

Virginia Free Press

And Farmers' Repository.

VOL. 45.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY, VIRGINIA, THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1852.

National Agricultural and Seed Warehouse

WASHINGTON CITY.

The subscriber begs leave to call the attention of the Farmers of Jefferson, and the adjoining counties, to one of the most extensive and best assorted assortments of Agricultural Machinery and Implements ever imported into this country, from the United States. His arrangements will call the best manufacturers in this country, enable him to furnish, at *factory prices*, every article required for the farm; and all goods, leaving his establishment, are warranted to prove as represented. His stock embraces:

Forty Varieties of Ploughs, among which may be found the celebrated Premium Centre Draft Wagon and Cotton Seed Sower; the Deep Tiller Sod; the fat farrow ditto; the premium New York Nos. 18, 19, 20, 21 and 22; the subsoil and hill side Ploughs of every variety and price.

Reaping and Mowing Machines, Bamboozle's, Griggs and Smecher's **FANNING MILLS,**

Corn Shellers, Single and double Spout (price \$10 to \$16), also the large Cylindrical at \$30 and \$50; and latter warranted to shell from 800 to 1000 bushels a day.

THRASHING MACHINES, With open and solid wrought iron and oak Cylinders—price \$35 to \$50.

CORN AND COB CRUSHERS, From \$20 to \$45, warranted to grind from 8 to 10 bushels per hour.

THE SEED DEPARTMENT is supplied with every variety of Field and Garden Seed, all of which are warranted fresh and genuine.

PERUVIAN GUANO, Having made arrangements with the Agent of the Peruvian Government for the sale of Peruvian Guano, for supplying the soil in the States of the Chesapeake Islands, purchasers may rely upon being furnished with a pure No. 1 quality, at lowest Baltimore rates.

All goods delivered in Washington or Georgetown, free of charge, and orders by mail promptly attended to.

FITZGUGH COYLE, National Agricultural and Seed Warehouse, Iron Building, step of the Artillery Barracks, Eagle, 2nd street, Washington city, March 18, 1852.

Fashionable Clothing, WM. WALL, 10th and 11th Streets, (Next to M. S. King's Low Building), Washington, D. C.

WOULD respectfully say to the citizens of Jefferson and the Valley generally, that he has enlarged and extended his Clothing Establishment, making it one of the largest and most extensive Clothing Depots in this part of the country.

His extent is two floors, running 150 feet deep, and employing from 75 to 100 hands, thereby giving employment to many of the poor of the city, and offering goods as low as they can be bought at the North.

Am prepared to make to order, the most fashionable and elegant assortment of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS, to be found in this city, at prices as low as those bought at the cheapest ready-made store in Washington, and of superior make and finish. In texture and quality, all my goods will compare with any Merchant Tailors in the District, and at much lower prices. I am determined to give entire satisfaction, and all goods purchased, if not found to be as represented, a liberal return will be made.

All Clothing made to order, will be cheerfully taken back if found not to suit.

Constantly on hand a large, general and complete assortment of Ready-made Clothing at prices to suit the times.

Also at my Establishment three doors East of the National Hotel.

The citizens of Jefferson and the Valley, visiting Washington, are respectfully invited to give me a call, as I feel confident they will be amply repaid.

March 18, 1852—1y.

Fashionable Clothing, READY MADE CLOTHING, Superior quality and most fashionable styles can always be found at

WM. WALL'S CLOTHING WAREHOUSE, Pennsylvania Avenue, 10 doors west of 9th street, SUCH AS

Fine Dress, Sack and Over Coats; Plain Cloth, and Embroidered Suits; Gaiting, Cloth Vests; Fine Black and Fancy Cassimeres; Pants; Also a large and superior Stock of Gentlemen's Under Wear, of all Qualities; White and Colored Kid and other Gloves; Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, Cravats, Hosieries, &c.

March 18, 1852.

Pianos! Pianos!!

WILLIAM WALL, Pennsylvania Avenue, between 9th and 10th streets, Washington, D. C.

