

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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Select Poetry.

AN ADDRESS TO FREEMEN.

BY JOSEPH M****FIELD.

Sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Let no petty feuds divide you,
Let your names so live in story,
That no patriot shall deride you.

Sons of Freedom! wake to action,
Then your faces shall doubly fear you,
Should you extricate their faction,
Coming ages shall revere you.

Yet ONE banner waves above you,
Though all else be trampled down,
Tis the flag that Freedom wave you,
Tis resistance to a crown!

Gasping pause and sword together,
To their aid for power to cling—
Freemen! let me ask you whether,
This does not define a King!

But his doom is fast approaching—
"Aye! King Slavery's days are numbered,
Justice for his sins reproaching,
Tells him that she only slumbered.

Now the day for action nareth,
Conquer now or conquer never!
With a cause so just—who feareth?
Meet them—BEAT THEM—and forever!

The Child and the Angels.

The Sabbath sun was setting slow
Amidst the clouds of even;
Our Father—breathed a voice below,
"Father, who art in Heaven?"

"Beyond the earth—beyond the cloud—
Those infant words were given;
Our Father!—angels sang aloud—
"Father, who art in Heaven!"

"Thy kingdom come!—still from the
That child-like voice did pray;
Thy kingdom come!—God's hosts re-
Far up the starry way!"

"Thy will be done!—with little tongue
That lisping love implores;
Thy will be done!—the angelic throng,
Sing from seraphic shores!"

"Forever—until those lips repeat,
Their closing ev'ning prayer;
Forever—until the music sweet
High midst the angels' choir!"

Select Story.

AUNT HANNAH TRIPE IN COURT.

Did you ever go a courtin', niece, or to court? One's about the same as t'other. There ain't but presthis little to choose atween the two, any how you can fix it. In one you have to be asked a powerful site of impudent questions, and in t'other you have to ask the questions yourself. So there ain't much difference in 'em, and if you try both, you'll say just as I do.

About the matter of two years ago, John Smith's cow broke into Sam Jones' field and marched jest as straight as her four legs could carry her into his turnip patch, and eat up two turnips, tops and all.—Jones he seed her, and he sot his yeller dog on her, and the dog, (he's a savage critter) bit a hole through her hind leg, and got his brains kicked out to pay for it. So far Jones and Smith were square, but there was them turnips—Jones vowed he wouldn't plant turnips for a well, ablo bodied man's cow to eat up, and sed if Smith didn't walk right over to his house and settle the damage, he'd pros' cut him with a writ. Smith is a dare devil sort of a fellow, and he told him to "come on," he warn't afeard on him.

As it happened, I was out agoin' to the Conferen's meetin' when the cow jumped into the field, so I seed the hull performuns. Jones he seed me, and knowd that I seed the scrape, so he jist gin me a little kin of scrip of blue paper, with somethin' 'vrit orful scrawlin' on it. Cicero read it, and laffed enuff to kill himself.

"What upon airth is it, Cicero?" sez I. "It ain't a luv letter, is it?" sez I for old Deacon Dame (lost his wife about a year afore), had a lookt orful sharp at me the day before, to afternoon meetin'.

"No, it ain't a luv letter," sez he, "but a courtin' letter from Sam Jones."

"A courtin' letter from Sam Jones?" sez I; "why Sam Jones is a married man with ten children and a baby! What does he want of more family I wonder?"

"He don't want any more family as I know of," said Cicero, but he wants you to go to the Falls next Thursday to court, and tell what you seed John Smith's brindle cow do in his turnip field."

"O, my gracious massy!" sez I, half skeered at the idea of going to court. "I can't go—it's my ironing day, and I ought to make my apple sass that day too. I can't go—you can jist go over and tell nabor Jones that I'd be glad to oblige him, but he can't go without a deal of inconvenience."

"But narm," sez Cicero, folding up the paper, "this is a sheriff's or lawyer's sum-

mons, writ out of a big law book, and you will either have to go or be carried to jail. That's the way they serve folks who don't mind the law."

"To jail! Hannah Tripe to jail!" sez I, as indignant as I could be; "I'll larn 'em better works than to kerry an innocent woman to jail. I'll lay the broomstick over 'em if they come a-near me."

