

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

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HUNTINGDON, Pa., OCTOBER 3, 1845.

Whole No. 507.

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TERMS.
The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50.
No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.
Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

REYNOLDS, KERR & ALLISON,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
AND
Dealers in Country Produce,
NO. 204 MARKET ST.
(Next door to the Red Lion Hotel),
PHILADELPHIA.

COUNTRY Merchants and others purchasing Groceries, are invited to call and examine our new and extensive stock, where they will find every article in the Grocery line, at SMALL ADVANCES ABOVE IMPORTATION PRICES.

Being a new house, we are determined not to be undersold by any other establishment in the city.
COUNTRY PRODUCE will be taken in payment for Groceries, and sold to the best possible advantage, free of charge.
Aug. 27, 1845—2m

Watches, Jewelry
AND
SILVER WARE.

THE subscribers offer an assortment of Gold and Silver Patent Lever Watches of their own Importation, Silver Spoons, Forks, Tea sets and every article of Silver work of their own manufacture. Also watch chains, Seals and Keys, Fine Gold Breast Pins, Finger Rings, Bracelets, Guard chains, Gold and Silver Thimbles, Spectacles, Pencils, Diamond pointed Gold Pens; together with a general assortment of Ladies' jewelry, Plated castors, Cake Baskets, Candle Sticks, Fancy Bags, Purses, Fans, Britannia ware in sets and single pieces; Silver Purse Clasps, Combs, Hair Pins, Fancy hair ornaments, &c. &c., for sale at the lowest Cash prices.—Watches Repaired, J. & W. L. WARD.

No. 106 Chestnut street, opposite the Franklin House,
Philadelphia, August 5, 1845.

Farm For Sale.

THE subscriber will offer at public sale on the premises, on Saturday, the 11th of October next, that valuable tract of land with the improvements, situate in West Township, about three quarters of a mile above Mr. John Neff's Mill, on the little Juniata river, containing One Hundred and Fifty five Acres, with the usual allowance, having thereon erected a large two story log and weather-boarded Farm House, well finished, a bank barn, and other necessary outbuildings. There is an excellent spring of water across the road from the house, and a good well at the door.

The land is of the best quality, well watered and well improved, and is within 13 miles of the Juniata Canal.
From discoveries recently made, it is supposed that there is a valuable bed of IRON ORE on the above premises.

Any person wishing to procure a desirable situation will please call on Mr. Benjamin Brubaker, who will show the property, make known terms, &c.
TOBIAS KAUFFMAN.
Sept. 2, 1842—pd.

Carpets, Floor Cloths, &c.,

At the "Cheap Store," No. 41, Strawberry Street, Philadelphia.

WE would call the attention of persons in want of New Carpet, &c. to the fact of our being enabled to sell goods at very low prices, because, in our present location, our rent and other expenses are very light; and we offer for this season an excellent assortment.

Carpets,
Beautiful Imperial, Ingrain, and Venetian of every variety. Also,
Floor Oil Cloths,

From 2 to 24 feet wide, cut to fit rooms, halls, &c., and Hearth Rugs, Table Covers, Floor Baize, Stair Rugs, Mats, &c., wholesale or retail, at the lowest prices.

A supply of low priced carpets, from 31 to 50 cents per yard, always on hand.
ELDRIDGE & BROTHER,
No. 41, Strawberry street, one door above Chestnut st. near Second st. Phila'd.
Sept. 10, 1845.

A Card.

CLEMENS & BAKER,

Wholesale Druggists and Manufacturers of Copal Varnish; also, sole Agents for the Franklin Window Glass Works.

HAVING been long engaged in the manufacture of Copal Varnish, as well as other kinds, we are now prepared to offer to purchasers an article which in quality cannot be surpassed in the Union.

Also, receiving weekly, from the above celebrated works, Window Glass of every size.

Constantly on hand, a full assortment of White Lead of the most approved brands, together with a large stock of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Indigo, Dye Stuffs, Colors, Bronzes, Gold Leaf, Dutch Metal, Camels' Hair Pencils, Paint Brushes, Pallet Knives, &c., comprising every article in this line.