WOULD invite particular attention to his assortment of superior PIANOS, manufactured by the most celebrated makers in the United States, Messrs. Nims & Clark, New York, to whom was awarded the highest Premium at the World's Fair, for their superior and brilliant toned Pianos.

The above instruments can be had of the subscriber at manufacturers prices, and warranted second to none in the United States.

March 18, 1852.

Hats! Hats!! Hats!!!

STRANGERS visiting the city, will find it to their advantage to give

MCPHAIL & BROTHERS, 132 BALTIMORE ST., next to Clippier Office, ASSORTMENT OF HATS & CAPS, an examination before purchasing. They are determined to sell low for CASH, or on reasonable terms to those who buy to sell.

Country Merchants and Hatters, will always find OUR HATS of the Latest Style. We are also manufacturing Hats in the South, to which we invite the attention of Country Hatters.

March 4, 1852.

TO THE PUBLIC, IN connection with my business as Constable, I offer my services as AUCTIONEER in this part of the County—those disposed to patronize me can have my services called for at my residence at Charlestown, Jefferson county, Va. All business will be promptly attended to.

April 18, 1851. C. G. BRAGG, Constable.

Fruit, FRESH Oranges, Lemons, Peas and Raisins, just received by

A GARD.

THE undersigned have formed a partnership in the legal profession. They will attend the County and State Courts at Berkeley, Jefferson, Morgan, and Frederick, and the Superior Courts of other counties in such cases only in which they may be specially retained.

CHAS. JAS. FAULKNER, FRANKLIN THOMAS, Merriensburg, April 8, 1852—1y

THOMAS G. GREEN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Charlestown, Jefferson County, Virginia, and will attend the County and State Courts at Berkeley, Morgan, and Frederick, and the Superior Courts of other counties in such cases only in which they may be specially retained.

Office recently occupied by Wm. Lucas, March 18, 1852.

WM. T. DAUGHERTY, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Harpers Ferry, Va.

PRACTICE in the County of this and the adjoining Counties, and will take Affidavits, Depositions and the acknowledgment of Deeds, anywhere in Jefferson County; and will also prosecute bills of exchange.

Feb. 21, 1851—5y.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, Corner of King St. and the Public Square, MARTINSBURG, VA.

THE undersigned tender cordial thanks to his friends and the public for their past liberal encouragement, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. Her house is about to undergo a thorough repair, and she pledges herself that nothing shall be wanting to make the United States Hotel a pleasant and agreeable home to the traveler and guest.

MARY OGDEN, April 18, 1852—1y.

BAWEN'S HOTEL, Corner of Queen and Burk Streets, MARTINSBURG, VA.

THE undersigned begs leave respectfully to inform the community and travelling public that he has taken the Hotel formerly known as the "Berkeley House" in this city, and has recently undergone a thorough renovation; it is now believed to be in every respect adapted to the wants of the traveler and sojourner.

A large and commodious Stable is attached to the premises. The luxuries of the TABLE will be supplied by a choice selection of superior wines and liquors.

BAGGAGE taken to and from the Depot free of charge, and he had weather a Carriage will run to the Depot for the accommodation of travelers without any additional expense.

JOS. C. RAWLINS, Proprietor, March 11, 1852—1y.

CITY HOTEL, CORNER OF WALL & MAIN STREETS, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

THE nearest Hotel in the City to the Depots of the Central & Danville Railroad and the James River Steamers.

T. M. P. ROY, Proprietor, AND J. B. WATSON, Proprietor, Wm. JACK, TAYLOR, Wm. WILLIAMSON, April 22, 1852.

T. NEWTON KURTZ, Wholesale and Retail DEALER IN PAPER, AND BANK ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER, No. 151 PRATT ST., (Next to the Old R.R. Depot), BALTIMORE, MD.

THE highest market price given for RAIGS in exchange for Books, Stationery, &c.

CHEAP CASH STORE, THE subscriber is opening in Mr. Rawlins' Store-house, on Main street,

A new Dry Goods and Ready-Made CLOTHING STORE,

Including Fancy Goods, Jewellery, and Varieties. He will sell at the very lowest price for Cash or Country Produce, and respectfully requests Ladies and Gentlemen to call and examine his goods.

