

From the Ladies' World of Fashion.
MR. HENRY GOWAN.
BY MRS. C. K. POWELL.

"What a lovely girl Emma Wharton is," said Charles Lawrey to a chance acquaintance whom he chanced to meet in the street, and as the young man spoke he glanced across the way to a young lady whose graceful step and elegant figure attracted universal attention.

"Ahl that is Miss Wharton!" said Mr. Henry Gowen, the friend whom he addressed, "I've heard she's rich; but there's no knowing certainly now-a-days, since if a girl has but a thousand dollars she is made an heiress by the popular report."

"I do not pretend to know how wealthy Miss Wharton is," replied Lawrey with some coldness. "She is an old acquaintance, but I have never troubled myself about her riches."

"Faith, now, that's the first thing I would trouble myself about. There is it a girl I have known for a month, a knowledge of whose fortune I havn't at my finger ends. It don't do to throw oneself away on an angel without a sixpence. Catch me at it."

Mr. Henry Gowen spoke frankly. He made it his business to ascertain at the earliest possible period after an introduction the exact fortune of every single lady whom he honored with his acquaintance—we say honored, for as Mr. Henry Gowen had a few thousands of his own, and was thought to be the handsomest man in his family, he considered it quite a condescension to make the acquaintance of any lady. On marrying a rich wife he was fully resolved. That such advantages as this should be thrown away on a penniless girl, was not to be thought of, and if ever a hawk had a keen eye for its prey, Henry Gowen had one for an heiress.

From what Charles Lawrey had said the fortune hunter suspected that Miss Wharton was worth more than he had at first suspected, so he lost no time in making her acquaintance, and, as a matter of course began to prosecute his inquiries as to her wealth, with what effect will appear from the following conversation with Charles Lawrey, about a month subsequent to the preceding interview.

"I can tell you all about Miss Wharton," said Gowen as they met in the street,

"Ahl!"

"Yes! I soon ferretted it out. Let me alone for such an inquiry as this is. Miss Wharton is worth exactly one hundred and ten thousand dollars, in ground rents, mortgages, and houses. She has also twenty thousand dollars in stock. Her income must at least be seven thousand dollars—a pretty pill as times go. And then she's so deucedly handsome. Faith, I've made up my mind to make love to her, so if you know any body who has an eye that way you can give him a friendly hint that it's no use," and Mr. Henry Gowen pulled up his shirt collar with all the coxcombry and conceit of a finished exquisite.

There might have been seen a look of surprise on the face of Lawrey when his acquaintance first announced his intentions towards Miss Wharton, but this expression quickly subsided into a quiet smile, which also soon passed away, so that ere Mr. Henry Gowen had finished speaking, the countenance of his hearer had assumed its usual composed demeanor.

"Pray, when do you intend to bring matters to a crisis?" asked Lawrey.

"In a month at farthest. When I've once made up my mind I lose no time; I flatter myself that I've already made a considerable impression on Miss Wharton."

"You concealed coxcomb!" muttered Lawrey to himself, and after a few commonplace expressions they parted.

"Emma," said Lawrey that evening as he entered the parlor where sat his betrothed! "who do you think is about to aspire to your hand, or rather to your fortune, for it seems he has found out that you have one?"

"Who?" said the lovely girl, "oh! surely you must mean Mr. Gowen—he is the only fortune hunter among my acquaintances, she added laughing—"and now recollect he has been acting very willingly of late, and has even gone so far as to send me this piece of verse—poetry he calls it."

Lawrey took the manuscript and read the poem, laughing with Emma over it. At length he spoke.

"As no one knows of our engagement, dearest, this fellow has made me his constant, and told me to warn any body that it would be useless to pretend to your hand, while he is in the field. What think you of that Emma?"

Emma's fine eyes flashed.

"I will bring down his coxcomb yet, with your permission, dear Charles. The impudent fellow! For the sake of my sex, I ought to expose him. Pray did he honor you with the exact amount of my fortune?"

"To the very cent, a piece of information I never possessed before. I wonder where he learned it, for his minute particularly convinced me that he spoke with authority—but to day as I was going to Court, I met the clerk of the Surrogate, who called me to him. He asked me if I knew you, and then if knew Gowen, for," says he, "that gentleman has been here looking at the late Mr. Wharton's will, and calculating from it the daughter's fortune. Now, I do not know Miss Wharton, but I think she ought to be acquainted with this. So you see, Emma, your suitor has it all by the board."

"O! the wretch," said Emma, laughingly,

and he thinks himself so irresistible that he can win a lady at once."

"And he tells me he will propose for you in a month, and that his success is certain," said her lover with mock solemnity, and then both looking into each other's faces, burst into a merry laugh which lasted for some minutes.

