

# The Huntingdon Journal.

WM. BREWSTER,

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

Editor & Proprietor.

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## Scrofula, or King's Evil.

A constitutional disease, a corruption of the  
blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated,  
weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it  
permeates 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, dis-  
ordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth  
and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and,  
above all, by the venereal infection. What-  
ever be its origin, it is hereditary in its con-  
stitution, descends "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 cor-  
ruption, which pervades the blood, depresses  
the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitu-  
tions not only suffer from scrofulous com-  
plaints, but they have far less power to with-  
stand the attacks of the most active remedies,  
and, consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders  
which, although not scrofulous in their nature,  
are still rendered fatal by the taint in the  
system. Most of the consumption which des-  
troy 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 marked by this lurking in-  
fection, and their health is undermined by it.  
To cleanse it from the system we must renovate  
the blood by an alterative medicine, and in-  
vigorate it by healthy food and exercise.  
Seek 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 com-  
bined from the most active remedies that have  
been 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 affec-  
tions which arise from it, such as BRUITS  
AND SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE,  
ROSC, OR BRITISH RASH, PIMPLES, PUSTULES,  
BLOTCHES, HEALING AND BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER,  
AND SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM,  
RHEUMATISM, SYMPLECTIC AND MERCURIAL DIS-  
EASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, BILIBLITY, and,  
indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIA-  
TED OR 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 Sarsapa-  
rilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid,  
without which sound health is impossible in  
contaminated constitutions.

### Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

#### FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC,

As so composed that disease within the range of  
their action can rarely withstand or evade them.  
Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse,  
and invigorate every portion of the human organ-  
ism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring  
the healthy vitality. As a consequence of these  
properties, the invalid who is bowed down with  
pain or physical debility is enabled to find in  
health or energy restored by a remedy at once so  
simple and inviting.  
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 his American Almanac,  
containing certificates of their cures and directions  
for their use in the following complaints: Consti-  
pation, Heartburn, Headache arising from disordered  
Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid  
Function 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 nu-  
merous are the cases of its cures, that almost  
every section of country is furnished in person  
with its name, 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 what antidote to employ  
for the distressing and dangerous affections of the  
pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate.  
While many inferior remedies thrust upon the  
community have failed, and have done more  
harm than good, this has gained friends by every trial,  
and the afflicted they can never forget, and pro-  
duced cures too numerous and too remarkable to  
be forgotten.

#### PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.

LOWELL, MASS.

JOHN REED, Agent Huntingdon, Pa.

Nov. 10, 1859.—17.

## SELECT POETRY.

### THE MUFFLED DRUMMERS.

There is a sort of martial rhythm in Long-  
fellow's "Psalm of Life," which makes it easy  
to remember and rehearse. That well known  
and justly popular verse, which tells us  
"Art is long, and time is fleeting;  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating,  
Furor marches to the grave,"

we think is equalled by a production of an old  
English poet and divine, who lived nearly two  
hundred years ago. It is an "Elegy upon his  
wife," and works its way straight to the heart,  
by its simple, tender and pathetic tone:  
"Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,  
Never to be disquieted!  
My last good night! thou wilt not wake  
Till I thy fate shall overtake!  
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must  
Marry my heart to victory;  
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb;  
Stay for me there; I will not fail  
To meet thee in that hollow vale;  
And think not much of my delay;  
I am already on the way.  
And follow thee with all the speed  
Desire can make, or sorrow breed;  
Each minute is a short degree,  
And every hour a step towards thee;  
At night when I betake to rest  
Next morn I rise nearer my west  
Of life, almost by eight hours sail  
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale.

"Thus from the Sun my vessel steers,  
And my days compass downward years,  
Nor labor I to stem the tide  
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.  
"Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,  
Thou like the van first took'st the field,  
And hasten'st to the victor's tent;  
In the adventuring to die  
Before me, whose more years might crave  
A just precedence in the grave.  
But hark! my pulse like a soft drum  
Beats my approach, tells thee I come,  
And slow how'er my marches be,  
I shall at last sit down by thee.  
The thought in this bid me go on  
And wait my dissolution  
With hope and comfort, dear, (forgive  
The crime,) I am content to live,  
Divided, but but half a heart  
Till we shall meet no more to part."