"It's no use talking marm," says Cicero. "You'll have to go, and you might as well be consigned to the levees of unalterable fate! The laws of yer country must be minded! The glorious country that the Pilgrim Fathers fit and bled for! you must respect her commands!" And Cicero riz himself, and sot up his eyes and hands, jest as I've seen Parson Scrapewell do when he's a giving out the malediction.

Well, I thought the matter over, and concluded I'd better go to court; so I ironed on 'Tuesday, and made my apple sass Wednesday. Thursday, nabor Jones come over airy, and took me into his smart new buggy to kerry me to the falls. We had a site of talk about the cow and the dog and the turnips while we were goin', and by the time we'd drove up to the court room, Jones had made up his mind that he had beaten Smith for sartin.

I went into the great square room a little flustered, I'll own; for there was the sightest of folks there, blue eyes, grey eyes, green eyes, black eyes, all fixed on Jones and I as we marched up in front of the judge.

"Good mornin', Squire," sez I, bowing to a little, old, dried up nosed feller with a yaller wig on. "I hope your honorable health is good!"

"Keep quiet, Mrs. Tripe," sez nabor Jones, nudging my elbow, "fit ain't proper to speak to his honor 'thout he asks ye questions."

They took me to a little platform built up on one side of the room, and sed I might sit down if I was a mind to—so down I sot. My goodness! what funny actions they did have! Talking all sorts of langwidges that nobody on earth could understand, but I was a mind to be 'revised statutes,' 'civil laws,' and nobody knows what. I declare I actually thought one spell, that I'd been kerryed clean back ages and ages, to the time when folks talked in Hebrew and whispered in Paddy. I've heern Parson Scrapewell tell about it.

By-me-by, arter I'd begun to feel hungry and want my dinner, a tall, scraggy man, with green specs on his nose, riz up and sez he:

"Mrs. Hannah Tripe, stand up in your seat."

"Lord!" sez I, "you don't want me to climb up in a cheer afore all these folks, do ye?"

"We want none of your low jests here," sez he, coloring up till he look like a red flannel night-gown; "rise up and stand!"

"O, yes," sez I, "I'd as lief git up as not—for my back begins to ache, I've sot so long." So I histed up, and looked round on the ordinance.

"Raise your right hand," sez the tall man, solemnly.

"If you've no objections," sez I, "I'd rather hist up my left one; my right hand glove has got a starn' big hole right on the palm of it!"

Everybody sot up a great laff at this, and the tall man turned into a red agin.

"Order, order, gentlemen!" sez a pert little fellow with a buckle on his hat and a big bile on the end of his red nose, "you will be committed for contempt," said he speaking low to me.

"Thank you sir, for tellin' me," sez I, "but you're a little mistook. I hain't got the contempt, never had it, that I know of, but I've had the influenzy bad enuff, so bad—"

"Mr. Attorney, examine that woman with despatch—the Court waits!" sez the judge, tryin' hard to keep on his long face.

"Raise your right hand and swear—"

"I never swear—it's wicked," sez I, giving him a look of disgust. "I, a member of the church swear! The good Lord forbid."

"Never mind, my good woman," sez the judge, "say yes to what the gentleman will read to you from the book—it will be sufficient, amply so."

The tall man then took up the big book and read out loud and ever so long a lot of gibberish that I didn't understand then, and can't remember now, but it was to the effect that I should tell everything I knowed and nothing more, and swear it was all true.

"Dear sake!" sez I, "if I've got to tell everything I know, it'll take me a month or two, and I should like to have some dinner afore I begin."

"You're not to tell anything except the circumstances connected with the turnip field of my client," says the tall man pulling away at his whiskers.

"I don't know anything about yer client, sez I. "I never seed it to the best of my knowledge; it was Smith's cow that got in the turnip patch."

"Did you see the defendant's cow make forcible entrance into the plaintiff's enclosed field?" sez he, looking as grand as the king of Independent Tartary.

"I seed John Smith's cow jump into Sam Jones' turnip yard, if that's what you want to git at," sez I.

"The same thing marm the same thing only in different langwidge. Where were you standing at the time of the occurrence?"

"In the yard on my feet."

"What color was the animal that you saw vault over the fence? Could you identify her from all other of the species?"

"She was a brindle—a thread of red hair and one of black," sez I.

"Describe her more fully," sez he.

"She has a head, two horns, two eyes, one mouth, four legs and a tail," sez I.

"Did you see her with your own eyes devour two turnips in the plaintiff's field?"