"A thought strikes me," said Emma at length, her eyes sparkling with mischief, and then she recounted to her lover a plan which she had formed, which only increased their laughter. What the plan was that so pleased Emma and Lawrey shall appear in due time.

The attentions of Mr. Henry Gowen to the fair Emma Wharton, soon became the theme of conversation, and many an opinion was hazarded as to whether the attachment was reciprocal. Of the sentiments of the gentlemen there could apparently be no doubt, since his attentions were constant and minute; but the conduct of Emma was not so easily unriddled, since altho' she did not reject the attentions of her new lover, she could hardly be said to encourage them. The gossips, however, soon came to the conclusion that it was to be a match" and that the deportment of the lady was to be attributed wholly to coyness.

A fortnight had elapsed since the conversation betwixt Lawrey and Emma, when Mr. Henry Gowen again met Lawrey in the street:

"Deuced fine girl, Lawrey, is that Miss Wharton," said Mr. Henry Gowen, "I was never so deeply in love in my life."

"With her fortune, you mean," drily said Lawrey.

"Oh, faith, with herself—I confess, between you and I, it was her money that induced me to pay attention to her, but I'm more deeply interested in her than would be prudent if there was any danger of a refusal."

"So you think your success is certain?"

"Why, yes, I may say so—I fancy there is little doubt. Emma is a little coy, to be sure, but aside from that, every symptom is favorable! Ah! but here comes the angel herself—good bye—don't you wish you were as happy as I am?"

"A precious rascal!" said Lawrey to himself as he bowed to Emma, and exchanged with her a meaning smile.

Mr. Henry Gowen hastened to join the side of Emma, and accompanied her home. Soliciting a few minutes tête-à-tête with her as she entered the parlor and took his seat by her side—Then, in a set speech which he had duly composed and committed to memory for the occasion, he tendered her his heart, hand, and fortune. Emma heard him out gravely and then replied.

"I certainly ought to feel myself honored by your proposal, sir; but as I attribute it wholly to my fortune and not to myself, I cannot be so highly flattered as I should under other circumstances. Excuse me for declining your proposal," she said, rising, and take a word of counsel, Never go again to the Surrogate's Office to learn a lady's wealth. Good morning sir."

These words, without the tone in which they were pronounced would have been sufficient to discomfit even a greater coxcomb than Mr. Henry Gowen. He left as if he could have wished the floor to open and swallow him from the scornful look of Miss Wharton. Seizing his hat he hurried to the door, and before night was on his way to the Springs.

A merry laugh had Emma and her lover that evening over the discomfited fortune hunter. And when, a few months later, Mr. Henry Gowen saw their marriage in the newspaper, and recollecting that he had made a confident of Charles Lawrey, he wisely concluded that even the Springs would not save him from ridicule, and sailed at once for Europe.

LIBERTY ON BOTH SIDES.

A ragged militia officer, and still more bandy legged negro, met at the bar of a public house, where the following conversation took place :

"Cuff, you're a good honest fellow, and I like to compliment a man what's lived an honest life if he's black; you shall take a glass of drink with me Cuff." "Well, Captain, I'se berry dry, so I won't be ugly 'bout it; some cigars is to proud to drink with militiaman; but when he's sober he is as good as nigger—'specially if de nigger's dry."

Good Advice.—Be content as long as your belly is full and your body warm—remember the poor, kiss the pretty girls—don't rob your neighbor's hen roots—never pick an editor's pocket, nor think that he is going to treat—kick dull care to the devil, and black your own boots.

Shooting Stars.—The New Haven Savans kept a sharp look out for the "Shooting Stars" on Monday and Tuesday nights, the period of their annual arrival; and much to the satisfaction of the watchers between 11 and 12 o'clock Tuesday evening 79 Shooting Stars were seen. The exhibition it was thought would be continued on Wednesday evening.

A Fruitless Search.—There is a man at Wheeling who has set out in search of the individual who first nominated John Tyler. The number of aspirants to that honor, who sprung up a year ago, have satisfactorily proved that they were not entitled to the honor. Where is the man who nominated John Tyler?

ANOTHER
GREAT WONDER
IS FORTHCOMING!!
A LEVIATHAN
NEWSPAPER,
OR
QUADRUPLE BOSTON NOTION.

WILL SHORTLY BE PUBLISHED,

Which in point of size, beauty of paper, and typography, convenience of form, and freshness of Contents, and number will far surpass that of any ever before issued from any newspaper established in the world.