### A SELECT STORY.

#### Kate Yale's Marriage.

"If ever I marry," Kate Yale used to say,  
half in jest and half in earnest, "the happy  
man, or unhappy man, if you please, he  
must share a portion of my fortune, and  
three qualifications: first, a fortune, second,  
good looks and third, common sense.  
I mention the fortune first because I  
think it the most needful and desirable  
qualification of the three. Although I never  
could think of marrying a fool, or a man  
whose ugliness I should be ashamed of,  
still I think to talk sense for the one, and  
shine for the other with plenty of money,  
would be preferable to living obscure with  
a handsome intellectual man—to whom  
economy might be necessary."  
I do not know how much of this senti-  
ment came from Kate's heart. She un-  
doubtedly indulged in lofty ideas of station  
and style—for her education in the duties  
and aims of life had been deficient, or rather  
erroneous; and that she was capable of  
deeper, better feeling, none ever doubted  
who have obtained even in a partial glimpse  
of her true woman's nature.  
And when the time arrived when Kate  
was to take that all important step of which  
she had often spoken so lightly—when she  
was to demonstrate to her friends how  
much of her heart was in the words we  
have just quoted.  
At the enchanting age of eighteen she  
had many suitors; but as she never gave a  
serious thought to more than two, we will  
follow her example, and discarding all others,  
except those favored ones, consider  
their relative claims.  
If there were any other than a true story,  
I should certainly use an artist's privilege  
and aim to produce an effect by making a  
strong contrast between the two favored  
individuals. If I could have my own way  
one should be a poor genius and something  
of a hero, the other a wealthy fool and  
somewhat of a knave.  
But the truth is—our poor genius was  
not much of a genius—not very poor either.  
He was by profession a teacher of  
music, and he could live very comfortably  
by the exercise thereof without the most  
distant hope, however, of ever attaining to  
wealth. Moreover Francis Minot possessed  
excellent qualities, which entitled him to  
be called by elderly people, a "fine char-  
acter," by his companions a noble, good  
fellow, and by the ladies generally, a "dar-  
ling."  
Kate could not help loving Mr. Frank,  
and he knew it. He was certain she pre-  
ferred his society even to that of Mr. Wel-  
lington, whom alone he saw fit to honor  
with the appellation of rival.  
This Mr. Wellington, (his companions  
called him Duke,) was no idiot or bump-  
back, as I could have wished him to be, in  
order to make a good story. On the con-  
trary he was a man of sense, good looks  
and fine manners, and there was nothing  
of the knave about him as I could ever as-  
certain.  
Besides this, his income was sufficient  
to enable him to live superbly. Also he  
was considered two or three degrees hand-  
somer than Mr. F. Minot.  
Therefore, the only thing on which  
Frank had to depend was the power he  
possessed over Kate's sympathies and af-  
fections. The "Duke," although just the  
man for her in every sense, being blessed  
with a fortune, good looks and common  
sense—had never been able to draw these  
out, and the amiable conceited Mr. Frank  
was not willing to believe that she would  
suffer mere worldly considerations to con-  
trol the aspirations of her heart.