All which will be sold at the lowest possible prices, by CLEMENS & BAKER,
No. 187, North 3d st., one door above Wood, Philadelphia.
Sept. 10, 1845.

Hardware! Hardware!!!

(George Ogelsby.) (R. F. Kelker.)
R. F. KELKER & CO.,
No. 5, SOUTH FRONT ST., HARRISBURG.

RESPECTFULLY offer to the citizens of Huntingdon, and all the country roundabout—a large and general assortment of
HARDWARE.
Nails, White Lead, Oils, Paints, Window Glass 7 by 9 to 24 by 36, Varnishes, Building Materials, Bar, Round Hoop and Sheet Iron; Cast, Shear, Blister and Spring Steel; Anvils, Vices, Smith Bellows, Iron and Brass Wire, Spelter, Sheet Zinc, Copper, Block Tin and Bar Lead; Elliptic Steel Springs, Saddlery, Coach Laces and Trimmings; Moss, Curled Hair and Hair Seating, Hogskins and Patent Leather; Lamps of the most approved kind for burning either Sperm Oil or Lard; Sieves for Flour, Grain and Coal; Wire Screen for Windmills; Machine Cards, Mahogany Planks, Boards, Veneers, and Carvings. Also—

Lead Pipe.

of every size weight and calibre. But few persons in the community sufficiently appreciate the value of Lead Pipe, in conducting water from springs at a distance to their dwellings—a convenience unknown but to those who possess it. Any information respecting the same will be cheerfully given.

We offer the above and all other articles in our line, on the most reasonable terms, and hope that when you come to Harrisburg, you may give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, as we are determined to sell as low as any other house in town.

N. B. Country Merchants will be supplied at a very small advance above city prices.
RUDOLPH F. KELKER & Co.
Aug. 27, 1845—tf.

CARD

Dr. J. H. DORSEY,

HAVING removed from Williamsburg to Huntingdon, would inform the community that he designs to continue the practice of medicine, and will be thankful for their patronage. Residence and office formerly occupied by R. Allison, Esq.

N. B. Having been successful in accomplishing the cure of a number of cancers, (for which touchers can be had if required,) he feels confident of success in the most obstinate cases, and should be fail in curing no charge will be made.
Huntingdon, April 23, 1845.

Assessors' Notice.

THE several Assessors within the county of Huntingdon will take notice that by the 5th section of the act of 12th June, 1840, relating to the elections of this Commonwealth, they are required, on Monday, the 6th day of October, to certify, sign and deliver, to the County Commissioners, a list of the names and surnames of the white freemen and qualified voters, residing within their respective townships—a copy of which list they are required to hold and hand over without alteration or addition to one of the inspectors of the election of their proper election district, on or before eight of the o'clock, in the morning of the second Tuesday of October: Provided, that where a township has been divided in forming an election district, or part of an election district, the assessors shall make out, certify, sign and deliver duplicate lists as aforesaid, one to the white freemen and qualified voters residing within each part of such divided township.

By order of the Commissioners,
W. S. AFRICA, Clerk.
Sept. 17, 1845—3t.

Bridge Proposals.

SEALED Proposals will be received by the undersigned, Commissioners of Huntingdon county, at the house of Mrs. Denlinger in Franktown, on the 10th day of October, for building two bridges, one across the Franktown branch of the Juniata river, opposite the dwelling house of Henry Miller, in Franktown township, and the other across the southern branch of the Juniata river, at the place where the great road leading from Hollidaysburg to the Loop, crosses said branch, or near the farm of Daniel Brua, in Franktown and Blair townships.

The plan and specifications can be seen on the day of letting, or at any time, in the possession of Mr. Knox, at Newry, ALEXANDER KNOX, Jr., MORDECAI CHILCOTE, JOHN F. MILLER, Commissioners.
September 17, 1845—3t.

Estate of WILLIAM ELDER,

late of Hopewell Township, dec'd.
Notice is hereby given that letters of administration *De bonis non*, upon the said estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons having claims or demands against the same are requested to make them known without delay, and all persons indebted to make immediate payment to
DAVID SNARE, Administrator.
Huntingdon, Sept. 2, 1845.

