

The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.]

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POETICAL.

I KNEW HE OWED THE PRINTER.

BY SMOKER.

In youth I saw him first,
Hale, hearty and well dressed;
With a look that told you plainly,
His conscience was at rest.

In after years I saw him—
His hearty look was gone;
His peace of mind has vanished,
His pride of manhood flown.

I knew he owed the printer,
I knew it by the air
Of general deficiency
That peeped out everywhere.

He never advertised, then,
He never read the news,
Until he did through ignorance
Both time and money lose.

No one knew his business,
No one knew his name,
Some thought him dead or broke—
No matter, 'twas all the same.

The wide world jogged along,
(The printer with the best),
Save him who would not jog,
But lagged behind the rest.

So lack he went—back—back,
A disappointed man,
Jumping in his little sphere,
From fire to frying pan.

At last in desperate mood,
He roused his dormant will;
And did—what'd ye think?
Paid the Printer's bill.

Going the other extreme,
He published everywhere,
Who he was—what he had—
Price and place of trade.

Being a BEADING AGE,
People say his name;
And wanting what he had,
To his counter came.

Being a TALKING AGE,
People speak his name;
Customs crew—money flow,
(His safe received the same.)

He prospered in his trade,
And goes on prospering still,
Why?—Because he advertised
And pays his Printer's bill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

French Courtship and Marriage.

Did you ever see a French wedding? Here you are, on the place St. Sulpice. Hones built for the great and rich, now deteriorated, degraded into sordid lodging-houses, are on all the other sides; but in the centre is the beautiful edifice of St. Sulpice, with its two open towers. It is gloomy enough within—silent and solemn. But now all is bright. If the light of day comes but dimly through the windows, hundreds of wax candles illumine the aisles.—On the stone floor a rich carpet has been laid, rows of velvet and gold surround the altar, and on the altar itself the masses of white camellias, roses, jessamines, and white lilies almost exclude the sight of the sacred images. The aisles are filled with new straw chairs; the sacristans are in their best; the beggars in their worst—for that is their wedding garment. All stand in waiting round the door. On the steps is the Suisse, looking to the uninitiated uncommonly like the drum-major of a regiment, all gold-lace, with cocked hat and feathers, and a sword by his side—in hand a long pole with a silver knob. His legs are models, and he knows it. Now the carriages arrive. The Suisse stamps his stick upon the stones, and down gets the bride, led by her mothers—fathers are rather in the background on these occasions. The organs peal, and the whole procession, headed by the Suisse, marches up to the altar. Then the aisles fill with every sort of magnificence of dress—one, two, three hundred, or even a thousand people. Every body whose name was ever known to either bride or bride-groom come of course to the wedding, or at least to church.

While the question, "Will you take this man?" is addressed to the bride, she takes forever her leave of maternal control, by turning with a profound courtesy to her mother to ask her permission to answer. Then her daughter says the "yes" which gives her, her freedom forever.

The youngest sister or cousin of either bride or bridegroom then, handed by the youngest gentleman of the party, preceded by our friend of the fine legs and his sounding silver pole, goes through the crowd with downcast eyes, and a fine velvet bag in her hand, soliciting contributions. "Pon les pauvres, il vous plait." They then adjourn to the vestry; and then, for the first time, the bridegroom calls his wife by her Christian name—though the timid bride

does not drop the "Monsieur" till some days after she has become a wife. Then there is feasting at home, dressing, dancing, and a little crying; then the bride, installed in her home by her mother, leaves forever the parental roof.

Now, in all probability the two principal actors have never spoken twenty sentences to each other since they were first introduced.—This is the way they court in France. One lady says to another, "My daughter is eighteen. She has much." Every girl has a dowry, if it be but 500 francs. "You have known her from a child. You see so many men—cannot you think of one to suit her?"

Of course the lady can; for men are as eager to marry in France as girls to get husbands; it is an increase of fortune, and a patent of respectability in all stations, in all professions. The young man is spoken to, and of course the young lady is named to him. A party is given and they meet; or sometimes the girl is taken to the opera, and the lover examines her through his glass. If satisfied with the survey he is allowed to pay her a visit.—Then the girl, supposed to be in entire ignorance of the proceedings up to this point, is asked how she would like so-and-so for a husband.