## However, one day, he pressed her to declare his fate, when she said to him with a sigh:

"Oh, Frank, I am sorry we ever met."  
"Sorry!"  
"Yes, for we must part now."  
"Part!" repeated Frank, turning pale.—  
It was evident he had not expected this.  
"Yes—yes," said Kate casting down her  
head with another piteous sigh.  
Frank sat by her side, he placed his arm  
around her waist, without heeding her  
feeble resistance; he lowered his voice, and  
talked to her until she, proud Kate—weep-  
ing bitterly.  
"Kate," said he, then with a burst of  
passion, "I know you love me! but you are  
proud, ambitious, selfish! Now, if you  
would have me to leave you, say the word  
and I go."  
"Go—go," murmured Kate feebly.  
"Have you decided?" whispered Frank.  
"I have."  
"Then, love, farewell!"  
He took her hand, gazed a moment ten-  
derly and sorrowfully into her beautiful,  
tearful face, and then clasped her to his  
bosom.  
She permitted the embrace. She even  
gave way to the impulse, and twined her  
arms around his neck; but in a moment  
her resolution came to her aid, and she  
pushed him from her with a sigh.  
"Shall I go?" he articulated.  
A feeble yes fell from her lips—and an  
instant later, she was lying on the sofa,  
sobbing and weeping alone.  
To tear the tenacious root of love out of  
her heart had cost her more than she could  
have anticipated; and the certainty of a  
golden life of luxury proved but a poor  
consolation it seemed, for the sacrifice she  
had made.  
She lay long upon the sofa, I say, sob-  
bing and weeping passionately. Gradu-  
ally her grief appeared to exhaust itself,  
her tears ceased to flow, and at length her  
eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head  
was pillowed on her arm, and her face  
was half hidden in a flood of beautiful curls.  
The struggle was over. The agony was  
past. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and  
rose cheerfully to meet him. His man-  
ners pleased her—his station and fortune  
fascinated her more. He offered her his  
hand—she accepted it. A kiss sealed the  
engagement—but it was not such a kiss  
as Frank had given her, and she could  
scarcely repress a sigh.  
"There was a magnificent wedding—  
I shall be a princess, and I shall have  
my beauty thus adorned, with everything  
around her swimming in the charmed at-  
mosphere of fairy land. Kate gave her  
hand to the man her ambition—not her  
love—had chosen.  
But, certainly ambition could not have  
made a better choice. Already she saw  
herself surrounded by a magnificent court,  
of which she was the acknowledged and  
admitted queen. The favors of fortune  
were showered upon the smooth and glassy  
wave of a charmed life.  
Nothing was wanting in the whole cir-  
cle of her existence, to adorn it, and make  
it bright with happiness. But she was  
not long in discovering that there was some-  
thing in her breast.  
Her friends were numerous, her hus-  
band tender, kind and loving; but all the  
attentions and affections could not fill her  
heart. She had once felt its chord and  
sympathetically moved by a skillful touch—she  
had known the heavenly charm of the deep  
delicious harmony, and now they were si-  
lent—motionless, muffled, so as to speak  
in silks and satins. These chords were  
stilled and soulless, her heart was dead—  
none the less because killed by a golden  
shot, having known and felt the life of  
sympathy in it, unconsolated by the life  
of luxury. In short, Kate in time became  
magnificently miserable, splendidly un-  
happy.  
Then a change became apparent to her  
husband. He could not remain long blind  
to the fact that his love was a returned.  
He sought the company of those whose  
gaiety might lead him to forget the sorrow  
and despair of his soul. This shallow joke,  
however, was unsatisfactory, and impelled  
by a powerful longing for love, he went  
astray to warm his heart by a strange  
fire.  
Kate saw herself now in the midst of a  
gorgeous desolation, burning with a thirst  
unquenchable by golden streams that flowed  
around her—panting with a hunger,  
which not all the food of flattery and ad-  
miration could appease.  
She reproached her husband for desert-  
ing her thus, and he answered her with  
angry and desperate taunts of deception,  
and a total lack of love, which smote her  
conscience heavily.  
"You do not care for me," he said,  
"then why do you complain that I bestow  
elsewhere the affection you have met with  
coldness?"  
"But it is wrong—sinful," Kate remon-  
strated.  
"Yes I know it," said her husband  
fiercely. "It is the evil fruit of an evil  
seed. And who sowed the seed? Who  
gave me a hand without a heart. Who  
became a sharer of my fortune, but gave  
me no share in her sympathy! Who de-  
voted me to the life of a loving, unloved  
husband! Nay, do not weep and clasp  
your hands, and sigh and sob with such  
desperation of impatience, for I say noth-  
ing you do not deserve to hear."  
"Very well," said Kate. "I do not say  
your reproaches are undeserved. But  
granting I am the cold, deceitful thing you  
call me, you know this state of things can-  
not continue."  
"Yes, I know it."  
"Well?"  
Mr. Wellington's brow gathered darkly  
—his eyes flashed with determination—  
his lips curled with scorn.