Now is the Time.

The subscriber hereby notifies all persons indebted to him for subscription to the Huntingdon Journal, and for jobbing, advertising, &c., that he desires them to pay up as soon as they find it convenient to themselves to do so, if not sooner. All who pay subscriptions during or before the next November Court will be charged but \$2.00 a year—and those who delay beyond that time will be compelled to pay according to the terms of the paper \$2.50 a year. The undersigned published the Journal 3 years and 6 months, ending the 1st of July last, so that those who received the paper all the while, and paid nothing yet, are required to pay \$7.00 if paid before the termination of the November Court, or \$8.75 if delayed beyond that period, and those who have paid part will be charged the balance in the same proportion.
THEO. H. CREMER.
September 10, 1845.

POETRY.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude
Ho oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

Thought and Deed.

Full many a light thought man may cherish,
Full many an idle deed may do:
Yet not a deed or thought may perish—
Not one but he shall bless or rue.

When by the wind the tree is shaken,
There's not a bough or leaf can fall,
But of its falling heed is taken,
By oxen who sees and governs all.

The tree may fall and be forgotten,
And buried in the earth remain;
Yet from its juices rank or rotten,
Springs vegetating life again.

The world is with creation teeming,
And nothing ever wholly dies
And things that are destroyed in seeming,
In other shapes and forms arise.

And nature still unfolds the tissue
Of unseen works by spirit wrought;
And not a work but has its tissues
With blessings or with evil fraught.

And thou mayst seem to leave behind thee
All memory of the sinful past;
Yet oh, be sure thy sin shall find thee,
And thou shalt know its fruits at last.

My own pet Wife.

Bright is thy forehead, pure and bright
As the warm love I bear to thee;
And bright to me as summer's sky
Is the dark radiance of thine eye.

Bright is thy cheek, which ever glows
With the soft tints which deck the rose;
Bright is thy lip, whose crimson sweet
Still breathes of love, without deceit.

Bright is thy chin, whose playful life
Endears me to "my own pet wife."
Bright is the smile which decks thy brow,
And teaches each loved friend to know

"The welcome that he has to share
Our homely, yet not niggard fare;
And brightly still that smile becomes
Whenever thy watchful care removes
The well bleached damask from the board
To place the wine, our choicest hoard.

For valued guest, our friend through life,
Is dining with "my own pet wife."
Sweet is thy converse, dear the tale
Wherewith you struggle to regale
Our cheerful mood, and help refine
The pleasure of my friend and wine.

But, if you join in song or glee,
Then doubly sweet is melody.
And oh, how deep, how sweet the thrill,
The sacred ecstasy I feel,
When thy pure song from earth set free,
Breathes home to the Deity:

Then art thou dearer far than life,
Dear is the sound of thy light tread,
Floating around me, as if bread,
With fairy cadence to beat time
To music of a purer clime.

Dear is thy every look and tone
When morning draws me from my home,
And dearer far to me they seem
When evening leads me back again:
Then is the cloud and storm of life
Made sunshine by "my own pet wife."

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The Battle of Trenton.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

"Whose bullet on the night air sang."

I had scarcely put my foot in the stirrup before an aid-de-camp from the Commander-in-Chief galloped up to me with a summons to the side of Washington. The General in Chief was already on horseback, surrounded by his staff, and on the point of setting out. He was calm and collected as if in his cabinet. No sooner did he see me, than he waved his hat as a signal to halt. I checked my steed on the instant, and, lifting my hat, waited for his commands.

"You are a native of this country?"
"Yes, your Excellency."
"You know the road from M'Conhey's ferry to Trenton, by the river and Pennington—the by-roads and all?"

"As well as I know my own alphabet," and I patted the neck of my impatient charger.
"Then I may have occasion for you—you will remain with the staff; ah! that is a spirited animal you ride, Lieutenant Archer," he added, smiling, as the fiery beast made a demolt, and set half the group in commotion.