ISAAC ROSE, Charlestown, April 22, 1852.

NOTICE, VINCIENNELER & LEBLANC, having discontinued the Saddle and Harness Making business in Charlestown, respectfully request that all persons indebted to them would call immediately upon C. G. BRAGG, who has their accounts, and settle the same. J. Vincineller, still carries on the above named business in all its branches in Martinsburg, where he will be happy to fill all orders from Jefferson and adjoining counties. Ordered by J. N. Carter, in Charlestown, shall receive prompt attention, as well as all others.

January 15, 1852—1y.

The Bank of the Union, (Corner of Market Building, Washington, D. C.)

DISCOUNTS AND COLLECTS DRAFTS on Commission, deals in all kinds of Uncurrent Money, and sells DRAFTS and CHECKS on the principal cities of the Union at moderate rates. A commission of only one fourth per cent, charged for all collections.

R. H. GALLAHER, President, S. W. MANN, Cashier, (March 11, 1852.)

War Declared against Cuba, SINCE in the course of human events, &c. it becomes necessary that every man should follow some vocation, whereby to gain an honest livelihood, therefore will hereby declare and make known to a general public, that I am now carrying on the

Saddlery & Harness Making, in all of its various branches, and am prepared to put up as good work and at as short notice, and on as accommodating terms, as any one in the State of Virginia. Come one, come all and see me before purchasing, and I will do you good.

EDWARD K. SMITH, Harpers-Ferry, Oct. 25, 1851. High street.

Cash for Negroes, THE subscriber is anxious to purchase a large number of Negroes, of both sexes, sound and likely. Persons having Negroes to dispose of, will find it to their interest to give him a call before selling, as he will pay the very highest cash price.

He can be seen at the Berkeley Courts, at Martinsburg, on the 24th Monday, and at Berryville on the 4th Monday in each month, and usually at his residence in Charlestown.

All letters addressed to him will be promptly attended to. WM. CROW, Charlestown, Feb. 13, 1848—1y.

Cash for Negroes, I AM desirous to purchase a large number of NEGROES for the Southern markets, men, women, boys, girls and families, for which will give the highest cash prices.

Persons having slaves to sell will please inform me personally, or by letter at Winchester, which will receive prompt attention; or B. M. & W. L. Campbell, No. 215, West Pratt street, Baltimore. ELIJAH McDOWELL, Agent for B. M. & W. L. Campbell, Winchester, September 1, 1851.

POETRY.

THE BALLAD OF "THE STICK OF CANDY."

"He beheld three boys eating candy—the beheld another boy sitting alone—not eating, but crying, because he had no money to buy candy. With that noble generosity which has ever distinguished Perce, he put his hand in his pocket, drew forth a *cor. stick*, caught a stick of candy and gave it to the boy."—*Gov. Stegell.*

It was a poor weeping boy, All sad he wept alone, He had been resting on his hand, He sat upon a stone.

Not far sweet, three other boys, With sweetest mouths and smiles, Were sucking each a stick of candy, Of candy all the while.

It was a stranger man who passed: He saw the mourning lad, And kindly turning to him said: "What makes you feel so sad?"

"I'm poor, indeed, I'm very poor, And I have no money left, My comrades taste the pleasant sweets, While I sit here and cry."

'Twas then a noble impulse seized Upon that stranger man, And thus he spoke, "cheer up my lad, I'll help you what I can."

Then quickly down his pocket's depths His generous hand he thrust, And forth he drew a shining one, From out a pile of dust.

Then to a candy shop he sped, With grave and reverent haste, For he, like every prudent man, Nor scarce nor time could waste.

The money done, the candy bought, The money done was paid, Then he, with bright and merry mouth, Went cloquence unsaid.

But eagerly he grasped the stick, He held it to his eye, Not half so sweet the flower from which The bee the nectar sips.

Oh, noble art, oh, noble man! How blessed 'twas to him! The story, like the widow's mite, To thy renown shall live.

More glorious than conquest great, In camp and forum won; Far louder shall thy name be praised Than all else thou hast done.