## 'I have made up my mind,' said he, 'that we should not live together any longer.'

I am tired of being called the hus-  
band of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I  
will move in my circle; you will shine in  
yours. I will place no restraint on your  
actions, nor shall you on mine. We will  
be free."  
"But the world!" shrieked poor Kate,  
trembling.  
"The world will admire you the same—  
and what more do you desire?" asked her  
husband, bitterly. "This marriage of hands  
and not of hearts is mockery. We have  
played the farce long enough. Few un-  
derstand the true meaning of the terms  
husband and wife; but do you know what  
they should mean? Do you feel that the  
only true union is that of love and sym-  
pathy? Then enough of this mummery—  
Farewell. I go to consult my friends about  
the terms of separation.—Nay, do not  
tremble and cry, and cling to me now—I  
shall be liberal to you. As much of my  
fortune shall be yours as you desire."

## He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with an- guish she shrieked aloud:

"Frank! Frank! why did I send you  
from me! Why was I blind until sight  
brought me misery!"  
She lay upon the sofa sobbing and weep-  
ing passionately. Gradually her grief ap-  
peared to exhaust itself, her breathing be-  
came calm; her cheeks and eyes dry; her  
head lay peacefully on her arm, over which  
she swept her dishevelled tresses—until, with  
a start she cried:  
"Frank! oh, Frank—come back!"  
"Here I am," said a soft voice by her  
side. She raised up her head. She  
opened her astonished eyes. Frank was  
standing before her.  
"You have been asleep," he said, smil-  
ing kindly.  
"Asleep!"  
"And dreaming, too, I should say, not  
pleasantly, either."  
"Dreaming!" murmured Kate, "and is  
it all a dream?"  
"I hope so," replied Frank taking her  
hand.—"You could not mean to send me  
away from you so cruelly, I know, so I  
waited in your father's study, where I have  
been talking with him all of an hour. I  
came back to plead my cause once more,  
and found you here where I left you  
asleep."  
"Oh, what a horrible dream!" murmured  
Kate, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like  
reality, I thought I was married!"  
"And would that be so horrible!" asked  
Frank. "I hope you did not dream you  
were married to me?"  
"No, I thought I gave my hand without  
my heart!"  
"Then if you give me your hand, it  
would not be without your heart?" asked  
Frank.  
"No, Frank," said Kate, her bright eyes  
beaming happily through her tears, "and  
here it is."  
And soon there was a real marriage—  
not a splendid but a happy one—followed  
by a life of love and contentment, and so  
ends the story of Kate Yale's marriage.

## sented himself, whom the wayfarer ad- dressing, humbly begged admission.

"No admission here except on business."  
The reader may well fancy how this  
intimation fell upon the traveller's ear on  
such an inclement night. But the work-  
man scanning the traveller over, and dis-  
covering nothing suspicious about him,  
granted the request and let him in.  
Feigning to be completely worn out with  
cold and fatigue, the wayfarer sank upon  
the floor of the comfortable factory, and  
soon appeared to have gone to sleep. To  
go to sleep however, was far from his in-  
tention; the traveller closed his eyes all  
but two little chinks. Through these two  
little chinks he saw all that he cared to  
see. He saw workmen cut bars of steel,  
into little bits, then place into crucibles,  
and with enormous forces pour their liquid  
contents into a mould. Mr. Huntsman's  
factory had nothing more to disclose.—  
This was the secret of cast steel.

