

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1859.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 17.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

NEW BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.
The "Globe" Office Building, Market Square
HUNTINGDON, PA.

The subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Huntingdon and adjoining counties, that he has opened a New Book and Stationery Store, in the corner room of the "Globe" building, where may be found a general assortment of Miscellaneous and School Books and Stationery, all of which he will sell at reasonable prices. He will add to his stock weekly all books and articles in demand, and expects in a short time to have on hand a full stock of saleable Books, Stationery, &c., as can be found in any town in the State.

Having made the necessary arrangements with publishers, any Book wanted and not upon his shelves, will be ordered and furnished at city prices.

As he desires to do a lively business with small profits, a liberal share of patronage is solicited.

Dec. 22, '58. M. WM. LEWIS.

(Estate of Mary Shively, dec.)
ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Letters of Administration on the estate of Mary Shively, late of Porter township, dec. having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

Jacob W. Shively, Adm'r.
N. B.—The Administrator will attend in Alexandria, on the 5th and 10th days of January inst.
Porter township, Jan. 6, 1859.

Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst into disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is a hereditary or constitutional disease, descending "from parents to children, unto the third and fourth generation." Indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."
Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which is the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse the blood, and to renovate the system by an alternative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S

Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this every where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedies that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the system, and is a safe and certain system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as ERYTHEMA and SKIN DISEASES, STY, TRICHIASIS, FURUNCLES, ROSE, OR BRUISES, PIMPLES, PESTERLES, DROPPERS, BLAINS AND BOILS, TUMORS, ITCH, AND SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM, BRUICINUM, SYMPHYTUM AND MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPNOEA, DEBRILITY, AND, INDEED, ALL COMPLAINTS AND AFFECTIONS WHICH ORIGINATE IN THE VITIOUS AND IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "impurity of the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and renovate the vitiated blood, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC, are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their penetrating and purgative properties, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitality. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and so invigorating.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agent here named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: Catarrhs, Hemorrhoids, Headache arising from disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, and other kinds of biliousness, arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease. So wide is the field of its usefulness, and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons laboring under the various diseases of the lungs, and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to every observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to the lungs. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained efficacy by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted that can never be forgotten, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.
LOWELL, MASS.
JOHN READ, Agent Huntingdon, Pa.
Nov. 16, 1858.

Select Poetry.

From Moore's Rural New Yorker.
THE OLD BARN.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Rickety, old and crazy,
Shingleless, lacking some doors;
Bad in the upper story,
Wanting boards in the floors;
Beams strong thick with cobwebs,
Ridge pole yellow and gray,
Hanging in helpless impotence
Over the mows of hay.

How the winds tore around it—
Winds of a stormy day—
Scattering the fragrant hay-seed,
Whisking the straws away;
Streaming in at the cranies,
Spreading the clover smell,
Changing the dark old granary
Into a flowery dell.

Oh, how I loved the shadows
That hung to the silent roof,
Day-dreams wove with the quiet
Many a glittering woe!
I climbed to the highest rafter,
Watched the swallows at play,
Admired the knots in the boarding,
And rolled in billows of hay!

Palace of king couldn't match it!
The Vatican loses its charm
When placed in my memory's balance
Beside of the gray old barn!
Splendor, wealth, may not charm us,
Association is all—
We love the loved of our childhood
Better than marble-floored hall!

I sat for hours in the summer
On the threshold so gray
And saw the cows in the pasture
Take their lazy-paced way;
The lambs, snow-white as the daisies,
Trickled from hill to turn—
Or fell asleep in the shadow
Made by the "clever" old barn.

I've roved o'er the Southern country,
Stood in the mosques of the East,
Galloped the Western prairies,
Gathered contentment at least;
And I'd rather scent the "clover"
Piled in the barn's narrow crevices,
Than sit in breath of the highlands
Poured from Appennine brows!

A Select Story.

MY FIRST LOVE.

That I was in love was a fact that did not admit of a shadow of doubt. I departed myself like a person in love, I talked like a person in love; I looked and felt like a person in love. The affection that had taken possession of my youthful heart was no every day one: I was sure of that. There were't words enough in the English language to describe the height, depth, length and breadth of its grandeur. It was destined to be a grand accompaniment of the ages yet to be; a fixed principle throughout eternity; a planet of surprising beauty in the broad heavens of home affections. My love was returned—the strong yearning of my nineteen-year-old heart went out into the direction of the most beautiful maiden in all—shire, in return sent the yearning of her heart to meet mine. Twice a week, as often as the week came around, I went up to the old brown home of Dr. Stoddard to tell his daughter my love, and as regularly listened to a recital of its return from the red lips of my charming Janet. The good doctor made merry at our expense, and his jolly wife took a wicked pleasure in constantly reminding us of our youth. Janet was tortured by sly references to her playhouse in the shed, her long sleeved pinafores and pantalettes of six months before; while I was offered an old coat of the doctor's for my mother to make into a dressing gown for me.