Now learn a lesson from this tale, Who gives a boy a cent To buy a stick of candy with, Shall be a President.

MISCELLANY.

HOW MRS. TWEDDLE MADE A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

By PETER PEPPERCOCK, ESQ.

Mrs Tweddle was a terribly jealous woman. The moment Mr. Tweddle (unfortunately for her peace of mind, a very handsome gentleman) departed from her sight, her of his being seduced from his matrimonial allegiance, and her imagination filled with horrible visions of his smiles and attentions being lavished on some artful creature more fascinating than herself; not that she had any just grounds on which to found her "green eyed" suspicions, for Mr. Tweddle was a very model of affectionate husband, and usually spent the greater portions of his evening at home. But, somehow, he was remarkably polite and attentive to females generally, and would no more have permitted one to lack the shelter of his umbrella when it rained, than he would have thought to fly. Moreover, he was a great favorite with the fair sex generally; and when ever any of his wife's lady friends paid her a visit, he would go to double his ordinary flow of pleasant speech agreeability of manner, and would never suffer them to return home unaccompanied by his protecting arm.

Therefore, Mrs. Tweddle was jealous, and grew daily and more jealous, till her face at length assumed as sour and green an aspect as the rind of an unripe water melon. Now but the very ugliest of bags would she have in the house as servants, though the Tweddle clerks were almost frightened into fits by their presence, and Mr. Tweddle asserted with a very false disgust, that only to look at such "infernal scorpions" was enough to make a sensitive man run away to the midst of some solitary desert, and live a hermit all the rest of his days. Nay, on the advent of one particular damsel, whose features were as coarse and rough as an old shoe brush, and her eyes all twisted into a heap as it were, in one most execrating squint, he said that his own organs of vision were growing awry, and so fast, that in a very short time he should be compelled to turn his head twice round to look at an object in front of his face. But Mrs. Tweddle was not to be changed in her purpose. Have pretty servants, indeed! and have Tweddle making love to them under her very nose! Was it not a fact, that wherever pretty servants were kept, the gentlemen, stricken with a strong predilection for the kitchen, as if the said pretty servants had only been hired as a sort of extra provision, especially, provided for their amusement?

One by one all the good-looking of her friends were dropped from her list of acceptable visitors, till nothing but contemptible ugly, and what might be seen in her abode. She shook her fist at the bright eyed seamstress who would continue to parade her brazen face on the opposite side of the way, and draw down the blind with a savage gesture, as if she would smother the hateful eyesore, and she felt that she could burn the shameless girl at the stake; and once when Mr. Tweddle dared to suggest the idea of employing lady clerks in his store, in place of greasy men who would be doing themselves and their country both service making fence rails or chopping wood, she raised such a storm as threatened to almost lift the roof from the dwelling, and nipped that scandalous notion in the bud, quick and forever.

The lady clerks, forsooth! A pretty convenient provision that would be! When Mr. Tweddle could indulge in forbidden sparkling by the quantity, under cover of business, with as much ease as he would measure off a yard of ribbon or tape.

Mr. T. made light of her jealous bickering, and laughed heartily at her hints and half expressed fears; nor still more jealous grew his suspicious wife. What lady was that he saw home from the concert? Oh, that was Miss Tilly. And what right had he to be gallanting young ladies home from the concert? Who was Miss Tilly, that she had any claim on a married man? "She is a very charming lady, I assure you, my dear," responded Mr. Tweddle with a smile. "Oh, indeed?" came short and snappish from the lips of Mrs. Tweddle, and all the

jaundiced bile in her nature boiled in an instant. "Yes! No doubt you found Miss Tilly a very charming lady. Very charming; and so pretty, with her pretty baby face, all dandied over with paint, like some common theatre actress, and so accomplished, with her sentimental sickness, ready to fall into the arms of the first gentleman who will accept her. Certainly! Miss Tilly! I wonder you did not run away with her, you seem to admire her so much—and she is so greatly superior to me."