## THE CLAY FAMILY.

An old letter, written in 1848, by the  
late Rev. Porter Clay—then preaching at  
Alton Ill., gives the following facts in  
regard to the origin of the Clay family.  
Your wishes to know something about  
the history of our family could not be grati-  
fied within the limits of a letter. The  
following concise account must suffice—  
In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter  
Raleigh brought over to the Virginia  
plantation, among others, three brothers,  
sons of Sir John Clay of Wales, England.  
He gave them \$10,000 each, which was  
a very large fortune at that time. Their  
names were Charles, Thomas, and Henry.  
They settled on James River, near James-  
town. Two of them, Charles and Thomas,  
had large families. Henry had no chil-  
dren. The name Henry has been handed  
down in both branches of the family with  
tenacity ever since. Cassius M. Clay is  
a descendant of Charles Clay; Henry and  
myself from Thos. Clay. Thus the two  
brothers alluded to are the progenitors of  
all the Clays in the United States.  
My father as you have heard, was a  
clergyman of the B-papist denomination.  
He died in early life, leaving seven chil-  
dren—four sons and three daughters; all  
of whom died without children, with the  
exception of Henry and myself. My  
mother was married the second time, and  
raised a family of six children, two of them  
are still living—Nathaniel W. Watkins  
and Frank Watkins, residing in this coun-  
try. Well, I declare," said the ladies  
in chorus. "The lady and gentleman were  
married, good reader, soon after!"  
"Wasn't that a modest way of coming to  
the point," and a lady like method, espe-  
cially during leap year, of taking a man at  
his word? Here is another method of  
"popping the question," quite as cool as the  
foregoing, though perhaps not so commenda-  
ble in prudish eyes:  
A gentleman was riding with a lady  
"all of a summer's day," and accidentally  
—men's arms, awkward things are ever in  
the way—dropped an arm around her  
waist. No objection was made for awhile  
and the arm gradually relieved the side of  
the carriage of the pressure upon it. But  
of a sudden whether from a late recogni-  
tion of the impropriety of the thing, or the  
sight of another beau coming, never was  
known, the lady started with volcanic en-  
ergy, and with a flashing eye exclaimed,  
"Mr. B., I can support myself!"  
"Capital!" was the instant reply, "you  
are just the girl I have been looking for  
these five years—will you marry me?"  
Speaking of "popping the question," we  
don't know but it would be fairly in order  
to ring in the following from an exchange,  
"Be sure before you commence wooing.  
Our friends P—and S—met one eve-  
ning at the house of an acquaintance, for  
one of whom both gentlemen entertained  
tender feelings. In a spirit of frolic, one of  
the ladies blew out the lamp, and our  
two friends, thinking it a favorable mo-  
ment to make known the state of their feel-  
ings to the fair object of their regard,  
moved seats at the same instant, and  
placed themselves, as they supposed, by  
the lady's side, but she had also moved  
and the gentlemen were in reality seated  
next to each other. As our friends could  
not whisper without betraying their where-  
abouts, they both gently took as they  
thought, the soft little hand of the charmer  
and when, after awhile, they ventured to  
give a gentle pressure, each was surprised  
to find it returned with an unmistakable  
squeeze. It may be well imagined that  
the moments flew rapidly, in this silent  
interchange of mutual affection. But the  
rest, wondering at the unusual silence of  
the gentlemen, one of them slipped out  
and suddenly returned with a light; and  
there sat our friends P—and S—  
most lovingly squeezing each other's hands,  
and supreme delight beaming in their  
eyes. Their consternation and the ecsta-  
sy of the ladies may be imagined, but not  
described. Both gentlemen sloped, and  
P—was afterwards heard to say, "that  
he thought all the while S—'s hand felt  
hard."  
Home.—How touchingly beautiful are  
the relations of home! There each is  
bound by an electric chain that seems to  
pass to all hearts in the family group; so  
that one cannot enjoy pleasures unless all  
partake in it. If one heart is oppressed,  
all sympathize; if one is exalted, all must  
share the happiness. It is in the home  
where the aching heart is soothed, when  
the oppressed are relieved, the outcast  
reclaimed, the sick healed, or falling the  
tear of pure love drop from the mourner's  
eyes, when the dear ones are gathered to  
their long home

