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POETRY.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muses' lore."

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.
Is it Well with Thee!

BY EDWARD YOUNG.

Mother, sorrowing o'er thy child
Taken back as soon as given:
Wife, whose widow'd heart's made wild,
By the dead bond ruddy riven,
Parents, waiting for a son,
Who was all your pride and stay:
Friend, who mourn'd a dear friend gone,
Or a brother called away:
Husband, sweeping o'er thy mate,
Dearest than thyself to thee;
All by Death left desolate,
Tell me, is it well with thee?
Yes, 'tis well. The loved and lost
Are not lost to us forever;
They but for awhile have cross'd
O'er the deep and shadowy river,
That divideth the two worlds
Of Eternity and Time;
And they often come from thence,
Bringing to us bliss sublime.
Spirits whispering to our spirits,
Thoughts too subtle far to tell,
In the world that Flesh inherits—
Yes, with us 'tis well; 'tis well.

They're more ours than when in life;
Then, they were not always nigh;
Now, wherever we wander, they're,
Guardian spirits, round us fly.
Yes, they're with us every where,
Treading every path we tread;
Guarding us with pious care,
From the snare around us spread.
Time was that our hearts were prone
Too much to rely on earth;
Ne'er bestowing a thought upon
That world which gave our spirits birth;
But since those we loved have gone
Thither, Heaven seems more near;
And our thoughts oft upward fly,
For we have an int'rest there.

It's Sweet to think of Hereafter.

Is it not sweet to think hereafter,
When the spirit leaves this sphere,
Loves, with deathless wing, shall wait her,
To those she long hath mourn'd for here?
Hearts from which twas death to sever,
Eyes this world can ne'er restore,
There, as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us, and be lost no more.

When wearily we wander, asking
Of earth and heaven, where are they,
Beneath whose smiles we once lay basking,
Bless'd, and thinking bliss would stay,
Hope still lifts her radiant finger,
Pointing to the eternal home,
Upon whose portal yet they linger,
Looking back for us to come.

Alas! alas! doth hope deceive us?
Shall friendship, love—shall all those ties
That bind a moment and then leave us—
Be found again where nothing dies?
O! if no other boon were given
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a Heaven
Where all we love shall live again!

Treason.

BY "STRAWB.".

Of all eyes, give me blue ones!
The hazel and black
May be just as true ones,
I know not at all!
But none shall persuade me
The favorite hue
In the heav'n that made me
Is other than blue.

I love them! I love them!
I've made up my mind—
The azure above them
Lies pure do I find!
Less radiant its brightness
Transparent its dew
Than smiles wrapt in lightness,
Eyes moistened in blue.

From the Keepsake for 1845.

Who Giveth Songs in the Night.

When courting slumber,
The hours I number,
And sad caresumber
My weary mind;
This thought shall cheer me,
That thou art near me,
Whose ear to hear me
Is still inclined.

My soul! Thou keepest,
Who never sleepest,
Mid gloom the deepest,
Thine light above,
Thine eyes behold me;
Thine arms enfold me;
That word has told me
That God is love.

Benevolence is the light and joy of a good mind. It is better to give than to receive.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Swallowing Oysters Alive.

At a late hour, the other night, the door of an oyster house in our city was thrust open, and in stalked a hero from the Sucker State. He was quite six feet high, spare, somewhat stooped, with a hungry, anxious countenance, and his hands pushed clear down to the bottom of his breeches pockets. His outer covering was hard to define; but after surveying it minutely, we came to the conclusion that his suit had been made in his boyhood, of a dingy yellow linsey-woolsey, and that, having sprouted up with astonishing rapidity, he had been forced to piece it out with all colors, in order to keep pace with his body. In spite of his exertions, however, he had fallen in arrears about a foot of the necessary length, and consequently stuck that far through his inexpressibles. His crop of hair was surrounded by the funniest little seal skin cap imaginable. After taking a position he indulged in a long stare at the man opening the *bivalves*, and slowly ejaculated—"Isters?"
"Yes, sir," responded the attentive operator; "and fine ones they are, too."
"Well, I've hearn tell of isters afore," says he, "but this is the first time I've seed 'em, and perhaps I'll know what *thur* made of afore I git out of town."