"Your Excellency—"
"Never mind," said Washington, smiling again, as another impatient spring of my charger cut short the sentence. "I see the heads of the column are in motion, you will remember, and waving his hand, he gave rein to his steed—while I felt bewildered in the staff.

The ferry was close at hand, but the intense cold made the march anything but pleasant. We all, however, hoped on the morrow to redeem our country, by striking a signal blow, and every heart beat high with anticipation of victory. Column after column of our little army defiled at the ferry, and the night had scarcely set in before the last detachment had been embarked. As I wheeled my horse on the little bank above the landing place, I paused an instant to look back through the obscurity of the scene. The night was dark, wild and threatening, the clouds betokened an approaching tempest, and I could with difficulty penetrate with my eye the increasing gloom. As I put my hand across my brow to pierce into the darkness, a gust of wind, sweeping down the river, whirled the snow into my face, and momentarily blinded my sight. At last I discerned the opposite shore amid the "obscurity. The landscape was wild and gloomy. A few desolate looking houses only were in sight, and the ice now jammed with a crash together and floating slowly apart leaving scarcely space for the boats to pass. The dangers of the navigation can be better be imagined than described, for the utmost exertions could just prevent the frail structure from being crushed. Occasionally a stray fire would be heard whistling over the waters, mingling freely with the fierce piping of the winds, and anon the deep roll of the drum would boom across the night, the neigh of a horse would float from the opposite shore, or the crash of the jumping ice would be heard like far off thunder. The cannoners beneath me were dragging a piece of artillery up the ascent and the men were rapidly forming on the shore below as they landed. It was a stirring scene. At this instant, a band of the — regiment struck up an enlivening air, and plunging my rowels into my steed, I whirled him round in the road, and went off on a gallop to overtake the General's staff.

It was now ten o'clock, and so much time had been consumed that it became impossible to reach our destination before daybreak, and consequently all certainty of a surprise was over. A hasty council was therefore called on horseback to determine whether to retreat or not. A few minutes decided. All were unanimous to proceed at every peril.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, after they had severally spoken, "then we all agree; the attack shall take place—General," he continued, turning to Sullivan, "your brigade shall march by the river road, while I will take that by Pennington—let us arrive as near eight o'clock as possible. But do not pause when you reach the outposts—drive them in before their ranks can form, and pursue them to the very centre of the town. I shall be there to take them in the flank—the rest we must leave to the God of battles. And now, gentlemen, to our posts." In five minutes we were in motion.

The eagerness of the troops to come up to the enemy, was never more conspicuous than on the morning of that eventful day. We had scarcely lost sight of Sullivan's detachment across the intervening fields, before the long threatening storm burst over us. The night was intensely cold, the sleet and rain rattled incessantly upon the men's knapsacks; and the wind shrieked, howled and roared among the old pine trees with terrific violence. At times the snow fell perpendicularly downwards—then it beat horizontally into our faces with furious impetuosity; and again it was whirled wildly on high, eddying round and round, sweeping away on the whistling tempest far down in the gloom. The tramp of the men—the low orders of the officers—the occasional rattle of a musket, were almost lost in the shrill voice of the gale, or the deep, sullen roar of the forest. Even these sound sat length ceased, and we continued to march in profound silence, increasing as we drew near the outposts of the enemy. The redoubled violence of the gale, though it added to the sufferings of our brave continentals, was even hailed with joy, as it decreased the chances of our discovery, and made us once more hope for a successful

surprise. Nor were those sufferings light. Through that dreadful night nothing but the lofty patriotism of freemen could have sustained them. Half clothed, many without shoes, whole companies without blankets, they yet pressed heavily on against the storm, though drenched to the skin, shivering at every blast, and too often marking their footsteps with blood. Old as I am, the recollection is still vivid in my mind. God forbid that such suffering should ever have to be endured again.

The dawn at last came; but the storm still raged. The trees were borne down with the sleet, and the slush was ankle deep in the roads. The fields that we passed were covered with wet spongy snow, and the half buried houses looked bleak and desolate in the uncertain morning light. It has been my lot to witness but few such foreboding scenes. At this instant a messenger dashed furiously up to announce that the outposts of the British were being driven in.