We were nevertheless, determined to be married. We would steal slyly away from the house while our cruel friends reposed in the arms of Morpheus, lie us, on "the wings of love," to the nearest city; Janet would become, in a moment's time Mrs. Jason Brown.

At once we sat about making preparations for this important journey. Everything, of course, must be conducted with the greatest secrecy. At twelve o'clock I was to leave my home stealthily, get my father's grey nag noiselessly out of the barn and harness her, and then proceed to Janet. Janet was to be waiting for me at her window. I was to place a ladder at the same window; she was to descend that ladder; we were to fly down to the road through the old lane, to the spot where the horse was fastened, and then the wind should not outrun us.

There was but one difficulty in the way. Janet's room was shared by her sister Fanny, a little mischievous wicked creature of eleven years, who to use Janet's

words, 'was awake at all hours of the night.' There was but one way; if Fanny was aroused, she must be bribed into silence. For that purpose I placed in Janet's hand a round shilling dollar. But Janet needed assistance, so she concluded to make Fanny her confidant the very afternoon before we started, and in that case prevent all possibility of rising the house by a sudden outcry.

Well the long looked-for, hoped-for and yet dreaded night arrived at last. How slowly its leaden feet carried away the hours, and what a strange heartful of emotions I bore up, as I sat by my chamber window looking out, as I thought, for the last time, upon the home of my father. The moon was out in all her splendor; she was kind to me, lighted up with her silver touches all the spots my eyes might wish to rest upon before I went out into the world a wanderer. The broad fields lay out smooth and shining before my gaze the fields in which I had worked by my father's side since I was a little boy—oh, a dear, kind father he had been! (At this juncture my throat began to swell.) I turned away from the window.

"If I could see my mother once more!" I exclaimed, rubbing my eyes with my coat sleeve. "No one ever had a better mother than I have."

I sat down in a chair and sobbed outright. I looked around for something to take with me that my mother's hand had blessed with her touch. There was a spinning wheel in the room where I slept, at the end of the spindle hung a woollen roll. With my knife I half cut and half tore it off, pressed it fervently to my lips and then placed it tenderly in my vest pocket. I had not time to do more; the old clock in the kitchen warned me solemnly that my appointed time had arrived; and with a slow, sad, yet noiseless step I left the house.

Once out in the open air, my wonted lightness of spirits returned. I consoled myself with the thought that in a few years I should return again a stranger, and they, wealthy, respected and influential men, an honor to my parents, a blessing to my friends and the husband of Janet.

I have often wondered since, how I succeeded in getting a way from home with my horse and cart without arousing any one. But as good luck would have it, I made a triumphant exit from the old place and in a few moments was jogging fearlessly along towards the home of Janet. My only dread was of the little spite Fanny; if after all she should betray us, what a dreadful, direful, desperate mischief it would be!—what a wretched predicament affairs would be in! I groaned aloud at the thought; yet I put a brave face upon the matter; I said that if it was right that we should go, we should go, if it wasn't right, in all probability we should stay at home; yet right or not right, if that miserable little Fan did betray us, I'd spend all my days in avenging the wrong—that was certain. Was I earnest? did I mean it? But we shall see.

How earnestly and anxiously I gazed towards the chamber window of Janet as, after fastening my horse by the roadside, I walked cautiously up the long lane that led to the doctor's house. O joy! inexpressible! the waving of a white handkerchief in the moonlight told me that everything was right, that in a few moments I should clasp Janet fondly in my breast, mine, mine forever! Ah, how happy I was!—so happy, indeed, that I stood still there in the moonlight, with my two hands pressed firmly to my left side, for fear my over-loaded heart would burst from me entirely. What a figure I must have cut before! What an Apollo I must have looked, with my fine proportions wrapped up in my wedding suit! I was slender; I was tall; I was gaury; I am sure I was ugly-looking at that moment.