Having expressed his desperate intention, he cautiously approached a plate, and scrutinized the unceasing shell-fish with a gravity and interest which would have done honor to the most illustrious searcher into the hidden mysteries of nature. At length he began to soliloquize on the difficulty of getting them out, and how queer they look when out.
"I never seen anythin' hold on so—takes an amazin' site of screwin', hoss, to get 'em out, and aint they slick and slip'y when they does come? Smooth as an eel! I've a good mind to give that fellar lodgins, just to realize the effects, as uncle Jess used to say about spekeleation."

"Well, sir," was the reply, "down with two bits, and you can have a dozen."
"Two bits!" exclaimed the *Sucker*, "now come, that's stickin' it on right strong, hoss, for *ister*. A dozen on 'em aint nothin' to a chicken, and there's no gittin' more'n a picayune a piece for them. I've only re-alized forty-five picayunes on my first venture to St. Louis. I'll tell you what, I'll gin you two chickens for a dozen, if you'll conclude to deal."

A wag, who was standing by indulging in a dozen, winked to the attendant to *shell out* and the offer was accepted.
"Now mind," repeated the *Sucker*, "all fair—two chickens for a dozen—you're witness, mister," turning at the same time to the wag; "none of your ticks, for I've hearn tell that you city fellars, are mighty sippy coons."

The bargain being fairly understood, our *Sucker* squared himself for the onset—deliberately put off his seal skin, tucked up his sleeves, and, fork in hand, awaited the appearance of No. 1. It came—he saw—and quickly it was bolted! A moment's dreadful pause ensued. The wag dropped his knife and fork with a look of mingled amazement and horror—something akin to Shakspeare's Hamlet on seeing his daddy's ghost,—while he burst into the exclamation—
"Swallowed *alite*, as I'm a christian!"

Our *Sucker* hero had opened his mouth with pleasure a moment before, but now it stood open. Fear—a horrid dream of he did not know what—a consciousness that all wasn't right, and ignorance of the extent of the wrong,—the uncertainty of that moment was terrible. Urged to desperation he faltered out—
"What on arth's the row?"
"Did you swallow *alite*?" enquired the wag.
"I swallowed it just as he gin it to me!" shouted the *Sucker*.

"You're a dead man!" exclaimed his anxious friend; "the creature is *alite*, and will eat right *thoug* you," added he, in the most hopeless tone.
"Get a pizen pump and pump it out!" screamed the *Sucker*, in a frenzy, his eyes fairly started from their sockets. "Oh, gracious!—what'll I do!—It's got hold on my *innards*, already, and I am as dead as a *chicken*!—do somethin' for me, do—don't let the infernal sea-toad eat me afore your eyes."
"Why don't you put some of this on it?" inquired the wag, pointing to a bottle of strong pepper sauce.

"The hint was enough—the *Sucker*, upon the instant, seized the bottle, and desperately wrenching out the cork, swallowed half the contents at a draught. He fairly squealed from its effects, and gasped, and blowed, and pitched, and twisted, as if it were coursing through him with electric effect, while at the same time his eyes ran a stream of tears. At length becoming a little composed, his waggish adviser approached, almost bursting with suppressed laughter, and inquired,
"How are you now, old fellow? did you kill it?"
"Well, I did, hoss—ugh-ugh-o-o-o my *innards*! If that *ister* critter's dying agonies didn't stir a ruction in me equal to a small earthquake, then 'aint no use sayin' it—'t squirmed like a serpent when that killing stuff touched it; but—and here, with a countenance made up of suppressed agony and present determination, he paused, as if to give force to his words, and slowly and deliberately remarked—
"If you get two chickens from me for that live animal I'm blow'd!" and seizing his seal skin he vanished.

The shout of laughter, and the contortions of the company at his finale, would have made a spectator believe that they had all been 'swallowing oysters *alite*.'—St. Louis Reveille.

New Orleans Guessing Institute.

Minutecchny Eclipsed—New England Ahead—
The "Professors" Nowhere.