"Forward—forward!" cried Washington himself, galloping up the head of the columns, "push on, my brave fellows—on."

The men started like hunters at the cry of the pack, as the General's voice, seconded by a hasty fire from the riflemen in the van, and forgetting everything but the foe, marched rapidly in silent eagerness towards the sound of the conflict. As they emerged from the woods the scene burst upon them.

The town lay a short distance ahead, just discernible through the twilight, and seemed buried in repose.

The streets were wholly deserted, and as yet the alarm had not reached the main body of the enemy. A single horseman was seen however, fleeing a moment through the mist—he was lost behind a clump of trees, and then re-appeared dashing wildly down the main street of the village. I had no doubt but that he was a messenger from the outposts for a reinforcement, and if suffered to rally once we knew all hope was gone. To the forces he left, we now turned our attention.

The first charge of our gallant continentals had driven the outposts in like the shock of an avalanche. Just aroused from sleep, and taken completely by surprise, they did not at first pretend to make a stand, but retreated rapidly in disorder, before our vanguard. A few moments had sufficed to recall their reeling faculties; and perceiving the insignificant force opposed to them, they halted, rallied, poured in a heavy fire, and even advanced cheering to the onset. But this moment our main body emerged from the wood, and when my eye first fell upon the Hessian grenadiers, they were beginning again to stagger.

"On—on—push on, continentals!" shouted the officer in command.

The men with admirable discipline still forebore their shouts, and steadily pressed on against the now flying outposts. In another instant the Hessians were in full retreat upon the town.

"By Heaven!" ejaculated an aid-de-camp at my side, as a rolling fire of musketry was all at once heard at the distance of half a mile across the village, "there goes Sullivan's brigade—the day is our own."

"Charge that artillery from a detachment from the eastern regiment," shouted the General, as the battery of the enemy was seen a little to the right.

The men levelled their bayonets, marched steadily up to the mouth of the cannon, and before the artillery could bring their pieces to bear, carried them with a cheer. Just then the surprised enemy were seen endeavoring to form in the main street ahead, and the rapidly increasing fire on the side of Sullivan, told that the day in that quarter was fiercely maintained. A few moments of indecision would ruin all.

"Press on—press on there," shouted the Commander-in-chief—"charge them before they can form—follow me." The effect was electric. Gallant as they had been before, our brave troops now seemed to be carried away with perfect enthusiasm. The men burst into a cheer at the sight of their Commander's daring, and dashing into the town carried every thing before them.

The half formed Hessians opened a desultory fire, fell in before our impetuous attack, wavered, broke, and in five minutes were flying pell-mell through the town, while our troops, with admirable discipline still maintaining their ranks, pressed steadily up the street, driving the foe before them.

They had scarcely gone a hundred yards before the banners of Sullivan's brigade were seen floating through the mists ahead—a cheer burst from our men, it was answered back from our approaching comrades, and perceiving themselves hemmed in on all sides, the whole regiment we had routed laid down their arms. The instant victory was ours, and the foe, having surrendered, every unmanly exultation had disappeared from the countenances of our troops. The fortune of war had turned against their foe, it was not the part of brave men to add insult to misfortune.

We were on the point of dismounting when an aid-de-camp wheeled round the corner of the street ahead, and checking his foaming charger at the side of Washington, exclaimed breathlessly,
"A detachment has escaped—they are in full retreat on the Princeton road."

Quick as thought the Commander-in-chief flung himself into the saddle again, and looking hastily around the troop of officers, singled me out.

"Lieutenant Archer, you know the roads. Colonel C—, will march his regiment around and prevent the enemy's retreat. You will take them by the shortest route."