Now, it is but just to say if the girl does not approve, the negotiations go no further; but as she has never spoken to this suitor, and knows she will not speak to any future suitor, if the man is tolerably good looking, and the tailor has done his duty, why she, being assured by her parents that the money is all right, generally says yes. Then the mamma of the bridegroom comes, one evening when the house has been set in order and every body dressed in his best; and after the first salutations, she rises; and in a solemn voice asks the hand of Madlle. Estelle—for Monsieur Achille.—Then the mamma on the opposite side of the house rises and accepts the offer. Madlle. weeps and throws herself into her future mamma's arms; while the son-in-law embraces the mother of the intended. The papas shake hands, the betrothed lovers, released from parental arms mutually bow to each other, and the servants bring in tea.

Then the lawyers set to work to draw up contracts; the mamma orders new dresses, &c., for her daughter, and puts new caps and dresses on herself. The bridegroom comes every evening with a grand bouquet, which he offers to Madam Estelle, flirts an hour or two with the mother, bows to the daughter, and goes off. The bride elect has only to embroider quietly by her mother's side, smile, blush, and simper.

Then the negotiating lady comes in grand state, preceded by an enormous trunk. Mamma and the bride receive her—never, of course, heeding the trunk. Then the lady makes a speech, opens the trunk, and presents the bride with the corbelle—namely, the wedding dress, veil, and wreath, two or three Cashmere shawls, ditto velvet dress, a set of furs, a set of lace flounces, a set of diamonds, a watch, a fan, a prayer book, and a purse of gold. These come from the bridegroom. In return the lady gets a bracelet from the bride, and many thanks for the presents and the husband. The mother scolds the intended for the reckless magnificence displayed, when he comes at night. The bride says, "Ah, monsieur!" blushes, and throws herself into her mother's arms. Then the mamma gives her presents to the bridegroom—six cambric shirts and six white cravats the whole trimmed with Valenciennes, chosen with an eye to the future, pocket-handkerchiefs of the bride; for after the wedding-day, what man will be bedecked with lace?

At last comes the signing of the contract.—The bride takes one step into the world—she receives her visitors, and speaks—nay converses with all except the intended; that would be improper. She gives a token of affection to her unmarried relatives, bought from purse in the corbelle. The wonders of the corbelle are displayed in one room, whilst the *trousseau* of the bride (given by the mother) is exhibited in the other. Embroidery, linen, cambric, laces, &c., are here lavished on the personal undecorating of the bride, made up in dozens and dozens of each article; piles on piles of table-cloths, sheets, towels, &c., all marked with embroidered marks and tied with pink and blue ribbons.

This is the way they manage marriages in France.

Edward A. Hannegan.
This "fallen star" seems determined, says the Chicago Democrat, to regain his lost respectability and usefulness. He is at present making temperance speeches in Indiana. At a temperance camp-meeting, near Covington, he recently made a speech, which we have the following account from the Covington Times:

"He spoke in the open air with all the fire, eloquence, and beauty for which he has so long been justly celebrated. His voice was exceedingly full and clear. Mr. Hannegan took bold ground against not merely the sale of intoxicating liquors, but also against the manufacture or importation within the limits of the State for any purpose whatever. He declared himself ready to vote for the Maine law, in the absence of anything better, but expressed his belief that nothing short of a total extinction of the article from the face of the earth would effect the desired object. The splendid historical incidents and allusions with which the address abounded, and by which Mr. Hannegan enforced his arguments, greatly enhanced its beauty and effect, and were very characteristic of the speaker.

A Young lady of extraordinary capacities recently addressed the following letter to her cousin, living in a neighboring village:

"Dear Kussin the weather what we are in a cool, and I suppose what you are in a cooler we are in, and mother has got the berries and Tom has got the Hoppin' Cuff and sister Susan has got a baby, and I hope these few lines will find you in the same condition as mine pure affectionate Kussin."

Early Industry.