A needy son of New England found himself recently, all alone, unknown and 'hard up,' in New Orleans. Of course he soon set about guessing some way to keep out of the scrape; and before he had quite whittled his stick away, he became absorbed in the inception of a grand thought. It seems, setting down to guess, his astute brain made a plunge, at once, among the metaphysical and scientific ramifications of *guessing*; and not long after he might have been observed, with a sober sort of twinkle in his eye, marching off, along the 'Levee,' apparently looking for a house to let, humming—
Yankee Doodle come along!
When fortune falls distressing,
There's nothing like a Yankee song,
And scientific guessing.

Early next day, our hero and another odd looking genius were seen on a ladder, nailing up a broad strip of canvass all across the front of a house on the levee; and the job being completed, there was displayed in flaring, sprawling, straggling, broken backed, decapitated, knock-kneed, round-shouldered, bow-legged, limping letters, Roman, German, Hebrew, calligraphic, chirographic, Arabian, American, and pot-hookian letters:
NU ORLEENS GESSING INSTTFOOT.
GESSING TAUT IN ONE LESSEN
Only 25 Cents.

The thing produced a sensation, at once, among sailors, pedlars, levee laborers, and all sorts of stragglers. Our professor borrowed an old rotten awning, hung it up and divided his room into two, put an assistant at the door to take in quarters, turned a tin cup inside down, in the middle of an old rickety table, got a vial of vinegar, pot of tar, a bottle of whiskey, and various other well known oediferous matters arranged around him; and, with a black skull-cap on his head, and a red stick in his hand, he made no bad 'splurge' at the representation of a modern Faust. Madame Lud might have taken a lesson from him (you understand me now!) and Herr Alexander should have seen him. He drew a mystic ring on the ceiling with charcoal, filling it up with most indescribable 'curlicues,' right over the table, and business soon commenced.

In straggled an open-mouthed inquirer after the mysteries of guessing.
"Stranger, good morning; walk up and see yourself a true inquirer after the irrevolutions of Gessology. Put your left hand upon the converted tin cup. Very well. Lift your right hand to the ceiling, and fix your eyes upon the magic circle. So, now, if you wink or remove your eye, you'll ruin the hul business, stranger; so jest hold still. Now I preceed to provoke the guessing spirit to descend upon you.
"What do you smell?"
"Vinegar."
"Crimini jingo! you larn fast! What's this?"
"That's tar."
"Right again, my pupil; what's this?"
"Brimstone."
"Good; you envelope the faculty really amazing! Can you guess what this is?"
"Whiskey, by thunder!"
"All creation! how quick you take it! are you sure it's whiskey."
"Sure! well I reckon!"
"You'd better taste it and see. Is it whiskey?"
"Well, it is."
"Take a good swig, then; you'll do, stranger; you're ready to graduate. Come in next. Hallo! mister, don't take that bottle away."
One after another as fast as he could dispose of them, the professor found his costumers sidling half shyly in upon him all day long, and when now and then, one would show a billigerant spirit, between good humor and whiskey, the New England magician still managed to send him off satisfied. Every body coming out was questioned by the eager crowd in waiting as to 'what sort of a show it was anyhow?' and the answer was pretty generally the same: "First rate, and no mistake; and the last experiment is worth half the money!"

The professor counted his receipts that night and finding a round sum to help him on West, sold his 'insitoot' for a premium to his enterprising assistant; and the next morning he was off, jingling the silver in his pocket, and blessing devoutly the benefits of *science*.

TEST OF ILL BREEDING.—The swaggerer is invariably an imposter; the man who calls loud for the waiter, who treats him worst, and who finds more fault than any one else in the room, who the company is mixed, will always turn out to be the man of all others the least entitled either by rank or intelligence to give himself airs. People who are conscious of what is due to them, never display irritability or impetuosity, their manners injure civility—their civility injures respect: but the block-head or coxcomb, fully aware that something more than ordinary is necessary to produce an effect, is sure, whether in clubs or coffee-rooms, to be the most fastidious and captious of the community, the most restless and irritable amongst his equals, the most cringing and subservient before his superiors.

Dow Jr. says, "take care, girls, to garish your hearts with flowers of wisdom and virtue; hatnover fade; and you will always look lovely. When you smile, do not let the face perform the office unassisted by the feelings; but let every smile come as fresh and warm from the heart as milk from the cow, as sparkling and bright in the pure sunshine of joy, mirth and gladness, as a mill-dart by moonlight!"