No wonder Mr. Tweddle was at length afraid to speak of a female, or even speak a word of praise touching any pretty bonnet he chanced to see, for Mrs. Tweddle's complaints at length made so tolerable a pitch, that in the latter stage she would be sure to jump at the conclusion, that his eyes were constantly roaming after the beautiful faces the said bonnets enclosed. Nay, she even became jealous of the huckster women in market, after one occasion where Mrs. Tweddle received considerable better measure in a quart of apple butter than she did at the same herself. She first badgered Mr. Tweddle soundly, and refused to believe that he could get extra measure unless something wrong was at the bottom of it; and the very next market day, the bold faced vender of apple butter was favored with such a lecture on female propriety, from the excited wife, as caused to small children to open wide their eyes in astonishment, and cry out, "Orie! ain't she a horsey!" We scarce need add, that that pretty huckster sold no more apple butter to the Tweddle family; nor was Mr. Tweddle ever suffered to go to market again.

Then Mrs. Tweddle's jealous flame was considerably fanned by a certain kind disinterested friend, in the person of an exceedingly sharp-featured lady, whose chief delight it was to spy out, and stir up into a hotter ferment, and gloat over all the weaknesses of her neighbors. She often called to console with her "poor, dear Mrs. Tweddle, and offer such little services and vague hints as were best calculated to rattle in the ears already made so tender by the "dear, dear Mr. Tweddle's eyes." "Oh, my dear Caroline," she would say, "I would not trust a man with eyes like his! They can't deceive me. Certainly, my dear Caroline, it is not for me to say, of course, that Mr. Tweddle was so far forget what he owes to you, as to be led away by the loving blandishments of another, nor I would not hush such a thing for the world. But at the same time, my dear Caroline, I must affirm, that if he was my husband, I could not trust him a moment after, he was out of my sight. If he persisted in spending his evenings away from home, I'd follow and watch him."

And Mrs. Tweddle resolved that she would do so; nor was it long before an opportunity occurred. Mr. Tweddle made his toilet one evening with even more than his accustomed care, and, to all his wife's demands to know where he was going, he promised to meet a select party of friends—Yes, friends, thought Mrs. Tweddle. I know what sort of friends, and I'll meet them, too. The moment he had gone, with the parting injunction that she need not sit up for him, as it might be late before he returned, Mrs. Tweddle enveloped her person in an old cloak she had not worn for years, and, concealing her face within the close covering of a hood of equally ancient date, followed quickly on the heels of her rambling lord, secure from detection in the concealment afforded by the garments she had chosen—And now she would detect her fine gentleman in the very midst of his deceptive ways; and oh! how she would rend into minute pieces, any deluding hussy who pretended to have stolen the loving allegiance of right only her own.

A long walk she had, however, and apparently to no purpose; but at length her worst suspicions were realized. Mr. Tweddle suddenly checked himself in front of a store, yet open and unoccupied, by a female, and who took his arm with all the familiarity of long established intimacy, and with him moved away.

Ravings of Othello! what a thunder shock was this to Mrs. Tweddle! Here it was, palpable to her vision, glaring horribly in the fact that her suspicions were only too correct, that Mr. Tweddle was a traitor to his conjugal vows! She set her teeth hard, and almost refused to breathe, whilst the scorching fire of ten thousand streaks of lightning seemed to blaze, hot and furious, in her dilating eyes. Not more savage could be a tigress robbed of her cubs, than she was; then, and she clutched at the old cloak, as if twitting some obnoxious reptile into atoms, and stamped her feet in a perfect frenzy on the ground. And on the next afternoon, after her recent husband, bent on every thing so terrible that every newspaper in the land would ring with it for weeks to come.

Happily, unheeded of the storm behind, Mr. Tweddle pursued his pleasant way, paying the most respectful attention to his lady companion, and evincing an amount of tender assiduity in his assistance of her over the milky gutters, that would have done infinite credit to any lack-advised bridegroom in existence. Mrs. Tweddle gained upon them, but at all at once it began to rain, and Mr. Tweddle suddenly drew up at the door of a house close at hand, and passed within.

