

The Huntingdon Journal.

WM. BREWSTER,

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

VOL. XXIV.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1859.

Editor & Proprietor.

NO. 24.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

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 out in 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 disease. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending from parents to children into 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 skin, it is called scrofula; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which renders in 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 decimated 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 it from the system we must renovate the blood 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 malady. It is combined from the most active remedial agents here discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the 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 ERYSIPELAS AND SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, OR ERYTHRELA, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, ELCZEMA, PLAINS AND BOILS, TUMORS, FETTER AND SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORMS, BRUICINARIA, SYMPLECTIC AND MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBRILITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in its efficacy is attested by the fact, that for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this fluid, without which it is impossible to have a clear and unobscured constitution.

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 purgative power is gentle, and cleanses and invigorates every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitality. As a consequence of these properties, the system is relieved from all pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inoffensive.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis by American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: Constipation, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, and other kindred complaints, 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 our country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming 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 escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate to purchase and employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thus abound, the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted that can never be forgotten, and procured cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO.

LOWELL, MASS. JOHN REED, Agent Huntingdon, Pa. Nov. 15, 1858.—ly.

\$40 00

Pays for a full course in the Iron City College, the largest, most extensively patronized and best organized school in the United States.

357 students attending daily. March, 1859.

Usual time to complete a full course, from 6 to 10 weeks. Every student, upon graduating is guaranteed to be completely qualified to manage the books of any business, and qualified to earn a salary of from \$500 to \$1000.

Students enter at any time—No Vacation—Review at pleasure.

51 Premiums for best Penmanship awarded in 1858.

Ministers' Son received at half price.

For Circular and Specimens of Writing, inclose two letter stamps, and address F. W. JENKINS, Pittsburgh, Apr. 20, '59.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO'S

Advertising Agency, 119 Nassau St., New York, & 10 State St., Boston. S. M. Pettengill & Co. are the Agents for the "JOURNAL" and the most influential and largest circulating Newspapers in the United States and the Canadas. They are authorized to contract for us at our lowest rates.

5000 AGENTS WANTED.—To sell 4 new inventions. Agents have made over \$25,000 on one—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 80 pages particulars, gratis. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass. Mar. 23, '59. Gm.

All kinds of blanks for sale at the Journal office.

SELECT POETRY.

JEANIE MORRISON.

BY WM. MOTHERWELL.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through many a weary way;
But never, never can I forget
The love of life's young day!
The fire that's blown on Beltane's e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule,
But blackies fa' remains the heart
Where first fond love grows cool.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thoughts of bygone years
Still bring their shadows over my path,
And blind my eye with tears,
They bid me weep with aunt's sad tears,
And a' and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blith blinks o' lang syne.

'Twas then we lavit ilkither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! 'Twas bairns at school,
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bank,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! 'Twas bairns at school,
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bank,
'Twas then we twa did part;

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks bent red wi' shame,
When'er the souls weans laughin' said,
We clanked together hane?
And mind ye o' the Saturday,
(The sculler then skailt at noon)
When we ran aft to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head runs round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea;
As ene by ene the thochts rush back
O' scule time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' love!
Oh, lightsome days and lang,
When limned hopes around our hearts
Like summer blossoms sprang!

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
The deavin' dissonance toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear the water croon,
The simmer leaves lung' over our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood,
The throssil whistled sweet!

The throssil whistled in the wood,
And we, with nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knoe we bane the burn,
For hours together sat,
In the sweetness of joy, till bath
Wi' awe gladness part.

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trickled down your cheek,
Like dew-heads on a rose, yet none
Had any power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unyallied—unung.

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I have been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye have twined to me?
Oh! I tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamin' o' lang syne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wandering, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way,
And channels deeper as it runs,
The love of life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretched ills,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygone days and me!

A SELECT STORY.