On one occasion, he observed, "There has not been a day since I was eight years of age, in which I have not done something to get my bread." Entering at a subsequent period, still more minutely upon the subject of his early employments, he said, "I have known nothing but labor from boyhood; the bread of idleness was never eaten by me; at seven years of age, my father sent me to watch the cows; soon after that, I was ordered to the mountains to help shear the sheep; at twelve, I held the plow in a field near my father's house, which was farmed—and, as a proof that I was not over and above strong, the plowshare, coming in contact with a stone which lay under the shafts which I had been holding with a firm grasp, and sent me with violence among the horses' feet. What was still more laborious work than this, was cutting peat for the fire; and young as I was, I could keep two persons busy—one to take from me, and pile up—and another to carry. "Little as this hand was," holding it out at the time, and directing his eye to it,—"I could take it full of wheat, and with the sheet wrapped round me, could scatter the seed over the soil,—yes, and have as good and regular crops too, as any of my neighbors. My father was privileged with ground from Councillor O'Neill, part of which served for potatoes, and part for flax. "I was probably made hard," in language similar to what he had adopted elsewhere, "and to use my limbs at an early period, that my body might strengthen by exercise; for I had need of all the strength and fortitude I possessed."

To the habit of industry, was added the practice of early rising; the one and almost inseparable companion of the other, and adverted to by Adam, with peculiar satisfaction. "The hour glass," said he, "was regularly turned twelve times during every day, before any one was permitted to go to my father's house. My children appeared to have retrograded a little, but neither father nor mother ever loved their bed. When very young, my father had all of us up at four o'clock in the morning, during the whole summer,—some engaged in one thing, and some in another,—and hours before daylight in the winter." Here we have the foundation of those sedulous habits for which he was so distinguished through life. The toil of the field was preserved in countenance by the toil of the study; and it was a maxim with him in after life, "The man that works most with his head, will have the least to do with his hands; on the contrary, we generally find that those who labor least with the brain, have to add proportionally to the labor of the hand."

[Life of Dr. Adam Clarke.]

Eloquent Extract.
One Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better libel than usually furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only a good barbecue but better liquor. Where is the liquor?" "There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the matches double spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as the lightning, while his enemy actually trembled on his feet; "There is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders; and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs, and upon the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitter like gold in the sun, where the storm crash, and away far out, on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God; there he brews it; that beverage of life health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the mid-night moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all chequered over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful—that blessed blue water! no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder! no blood stains its liquid glass! pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave craves it in words of eternal despair! Speak out my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol! "A shout like the roar of a tempest answered—"No!"

Laizest Yet.

Sometime during the summer of 1840, one being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having worn thread bare the hospitality of his generous neighbors by his extreme laziness, they thought it an act of charity to bury him. Accordingly he was carried towards the place of interment, and being met by one of the citizens, the following conversation took place:—"Hallo! what have you there?" "Poor old Mr. S." "What are you going to do with him?" "Bury him." "What! is he dead?" "I hadn't heard of it." "No, he is not dead; but he might as well be; for he has no corn and is too lazy to work for any." "That is too cruel for civilized people; I'll give him two bushels of corn myself, rather than see him buried alive." Mr. S. raised the cover, and asked in his usual dragging tone, "Is it s-h-e-l-l-e-d?" "No, but you can soon shell it." "D-r-e-v-e on boys."

The Aurora Borealis.

A writer in the National Intelligencer, in describing the cause of Aurora Borealis, says: "A vast number of theories and hypotheses have engaged the attention and ingenuity of philosophers regarding the Aurora Borealis, or Northern lights. Among other things, it has been ascribed to particles thrown off from the sun's atmosphere; to reflections of the sun upon the polar ice; to broken up comets, and to electricity in vacuo—while in an earlier age, it awakened superstitious terrors, being deemed ominous of war, pestilence and famine, and a fearful supernatural precursor of the day of Judgment.

The revelations of science have brushed away those delusions, and late experiments and discoveries show, that it is an atmospheric phenomena—that all the elements necessary to account for it exist in the air, and are regulated and governed by atmospheric laws, as plainly as the rainbow, or the hues which glow in the evening sky.

"The basis or 'substrate' of the Aurora is unmistakably a light, thin, transparent vapor, approaching the condition of the cloud, called Cirrus, by meteorologists—each stratum peculiarly susceptible of magnetic influences.

"Mr. Faraday, in his recent explanation of the power and force of electro magnetism, states that 'the magnetic force invests the earth from pole to pole, rising in one hemisphere, and passing over the equatorial regions into the other hemisphere, and thus completes its circuit of power.'"