Mrs. Tweddle's first impulse was to make a fearful lunge at the door, and confront the guilty pair, and—something yet hidden in the harrowing turmoil of the soul. But the rain beat down in torrents and one or two passers by stared, mildly in her face, as if wondering what degraded creature she could be, to be out alone at such a time, and drenched through and cold, and ashamed to show herself in such a dragged plight, she finally cast one look of concentrated rage and vengeful fire, and retraced her steps home.

Not there to stay, however. She had over-till Mr. Tweddle returned, and she had overwhelmed him beneath the torrent of her withering invectives, and stung him with her knowledge of his perfidious conduct, and kissed her cherub babies; then she would shake off the dust of his house from her feet, and seek a heart broken asylum in the abode of her parents, never more to look on him again.

It was past midnight when Mr. Tweddle arrived; and, as he entered, whistling a merry tune, as light of heart as if he was one of the most innocent men alive, and who seemed to be quite full of some pleasant incident connected with his wife. Not noticing the black scowl on Mrs. Tweddle's face, he smilingly said, "My dear Carry, do you think—"

"You dear! you nasty, hateful—"

The star burst, and it fell thick and heavy on Tweddle's astonished head; the pouring forth of these part up bery silenced in a moment. He tried to gasp, but she withered him up as dumb as an oyster by an imperious "Don't speak, sir! Don't attempt to deny your base treachery, sir! I have seen it with my own eyes: scoundrel! I followed you following you, sir! I saw you with that abandoned creature, sir!"

Now Mr. Tweddle lay back in his seat and gave way to side-shaking bursts of laughter, at the same time gasping, "why, you're clean crazy! you silly woman, that abandoned creature was—"

"Don't try to excite me, sir! you can't deceive me any longer. My eyes are opened to your baseness at last; and I shall leave you, sir, leave you this very night and forever. I shall return to the home of my childhood, where your invidious wiles first led me to believe in the honor of your sex. "My dear Caroline," said Mr. Tweddle, as his excited wife prepared to carry her threat into execution, "you are a fool; and your mother will tell you the same thing, if you are silly enough to go." "Oh, you base villain!" cried Mrs. Tweddle, and burst into a hysterical flood of tears. Then sobbing the wish, that the ground would open and swallow her where she stood, she started forth for the dwelling of her parents.

"Give my kind love to father and mother," shouted Mr. Tweddle, from the door step. "I shall look for you here again in a couple of hours, and will not retire till that time arrives."

Here was cold-blooded insult added to injury. The home of her childhood was gained, and her parents roused up in amazement from their bed; and amid a choking flood of sobs, Mrs. Tweddle lay her head on the bosom of her mother, and laid bare the base conduct of her unfaithful husband—

But instead of the consoling sympathy she expected, her mother pressed her hands to her sides, and laughed till the tears of laughing merriment fairly coursed down her reddened cheeks; at length contriving to say, in a sort of spasmodic splutter, "Oh, my dear Tweddle, the dear, my abandoned creature! Oh, dear, what a world this is! Why, you poor silly fool, it was *she* you saw with Tweddle!"

"You?" gasped Mrs. Tweddle, with eyes and mouth wide a gape, and such a foolish expression on her countenance as was never before seen.

"Yes, me," returned her mother. "He happened to see me waiting for your father in Plotter's, and, like a good fellow as he is, he denied himself the pleasure of meeting some particular friends, to accompany me home. It came on to rain, and we stepped in till we were over, into the house of a lady named Mrs. Bad. There, your father will take you back here, and advise Tweddle never to mention a word about that abandoned creature as long as he lives. Oh, dear!"

A very sore task it was for Mrs. Tweddle to exceedingly "down in the her husband, and ever mind where he put them; let it suffice that there was more hugging and kissing in the Tweddle residence on that night, than had occurred during a like short period since the wedding day. And so good a lesson did he mistake prove to Mrs. Tweddle, that, though she cannot help a slight twinge of her old jealousy from stirring unpleasantly in her breast, whenever Mr. Tweddle pays any noticeable attention to a good looking lady friend, she has never suffered the "green-eyed monster" to mar the smooth current of her peaceful existence, and make such a silly fool of her as it did before.