THE AWKWARD HUSBAND.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

A terrific scream announced that Philemon Stagg had planted his blundering foot on one of Mrs. Stagg's corns, for the third time that morning, and so exasperated was that lady—for she was a lady, notwithstanding what followed—that for the first time to her life, she raised her little foot, and gave her awkward husband a fierce kick! You might think there was a row in that family in consequence—and so it was, although Mr. Stagg was conscious of his faults, and thought that the kick was intended as a substitute for what was worse, a scolding. He was surprised, however; but he did not escape so easily as he imagined.

"Blundering, awkward creature! What have I done that you should be always reading on my feet? I declare I don't know what crime such suffering is intended for. I shall be a cripple one of these days, Philemon, as sure as you are born, O!"

"My dear Laura, it pains me as much as it does you, I assure you."

"O pshaw! Snaypathy is cheap. O dear! There seems to be a fatality about it, said the ashamed Stagg hanging his head. 'I could almost cut off my feet to prevent such accidents.'

"I'm sure my feet are not so large that they should always be in the way," she murmured, looking with vanity at her little Chinese understandings,

"I know it, love. The fact is, they are so small one can hardly see them."

He thought this might put her in good humor. Dead failure, it was a rebellious and revengeful corn.

"And yours are so big that I tremble whenever you come within a yard of me, O, my poor feet!"

It was a melancholy fact that Mr. Stagg was a rare example of blundering awkwardness. He was one of the best-natured persons alive. Clumsy animals are generally the easiest tempered. But Mrs. Stagg did not believe this to be any atonement, for whenever Stagg moved, things animate or inanimate were in jeopardy.—In doors or out, ruin and confusion marked his presence. He loved his wife dearly and kept so near her, that her feet bore witness and paid the penalty.

That day by way of recompense, he took her out to ride, and it would have been a very happy drive, if he had not, several times more, crushed her feet, as they were admiring the scenery. She began to cry, and her tears were only stopped by his hanging both his ponderous feet out of the vehicle. But as his peculiar fate would have it, the position was unfavorable for his driving, which at the best was miserably poor and awkward, and he began to drive against everything that came along; now on this side, now on that—clink, grate, jar, bang, jerk, crash! executing unheard-of manoeuvres, with such a want of judgment, that Mrs. Stagg at last began to implore of him:

"Take in those feet again, do Philemon. Better to have my feet amputated than break my neck."

He obeyed, but drove worse than before and after provoking the anger of drivers all along the road, he finally settled the question of life and death, by smashing against a heavy mail coach shattering and upsetting his own team, and remaining behind with his wife and the body, while the horse galloped ahead with the shafts and were glad to get home again.

"I'll tell you what I'll agree to, wife, said he, after a lecture; I agree to give you the most beautiful shawl you can find in the city, if I tread upon your feet again once, within a fortnight. I'm determined to break myself of the habit."

Singular to relate, he became so watchful during that period, that Mrs. Stagg had no cause to complain, on that score, or rather half-score. But a certain amount of awkwardness was doomed to be his.—Though he now approached her only at arm's length, she, in view of the shawl, not caring if he approached as near as usual, and gave her one crush—though he dared not sit beside her, and though when they walked out, he kept continually looking down, and trembled when he felt the broadest circumference of her hoop-skirt, and not withstanding other look outs in proportion; Stagg was Stagg, in every other respect, and much anguish was the result.

"There he goes again!" shrieked she, next day, tumbling down stairs. "Merci! heaven, Philemon, have you broke your neck?" she cried, rushing into the hall.

"Not much, my dear," he replied breathlessly, picking himself up at the foot of the staircase; "but I've nearly mashed my head." And he put his hand to that erratic magazine, which was essentially bumped, and profusely bleeding.

"O, my poor Philemon! You are almost killed! Take my arm, here, Mary! John! Look out for your feet, Laura," was his prudent remark. "I'd rather not plaster my wounds with a thousand dollar shawl."

Stagg was not very seriously hurt, and was able to be out and about next day.—Taking a walk together, Stagg had no less than three altercations with pedestrians, against whom his clumsy way of locomotion had precipitated himself and wife, in such a manner as to make it seem intentional. He floundered along like a great, floundering elephant, and it was hardly possible not to mistake his walk for an impudent swagger. Yet all was innocent in him; and in one of the disputes, where he had bounced one man against another and that other against two ladies, both of whom were thrown down in the contact, her gallant showed fight, when Stagg stepped in with the remark that, "I did it!" whereupon all three pitched into him, and would have made Stagg sagger, but for the interposition of the two ladies, and the explanation of Mrs. Stagg that "he was such a clumsy creature!"