"With my own eyes? To be sure—Whose eyes did you think I'd borrowed?"

"Could you swear it was turnips that you saw her masticating?"

"I ain't gwine to swear anything about it. She was eatin' somethin' white but it might have been white rocks, for anything that I know."

"Mrs. Tripe, how old are you?"

"None of your business!" sez I, gettin' out and out mad. "I am old enuff for you any way, and you look as if you were manufactured in the year one, and educated in the ark!"

The lawyer scratched his nose, and looked like red flannel again, for all the folks in the room laffed enuff to split themselves.

"Go on with the examination," sez the judge.

"Do you know my client personally?" his long rakish finger.

"I should think I ought to," sez I. "He courted my cuzin Tildy Brown, mor'n two years, and got the mitten in the end."

"There was a great laff agin, and callin' out for 'order, order, order,' and that only made 'em laff the louder. Jest at this munit up jumped a little humbly, red faced man, that had been talking with John Smith ever so long in a whisper, and stuck in his thumbs into the armbolles of his vest, sez he—"Allow me to ask the witness a few questions your honor."

The judge bowed, and the red-faced man went on—

"Mrs. Tripe, you say you know Mr. Jones—do you know my client, Mr. John Smith?"

"Yes," sez I.

"What do you know of him," sez he—"State the good you know of him, if you please."

"I don't know any good of him," sez I. "He robbed my hen roost, last spring, of the best pall-ot and the handsomest crowser I had in the flock. That's the most I know of him any way."

"The witness may sit down," sez the judge, takin' out his handkerchief and pretendin' to blow his nose, though it's my opinion he was trying to keep from laughing.

A madder feller than Smith you never seed; but they wouldn't let him say a word, and I actually afeered he'd bust, he was so full of bilin' hot rage agin me.

There were a great deal of talkin' and disputin' in the room—and arter awhile the jury sed they'd decide the case.

One of the juryman stood up and sed he thought Smith's cow hadn't no business to jump into Jones' yard and devour two of his turnips.

Another of 'em got up and sed he knowed the cow hadn't ort jump in, but the turnips had no business to look so temptin', and for his part he thought the turnips was full as much to blame as she was.

Another of 'em sed that Jones ought to pay Smith for his cow killing his dog, for the dog, he sed, was the ugliest critter upon the face of the airth.

The judge sent 'em all off' inter another room to make up their minds what they'd do—and we sot as still as mice waitin' for 'em to cum back. By-me-by the door opened and in they cum—twelve of 'em, two and two, and sot down.

"Gentlemen of the jury," sez the judge, "have you arrived at a conclusion?"

All of 'em bowed their heads solumbly.

"Who shall speak for you," says he, lookin' as indignified as an owl in a holler butter? Because he is sure to run when he is exposed to fire.

"Our foreman, Mr. Antipedes," sez they with one voice.

Mr. Antipedes riz up, slow and steady, jest as you've seen 'em hist up rocks with a derrick, as if he was afeered if he'd sidle over a mite he should sprawl himself on the floor. Antipedes is an oreful grate man, and his head is the biggest part of him—rather top heavy, ye see.

"May it please yer honor, and the court at large," sez he, rolling his eyes round and round, till they looked like two great dirty snow balls sliding down a hill, "we have decided that John Smith give to Mr. Samuel Jones the sum of two turnips, as the amount of damage done the latter by the excursion of the former's cow into the plaintiff's premises!"

"There was considerable laffin in court arter this, and one feller hollered 'order!' so much and so loud that they sed it was a fact he couldn't speak out loud for a week afterwards.

Mr Jones give me fifty cents for my services and brought me home safe.

Smith paid him the two turnips, and they (not the turnips) are as good friends as ever.

Since that scrape, if ever I see a cow that looks as if she was agwine to jump in anywhere, I jist turn my back to her and say—"Go ahead!"

Miscellany.

The Dred Scott Decision Applied.

Slamming the last door of the first car, and opening that of the second, the "gentlemanly conductor" of the New York train made his appearance with his bow and smile, and "Tickets, gentlemen if you please."

Seated in the front corner, surrounded by personal conveniences, such as a carpet bag, umbrella, big bundle, little bundle, a few apples and pieces of cake, was a colored lady, whose face—the hue of an inverted sauceman, contrasting with her snow white ivory and eyeballs gave that pleasing African expression which is so often met with in the face of the colored man, with civility regardless of complexion.