"These 'lines of magnetic force' rise at greater angles in the high than in the equatorial latitudes. In the higher latitudes they encounter, and act upon, and irradiate the vaporous media which form the basis of the Aurora Borealis—while the coruscations—the fantastic motions—the sunny hues—the almost heat lightening glances, and the prismatic colors, are due to the electro magnetic light reflected on the watery part of the vapor, and the chemical agitations of the elements in the mysterious meteorological processes.

"It appears from the foregoing data, that the Aurora Borealis consists of a translucent humid vapor, analogous to, and not higher than the clouds; inflated, condensed, spread abroad and otherwise modified by gasses and chemical affinities, and illuminated by a 'meteorological process evolving Electro Magnetic Light.'"

Rural Pleasures.

There is, perhaps, no situation in life which affords greater facilities for enjoyment, than that of the husbandman. Exempt from the many cares which through the pathway of the professional man, the farmer finds ample opportunity to cultivate his mind and expand his intellect, and even while engaged in labor, may still be a learner from the great book of Nature.—As the plowshare turns the sods, his eye wanders over the rich landscape, and in the meandering streams, the wood crowned hills and smiling vales, he traces the finger of God.—The glory of the spring-time is not by him unheeded. He sees with delight the delicate verdure, mantling in beauty the awakening earth—he views with pleasure the fair petals of innumerable blossoms as they unfold to the genial sunbeams, and he feels upon his cheek, the soft breeze which is laden with their balmy perfume. For him, the minstrels of heaven hymn an anthem of praise. Gladly the farmer greets the spring-time, and with a light heart prepares his fields, and sows the tiny seed, which will yet yield a glorious autumn offering. No feverish excitement disturbs his placid life—no wild dreams of fame and glory—no ambitious schemes, whose bright hopes gleam for a space, then fade in darkness away. His course is before him—simple and plain—peace and contentment are the inmates of his peaceful abode. Day after day beholds him at his healthful toil, and fortune smiles upon him.—His table boasts few foreign luxuries, but fair plenty is ever there, and the viands produced by his own care, are partaken of with a relish which the epicure might envy. Home is to the husbandman a delightful spot. Care flees from his fireside, and the evening hours are spent in calm converse or innocent glee.—When nights' sombre curtains enfold the earth, he finds a sweet repose, for toil has lent him a blissful zest to slumber." How many young men who now forsake their rural homes, and seek the crowded city, would escape the snares of the tempter and shun the cup of sorrow, if they remained upon the peaceful farms of their fathers.—N. E. Farmer.

A Biblical Critic.

The best specimen of original criticism we ever heard was in a stage-coach ride to Berry Edge. Three of us were talking about Adam and his fall. The point of discussion was the apparent impossibility that a perfect man like Adam could commit sin.

"But he wasn't perfect," said one of the three.

"Wasn't perfect," we ejaculated in amazement.

"No, sir, he wasn't perfect," repeated our commentator.

"What do you mean?" we asked.

"Well," answered the authority, "he was made perfect, I admit, but he didn't stay perfect."

"How?"

"Why was not one of his ribs removed? If he was perfect with all the ribs, he was not perfect after loosing one, was he? Say?"

"Our say was silence. We were convinced then, that woman was the cause of man's original imperfection.—Outslop (England) Observer.

An Apothecary's boy was lately sent to leave a box of pills at one house and six live fowls at another. Confused on the way he left the pills where the fowls should have gone, and the fowls in the pill place. The folks who received the fowls were astonished at reading the accompanying directions—"Swallow one every two hours."

Runaway Marriages.

In a great majority of cases, the elopement of a young lady is unwisely, giddy, ungrateful, immodest, and evinces a lascivious appetite and reckless disposition. Why should she desert and distress those who have loved, nurtured and cherished her through all her past years, to throw herself into the arms of a comparative stranger, who has done nothing for her, and whose protestations of affection have yet to undergo the first trial? It is every way unworthy of pure and gentle maidenhood.

We can imagine but one excuse for her elopement—namely, the efforts of parents or guardians to coerce her into marrying some one she does not love. To avoid such a fate, she is justified in running away; for no parents has or ever had a right to constrain a daughter to marriage against her will. But where the parents are willing to wait, the daughter should also consent to wait, until her choice is ascertained, or she attains her legal majority. Then, if she chooses to marry in opposition to her parents' wishes, let her quit their home openly, frankly, in broad daylight, and in such a manner as shall kindly, but utterly preclude any pretence that her act is clandestine, or ill-considered. No one should be persuaded or coerced to marry where she does not love; but to wait a year or two for the assent of those who have all her life done what they could for her welfare, no daughter should esteem a hardship.