Comfortable companion, he, for a promenade! Mrs. Stagg like every sensible woman who has a just regard for her health, was partial to going abroad to sniff the fresh air, when other duties said yes; and before the first week was ended, she trusted herself with her husband, in a sail-

boat—he to manage it—he, of all men in the world!

Perhaps she was thus trusting, from the consideration that certain amphibious animals, which are awkward on land are very graceful, expert, and *au fait* upon the water, but after she was upset, by his blundering management of the sails and arrived home dripping wet, she didn't think Stagg was a monster of that amphibious genus, at least.

The husband prided himself upon his adroitness in the performance of little domestic chores, and when the fit was on him you should have marked how Mrs. Stagg did shake. He raised the 'deuce, and broke things all around generally, with the best of intentions.

Mary being sick, and John on a visit to his Aunt Betsy, Stagg undertook the management of household affairs "for one day only," Mrs. Stagg at his heels all the time lest he should tumble the house over, and set it on fire.

In his hurry, he poked the grate with the handle of the shovel, threw the ashes, into the yard instead of the barrel, and flung it against the wind, nearly put Mrs. Stagg's eyes as well as his own. He drove a nail with the bottom of a porcelain vase, and left the atoms to tell the tale. He wiped his razor on the most interesting leaf in her album—poetry written by a former lover—she vowed it was intentional. Thinking, at one time that she approached too near, *with her feet*, he started back and fell into a looking-glass which reached from floor to ceiling, causing a multiplication of his beautiful image, anything but satisfactory to either of them.

"Gracious heaven—Philemon—stop! Now you have done your day's work—a good many hard days work, in half a day! Now do stop!"

"Pity, Laura, but can't be—"

Helped, he was going to say, just as he was heling hisself, and the towel he had pet, a magnificent Brussels with a white ground, and it was ruined forever.

This dampened his ardor in the cause of housework, and he desisted for the day, both he and his wife agreeing that he had done enough.

But justice must be done to Mr. Stagg's disposition. Sad accidents did not ruffle his temper even when others were at fault, and the scoldings of his wife made no impression upon him of an unfavorable nature. He sincerely mourned over his elephantine motions, and had charity for others. And amid all his dire blunders during that terrible fortnight of probation, to Mrs. Stagg's regret, there was one blunder he did not make—he did not step on her feet.

"So I suppose I have lost my shawl, after all," she said, pettishly, at the end of two weeks.

"I wish I hadn't made the promise," he replied, "for it was that which caused me to make half the blunders I have committed. My mind, my dear, was continually running on your feet. Singular anomaly. Though your feet were present, my mind was always absent."

"It is nothing to joke about. It is your huge hoofs which are to blame, not my feet—ah! O!"

Philemon Stagg had trodden upon her feet once more!

"Great powers! have I begun again? Will I never stop treading on your feet? I'll get a rope and hang myself. I'll get a platoon of soldiers to charge bayonets upon me—it ought to be the 'awkward squad,'" too. "O, my dear, poor wife, take care of your feet—you are a martyr to my clumsiness, a—"

"Don't you say too martyr!" interrupted she, quickly and fiercely, a sudden idea occurring that he was making fun of her; "O, you unfeeling creature, I only wish the world knew of my sufferings with you— You trample upon me all the time—there is no end to it. I wish I could get a divorce. I wish you thought half as much of my feet, as you do about an old new shawl. Awkward! I wish I was born without feet!"

"I wish I had been, I solemnly declare!" exclaimed Mr. Stagg, in an outburst of desperation. "I'd have 'em saved off now, if it would end my misery. But I suppose I should be treading on you with my stumps!"

