

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XII, NO. 52.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 622.

TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" will be published hereafter at the following rates, viz \$1.75 a year, if paid in advance; \$2.00 if paid during the year, and \$2.50 if not paid until after the expiration of the year. The above terms to be adhered to in all cases.

No subscription taken for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

To Clubs of six, or more, who pay in advance, the Journal will be sent at \$1.50 per copy for one year; and any one who will send us that number of names accompanied with the money shall receive the Journal one year for his trouble.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Venditioni Exponas* and *Levari Facias* to me directed, I will expose to Sale on Monday the 10th day of January, A. D. 1848, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Court House, in the borough of Huntingdon, the following described Real Estate, viz:

All the right, title, and interest of William Logan, in and to the tract of Land situate in Cromwell township, containing 200 acres, or thereabout, from 30 to 40 acres of which are cleared, adjoining the Chester Furnace tract, lands of Thomas Read and others; having cabin buildings thereon erected.

Seized and taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of William Logan.

ALSO,

A certain tract, piece, or parcel of land situate in Hopewell township, containing 161 acres, about 100 acres of which are cleared and cultivated, adjoining Tussey's mountain and lands of Jacob Russell, James Entekin and John A. Weaver; having thereon three apple orchards, one frame house, one log house, one saw mill, a log bank barn, and a blacksmith shop.

Seized and taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of John B. Weaver.

ALSO,

All the right, title, and interest of Patrick F. McCoy (the defendant) in and to all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land on Shaver's Creek, in West township, containing 108 acres, be the same more or less, adjoining lands of Thomas Johnson, Jos. Reed, Jonathan McAteer, and others; having about 40 acres cleared, and a small dwelling house and stable thereon erected; being the property late of James Conerlin, dec'd.

Seized and taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Patrick F. McCoy.

ALSO,

A certain tract of land situate in the township of Frankstown, (now in Blair county,) containing 187 acres, more or less, adjoining lands of Henry Miller, George Ghart and Daniel Shadle; having about 100 acres of cleared land, with a small log dwelling house and a log barn thereon erected.

Seized and taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Wm. H. Beck.

ALSO,

All that certain tract of timber land situate in Tod township, adjoining lands of Adams Houck, Israel Baker and others, containing about 250 acres, be the same more or less; having a saw mill thereon erected.

Seized and taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Amos Clarke.

ALSO,

The right, title, and interest of Thomas Moreland, Sr., dec'd, of, in and to "all the following described lots or parcels of ground, lying and being in Springfield township, beginning for the first parcel, at a white oak corner of Abraham Green's land, thence by land of Henry Hubbell, Esq., south 50 degrees, west 46 perches to a white oak, thence by lands of the heirs of Thomas Bradley, north 38 degrees west 41 perches to a pine, thence by lands of Henry Hubbell, Esq., north 50 degrees east 37 perches to a chestnut oak, thence south 50 degrees east 41 8-10 perches to the place of beginning; containing 10 acres and 29 perches, with the usual allowance of six per cent. for roads, &c.

Also—Lot No. 44, in the town of Springville, on the east side of Hubbell street, fronting 60 feet on said street, and extending back at right angles 170 feet to Cherry alley as laid out on the ground.

Also—Lot No. 23, on the west side of Hubbell street fronting 60 feet on said street, thence due west 18 perches to a post, thence by Water alley 183 degrees east 4 perches to a post, thence due east 15 7-10 perches to a post on Hubbell street.

Also—Lot No. —, called the "Spring Lot," situate on the West side of Hubbell street, fronting 60 feet on said street and extending at right angles 231 feet to lands of Abraham Green, near or adjoining a lot of James Ashman's heirs on the north, including a spring, (except 61 feet reserved for mill race and Water alley.)

Also—The equal half part of a certain piece or parcel of land, and the one half of a Grist Mill, and ten shares out of 14 of a saw-mill, now erected on the said piece or parcel of land, and the one half of a mill race and mill pond or dam for the use of the grist-mill, and ten shares out of 14 of said race and dam, and log yard and board yard for the saw mill.

Also—One half of a Lot laid out for the use of the miller employed in attending said mill; said Lot lays adjoining a lot of Peter Cornelius." The said property being the same as above described in a Mortgage dated August 9th, 1823, given by the said Thomas Moreland, Sr., to Thomas Moreland, Jr.