A "Grave" Joke.

In one of the beautiful towns of Connecticut lives a good natured fellow whom we shall call Jake. Now Jake was a hatter by trade; he was also the village grave digger, and a toper. He had frequently been asked to sign the pledge, which he had positively refused to do. One day he went to dig a grave for one who had just died; during his labors he plied the bottle so freely that by the time he had finished he was considerably more than "half gone." He looked at the grave and it struck him forcibly, that it was too small. He looked around for his rule but it was no where to be found—and there was no time to go home for another.—It would be very awkward if the funeral should arrive and the grave not be large enough. At length he thought, as the dead man was considerably smaller than himself if there was room to lie in it comfortably it would answer—so into the grave he got.

"It'll be close fit," muttered he stretching himself out—he attempted to get up but he could not. He dug his hands into the earth and tried to pull himself up,—instead of which he pulled the earth down—and the more he scrambled and kicked to free himself from this unpleasant situation, the faster the dirt and stones rolled down upon him, until he was nearly buried alive. The fright had sobered him and he began to halloo lustily—
"Help!—Help!—for God's sake come help me out, or I'll be buried alive!"

A Washingtonian, who was passing the grave yard, heard the noise—it sounded as though it was above his head—and it was some time before he could imagine from whence it came. The cries continued loud and long for "help." The Washingtonian got over into the grave yard and was attracted to the spot, and there he saw poor Jake almost covered with the dirt and stones.

"Why, what on the earth is the matter?" asked the Washingtonian.
"Oh! sir," cried the half buried man oh! sir get me out and I'll sign the pledge! I will, indeed I will!"

The situation of Jake was extremely perilous, for he dug away the earth from below, in trying to extricate himself, until that above was likely to fall in upon him. But notwithstanding the danger the Washingtonian could not refrain from laughing—for Jake had repeatedly declared to him that he would not sign away his liberty!—However, after a considerable difficulty, Jake found himself safely upon the face of terra firma.

The Washingtonian presented the pledge saying that he would hold him to his bargain. "Give it me—I'll sign it!" was the quick reply—but first you must promise me you'll not tell people what made me do it!"
"Well, I promise—that is, I'll not do so without your permission."

Jake signed the pledge—but the story was too good to remain unknown. Jake soon began to feel and boast of the advantages of a cold water life. The Washingtonian told him it was his duty to come out and tell his experience. He promised to attend the meeting that night and do so. It soon spread through the village that Jake was to make a speech—the house was full, and among the audience were to be seen many of his old cronies! Jake took the stand, and after detailing the troubles and difficulties which he had brought upon himself and family, finished by telling the above story. The effect was tremendous on all present, and as Jake took his seat there was a general rush for the pledge.

A GOOD 'UN.—The Hartford Times mentions the following amusing incident as occurring at the Post Office in the above named town.

"LOUDER!"—A colored man lately went to the Post Office and putting his nose close up to the delivery box, cried out "Louder!" The clerk, supposing the negro to be deaf, and that he was making a request of him to speak louder, so that he could hear, asked him in a very loud tone of voice, the name of the person for whom he wanted the letter.

"Louder!" cried the negro.
"What name?" yelled the clerk.
"Louder!" again bawled the negro, who now supposed the clerk to be deaf.

The clerk took a long breath, and with all his might again bellowed out in the negro's face the same question:
"What name?"

This was done in so loud a tone that the echo seemed to return from the far off hills.
The negro started back in alarm, shouting to the very top of his big lungs: "Louder! I told you Louder! my name is nothing else."
"Oh! ah, oh, oh!" said the clerk, "your name is Louder, eh? Didn't think of that: here's your letter, Mr. Louder here's your letter."

COQUETTE.—One who wants to engage the men, without engaging herself, whose chief aim is to be thought agreeable, handsome, amiable; though a composition of levity and vanity. She resembles a fire-eater, who makes a show of handling, and even chewing, of live coals, without receiving any damage from the fire; but, whatever may be their pretended insensibility, they have their critical moments as well as others.