SUDDEN DEATHS.

About 3 o'clock last Wednesday afternoon, while Miss Mary Ann Coleman, plain and fancy dress maker, sat in her little back room, with her apprentice, Miss Jane Thompson, both busily engaged in making up a watered silk dress, with three flounces, a foot step was heard in the front shop, and immediately a decently dressed young man entered the apartment where the ladies were seated. Miss Coleman, though a lady of five-and-thirty, (at which age single ladies are not apt to be frightened at the sight of a man) was startled and discomposed at this abrupt visit; and in faltering accents desired to know the stranger's commands—Before he replied to this query, the visitor drew up a chair to Miss Coleman's side, and with a very confidential manner entered into general conversation.

"Nice, snug little place of yours, madame; shop small but pleasant. Want but one fixture to make your establishment complete!"

"What fixture is that, sir?"

"A husband, madame! I see by your tin sign that you are Miss Coleman; and, if you have any other tin besides your sign, I'd like to make you an offer."

"Really, sir, this behavior is outrageous. I never saw you before, never had an introduction."

"Sure enough! how could I be so forgetful? An introduction by all means! You shall have one instantly—Miss Coleman, allow me to present Mr. Cornelius McManus, a gentleman of fine talents and agreeable manners, most merit, and so forth, and on who intends to be your husband, if he finds every thing agreeable!"

"What do you mean sir? Have you come to rob and murder me?" cried the terrified manufacturer.

"At this exclamation, Miss Jane, the apprentice, was aroused; she started from her seat, and with all the alertness of a young dress maker, ran out for assistance. Fortunately, she did not hunt more than half an hour, before she found an officer ready to duty. He accompanied her to Miss Coleman's shop, which he entered softly and peeped through the glazed door, into the little back-room.

"Has he murdered her?" inquired Jane, with most distressing anxiety.

Miss Jane looked in and saw the mysterious stranger, with his arms around Miss Coleman's neck, whispering something into her ear, to which she appeared to be listening with perfect resignation and approval.

Here it might be agreeable to the ladies, and to novel readers in general, if we should pause, and let truth obliges us to spoil the story; but the thing, by stating that Mr. Cornelius McManus proved to be a harmless lunatic, who had escaped from the custody of his friends, and whose peculiar mania it is to make love, and propose marriage to every woman he meets. Miss Coleman's establishment, therefore, will want that "one necessary fixture" a husband—for some time longer.—*Philadelphia Painsicianian.*

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

HENRY CLAY.

At a time when so much infidelity prevails, and the disposition so generally exists, to cast aside the restraints of religion, it is pleasing to be able to record the dying testimony of so great a man as Henry Clay, in behalf of Christianity. It is said that Addison sent for the infidel and dissolute Earl of Rochester, to witness the calmness and resignation with which a Christian could yield up his spirit—and, in like manner we wish that every Judge every doubter as to the truth of the Christian religion, could have seen the faith, hope and confidence which cheered Mr. Clay in his last moments. He had attained the pinnacle of fame; was the idol of his countrymen; and was sure of being immortalized on the page of his country's history—but these empty honors failed to soothe his immortal spirit. It required something more substantial upon which to rest; and he wisely sought quiet and consolation where they were alone to be found, in the sincere belief and profession of the Christian religion. Mr. Venable says:

"Feeling a deep interest, I asked him frankly what were his hopes in the world which he was evidently hastening. 'I am pleased, (said he,) my friend, that you have introduced the subject. Consistency must die every season, I love to meditate upon the most important of all interests. I love to converse and to hear conversations about them.—The vanity of the world and its insufficiency to satisfy the soul of man has been long a settled conviction of my mind. Man's liability to sin, by his own merits, the approbation of God, I feel to be true. I trust in the atonement of the Saviour of men as the ground of my acceptance and my hope of salvation. My faith is feeble, but I hope in His mercy and trust in His promises.' To such declarations I listened with the deepest interest, as I did his cheerful and serene, I love to meditate upon the most important of all interests. I love to abide by the will of Heaven, and ready to die when that will shall determine it."