Bad as she felt, hugging her feet, Mrs. Stagg could not control her laughter at this last remark, her husband's evident sincerity and lachrymose look, exciting her mirth the more. She laughed long and loud, and finally he joined her; and the next day she had more reason to laugh, for she got the shawl; a kindness which has ever since so impressed Mrs. Stagg, that she takes care of her feet herself.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Last Joke.

"This is a great country for jokes, and we have just had one which is too good to keep. Early this morning there was added to our company of travelers a pair who looked very like runaways; the gentleman, a tall, raw-boned specimen, of the half-horse, half alligator class, and the lady a full match for him. Among the passengers from Napoleon is a solemn looking gentleman, who had all along been taken for a preacher. About nine o'clock last night I was conversing with the 'reverend' individual, when a young man stepped up, and addressing him remarked: 'We're going to have a wedding, and would like to have you officiate.' 'All right, sir, he replied laughingly, and we stepped into the ladies cabin, when, sure enough the couple stood waiting. There had been some 'kissing games,' and several mock marriages gone through with during the evening, and I supposed that this was merely a continuation of the sport; and so thought the 'preacher,' who, I could see, had a good deal of humor in him, and was inclined to promote general good feeling and merriment. The couple stood before him a great deal more solemn than was necessary in a mock marriage, I thought, and the 'preacher' asked the necessary questions, and then proceeding in the usual way, pronounced them 'husband and wife.' There was a good deal of fun afterwards, and when it was over I left the cabin—and so did the 'preacher,' who remarked to me that he liked to see young folks enjoying themselves, and took a deal of pleasure in contributing to their fun; but he did not understand why they should select him to act as preacher. Just then some one called me aside, and the old gentleman stepped into his state room, which was next to mine. When I returned, the door stood open, and the 'preacher' was there, who had played the attendant, and who, as I came up, remarked, 'Well, if that is the case, it's a good joke; for they are in dead earnest, and have retired to the same room.' The old gentleman raised both his hands as he exclaimed, 'Good Heavens! you don't tell me so,' and rushing, just as he was, boot in hand, to the state room indicated commenced an assault on the door as if he would batter it down, exclaiming at each lick: 'For Heaven's sake, don't, I ain't a preacher!' The whole cabin was aroused, every state room flying open with a slam; when the door opened, and the Arkansas traveler, poking out his head, coolly remarked, 'Old hoss, you'er to late!'

Legal Advice.

A gentleman ordered a suit of clothes from a tailor, and specially enjoined him that they must be made by the next Tuesday, and that they must be made in the finest style, and that unless the tailor could have them ready to a certainty, beyond a peradventure, to the day, that he must not undertake them; but soip promised faithfully that they should be finished, *ad dis*. Tuesday came and no clothes, the enraged man flew to the cabbage man's house, and said:

"What's the reason that my clothes were not ready as you promised? Here, you have kept me in the city at a loss of time and business only to disappoint me; now, if we had you in our part of the country, I tell you what they would call you; they would say you were a perfect *squirt*."

The knight of the goose explained that the only competent workman he had capable of making the suit, had a wife lying at death's door, and he could not possibly leave her.

The outraged gentleman was not able to smother his disappointment, and berated the tailor soundly for failing in his positive promise.

The ninth fraction of the *genus homo* could not stand this, and plainly told his customer to go to the caloric regions of Pandemonium.

The customer, red with rage, rushed across the street to a lawyer, and in an excited, vehement and hurried manner, said:

"Do you know Snip, the tailor across the way here?"

"Yes," replied Brief.

"Well, now, I want your advice," said the gentleman; "I want to know what you would do in such a case. That infamous stitch-house has not only kept me here in the city on expense to the great detriment of my business, and disappointed me in a suit of clothes, but, when I went to remonstrate with the fellow about it, what do you suppose the impudent rascal told me? He told me to go to h—!" With these words the gentleman laid \$10 on the desk, and said, "Now what would you do?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cruelty of the Slave Code.