I bowed in humble submission to the saddle bow, and perceiving the Colonel was some distance ahead, went like an arrow down the street to join him. It was but the work of an instant to wheel the men into a neighboring avenue, and before five minutes the muskets of the retreating foe could be seen through the intervening trees. I had chosen a cross path, which, making as it were the longest side of a triangle, entered the Princeton road a little distance above the town, and would enable us to cut off the enemy's retreat. The struggle to obtain the desired point, where the two roads intersected was short but fierce. We had already advanced, and although the enemy pressed on with eagerness of despair, our gallant fellows were on their part animated with the enthusiasm of conscious victory. As we were cheered by finding ourselves ahead, a bold, quick push enabled us to reach it some seconds before the foe, and rapidly facing about as we wheeled into the road, we summoned them the discomfited enemy to surrender. In half an hour I reported myself at head quarters as the aide-de-camp to Colonel C—, to announce our success.

The exultation of our countrymen on learning the victory at Trenton, no pen can picture. One universal shout of victory rolled from Massachusetts to Georgia, and we were hailed every where as the saviors of our country. The drooping spirits of the colonies were re-animated by the news, the hopes for a successful termination of the contest once more aroused, and the enemy, paralyzed by the blow, retreated in disorder toward Princeton and New Brunswick. Years have passed since then, but I shall never forget the battle of Trenton.

FASHION.

"Fashion makes fools of men
And women too."

Yes, and babes and children, and every thing else. Fashion is everything—and nothing. There is neither reason nor common sense, comfort nor convenience about it. One season she will pad women up till they look like hogheads, and the next squeeze them up till they will be compared to a corn stalk—deck their head at one time with a bonnet nearly the size of a wind-mill, and at another with one hardly big enough for a mouse's nest—dress men one year with coat skirts as narrow as possible, and the next fasten on them skirts wide enough for an overcoat—gives them tall hats one season and short the next—broad brims give place to narrow ones, and bell-crowns to peaked—and allows the lads to go a courting before they are old enough to be fairly free from their mother's apron strings. Fashion is fashion, and will be, and men and women must follow the fashion, let them be ever so ridiculous. We would give not a little to see a woman full-gigged of 1820, '30, and 31—with whooped dress, large sleeves, stiffeners, and the big bonnet with all her hair done up in form. We wonder that some Yankee girl, who has preserved a full set of gear, don't start out and exhibit herself in fashion. It would be a grand speculation, and we doubt not excite more attention than an elephant, and draw crowded houses, and get that fashion was not more unbecoming than the present.

Factory Girls' Garland.

A FEMALE SOLDIER.—The Paris Journal *Jésu Debats* states that a woman lately died at Ghent, named Marie Schellynek, who had been enrolled as a soldier in a regiment of the line. She was present at twelve battles, received six wounds at Jéshappes, and was made prisoner in Italy. At the passage of the bridge of Arcola she was wounded by a shot in this thigh. Though her sex was known, it did not prevent her being made an under lieutenant by Napoleon. At the battle of Jena she was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and received a pension of 700 francs—on that occasion the Emperor addressed her in the following words—Receive from my hands the cross of the brave, which you have so nobly deserved." Then turning towards the officers, "Salute this brave lady," said he, "she is a glory to the Empire."

The Philanthropic Society of Ghent, in honor of the memory of Marie Schellynek, has enrolled her as an honorary member of that Society.

A PAINFUL HEAL.—The driver of a stage coach from Bridgewater to Abington, Mass., tells the remarkable fact that he recently conveyed ten ladies at a time in his coach, neither of whom had a bandbox!

A TALL STORY.—It is stated in the Madison Banner, "on the most credible authority," that a person in Franklin county, Tennessee, while digging a well, a few weeks since, found a human skeleton, at the depth of fifty feet, which measures eighteen feet in length. The immense frame was entire with an unimportant exception in one of the extremities. It has been visited by several of the principal members of the medical faculty in Nashville, and pronounced unequivocally, by all, the skeleton of a huge man.

PLEASURE OF GOOD ACTIONS.—After we have practiced good actions for awhile, they become easy; and when they are easy we begin to take pleasure in them; and when they please us, we do them frequently; and by frequency of acts, a thing grows into habit, and, confirmed, is a kind of second nature; and so far as a thing is natural, so far it is necessary, and we can hardly do otherwise—nay, we do it many times when we do not think of it.

"I'm taking down the census of a densely populated neighborhood," as the fellow said when he swallowed the slippery cheese.