" cried a lawyer of the village one evening. "How dare you go home alone, this dark night?"

"Oh! I am used to it," said she, slyly.

The young man never let her go home alone afterward. He married the gold, with Miss Crooks thrown in.

☞ A good story is told of a rough sea captain in a storm, who, when the terrified passengers persuaded him to petition heaven for a cessation of the tempest, preferred the following request: "Oh Lord! I've not been in the habit of calling upon Thee often; and if you'll shift the wind from sou' west to a little more sou' I won't trouble you again."

☞ The transient nature of the sorrows of children has been often remarked on by writers; but by none so beautifully as in the following lines by Sir Walter Scott:

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When the next summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry."

☞ "More trouble coming," said Mrs. Partington, laying down the paper, "there's the State of Affairs; I suppose it'll soon be applying for admission into the Union," and the old lady resumed her darning with a look of patriotic anxiety.

AN AMUSING STORY.

The Effect of Punch Drinking.

One particular dark, drizzly, damp, dull and disagreeable day in the latter part of November, A. D. 1842, a tall, guant, queer looking customer, dressed in a blue coat with metal buttons, a brimstone colored vest, and plaid pantaloons with calf-skin terminations, sat solemnly and alone, in a little room, situated in——street, city of Philadelphia. Before him was a little round table, on whose marble top was *not a little* pitcher of smoking punch "screeching hot," and a wine glass.—The solitary individual was "YORK," nothing else, dear child—and that was his second pitcher empty. One minute after, and you couldn't squeeze a drop out of either pitcher or glass, by a forty-two pound hydraulick press.

York rang the bell. The waiter poked his head in at the door.

"Ring, sa!"

"Of course I did. Is it clearing off?"

"No sa; damp, sa; fog so thick sa; you could ladle it up with a spoon, sa; have anything, sa!"

"More punch and strong!"

"Yes, sa—immediately, sa."

The waiter withdrew, and in a few seconds the third pitcher of punch stood before our hero, who attacked it zealously. York had just drained the last glass from the pitcher, and was beginning to feel glorious, when on raising his eyes, he saw his own figure in a large pier glass directly opposite. He rubbed his eyes, winked, started, coughed, and rubbed his eyes again.

"By——," said he, "there is some fellow sitting right before me. This is a private room, sir, for my sole accommodation." He waited a moment, expecting an answer, but the reflection only stared at him, and held its peace. "I was saying sir, that this *is my* private room. MINE, sir," cried York, fetching his voice an octave higher than before. No answer was made, and he rang the bell furiously. The waiter made his appearance again.

"Ring, sa?"

"Yes, I *did ring*. Din'nt I ask for a private room!"

"Yes, sa, this is a private room."

"It is! why there's a fellow sitting right before me now, on the other side of the table—rot his impudence!"

"Table, sa,—fellow, sa."

"Yes, there is—well, never mind. Bring me some more punch and two glasses."

"Yes, sa—immediately, sa."

In a very short time the fourth pitcher, with the two glasses, made its appearance. York filled one of the glasses and shoved it over the table.

"Will you drink sir?" said he addressing the figure in the glass. "Oh, you won't drink, old fellow" continued he. "Your liquor is getting cold and you look as if you are fond of the thing."

No answer being returned, York finished the pitcher and rang the bell again. In popped the waiter.

"Ring, sa?"

"To be sure I did. Didn't you hear the b-bell?"

"I did."

"Didn't I order a p-private room, eh?"

"Yes, sa—*this is* a private room, sa."

"A pretty private room this is, with a f-f-f-fellsitting opposite there, who wont take a glass of punch when its offered to him—and a red nose at that! Oh, well never mind—I'll try him again."

Presently a pitcher No. V., with tumblers to match, was borne in with due state.

"B-b-better t-try some, old chap," said York coaxingly, to his double. The reflex merely looked good natured but said nothing. "Well," continued York, "if that isn't the m-most infamous—well, never mind, I'll drink the punch," and so he did, every drop of it. About five minutes sufficed to end the pitcher. York rang the bell superfluously. The waiter came again.

"Ring, sa?"

"Why, certain! why shouldn't I?—Where's the man that k-k-keeps this house?"

"Below sa—I'll send 'im in."

Shortly after mine host, a quiet looking man, with a mattled calico patterned face and shining bald head, made his appearance.

"W-w-what's to pay?" demanded York, arising and assuming an air of dignity.

"Five punches—five levies sir."

"There's the mony, sir," said York forking over the coin. And now I want to know why when I call for a p-p-private room, you should put me here with somebody else?

"There's nobody here but you and I."

"Nobody! do you s-s-suppose I can't see?—Do you th-th-think I'm drunk? There—look there—two of them by jingo?"

"Well, sir I must confess I don't see any but two."

"You can't, eh?" and York dragged the landlord to the table. "Look there," continued he, pointing to the glass. "Th-th-there's the rascals now. One of 'em's enough like you to be your brother, and the other's the d———dest Lord-forsaken, meanest looking white man I ever saw!"