## by them is in many respects impracticable. If so, it is possible that after a month or a year of negotiating, he contemplates a se- ries of diplomatic victories among the Ger- man States, and an ability then to over- reach Austria, and accomplish his designs in Italy at a less expenditure of treasure, and of life. It is possible, on the other hand, that he is planning to turn Italy into a French dependency; and if so, his com- mencement is admirable. Sardinia is now his; and a complicated confederation will afford numerous excuses and opportunities for seizing other portions of the peninsula. But whatever his project may be, if he sees his way safely through, he can boast of a penetration superior to that of any other European statesman. If it should ultimat- ely appear that he has been beaten in diplomacy by his Imperial cotemporary, the world may regard it as his first defeat; but if it should prove, what we half sus- pect, that he has ulterior plans in mind, to which the present is subservient, then it may safely be assumed that the last defeat of Austria is as certain as her present ap- parent victory.

## A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.

Work being about to be renewed on the  
Washington Monument at Washington,  
preparations were made last week for com-  
mencing operations. Only one rope was  
left by which the top could be reached, but  
it was considered unsafe to attempt to at-  
tend by this, lest it should prove to be rotten,  
and loss of life ensue. It was there-  
fore necessary to get a new rope across  
the top. To do this a man was produced  
who, standing upon the ground, outside the  
column, threw a stone over it—more than  
one hundred and seventy feet in height.  
Having ascertained that he could perform  
this feat a small pack of thread was attached  
to the stone, but the resistance of the air to  
the thread prevented his casting the stone  
more than half the height of the column.  
Next, an Indian low and arrows were ob-  
tained, but the arrows, with thread attached  
would not rise above a hundred feet. A  
rifle was next obtained, and experiments  
were made inside the column by shooting  
the ramrod, with a pack of thread attached  
upwards, in the hope that it would fall  
across a particular brace, but sometimes  
the rod took a wrong direction, and at other  
times the thread was burned off by the pow-  
der, and this plan failed. At last a pigeon  
with a pack thread tied to its leg, was start-  
ed on a flight upwards inside the column,  
and by dint of whooping and shouting by  
the persons below, the bird was frightened  
into a continuance of its flight, and he re-  
acted on the very brace over which it was  
desired to cast the thread. A pistol was  
then fired to startle him from his perch,  
and he luckily descended upon the right  
side of the column. The pack thread was  
caught, a heater cord was attached and  
drawn up, then heavier and stronger cords,  
until a rope of sufficient size was secured  
over the brace to enable the riggers to pro-  
ceed with safety to the work of refitting  
the machinery in complete order for future  
operations.