"I hain't got 'em," she replied, "but I've got money, any way"; and she began to fumble in her bag, then in the bundles, searching these articles through in vain.

"Come hurry up," exclaimed her now impatient friend; "I can't wait all day."

"Bress yer soul, yer don't think I find everything in a minute, but I've got money somewhere—must be in dis yeh cawpet bag," and she felt in her pocket accordingly for the key.

"Well, well, I'll pass through and when I get back perhaps you will have it ready."

"Yes, sartin," said Dinah; "but as he passed along she reached out her umbrella, and giving him a poke upon the shoulder, asked, "What you g'wain to charge on freight?"

"Freight! what do you want to know that for?"

"Cause I does; I've civil ain't I?"

"Well, five cents a foot; there, don't bother me any more, but find your money"; and he went his way.

There seemed to be a peculiar drollery about the lady's eye and mouth, as the one rolled around in its black sea of flesh, the other opened to give vent to an involuntary "yah! ha!" It was not long now before she found her purse, and withdrew some coin, which she kept jiggling in her hands as she kept up her occasional caceminations.

In due time the conductor returned for his money, and upon extending his itching palm, was astonished at receiving the precise sum of ten cents.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed.—"The fare to New York is five dollars."

"Yas, yas, I know dat, for white folks—folks what am folks—but I've nobody; I've freight, I is. Yah, yah!—Poor rule as don't work bof ways; five cents a feet, heah dey is!" said she, extending a pair of enormous ambulators for the inspection of the conductor and us all.

The nonplussed functionary stood undetermined for a moment amid the shouts of the passengers, until an idea of compromise occurred to him, as he exclaimed:—"Well, if you are freight, take yourself off into the baggage car." But even there Dinah was too much for him, as she replied, "Jes' you pick up your freight if you want to cair um off!"

This settled the point.—The conductor vanished, and Dinah offered a pious ejaculation: "Lor' bress dat ar 'Preme Court, and gin 'em credit for a five dollar bill any way!"

Why is a cowardly soldier like butter? Because he is sure to run when he is exposed to fire.

How Railroads Injure Farmers.

Not long since a farmer from our State was bitterly complaining of a railroad to one who was connected with the management of the road. "Why," said the farmer, "I was fool enough to take stock to the amount of five hundred dollars, and I have lost every cent of it. And, besides, the cursed thing runs through my farm."

"And has greatly injured it, I suppose," added the other, smiling and looking the farmer full in the face.

"Injured it!" replied the farmer. "To be sure it has. Why do you ask such a foolish question?"

"How much damage were you paid by the corporation?" asked the other.

"In the neighborhood of six hundred dollars," replied the farmer. "But it was not half enough."

"Of course not," added the railroad man, smiling. "But permit me to ask you another question. What would you have sold your farm for a dozen years ago?"

"I was once offered twenty-five hundred dollars," replied the farmer.

"And what can you sell it for now?" inquired the other.

The farmer scratched his head; and after some hesitation, confessed he had been recently offered four thousand dollars.

"Just as I expected," was the reply of the other. "Now let us figure up a moment, if you please. You have lost five hundred in the stock, and received for land damages six hundred, and the railroad has added to the price of your land, according to your own showing, fifteen hundred, so that you fairly owe the railroad sixteen hundred dollars. Am I right?"

The farmer was compelled to confess he had inside money out of the railroad, notwithstanding he had lost five hundred dollars in the original stock. "Thus it is, and what shall we say of the croaking farmers, who never pay a cent for the making of the road, and whose farms have been nearly doubled in value by it? There are hundreds of such, and yet they are constantly heaping curses upon railroads and their management."

Two of the same name were from Massachusetts, and the seventh from Tennessee. All but one were sixty-six years old on leaving office, having served two terms; and one of them, who had served but one term, would have been sixty-six years of age at the end of another.—

Three of the seven died on the Fourth of July, and two of them on the same day and year. Two of them were on the subcommittee of three that drafted the Declaration of Independence, and these two died on the same day and year, and on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and just half a century from the day of the Declaration. The names of the three of the seven ended in son, yet neither of these transmitted his name to a son. In respect to the names of all, it may be said in conclusion, the initials of two of the seven were the same; and two others that they were the same. The remaining one who stands alone in this particular, stands alone also in the love and admiration of his countrymen and the civilized world—WASHINGTON! Of the five, only one had a son, and that son was also President.