Seized and taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Thomas Moreland, Sr., dec'd.

ALSO,

A tract of land situate in Clay township, containing 209 acres, be the same more or less, adjoining lands of William Corbin, Benjamin Leas, Robert McNeil and others—[being the Real Estate purchased by Deft. from Robert Stunkard,] about 120 acres of which are cleared; having thereon erected a frame dwelling house two stories high, and a cabin barn.

Seized and taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Charles Carson.

ALSO,

A tract, piece or parcel of land situate in Barree township, containing 120 acres and allowances, be the same more or less; being the same tract of land purchased by Dennis Coder from Christian Oyer; adjoining lands late of Christian Oyer, and now Dr. B. E. McMurtre, William Hagan, Capt. John Stewart and others; having about 80 acres cleared, and a small log dwelling house and a barn thereon.

Seized and taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Christian Oyer. MATTHEW CROWNOVER, Sheriff's Office, Huntingdon, Dec. 21, 1847.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons concerned, that the following named persons have settled their accounts in the Register's Office, at Huntingdon, and that the said accounts will be presented for confirmation and allowance at an Orphans' Court, to be held at Huntingdon, in and for the county of Huntingdon, on Wednesday the 12th day of January next, to wit:

1. John Koser, administrator of Abraham Ditsworth, late of Barree (now Jackson) township, dec'd.
2. Alexander Bell and James Ewing, administrators of Thomas Bell, late of Barree township, dec'd.
3. John B. Mong, one of the executors of George Mong, late of Warriorsmark township, dec'd.
4. Jonathan McWilliams, guardian of William J. Ingram, one of the minor children of Wm. Ingram, late of Franklin township, dec'd.

JACOB MILLER, Register, Register's Office, Huntingdon, Dec. 14, 1847.

SADDLE, HARNESS AND TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

Frederick Keil,

RESPECTFULLY returns thanks to his friends and the public for past favors, and takes this opportunity to inform them that he still continues at the old stand, one door east of Carpenter's Tavern, and nearly opposite the Post Office, where he is at all times prepared to manufacture All kinds of Harness, Saddles, Trunks, Mattresses, Sofas, Cushions, &c. &c., at the shortest notice and most reasonable prices.

All kinds of hides and skins, and country produce, for which the highest market prices will be allowed, taken in exchange. Huntingdon, Aug. 31, 1847.

Fall Military Goods.

JOHN STONE & SONS, Importers and Dealers in Silks, Ribbons and Military Goods, No. 45 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

ARE now opening for the Fall Trade a very rich assortment of Military Goods, a large proportion of which are of their own importation, viz:—Bonnet silks, figured and plain. Bonnet Satins, of all colors and qualities. Fancy Bonnet and Cap Ribbons, a very handsome assortment.

Silk Plushes. Silk Velvets, black and colored, of all qualities. French and American Artificial Flowers. Fancy Laces, Cap Truffs, Lace Trimmings. Bonnet Crowns, Tips, Buckrams, Willows, &c. They have also received by the late arrivals a very beautiful assortment of Fancy Feathers, direct from the manufacturers in Paris. Phila. sept. 7, '47.

John Scott, jr.,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Huntingdon, Pa.—Has removed his office to the middle room of "Squire's Row," directly opposite Fisher & M'Murtre's store, where he will attend with promptness and fidelity to all business with which he may be entrusted in Huntingdon or the adjoining counties. Huntingdon Sept. 23, 1847.

PRIVATE SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale a tract of land situated in Tyrone township, Blair county, three miles from Tyrone Forges, containing One hundred and ten Acres, the principal part Limestone Land, in a high state of cultivation, with water in all the fields except one; a Fountain Pump at the barn, and running water at the house. The improvements are—Two Dwelling Houses, a good Bank Barn and Stable, a Cabinet Makers' Shop, Wagon House, Carriage House, Cider Mill, and other out-buildings, all substantial and in good repair. Also, a new Draw Kiln for burning Lime.

There is also on this farm an Orchard of Two Hundred Apple Trees nearly all of the very best grafted fruit.

The Central Railroad will pass within three miles of the above property. JAMES E. STEWART, Nov. 30, 1847-6m.