Among the best of ladies there is hardly one to be found, but has been liable to be hanged at least ten times in her life, if all her actions and thoughts were strictly to be examined. They are so far from being good, according to the laws of God, that they cannot be so according to our own.

The Mother and her Family.

Philosophy is rarely found. The most perfect sample I ever met, was an old woman, who was apparently the poorest and the most forlorn of the human species—so true is the maxim which all profess to believe, and none act upon invariably, viz: that happiness does not depend on outward circumstances. The wise woman to whom I have alluded, walks to Boston, a distance of twenty or thirty miles, to sell a bag of brown thread and stockings, and then patiently walks back again with her little gain. Her dress, though tidy, is a grotesque collection of 'shreds and patches,' coarse in the extreme.

"Why don't you come down in a wagon?" said I, when I observed she was wearied with her long journey.

"We hav'n't got any horse," she replied; "the neighbors are very kind to me, but they can't spare their'n, and it would cost me as much to hire one as all my thread would come to."

"You have a husband—doesn't he do anything for you?"

"He is a good man—he does all he can; but he is a cripple and an invalid. He reels my yarn, and mends the children's shoes. He's as kind a husband as a woman need have."

"But his being a cripple is a heavy misfortune to you," said I.

"Why, ma'am, I don't look upon it in that light," replied the thread woman. "I consider that I've great reason to be thankful that he never took to any bad habits."

"How many children have you?"

"Six sons and five daughters, ma'am."

"Six sons and five daughters! What a family for a poor woman to support!"

"It's a family, ma'am; but there ain't one of 'em I'd be willing to lose. They are all healthy children as need be—all willing to work, and all clever to me. Even the littlest boy, when he gets a cent now and then for doing an errand, will be sure to bring it to me."

"Do your daughters spin your thread?"

"No, ma'am, as soon as they are big enough they go out to service, as I don't want to keep them always delving for me; they are always willing to give me what they can; but it's right and fair that they should do a little for themselves. I do all my spinning after the folks are a bed."

"Don't you think you should be better off if you had no one but yourself to provide for?"

"Why ma'am, I don't. If I hadn't been married, I should always had to work as hard as I could, and now I can't do no more than that. My children are a great comfort to me, and I look forward to the time when they'll do as much for me as I have done for them."

Here was true philosophy! I learned a lesson from that poor woman which I shall not soon forget.—Miss Sedgwick.

TOBACCO AROUND PEACH TREES.—In the latter part of Spring or early part of Summer, scrape the earth from around the body of the tree, to the depth of one to three inches, being particularly careful not to injure the crown of the roots; fill the cup thus formed with trash tobacco from the shops, and envelope the ball of the tree to the height of three or four inches, with the stems or leaves. I do not offer this as a means to renovate a diseased tree, but as a preventative, the efficiency of which has been tested for nineteen years by Samuel Wood, one of the most approved nurserymen and extensive fruit growers in this section of the country; and also by other practical farmers with unfailing success.—Southern Planter.

NEW BUTTER CHURN.—Application has been made, says the Cultivator, for a patent for a butter churn on an entirely new principle, which, if reported true, is to do away with every other mode. The plan is to blow a current of air, contained in a tin or other vessel, after the manner of boiling by means of steam, the air being raised by a machine, to be worked by hand in the simplest and easiest manner. By this means the butter is said not only to come in a short space of time, but always regularly adding about one half to the quantity. An equal temperature is to be kept up by blowing cold air in the summer, and hot in the winter.

AFFECTION, like genius, can build its structures 'on the baseless fabric of a vision, and the estimation which things hold in a lover's fancy, can be tried by no calculation of reason. The lover, like the poor Indian, who prefers glass beads and red feathers to more useful commodities, sets his affections upon a trifle, which some illusions of fancy has endeared, and which is to him more valuable than the gems of the eastern world, or the mines of the west; while reason, like the sage European who scorns beads and feathers, in vain condemns his folly.

A REAL GENTLEMAN.—He never dresses in the extreme of fashion but avoids singularity in his person or habits. He is affable with his equals and pleasant and attentive to his inferiors. In conversation he avoids hasty, ill-tempered, or insulting remarks. He pays punctually for his newspapers. He never gives into another person's affairs. He detests ease-dropping as among the most disgraceful of crimes. He never slanders an acquaintance. He never, under any circumstances speaks ill of a woman.