The subscriber, publisher of the Boston Notion, feels a degree of honest pride in being able to announce that he is now making the most extensive arrangements, for the publication, at an early period of

STUPENDOUS PRINTED SHEET OR

QUADRUPLE NOTION!

which he has every confidence, from the nature of his arrangements, in assuring the public, will far surpass, in point of

SIZE, BEAUTY AND VALUE,

any of his previous efforts at newspaper publishing, and to which he will challenge the world to produce an equal! It will contain printed matter, to the amount of near sixteen thousand square inches, or one hundred and four square feet! employing over three million seven hundred thousand letters! It will be embellished with over

200 Splendid Engravings!

of a serious, comic and ludicrous character, a large number of them entirely original. The Letter Press Contents, will be of the most valuable character, and no article will be allowed a place in its columns that has previously appeared in any American publication—as it will be filled with entirely new and fresh matter. The next steamer from Europe, will bring us a large quantity of materials sent for us, expressly for the columns of this stupendous sheet.

Among other matters, it will contain two entire full sized NOVELS,

By BULWER AND JAMES.

the two most celebrated and popular novelists of the age, and also a NEW NOVEL, by Mrs. GORE. These novels, when printed by the booksellers, will probably sell for from two to three dollars. A large number of splendid Tales, Romances, Stories, Biographical sketches, Memoirs of distinguished characters, Poetry, Anecdotes and fun enough for a year, &c., &c. will fill up its columns.

Though the promises we have made above may appear to the readers of the prospectus, too liberal to be fulfilled, we can assure them in perfect sincerity, that we are not only able to accomplish all we have proposed, but that we have in view other striking features and novelties, which will materially enhance the value of our sheet. The public has pronounced a favorable verdict on our former *Mammoth* Notions, but we have taken measures for rendering the forthcoming "Leviathan" a still greater prodigy than any of its predecessors. We have engaged the assistance of several of our most distinguished literary men, both by making selections, and furnishing original articles, and such a rigid censorship will be exercised in making the sheet that nothing unworthy of being cherished and preserved, will find a place in its columns. It will be emphatically avowed.

INTELLECTUAL GIANT!

For this GREAT WONDER the charge will be

Only 25 Cents per Copy.

To AGENTS.—Those newspaper and periodical Agents throughout the country, desirous of having

any of this astonishing publication, will please send us their orders at once, accompanied with the cash as only a limited edition of Thirty Thousand Copies will be printed. Orders will be supplied in the order in which they are received, after allowing a reasonable time for distant agents. The wholesale price to Agents and others will be \$20 per hundred. Fifty copies \$10—twenty-five copies \$5.

To CLUBS.—Persons clubbing, shall receive six copies for \$2—Fourteen copies for \$3—Twenty copies for \$4— and Twenty-five copies for \$5.

To POSTMASTERS—Postmasters who will trouble themselves to forward a remittance, shall receive an extra copy for themselves in a separate wrapper, for every 2 dollars for nine copies they may enclose to us.

GEORGE ROBERTS,
Publisher Boston Notion.
Notion office, Boston, June 1, 1842.
The postage on this sheet will be only one cent under a hundred miles, and 1 1/2 cents over 100 miles as it will be printed as a newspaper, Extra Boston (Quadruple) Notion.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.
Estate of Marshal Kany, late of Bloomsburg, Columbia county deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given, that letters of administration on the above estate, have been granted by the Register of Columbia county to the subscriber residing in Montour, who requests all debts to said estate to make immediate payment and all having claims against it, to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JACOB DIEHL, Adm'r.

Montour, July 16, 1842. 612

ITCH! ITCH!

ITCH! ITCH!

DR. LEIDY'S TETTER AND ITCH OINTMENT.

An infalliable remedy for various affections of the SKIN, removing

Pimples, Pastules, and Eruption of the SKIN, and particularly adapted to the cure of TETTER and ITCH.

They are prepared and sold, wholesale and retail,

at DR. LEIDY'S HEALTH EMPIREUM,

No. 191 NORTH SECOND Street, below

Vine street, (sign of the Golden Eagle and Serpent.)

Also sold at Lutz's Health Emporium, Bloomsburg.

Nov 20, 1841. 30

TETTER! TETTER!

ITCH! ITCH!

DR. LEIDY'S TETTER AND ITCH OINTMENT.

An infalliable remedy for

various affections of the SKIN, removing

Pimples, Pastules, and Eruption of the

SKIN, and particularly adapted to the cure of

TETTER and ITCH.

This ointment has been used in numer-

ous schools throughout the city and county;

as well as Factories, employing numerous

girls and boys, and among whom Tetter and

Itch, as well as other Affections of the Skin,

prevailed, with the most unexampled Suc-

cess. Names of School Teachers, as well as

superintendents and Proprietors of Fac-

tories, could be given, confirming the above,

but for the delicacy they feel in having their

names published in connection with such

loathsome and disagreeable afflictions.

Prepared and sold at Dr. Leidy's Health

Emporium, (sign of the Golden Eagle and

Serpents,) No. 191 north second street, be-

low Vine; also sold at

Lutz's Health Emporium, Bloomsburg.

Nov 20, 1841. 30

ITCH! ITCH!

ITCH! ITCH!