There is some truth to be told about the "common run" of masculine peddlers by night, about garden walls and under bed-room windows, in quest of opportunities to pour seducing flatteries into the ears of simple misses; but we have no time to tell it now. As a general rule, they are licentious, good-for-nothing adventurers, who would much rather marry a living than work for it, and who speculate on the chances of "bringing the old folks round," after a year or two. A true man would not advise much less urge, the woman he loved to take a step which must inevitably lessen the respect felt for her, and violate the trust reposed in her by those who had loved and cherished her all her days.—N. Y. Tribune.

No Sabbath.

In a "Prize Essay on the Sabbath," written by a journeyman printer of Scotland—which for singular power of language and beauty of expression has never been surpassed—there occurs the following passage. Read it, and then reflect for a while what a dreary and desolate place would this life present if the Sabbath was blotted out from our calculations:

Yokelfellow! I think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes, with whom we are identified. Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous and continuous and eternal cycle—limbs forever on the rack, the fingers forever flying, the eyeballs forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, the brain forever throbbing, the shoulders forever drooping, the loins forever aching, and the restless mind forever scheming.

Think of the beauty it would efface, of the merry heartedness it would extinguish; of the giant strength that it would tame; of the resources of nature that it would exhaust; of the aspiration it would crush; of the sickness it would breed; of the projects it would wreck; of the groans that it would extort; of the lives that it would immolate; and of the cheerless graves that it would prematurely dig! See them, toiling and moping, sweating and spinning, grinding and howling, wearing and spinning, razing and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling,—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the ware-house and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth, in days of brightness and days of gloom. What a sad picture would the world present if we had no Sabbath.

Why Did Jacob Weep.

"Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept."—Scripture.

If Rachel was a pretty girl, and kept her face clean, we can't see that Jacob had much to cry about.—N. Y. Globe.

How do you know but that she slapped his face for him.—N. O. Delta.

Gentlemen, hold your tongues. The cause of Jacob's weeping was the refusal of Rachel to allow him to kiss her again.—Flag.

It is our opinion Jacob wept because he hadn't kissed Rachel before, and regretted the time he had lost.—Age.

Green—verdant, one and all of ye. The fellow hoodooed because she did not kiss him in return.—Manchester Ad.

Pshaw! none of you are judges of human nature. Rachel was the first girl that Jacob kissed, and he got so scared that his voice trembled, and tears came trickling down his cheeks.—Auburn Ad.

Jacob was a man that labored in the field. When he kissed Rachel, he had just returned from his labors and had not washed his lips. After he had soiled Rachel's cheek, he wept for fear she would think he was one of the "free-soilers."—Detroit Free Press.

No, gentlemen, not one of you are correct. The reason why Jacob wept was he feared Rachel would tell his mamma.—Jersey Tel.

Pshaw! You are all out. The reason Jacob wept was that Rachel would not let him stop kissing her, when he once began.—Penn. Reg.

May be she bit him.—Yazoo Whig.

May it not be that it was his first attempt at kissing? If so, she ought to have bit him.—Nonsectarian Evangelist.

What a long list of innocents! We know for we have tried it on. There was no tears shed, and the good book does not say there was. It was only his mouth that watered, and the lifting up his voice forced it out of his eyes.—People's Paper.

How philosophical, Jacob a 'free-soiler!' In my opinion the reason why Jacob cried was because he was Soft Jabe.—National Dem.

Jacob wept! Yes tears of joy! well he knew he might; while Rachel, beauty all confessed, stood 'fore his ravished sight.—London Democrat.

We suspect that Jacob had a fever blister on his lip, and that the concussion of the kiss hurt his mouth.—Kentucky Yeoman.

If Jacob had only wept without lifting up his voice, there would have been no mystery in it. If the above commentators had been raised in the country, instead of cities, they would recognize Jacob's conduct as the first desperate effort of a bashful swain, to "pop the question."

Disposing of a Rooster.

Not many years since there resided in Providence, a couple of inverters, known as Dr. F. and Col. P.; the first noted for his skill in remedying the many ills that human ivory is heir to, and the other a merchant of celebrity. One morning as Dr. F. was taking his morning stroll through the market, a lofty specimen of veridicality approached him, and accosted him as follows:—"I say, Squire, I reckon I don't stand no chance of skeering up a trade with ye, this morning?" "I reckon you guess about right," said the Doctor.