What possessed me I cannot tell, but from an old chest I had taken a blue broad cloth swallowtail coat that had belonged to my grandfather in the time of the wars, and in the pride of my youth had got into it. The tails came nearly to my heels, while the waist was nearly to my arm pits. The sleeves reached to the tips of my fingers, hiding entirely from view the luxuriant pair of white silk gloves, which I had allowed myself for the important occasion. Above this uncouth pile of blue broad cloth was perched a hat. O ye stars and moon that looked upon it, testify with me that it was a hat!—a hat and not a stove pipe, a hat and not a boot leg!—That hat!—looking back at it through the mist of twenty-five years, it seems to have arisen to the stature of two full feet, while its brim appears little wider than my thumb nail. My eyesight isn't quite as perfect as it used to be, and so I may not see quite rightly. Make all due allowances, dear reader.

I say that I must have looked ugly at that moment. Be that as it may, I thought that I was looking splendidly; I thought the figure I cut was an honor to the name of Brown, and I was proud of it, proud as I stalked up to Janet's window, and placed carefully there the ladder that was to bear her to my side. Everything was silent about the house. Fanny was surely with us. Fanny had been bribed into service. As I stood there, I could see her little figure fit noiselessly to and fro by the window, and how I blessed her—blessed her from the very bottom of my heart, for her kindness.

At last Janet commenced descending the ladder, and as she did so the moon crowded in out of sight under a huge black cloud. The heavens favored us: our success might be looked upon as fixed. Three steps more upon the ladder's rounds, and Janet's dainty little feet would stand upon terra firma my own. The steps were taken, and she held for a moment fondly by the sleeves of my blue broad cloth, before we looked up to the window, both with upraised hands to catch a small bundle of clothing that Fanny was to throw down to us, and which we had no other means to carry with us.

"Be quiet Fan," whispered Janet, as her sister appeared at the window and poised the bundle above our heads. "Be quiet Fan, for heaven's sake and drop it quickly!"

But Fanny still stood there, swinging backward and forward the huge bundle, without heeding Janet's earnest entreaty. "Do, do throw it, Fanny dear! Do have some mercy on me! What if father should know this! What if he should be awakened?"

"Oh, give it her Fan, don't plague your sister, she's in a hurry!" called a voice at that moment from the closed blinds at the parlor windows, which belonged to none other than Dr. Stoddard.

"Give her the things; and tell the boys to carry out a bag of coal, a cheese, some wheat and butter, and a couple of chickens, and have a setting out. Only be sure about it, Fan!"

For a moment we were petrified upon the spot; I thought I should fall to the ground. What should we do—run, faint, die, evaporate or go mad? While we stood undecided, two huge mattresses fell at our feet from the window followed at once by sheets, pillow cases, table cloths and sundry other articles necessary to the setting up of a respectable housekeeping establishment.

"Mother, mother, don't one of these new feather beds belong to Janet?" called Charles Stoddard from one part of the house.

"Yes, yes and a bolster, and a nice pillow too. Carry them right out of the front door," was the answer.

"Whose horse have you, Jason?" asked the doctor, pushing up the blind, "Your father's?"

"Ye-o-s-sir," I stammered.

"Humph! didn't you know better than that! that old grey isn't worth a button to go. Why didn't you come up to my barn and get my black mare? Sam, Sam, hurry away straight to the barn and harness black Molly for Jason. If you'll believe it, he was going to start off with his father's old horse! Be quick Sam—work lively—they're in a hurry; its time they were off."

"Have you anything with you Janet, to eat on the road?" put in Mrs. Stoddard, poking her head out of the window.

"No ma'am," faltered Janet, moving a step or two from me.

"Well that's good for thought. And as I live there isn't a bit of cake cooked in the house, either! Can you make some white bread and bacon, and some brown bread and cheese do, Jason? It's all we have."

"Yes ma'am," I said meekly, stepping easily as I could a little further from Janet.

"Look, father and mother, quick, now the moon is out, and see Jason's new coat and hat!" called Fan, from the window, her merry voice trembling with suppressed laughter? "Isn't that a splendid one, father?—just look at the length of its tails!"

"Just give me my glasses, wife," said the doctor. "Is it a new one, Jason?"

"Yes sir, rather new," I said, giving an eager look in the direction of the lane.

"Well," drawled the doctor eyeing me slyly, "that coat is handsome!"

"And his hat, father!" called the wicked little Fan.

"De clare!" exclaimed the doctor. "Wife wife look, look here, and see Jason's coat and hat!"