THE GREAT CENTRAL CHEAP

HAT AND CAP STORE,

Wholesale and Retail, No. 284 Market Street, Ninth door above Eighth Street, South side, PHILADELPHIA,

Comprises one of the largest and most beautiful assortments of HATS, CAPS and MUFFS in the Union, and of the latest and most approved styles, manufactured under the immediate superintendence of the Subscriber, in the best manner, of prime materials, and will be sold at the lowest possible prices for cash.

The assortment embraces a splendid variety of Silk, Mole-skin, Beaver, Brush, Russia, Nutria, and other Hats of beautiful finish, and a complete stock of all kinds of Cloth, Glazed, Fur and Plush Caps, of the most desirable patterns, together with a supply of Muffs, Furs, Buffalo Robes, &c. Country Merchants and others are respectfully invited to examine the stock, which they will find it their advantage to do before purchasing, as it is his determination, having adopted the cash system, to sell for Cash only, and at the lowest prices. JOHN FAREIRA, Jr. dt-6m]

CITY OF MEXICO TAKEN!

Ready-Made Clothing.

THE subscriber offers for sale a splendid and reasonable assortment of Ready-Made Clothing, just opening at his new stand, in the corner-room of the brick building opposite John Whittaker's Tavern, in the Borough of Huntingdon; consisting of the following seasonable articles, warranting well made and fashionably cut, viz:

- 2 dozen Blanket over-coats of different sizes and qualities.
 - 1 do Gentleman's Fashionable Cloaks.
 - 12 do Dress and sack coats.
 - 12 do Well made Fancy Vests.
 - 12 do Pants—cassimer, satinett, cassinett and corduroy, plain, figured and striped.
 - 12 do Shirts (pleated breasts).
 - 3 do Plain checked cotton shirts.
- Also, a variety of satin and silk stocks, handkerchiefs and short stockings, together with a variety of articles of men's and boy's wear; all of which will be sold CHEAPER than at any other establishment in the county.

Please call and examine for yourselves. Customer's work punctually attended to. sept. 14, '47. BENJAMIN SNARE.

Auditor's Notice.

Estate of WILLIAM HUNTER, late of Warriorsmark township, dec'd.

THE undersigned, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county to audit the accounts &c. of the Estate of William Hunter, dec'd., will attend for said purpose at the public house of James Chamberlain in Warriorsmark township, on Friday the 31st day of December, inst., where all persons interested may attend if they think proper. JOHN OWENS, Auditor. Dec. 7, 1847-4t.

Administrators' Notice

Of the estate of Daniel Kuffman, dec'd, late of Tod township, Huntingdon Co.

ALL persons having claims or demands against the Estate of the said decedent to make known the same to them without delay, and those being indebted to the same are requested to make immediate payment to

SUSAN KURFMAN, Adm'x. & JOSEPH KURFMAN, Adm. of Cass Township. JOSEPH HEIFNER, of Tod Township. Nov. 19-6t.

AWFUL CALAMITY!

A GREAT number of valuable lives were very nearly sacrificed in the rush to H. K. NEFF & BROS' WATCH & JEWELRY STORE in Market Square.

There you will see Gold and Silver Levers of every style, quality and price. Also, gold fob chains, guard chains and keys of every description. Breast Pins and finger rings in great variety; gold and silver pencils, silver thimbles, tooth and nail brushes, steel beads, clasps for bags and purses, purse silk, spectacles, accordeons, gold pens of superior quality, pen holders, a fine assortment of fancy stationery, motto wafers, fancy boxes, perfumery, Diaries for 1848, envelopes, &c. &c. Call and examine, before it is too late. Clock and Watch repairing done as usual, and warranted.

BELLWOOD SHANNON,

Dealer in Teas, Warehouses 63 Chesnut above Second and Eleventh and Chesnut Streets, Philadelphia.

HAS constantly in Store, a choice assortment of Fresh Imported, GREEN AND BLACK TEAS.

Country Merchants are invited to call at 63 Chesnut street, and examine his stock, which he offers at the lowest wholesale prices, for Cash, and where he attends personally. dt-6m.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW HOUSE-KEEPERS AND IRISH GIRLS.