Genius hath its triumph, fame its glories, wealth its splendor, success its bright rewards, but the heart only hath its home. Home only! What more needeth the heart? What more can it gain? A true home is more than the world—more than honor, and pride, and fortune—more than all earth can give—the light, the noonday sun may not yield, and yet the tiny flame of one pure beam of love enkindleth, and sympathy makes to burn forever.

Home! how more beautiful thou art! how like an untaught religion! a golden link between the soul and heaven! when the presence of a pure heart makes thee radiant, and the music of its affection floats like the chorals of unseen cherubims around thy tranquil hearth.

At the late term of our Circuit Court, John Boyer a negro, applied for license to sell groceries &c., which was granted by Judge Burnside.

The laws of the State forbids the granting of any license to persons who are not citizens. Judge Taney in his late decision in the Dred Scott case decided that negroes and mulattoes were not citizens, but chattles, things, property &c., and outside of the pale of the law. But Judge Burnside by this act has decided otherwise. Which is correct, Burnside or Taney? As they are both Democrats, will some of our professed Democrats be kind enough to inform us.—Lock Haven Watchman.

Judge Burnside, in our humble opinion was right and Taney wrong.

THE LITTLE ONE.

There is a darkened chamber in the house. Over the windows of that room the thick curtains sweep downward heavily and the sunshine and the daylight are excluded. Soft voices mingle in gentle cadences there, and softer foot-falls across the covered floor. There are no loud tones, no harsh sound. A hush and halo rest there, like the soft drooping of an angel's wing. Close pressed to a heart awakened to a new fount of joy it never knew or dreamed of before, lies a little babe. Only the young mother feels the blessing and the responsibility of the precious boon; and in the shadowy room she lies and thinks of the little God-gift on her bosom; of the world untried, the path untrod, which lie before the portal of life it has just crossed. Tears of love and feeling rain down upon the little brow, as she thinks in what way is the world to try this pure young spirit, and whose hand will safest guide it over the untrodden way! The twilight comes, and the stars shine out, and a benediction and a prayer sway like heavenly pinions over the gently pillowed head of the new-born; while through the house a new light shines and manhood's brow grows brighter, and woman's eye grows softer, and under the roof tree of home they "rejoice with exceeding great joy," for a little one is there.

Spring has come, and the babe, a bright and pretty prattler now, is out among the flowers. The eye of affection watches him anxiously, for the hly disputes possession with the rose on that cheek and the blue eye, soft as a dew laden violet, lifted often to the far off skies, as if it knew its home was there. Slightly the little feet patter upon the stairs, sweetly the little voice sings through the house, and the mother's heart melts with tearful delight in listening to it. Out on the turf the father lies down in the shade of the summer sunset, and like a child himself plays with his babe, and clasping his treasure to his manly breast, feels his eye grow moist with the dew of affection, and thankfulness to God for his glorious gift.

Again there is a darkened chamber in ces are subdued and sad. Quietly upon his little couch he lies and suffers. The sweet lips utter no moan; the gentle features evidence no pain; and it seems as though angels soothed him into silence.

Again the twilight comes; again the stars shine out; but there is no joy now in the house, and the prayers of thanksgiving are turned to supplications for mercy, to pleading at the throne of grace to spare the loved one yet a little while.

Morning dawns, and there is a coffin in the house. A little narrow box, not two feet long! Robed in white, with flowers along his golden hair, and waxen hands folded over the heart that is still forever, lies the dead babe. Oh, the aching hearts that bend over him; oh, the hot tears that fall down upon the flowers and golden hair! How they tell of earthly love and the frailty of earthly things! How they tell of hollow human hopes and the mockery of mortal trust! In the very room where he was born, they close the coffin lid and yield him back, dust to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes.

Days and months roll away. Time, the consoler has laid a healing hand upon the broken hearts of those who loved the child and they have learned the great lesson the babe was sent to teach. The tendrils of the young vine, though faded, still retain their clinging hold upon their memory and their love; but out in the green graveyard stands a pure white monument, never forgotten, and never passed by without a tear, which points its pale finger to the blue skies, and whispers, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven."

A Frenchman being troubled with the gout, was asked what difference there was between the gout and rheumatism.