What should I do—and there till morning before that incessant fire of words! Should I run? Should I sneak off slowly, as Janet was doing? What, oh what should I do?

"Don't they look nice, mother?" asked the doctor, putting one broad brown hand over his mouth, and doubling his grey head almost to his knees. "He-haw, he-haw hi-haw! Mother—he-haw—don't they look nice," roared the doctor.

I couldn't stand it any longer. The doctor's laughter was the signal, it was echoed from all parts of the house. Fan cackled from the chamber window, Sam shouted from the barn, Mrs. Stoddard 'ho-ho-ho!' from the kitchen; while Charlie threw himself down in the doorway and screamed like a wild Indian. I turned around; I gave a leap across the garden. Every Stoddard called after me. I am wrong every Stoddard but Janet; she remained silent. One told me to come back for the bread and cheese; and another that I had forgotten my bundle and bride; another bade me wait for black Molly and the new buggy; Fan bade me hold up my coat tails; or I should get them dragged. I didn't heed any of these requests, I went directly for home. I reached home, feeling—no, sheepish is a weak word for it—I can't express to you how I felt. I had a great idea of hanging myself; I thought I had better be dead than alive; that I had made an idiot of myself. It was plain Fan had betrayed us. I vowed vengeance upon her till daylight, then snaked out to the barn and hid in the haystack. I staid there till Charlie Stoddard brought my father's horse.

The old gentleman frightened; wanted to know how he came by the horse. He was told to ask me; he did ask me, and I made a clean breast of it; I didn't promise him not to repeat the offence, there was no need of it; but I am sure of this that I did not look at a girl for seven years—no, not for seven years. When the eighth year came round, I remembered my old vow against Fanny Stoddard. Well, to make a long story short, I married Fanny. Janet became a parson's wife.

And here let me tell you in confidence, reader, that I think little Fanny Stoddard had a very determined air, in her head when she was but a child. She liked me, though she I believe. Well at any rate she declares every time that the affair is mentioned, that I have had my revenge on her. Bless her faithful heart, it has been indeed a sweet one!

Select Miscellany.

MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE.

RICH SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

Those who have taken the trouble to look over the advertising columns of the New York Herald have observed advertisements under the head of "Matrimonial" in which persons of both sexes announce themselves as candidates, and invite correspondence with this view. If we believe these announcements, the advertisers almost without exception are patterns of virtue, honor and intelligence, generally, too, of refinement, wealth and high social position.

It is not very long since an advertisement informed the public that a young lady of good education and accomplished manners, being convinced that the formalities of society are mostly absurd and restrictive of free individual developments would like to correspond with a man of independence and sense, with a view to matrimony.—She was twenty years of age, moved in respectable society, and believed she could make a good man happy. Any such person was invited to address Betty Ballou, at the Union Square Post Office.

A young man answered this advertisement under the signature of Julius B. Defoe, as follows:

"MISS BETTY BALLOU: I have read your advertisement in this morning's Herald, and have not the slightest hesitation in saying that I am a man of sense. That I am a man of independence would clearly appear to you if ever we should be married, for I would not promise to pay any more attention to a wife than I chose; and if I wanted to go to the theatre or opera with anybody else, as I probably should, I would do it in spite of her. In short, she could do as she pleased, if she chose to, and if she didn't, I'd make her, and I should do as I pleased whether she was willing or not. If that is not independent enough for you, I beg you not to answer this letter."

"That I am sensible, clearly appears from my mode of life. In the first place I have spacious apartments with a private family in Fifth Avenue, and manage my affairs in Wall street—with about four hours labor per diem—in such a manner that I have as much money as I want to spend or give away, go where I have a mind to, smoke in the parlor when at home and get drunk as often as I am disposed.

"If this suits you, write and address me at the Broadway Post Office. If it don't do what you like."

"I will say, however, that I should be happy to see you, and think you will not find me a savage. If you are disposed to gratify me, state when and where we can have an interview."

Yours, respectfully,
JULIUS B. DEFOE."

Three days after depositing the above letter in the Union Square Post Office, Mr. Defoe called at the Broadway Office, and found a reply awaiting him. It was written in a neat plain hand, and the purport of it was, that Miss Betty was curious to see him, but was so conscious of the impropriety of inviting a stranger to call upon her. If, however, he would be at Taylor's Saloon at two o'clock on a certain day, he would meet her there. "Go as far as you can," said the letter, "on the left hand side take a newspaper in your hand and read, so I may know you. When I enter I will recognize you with a nod; then, please, come and sit by me."