## POPPING THE QUESTION.

"Popping the question," which has  
heretofore proven such a "teaser," to bashful  
young men in pursuit of matrimony  
under difficulties, is likely, after awhile, to  
be rendered as easy as "trolling off a log."  
All sorts of methods have, from time to  
time, been resorted to, to get around the  
difficult point in courtship—advertising in  
newspapers, corresponding by letter, nego-  
tiating through an agent, &c.—but an  
improvement has been made upon all these  
plans lately as witness the following:  
"A few nights back, a small party of la-  
dies and gentlemen were laughing over the  
supposed awkwardness attending a decla-  
ration of love, when a gentleman remarked  
that if he offered himself, he would do it  
in a collected and business like manner.  
"For instance," he continued, addressing  
himself to a lady present, "I would say,  
Miss S—, I have been two years looking  
for a wife; I am in the receipt of about a  
thousand dollars a year from my busi-  
ness, which is daily on the increase; of all  
the ladies of my acquaintance, I admire  
you the most; indeed I love you and  
would gladly make you my wife." "You  
flatter me by your preference," good hu-  
moredly replied Miss S—, "to the sur-  
prise of all present; I refer you to my  
mother." "Well, I declare," said the ladies  
in chorus. "The lady and gentleman were  
married, good reader, soon after!"  
"Wasn't that a modest way of coming to  
the point," and a lady like method, espe-  
cially during leap year, of taking a man at  
his word? Here is another method of  
"popping the question," quite as cool as the  
foregoing, though perhaps not so commenda-  
ble in prudish eyes:  
A gentleman was riding with a lady  
"all of a summer's day," and accidentally  
—men's arms, awkward things are ever in  
the way—dropped an arm around her  
waist. No objection was made for awhile  
and the arm gradually relieved the side of  
the carriage of the pressure upon it. But  
of a sudden whether from a late recogni-  
tion of the impropriety of the thing, or the  
sight of another beau coming, never was  
known, the lady started with volcanic en-  
ergy, and with a flashing eye exclaimed,  
"Mr. B., I can support myself!"  
"Capital!" was the instant reply, "you  
are just the girl I have been looking for  
these five years—will you marry me?"  
Speaking of "popping the question," we  
don't know but it would be fairly in order  
to ring in the following from an exchange,  
"Be sure before you commence wooing.  
Our friends P—and S—met one eve-  
ning at the house of an acquaintance, for  
one of whom both gentlemen entertained  
tender feelings. In a spirit of frolic, one of  
the ladies blew out the lamp, and our  
two friends, thinking it a favorable mo-  
ment to make known the state of their feel-  
ings to the fair object of their regard,  
moved seats at the same instant, and  
placed themselves, as they supposed, by  
the lady's side, but she had also moved  
and the gentlemen were in reality seated  
next to each other. As our friends could  
not whisper without betraying their where-  
abouts, they both gently took as they  
thought, the soft little hand of the charmer  
and when, after awhile, they ventured to  
give a gentle pressure, each was surprised  
to find it returned with an unmistakable  
squeeze. It may be well imagined that  
the moments flew rapidly, in this silent  
interchange of mutual affection. But the  
rest, wondering at the unusual silence of  
the gentlemen, one of them slipped out  
and suddenly returned with a light; and  
there sat our friends P—and S—  
most lovingly squeezing each other's hands,  
and supreme delight beaming in their  
eyes. Their consternation and the ecsta-  
sy of the ladies may be imagined, but not  
described. Both gentlemen sloped, and  
P—was afterwards heard to say, "that  
he thought all the while S—'s hand felt  
hard."  
Home.—How touchingly beautiful are  
the relations of home! There each is  
bound by an electric chain that seems to  
pass to all hearts in the family group; so  
that one cannot enjoy pleasures unless all  
partake in it. If one heart is oppressed,  
all sympathize; if one is exalted, all must  
share the happiness. It is in the home  
where the aching heart is soothed, when  
the oppressed are relieved, the outcast  
reclaimed, the sick healed, or falling the  
tear of pure love drop from the mourner's  
eyes, when the dear ones are gathered to  
their long home

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the machinery in complete order for future  
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## A CURIOUS LOVE STORY.

Says the *Eastern Argus*: "First love,  
the world generally admits, is always the  
most sincere. An instance illustrating the  
truth of this, recently came to our knowl-  
edge, which is worth repeating. Forty-  
five years ago, a young man named Peter-  
son served his apprenticeship at the print-  
ing business, in the office of Chris. Jacob  
Hutter, of this place. Whilst in his em-  
ploy he became interested in a young lady  
of our town, and upon the expiration of  
his term of apprenticeship, he was ac-  
cepted, but the mother of the girl  
opposed the match now broke it up. After  
finishing his trade he went to one of the  
Southern States, and married a sister of  
Hon. John M. Clayton, former United  
States Senator from Delaware. After hav-  
ing two children, his wife died and left  
him a widower. He then emigrated to  
Canada West where he became quite a  
wealthy and prominent man, and filled the  
office of County Recorder, a life appoint-  
ment, at Guelph. There he married the  
second time, a widow. Last summer he  
passed through Easton, on his road to  
Wilmington, where his daughter was at  
school, and whilst here made enquiry after  
the sweet heart of his younger days. As-  
certaining that she was a widow and resi-  
ding in