He never cuts an acquaintance who has met with a reverse of fortune; and He always pays the postage on his letters of business.

A Word to Mothers.

Beneath a mother's curse no child,
Was ever known to thrive;
A mother is a mother still—
The holiest thing alive.

So says Coleridge, in his moving poem of the 'Three Graves.' The cool, deliberate malediction of a mother, whose heart has been estranged and turned to hate towards her own offspring, is indeed a blighting thing. But there is another mode in which a mother may curse her child, and that is by neglecting its moral education. Maternal influence is a trite theme; yet much as has been said to illustrate its power, it has never in our opinion, been overrated. The mothers of a nation are its creators; and from the position God and Nature give them, must be its conservators or destroyers. The influence of the nursery surpasses in depth and continuance all other influences. As is the mother so is the daughter—so is the son; and with few exceptions, the character formed during the first ten or twelve years of life is immortal; it is that which we bear with us amid all the changes of time, and carry away unaltered to the eternal world. We consider no person hopelessly bad, whose early years were spent under judicious training, and a nice moral education; and from one otherwise treated, it were folly in most cases to expect the fruits of goodness.

The Poor.

There should be more sympathy for the poor.—It is unfair as well as unphilosophical to stigmatize every one who bows to the pressure of pecuniary embarrassment as the architect of his own misery. In the language of the world's poet:
"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

And there is also a tide whose current is downward—rolling, forever, its irresistible waves in opposition to every well planned enterprise, and filled with shoals and quicksands which the utmost exertion of human prudence and forecast are incompetent to avoid.

The smiling current oft conceals
The fatal sands or dreadful rock;
No index points the hidden course
Until we feel the rending shock,
Despair, encircling, shrouds the wreck,
And Hope, despairing, flees the deck."

When we review our own lives, and perceive how frequently the best laid schemes have proved abortive, how often Hope has been shipwrecked, and Anticipation falsified, we shall learn a lesson of humility that will doubtless be of service, for it will teach us that what at first sight, may often seem the result of imprudence, is, in reality, but the effect of hidden causes, whose operations mock all the efforts of wisdom, and which it is impossible for it either to foresee or avoid.

CRANBERRIES.—Mr. Wm. Hall, of Norway, Maine, has succeeded in raising cranberries on a patch of boggy land. He sowed the berries in the spring, on the snow and ice. The seed took well, and entirely rooted out the weeds. Last year he gathered six bushels from a patch of land about three rods square, which a few years since was entirely useless. If this berry, which commands so high a price, can be so easily cultivated as this, it certainly is an object for farmers to try the experiment on their boggy land.

A Hint to Wives.—When a woman seeks to guide her husband, it should not be like one who breaks a horse, using bit and spur, now checking and now goading his career, but, like the mariner who steers the ship, directs it by a single touch, while none can see the power that rules its motions.—Mrs. C. Hall.

Love labor: for if thou dost not want it for food, thou mayst for physic. It is wholesome for the body, and good for the mind. It prevents the fruits of idleness, which many times come of nothing to do, and leads too many to do what is worse than nothing.—Penn.

HOMOEOPATHY.—One grain of time dissolved in a bucketful of industry, and taken one drop at a dose every hour in the day, is a sure cure for dirt-shirtness and patched pantaloonery.—N. Y. Mercury.

A SECRET SELDOM Divulged.—Bayle says that a woman will inevitably divulge every secret with which she is entrusted, except two—and they are who she loves best and her own age.

HYPOCRISY.—How often is Religion made the gaudy habit of the villain; there should be other motives for not playing the Hypocrite, than fear of exposure; Hypocrisy is a vice of itself of the blackest hue.

It has become a very common thing to see the Ladies raise remarkable bustles as they promenade through the streets.

When the soul is ready to depart, what avails it whether a man die on the throne or in the dust?

The female tongues have lately been drawn to such a length that any thing like a lady is very hard to be found, unless you are very quick-sighted.

We once heard a young lady who said there were but two things which, in looking over her past life, she regretted—and one of these was, that she didn't eat more cake when her sister Fanny was married!