A few minutes before the appointed time Mr. Defoe, having provided himself with a newspaper, went to the place designated took a seat as requested, and commenced reading. He soon observed a young man enter, walk near him and look annoyed at his presence. Finally, however, the stranger sat down immediately in front of him, and with many looks expressive of "What business have you here?" also took out a paper and commenced reading.

"Unfortunately," thought Mr. Defoe, "if this fellow keeps on reading, she may mistake him for myself. However, when she sees he does not recognize her, she will try me."

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, an elderly gentleman, with a very red nose, also came up and politely requested Mr. Defoe to go forward and give him the seat he occupied. "I would not ask it sir," he added, "had I not particular reasons, which I need not explain for so doing."

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"Your name of course is not Ballou?"

"No more than yours is Defoe," replied she.

"The 'menagerie' was by this time in a state of disorder. The 'animals' uneasy at the delay of the expected, called for different articles of diet and drink, and one by one withdrew. Mr. Defoe also expressed a regret at parting, but he said he must go.

"Must our acquaintance end here?" he asked.

"Yes, unless you become acquainted with my husband, and he should invite to his house, in which case I should be happy to see you as his friend. He does business m—street, No— I should not like to have him know of this adventure; but I must have some amusement. If you ever know him you will not mention it."

Mr. Defoe pledged his honor not to reveal the fact to him, and bade her adieu.

ATTORNEY GENERAL KNOX, in reply to a note from the Auditor General of the State, has decided that vendors of merchan dise must take out a licence, whether their annual sales amount to \$1,000 or otherwise.

In Nottoway county, Va. Miss Galleen, last week, obtained a verdict for \$2,500 against Thomas Farley, for breach of promise of marriage. A new trial was afterwards granted, but the matter was privately compromised by the payment of \$1,250 to the fair plaintiff.

Gov. Packer has pardoned Fran. Peters, who was convicted at the last November Term of the Quarter Sessions of Clearfield county, for stealing a horse of Mr. Benjamin Davenport, of Fox township.

EASTER DAY.—Easter Day, which in the present year falls on the 24th of April, has not occurred at so late a period since 1791, in which year it was on that day, and will not again happen on the same date till the year 2011. Since the introduction of the Gregorian, or new style, by Pope Gregory XIII, in 1582, Easter Day has only fallen on the 24 of April in three instances, namely, in the years 1699, 1707, and 1701.

over there, near where you were sitting each with a newspaper?"

"Yes."

"Well, those deluded gentlemen all came here at my solicitation. They all answered my advertisement; I wrote to them precisely as I did to you. I wrote the letter you received, and my sister made twelve copies of it, which were dispatched to as many gentlemen. Seven of them it seems, have accepted the invitation, and are waiting for me."

"And what will you do?"

"Nothing. I did not expect to recognize them. I came to enjoy the sport of seeing them who expected to fool me, fooled instead; to watch the ludicrous expressions of anxiety and disappointment. They are dishonest, selfish, ignorant men, I am sure, or they would not have written at all. Now see them! They look over the top of their papers as if a sheriff was after them."

"And can you laugh at them?"

"Certainly. This is a menagerie of tame animals. I took them wild; but I fancy this discipline will domesticate them."

"Why is it that you have honored me above all the rest, and not laugh at my calamity in common with theirs?"

"Because you wrote an absurd letter.—I saw at once you did not intend to have me believe you. But these animals supposed I was foolish enough to believe what they said. I would not trust a soul of them with my dinner. They thought to deceive me, perhaps get some of my property, and at any rate get into the society I move in."

"And how did you know I was the person who wrote over the name of Defoe?"

"The simplest thing in the world. You sat there with a broad grin on your face, with a look of perfect indifference. The paper lay beside you on the table, as I knew it would if I was five minutes behind time. You were thinking you had been sold, and that Betty Ballou had played you a pretty trick. The others were anxious and uneasy.—They were meditating."

"Your name of course is not Ballou?"

"No more than yours is Defoe," replied she.

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MORBILITY AMONG CATTLE.—Some of the farmers in adjoining counties says the Harrisburg Patriot, have lost a good many cattle by a malignant disease, very unusual here, but prevalent in the west. It commences with a fever, which lasts from five to nine hours, and then is followed by a chill, which continues from four to six hours. After this mortification ensues and the cattle die.

The weather has got clear from its cold by taking a spring.