"Jest squint yer eye over this 'ere fowl," taking a huge cock from under his arm.—"O, confound your rooster! Look here young man—do you see that store yonder? That is where Col. P. keeps. Do you take your blasted old rooster to him. He is a speculator in poultry, and I have no doubt will give you a good price. So he off, and the doctor tore himself away and left the market in a rage.

After gazing a few moments at the retreating figure of the Doctor, the astonished trader gathered the fastest bird under his arm, and started for the store.—"Col. P. was quietly enjoying his morning paper, when Verdant thrust his bird between his face and the paper, and demanded if he had 'a turn for speculation this fine morning?" "Certainly," he replied, with his usual self-possession. "Let me take the animal. A pretty decent sort of a bird. How can he travel?" "Travel?" "Yes—in what time can he peg a mile. Now that I look at him one of his flutters is askew, and he is most deuced sprung in the knee—" "Squire! he's sound as you are," interrupted Verdant.

"Just tether him to the wheel of the dray out there. Robert, to his clerk, bring a sprig of grass," continued the Colonel.

The glass was brought, and while the victim was engaged in fastening his bird to the wheel, a piece of velvet covered with lamb's-wool, was attached to that part of the instrument which would naturally rest against the face.

"There, now," said the Colonel raising the glass, but taking good care to keep the end of his eye from his face; "now I have a magnificent view. By Jove, but he is a splendid fellow!" "O, I knowed yer'd think so—I knowed yer'd think so," chimed in the owner, clapping his hands.

"But stop!" suddenly exclaimed the Col.; "his eye is it? it is! no, it isn't! yes, it is! I see it plainer now! There is a film growing over his eye! he is a ruined rooster!"

"It's no such a thing. I don't believe it; there is no film over his eye; give me the glass." The glass was given to him, with the instructions to place it square up against his eye, and look sharply.

"No there ain't the first smitch over his eye." "Turn it around," said the Colonel, assisting to turn it. "Don't you see it plain now?" "No, darn it!" "Try the other eye; give it a few gentle turns."

By this time the victim's peepers were clothed in a truly elegant suit of mourning. He was just putting the glass down when at a sign from the Colonel, the drayman chirruped to his horse, and the rooster was seen displaying his agility by performing sundry gyrations in the air.

"Hello! murder! hold on!" shouted our hero, "Cut him loose—why don't you hurry!" shouted the Colonel.

At this time the string gave way, and the Rooster, come more at liberty, set off at the top of his speed. His master, half frantic followed after shouting at the top of his voice—"Head him in the wood, in the city, in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth, in days of brightness and days of gloom. What a sad picture would the world present if we had no Sabbath.

The spectacle had now drawn an immense number of spectators; and really it was a most ludicrous scene—the rooster flapping his wings and strutting every muscle; the man, with rings of darkness around each optic, panting and blowing in the rear. At length the rooster doubled the stake, a sprinkling cart, and coming home, won the race by about four lengths.

A less inveterate joker would have been satisfied with this exhibition, but our wag had no more plan to execute.

"Young man," said he, "I think your hiped will do for both wind and speed, but from the way he holds his head on one side, I fear he is troubled with the tooth-ache."

"Do tell!"

The Colonel forced open the rooster's mouth and continued—"yes, there are quite a number of carious teeth I should think, though I cannot tell to certainty, but do you take him to Dr. F., the dentist, and tell him to examine them, and if he says they are all right, I will buy him."

Dr. Ennis, here's a rooster—want ye ten examine his teeth?"

"Examine! rooster! teeth!" roared the Doctor, springing at the door, as he recognized the intruder. "You infernal villain, I'll—"

The rest of the denunciation was lost in the air, for, seeing the approaching avalanche, the victim turned and "put" into the street, dropping the rooster in his flight.

He was reported a short time afterwards making very fast tracks for the country, via "Single Bridge" and "Snow town."

An Irishman went fishing, and among other things he hauled in a large sized turtle. To enjoy the surprise of the servant girl, he placed it in her bed room. Next morning the first that bounced into the breakfast table was Biddy, with the exclamation of "Be Jabers, I've got the divil!" "What divil?" inquired the master. "Why the bull bod bug, that has been eating the children for the past two months."