"Aha! von ver grande deference," replied Monsieur; "you take unto you von vice, put de finger in, you turn de screw till you can bear him no longer—ver vel, dat is de rheumatism; den s'pose you give him one turn more—dat is de gout."

An aristocratical young man from up the river was asked the other night if he danced. He said: "Yes, but I've about given it up." We asked why? He replied: "The reason is simply this: I have lived in Albany for the last three years; attended a great many balls there—but quit going all at once upon discovering that in nine cases out of ten, I would see the ladies I had danced with the night before, by some singular metamorphosis, scrubbing front steps, or side walks the next morning, consequently, I've concluded to attend no more balls, at least in Albany!"

A Singular Discovery.

In 1852, a few grains of wheat were discovered in the tombs of some nummies found in the south of France supposed to have been two thousand years old. These grains of Egyptian wheat were planted, and produced to the surprise of every one, 1,200 to 1! The Government took the affair in hand, and consigned the management of it to farmers of the Government farm at Rambouillet. The result has been most astonishing. Each year 'the product has been magnified in such an immense proportion over the preceding year, that the Minister of Agriculture is now enabled to distribute over France a large quantity of this wheat to each of the departments gratuitously, with instructions from the Government farm as to the best mode of cultivation. At a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences, the Baron de Menneville presented several stocks of this regenerated Egyptian wheat which were six feet high and bore several fine ears. A French lady explained in my hearing the other day, this great multiplying power of the Egyptian wheat by the long rest it has had! It is a great and important study of agriculturists.

Fugitive Slaves in Ohio. A Serious Conflict between State and Federal officers has occurred in Green Co., Ohio. A Deputy Marshal of the United States, with eleven assistants, went from Cincinnati, on Tuesday, to arrest four persons Champaign county, on a charge of harboring fugitive slaves nine months ago. The arrests were made on Wednesday, when a writ of habeas corpus was procured, but before it could be served the Marshal had got out of the county. Another writ was procured in Green county, and served by the Sheriff. The Marshal resisted, and several shots were fired; but the United States officers were at last overpowered, taken prisoners, and conveyed to Springfield for trial, on the charge of resisting the Sheriff while in the performance of his duty. The affair very naturally created intense excitement. The Secretary of the Interior, on application of the United States Marshal at Cincinnati, granted a writ of habeas corpus to bring the arrested officers before, at Cincinnati. Should resistance be offered, it is said the government troops will be ordered out.

QUEER RELATIONSHIP.—It is said there is a widower in Camden, N. J., who recently married a young girl, and soon after his son by a former wife, married his father's wife's mother. In consequence of these two connections, a father became the son in law of his daughter, and the wife not only the daughter-in-law of her own son-in-law, but still more, the mother-in-law of her own daughter; while the husband of the latter is the father-in-law of his own mother-in-law to his own father. Singular confusion may arise, if children should spring from these peculiar marriages.

Throwing away an Appetite.—A stranger, dining with a party at a hotel, had helped himself to the first dish of meat that stood near him, and being hungry, and making no calculation as to the choicer dishes that were to follow, began to eat his slices of the plain dish with great gusto and voracity. "Och an sure," said an Irishman opposite, "ye don't intend to throw away such a beautiful appetite upon one dish!"

Never marry a man until you have seen him eat. Let the candidate of your hand pass through the ordeal of eating soft boiled eggs. If he can do it and leave the table-spread, the napkin, and his shirt unspotted—take him. Try him next with a spare-rib. If he accomplishes this feat without putting out one of his own eyes, or pitching the bones in your lap, name the wedding-day at once; he will do to tie.

LOVE'S STRATAGEM.—The Shippensburg Pa. Democrat relates a pretty little romance of real life, the parties in which were two young Germans in humble life. Two young men formed an attachment for two young maidens in their fatherland, and desired to marry. The young women reproated the tender regard and were willing to marry the swains. But the parents were not satisfied with the standing of the daughters' lovers, and refused consent. It was then agreed between the parties that the young men should come to America, earn money sufficient to pay the fare of the girls agreeing faithfully to follow their lovers. The young men found employment near Shippensburg, saved their money, and last fall sent for their betrothed. They came promptly, without the consent or knowledge of their parents, and a few days since were clasped in their lovers' arms, as they descended from the cars at the Shippensburg depot.