That such inhumanity as is narrated below by a Washington correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, is permitted by the laws of the District of Columbia, is a disgrace to the nation:

"Said Manuel Mason and his wife were the slaves of a white woman, living a few miles out of the city. A few years ago Manuel was taken sick with inflammatory rheumatism, and was given up by the doctors as incurable. Under these circumstances his mistress offered to sell him for \$300. Nobody would touch him at that price. Finally she offered to give cripple his freedom for \$300, he to pay her in instalments. He accepted the offer, and paid off the entire sum in due course of time. He partially recovered his health *hired the time of his wife* for so much a year, that she might keep house for him in Washington. They raised a large number of children at their own expense, but invariably at about the age of ten years the mistress took away each child and sold it off or appropriated it to her own use.

At last only one child was left—'little Ben.' He was, like all youngest children, a favorite—the baby—the comfort of the old folks.

In September last one of our new police approached the small dwelling of Manuel Mason in search of 'little Ben' for the lost child must be taken to minister to the voracious appetite of the monster, Slavery.— Benjamin was missing, however. The father never had him in his power or possession for one moment, yet he was suddenly arrested for 'harboring a slave!' 'The law dates 1807, under which it is 'one hundred pounds of tobacco per hour' for each hour of harboring a slave. You will see, you Mason to suit up his boy, and upon his neglecting to do this he was thrown into jail. Although no evidence was offered against him, yet the Justice would not let Mason out on any less bail than \$1500, which was furnished by a kind-hearted citizen of the district. A jury very quickly brought in a verdict of guilty, though with no more evidence of guilt than is to be found in this letter. Mason was remanded either with laughter, or the exorcising effort not to laugh, Horace kept on the even tenor of his discourse, in blissful unconsciousness, and did not discover his mistake 'till he attempted to sit down, when he was as much astonished as the Yankee who unexpectedly planted himself in the middle of a spring-bottom sofa, and leaped into the air with horror at having, as he supposed, 'squat on somebody's baby.'

Slick and the Ladies.

"Cousin John, how did your wife hurt her back so? I declare it makes me feel awfully to see what a great hump she's got growing since she came away from Connecticut." With that cousin John looked at her, and larded a little, but I could see he didn't feel just right; and after a minute he said sez he, 'Hush, cousin, you must not speak so loud; it's true Mary has put on too much bustle, but it's the fashion, you see.' I looked around, and true as you have, there wasn't a gall in that room that hadn't her back a sticking out just the same way. Such a set of critters I never did put my eyes on, and yet they all stood about a smiling and a talking to the fellows, as if nothing ailed them, poor things! I never see a set of folks dressed so and so awfully stuck up as they were. Some of the gals had feathers in their hair, and some had flowers or gold chains twisted among their curls, and I didn't see one there that wasn't dressed up in her silks and satins, as crank as could be. As for men, I thought I should have saw-hawed right out a lafin to see some of 'em. There was one chap talking to Miss Beebe, with his hair parted from the top of his head down each side of his face, and it hung down behind all over his coat collar like a young gal's just before she begins to wear a comb, and there was two bunches of hair stuck out on his upper lip right under his nose, like a cat's whiskers when she begins to get her back up. Every time he spoke, the hair kinder rize-up and moved about, till it was enough to make one crawl all over to look at him. Think sez I, if it wouldn't be fun to see that varmint try to eat. If he didn't get his victuals tangled up in that bunch of hair, he must know how to aim flired straight with his knife and fork.—Sam Slick.

Wives are cheap in Delaware.

"The Georgetown Messenger relates that one was sold in that State the other day for \$7 and a dog.

MISCELLANEOUS.

That such inhumanity as is narrated below by a Washington correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, is permitted by the laws of the District of Columbia, is a disgrace to the nation:

"Said Manuel Mason and his wife were the slaves of a white woman, living a few miles out of the city. A few years ago Manuel was taken sick with inflammatory rheumatism, and was given up by the doctors as incurable. Under these circumstances his mistress offered to sell him for \$300. Nobody would touch him at that price. Finally she offered to give cripple his freedom for \$300, he to pay her in instalments. He accepted the offer, and paid off the entire sum in due course of time. He partially recovered his health *hired the time of his wife* for so much a year, that she might keep house for him in Washington. They raised a large number of children at their own expense, but invariably at about the age of ten years the mistress took away each child and sold it off or appropriated it to her own use.