"What makes the milk so warm?" said Biddy to the milk man, when he brought his pail to the door one morning. "Please mum, the pump-handle's broke, and misses took the water from the boiler."

If it were not for hope the heart would break.

Curin the Shakes.

"Thar! there he goes." "Who?" "Why don't you know who? Well it's that darn Professor of mesmerism; who cuts up all kinds of shins, and bedizens the people with his monkey doin's, an' 'the gals with his fine-s-fied fix up's and slick 'store close.' He can raise the dead they tell me, jump out of his hide, play cards with the devil, and swallow a pair of tons."

"You don't say so?" "Yes I do—and he can make spin spar out a fellers leg off with a piece of sun-shine, and cures the measles for a cent a dozen."

"Do tell."

"Certainly, but there he goes agin—see, I say yeou,—'pose you trot down here among this congregation, and tell us a little of your experience."

In obedience to this invitation the Professor, a long-legged, red-headed fellow from the 'Sucker State,' came down the Court House steps and mixed with 'the boys,' who looked at him in silence, for they heard he carried 8 or 10 quarts of water in the seat of his breeches.

After a while Tom Soap, the spunkiest one of the bunch, took off his cap and spoke.

"Professor, sez he, 'I think your mesmerism's a nice thing, dam'd if I don't. Now, I've got a tooth that wants excavating, and if you'll get it out without pullin' I'll give you a dollar, by thunder."

"Is it a molar or incisor?" "Sissors be derned—its a buster—got three prongs an inch in length, and the way it hums is a caution to hornets."

"Well," sez the Professor, pulling off his coat, "I can extract it without pulling, easy. Gentlemen—just hand me a stone for to knock it out!"

One of the boys picked up a brick which he said would answer the same purpose, but when our magnetic friend turned about Tom Soap was fast vanishing over the fields.

"Ha! says the Professor, that fellow reminds me of a youngster I cured of fever'nagur, only he don't travel half so spry."

"Tell us 'bout that," sez the boys.

"I will, sez the P. It was in Briar Swamp, old Squire Hitchcock had a son who had cotedch of the 'shakes' the vast fassion—so he sed—and dud nothin' but dance for sixteen muse.—He'd jump out of his boots—out of his breeches—into the fire—but one day he came cussed near being fried to death! Well the old Squire heered of my popular mode of curin' folks, so he went for me to come right off, or else his boy would shake out all his ribs out! I went, and wen I got there I asked the old man to show me the case. He sed he would. He then took me up to the garret, and there was a six foot youth tied up in a bag, and his jaws were rattlin like a barrel of clam shells! He'd shook his teeth all out of his head, and both of his knee-pins was missin. The boy stared at me.

"Ses he—I'm desperate." "Ses I, I'm aware of that fact, and I've come to cure you by the time-savin', go-ahead double-extracted essence of billed thunder an' lightning."

"Then he looked awful wild, and his hair stood up like a pitchfork."

"When are you going to commence 7, sez he." "Direckly, sez I, 'so be easy till I go down stairs after the masheen, and I left."

"Now, I had a whoppin' big squirt gun, it held about three quarts—and I went into the kitchen and filled it with water. Up stairs I went agin—the hull family follerin, and the boy begun to yell. While I'd gone he'd got out of the bag he was tied up in, an' crawled in under the bed."

"Come out of there, sonny," sez I, at the same time squirting a dose of hot water all over him, 'or you'll get particularly steamed."

"Well he did come out—a yellin' like mad and made a lunge for the door. I put after him—(squirt)—"Oh, Lord! I sed scaled!" sez he—chased him down stairs—(squirt again)—jumped over the fence—run him all over the orchard—when he leaped into a big tree, and sed he was cured!"

"When I found my patient was well so quick, I went back to the house to inform the old man of my success. He thanked me kindly, gave me a V, and when we both repaired to the spot, there the boy sot up in the tree—well as ever—and sed he'd hose the perpetrators!"

"It was the waste case of the shakes (laziness) I ever heard of," sed the Professor, puttin' in his cot, "but I reckon I cured him beautifully, don't you?"—Yankee Privateer.

An Incident in Married Life.

Some thirteen years since a couple of loving ones were married near this city, and soon after the husband put to sea. A few months passed, and the young wife received news that the ship in which her husband