☞ A priest was once called upon to pray over the barren fields of his parishioners. He passed from one enclosure to another, and pronounced a benediction, until he came to a most unpromising case. He surveyed its sterile acres in despair.—"Ah," said he, "brethren, no use to pray here—this land needs manure!"

☞ "Pomp, was you ever drunk?"

"No, I was intoxicated on ardent spirits once, and dat's 'nuff for dis darkey. De Lord bress you Cæsar, my head felt as if it war an out house, and all de niggars in de world appeared to be sawin' and splittin' wood in it."

☞ Children pick up words as pigeons peas—be careful therefore with what you feed them.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

Putnam's earliest days were spent as those of most boys placed in his situation in life. One of his favorite amusements was "bird nesting," a cruel and useless custom, followed in all country places with a ferocity perfectly atrocious. These hunts for nests were followed in company; Putnam was always the leader of the band.

On one occasion he and his companions came across a fine nest which lodged out on a frail branch of a very high tree. The tree stood apart from the others, and was difficult climbing. Besides this, it was evident that no pole or contrivance would answer the purpose of getting the nest—there was no way of obtaining it, save by venturing upon the branch, which nine chances to ten would break under the weight of the robber. No one would venture.

Putnam regarded the nest and limb in silence for some moments, and at length said—

"That bird has all the qualities of a soldier.—It has completely fortified his home. I'll wager that there is not a boy for ten miles round that could get the nest."

All agreed with him.

"I'll try it," said he, deliberately taking off his jacket, and rolling his pantaloons up to his knees.

The little knot of boys attempted to dissuade, but to no purpose. Go he would.

"I'll fancy that its one of the king's stronghold," said Putnam, "and may I be shot if I don't come off victor."

The tree ascended—the limb gained, Putnam placed his foot on it, and it cracked, and the old bird flew of with a sharp cry and remained describing circles around the tree and uttering touching complaints.

"Bah!" said Putnam, "do you not prey on our fields? Do you not tax us for your support? Do you not take our goods against our will, just like the King?"

He ventured a foot further on the limb. It bent low, and a warning murmer arose from the boys below. Putnam put his knee to the branch and reached towards the nest. The limb broke partially—a shout from below and Putnam persevered. His fingers touched the wished for prize, and just as he cried: "I've got it," the limb broke clear off and he fell, but not to the ground. His pantaloons caught in one of the lower branches, and his head hung downwards.

"Putman, are you hurt," asked one of the boys.

"Not hurt," answered the undaunted heart; "but sorely puzzled how to get down."

"We can't cut away the limb, because we have no knife."

"I can't stay here till you get one."

"We'll strike a light and burn the tree down."

"Aye; and smother me in the smoke. That won't do."

There was a boy named Randall in the group, who was noted for being a crack marks-man, and who afterwards fought very bravely at Putnams side. Him Putnam addressed:

Jim Randall, is there a ball in your rifle?"

"Yes."

"Do you see that a very little limb holds me here?"

"I do."

"Fire at it!"

"What, to cut you down?"

"Of course."

"But I might strike your head."

"Shoot. Better blow out my brains, than see me die here, which I shall in fifteen minutes.—Shoot."

"But you will fall."

"Jim Randall, will you fire?"

The sharp crack of the rifle rang through the forest—the splinters flew—and Putnam fell upon the ground. He was severely bruised; but laughed the matter of, and nothing more was thought of it.

Three days after, Putnam met Randall and the rest, and taking the nest from his pocket said;

"Here is the nest. I said I would have it or perish; but I went alone because I determided that no one should see me fail, and aid me to escape the consequences."

The same indomitable spirit was displayed in that instance as in the perilous leap, and many other dangerous and daring exploits performed by that gallant man in his efforts for the ascendency of the cause of liberty.

An Editor's Retort.

At a late festival, a pretty Miss waited upon an editor, with a pie-plate of antique manufacture, in the centre of which was the following couplet:

"One sweet kiss
Is the price of this."

This excited the editor's natural amorous disposition, and as soon as an opportunity presented, he motioned the young lady to his side, and pointing with his knife to the lines, said—"Miss, your pay is ready whenever you present your *bill*."

SOARING UP, SOME.—The Reading, Pa., correspondent of the Tribune, relieves himself of the following:

"Yesterday it rained all day, but to-day Aurora stretched out her rosy fingers and pulled the gray, ganzy, misty night-cap, from the head of Mount Penn, washed her rosy face and snowy breast, in trembling dew, and bathed her feet in the Schuylkill."

What did she wipe them with?

☞ The greatest trial of married life is to have your wife go out to eat "oysters" with another man, and leave you to take care of the baby!

☞ Our Imp has struck. He insists on being addressed as "your Satanic Majesty," instead of printer's devil.

☞ Be at peace with all mankind, but at war with their vices. Good advice.