At last only one child was left—'little Ben.' He was, like all youngest children, a favorite—the baby—the comfort of the old folks.

In September last one of our new police approached the small dwelling of Manuel Mason in search of 'little Ben' for the lost child must be taken to minister to the voracious appetite of the monster, Slavery.— Benjamin was missing, however. The father never had him in his power or possession for one moment, yet he was suddenly arrested for 'harboring a slave!' 'The law dates 1807, under which it is 'one hundred pounds of tobacco per hour' for each hour of harboring a slave. You will see, you Mason to suit up his boy, and upon his neglecting to do this he was thrown into jail. Although no evidence was offered against him, yet the Justice would not let Mason out on any less bail than \$1500, which was furnished by a kind-hearted citizen of the district. A jury very quickly brought in a verdict of guilty, though with no more evidence of guilt than is to be found in this letter. Mason was remanded either with laughter, or the exorcising effort not to laugh, Horace kept on the even tenor of his discourse, in blissful unconsciousness, and did not discover his mistake 'till he attempted to sit down, when he was as much astonished as the Yankee who unexpectedly planted himself in the middle of a spring-bottom sofa, and leaped into the air with horror at having, as he supposed, 'squat on somebody's baby.'

Slick and the Ladies.

"Cousin John, how did your wife hurt her back so? I declare it makes me feel awfully to see what a great hump she's got growing since she came away from Connecticut." With that cousin John looked at her, and larded a little, but I could see he didn't feel just right; and after a minute he said sez he, 'Hush, cousin, you must not speak so loud; it's true Mary has put on too much bustle, but it's the fashion, you see.' I looked around, and true as you have, there wasn't a gall in that room that hadn't her back a sticking out just the same way. Such a set of critters I never did put my eyes on, and yet they all stood about a smiling and a talking to the fellows, as if nothing ailed them, poor things! I never see a set of folks dressed so and so awfully stuck up as they were. Some of the gals had feathers in their hair, and some had flowers or gold chains twisted among their curls, and I didn't see one there that wasn't dressed up in her silks and satins, as crank as could be. As for men, I thought I should have saw-hawed right out a lafin to see some of 'em. There was one chap talking to Miss Beebe, with his hair parted from the top of his head down each side of his face, and it hung down behind all over his coat collar like a young gal's just before she begins to wear a comb, and there was two bunches of hair stuck out on his upper lip right under his nose, like a cat's whiskers when she begins to get her back up. Every time he spoke, the hair kinder rize-up and moved about, till it was enough to make one crawl all over to look at him. Think sez I, if it wouldn't be fun to see that varmint try to eat. If he didn't get his victuals tangled up in that bunch of hair, he must know how to aim flired straight with his knife and fork.—Sam Slick.

Wives are cheap in Delaware.

"The Georgetown Messenger relates that one was sold in that State the other day for \$7 and a dog.

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.

The following articles were not long since sent by mail to a member of Congress from Philadelphia at Washington.

One wooden box, about a foot square, labeled 'Dr.—'s Universal Remedy.'

One jointed fishing-rod, carefully done up in brown paper.

One Old Dominion Coffee Pot, large size. These were to go as free, mailable matter, but being of inconvenient shape to be packed with letters, they were sent separately. The Post office Department, it will be seen, is doing a gratis express business, thereby doing a great wrong to the Express Companies. Sending coffee-pots, fishing poles and quack medicines is about equal to sending home the 'weekly wash,' as a Congressman used to do.

TO KILL BURDOCK AND OTHER NOXIOUS WEEDS.

The fence corners and road sides often abound with Burdock, Canada Thistle, Jamestown weed and similar unpleasant encumbrances. These may be killed out, root and branch, by cutting them off at the surface of the ground, or an inch or two below, just at that period when growing with the greatest luxuriance or about the time they are in full bloom; repeat this a year or two and they will give no further trouble. No attention need be paid to the phases of the moon, but rather to the condition of the plant in its stages of growth.

KICKING COWS.—Kicking cows can be cured of the habit, for the time being, and perhaps permanently, by hanging common draft-chain just forward of the hips, before milking.