The following amusing extracts are from a new book, lately published by Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia, entitled "The Greatest Plague of Life, or the Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Good Servant." Procuring a "help" seems to be the greatest difficulty experienced by young house-keepers, and these difficulties are probably much increased by the manner which is often assumed towards those whose hard fortune it is to serve in such a capacity. This we should judge to be especially true of the writer of these adventures. In the passages below, the authoress tells the severe luck she had with an Irish girl:

"As for the matter of that, Norah's potatoes, too, I'm sure I could not see any thing so wonderful about them.—But, of course, Mr. Edward must go thinking them dressed so beautifully, just because they came up in their jackets; though for my own part, I never could bear the look of the things in their skins; and what's more, it wasn't decent to have them coming to table in such a state. And the next day I told my lady as much, adding that she would be pleased to peel the potatoes before bringing them to the parlor for the future, as they were only fit for pigs to eat in the way she sent them up. Whereupon the vixen flew into such a rage, and abused and swore at me in such a way, calling me everything that was bad, and declaring that she would pay me out for it. And then, in the height of her passion, the spiteful fury, with the greatest coolness in the world, emptied all the dripping out of the frying-pan she was doing some soles in, right into the middle of the nice, brisk, clear fire, and created such a blaze, that I'm sure the flames must have been seen at the top of the house. Knowing that it was just upon our time for having the chimney swept, I left certain that it must be on fire; and when I rushed out into the garden, there it was, sure enough, raging away, and throwing out volumes of sparks and smoke, just like the funnel of a steam-bat at night-time—with such a horrid smell of burning soot, that all the little boys came rushing from far and near up to our door, and shrieked out, Fire! Fire! like a pack of wild Indians.

"When I went back into the kitchen, the spiteful thing was impudent enough to tell me just to look there and see what I had made her do, and my boderations (as she called it), adding, 'that it wasn't herself, though, that would be after deserting me in my distress.' Feeling, however, that it was not the time to talk to her just then, I made her take out every bit of fire there was in the grate, and alter that I told her to run up to the top of the house with a couple of pails full of water, and to get out on the roof and pour it down the chimney as quick as she could.

"Up she went, while I waited below all of a twitter, expecting every minute that I should have a whole regiment of fire-engines come tearing up to the door, and putting us to the goodness knows what expense for nothing, when all of a sudden I heard the water come splashing down right into the parlor overhead, and saw in an instant that the stupid thing of a Norah must have got blinded with the smoke up above, and mistaken the chimney, so that she had gone pouring it down all over my beautiful stove in the dining-room. In an instant I put my head up the kitchen chimney and hallooed out to her as loud as ever I could, 'No—rah! you must pour it down here.' I declare the words were scarcely out of my mouth, when down came such a torrent of water and soot, right in my face and all over my head and shoulders, and down my neck, that anybody to have seen me would have sworn some one had been breaking a large bottle of blacking over my head; while immediately afterwards, as if only to make matters worse, I heard a tremendous shout in the street, and on running to the window, I at once knew that the parish engine was at hand; for, tearing along the pavement on the opposite side of the way was a whole regiment of, I should say, twenty or thirty little dirty boys pulling at a rope, and dragging along a nasty, ugly, red, trumpy little machine, which, I'm sure, if the house had been in flames, could have been of no more use to us than a squirt upon four wheels; while the mischievous young urchins kept hurraing away as if it was a good bit of fun, and little thinking that what was sport to them was (as with the toad in the fable) near upon death to me, and a good deal of money out of my pocket into the bargain.

"When Norah Connor came down

and saw what a pretty pickle both my cap and face were in, the only thing she did was to cry out, 'Och, murther, I niver saw such a fright as ye look.—What on arth have ye been gettin' up to now?' and when I told her what had happened, she actually had the impudence to add that 'sure an' I wasn't fit to be trusted alone for two minutes together.' And then, seeing the parish engine at the door, she wanted to go—and I declare it was as much as ever I could do to prevent the fury—rushing out, and (to use her own words,) 'dar-ruppin' the Badle—just to tache the dirty blaggeard not to come robbin' the master agin in that way.'

"However, I was determined not to have the door opened; so after the badle had hammered away at it like a trunk-maker, for better than half an hour, he grew disgusted, and went off with these impudent young monkeys of boys, and that stupid watering-pot of a parish engine.

"When I went into the parlor, it was in such a dreadful state that really it is impossible for me to give my readers any idea of the dirt and filth about it—unless, indeed, I were to say that it was as grubby as one of my father's coal-barges. I saw that I had got a very pretty week's work cut out for me; and how Norah would ever be able to get through with it all, I could not say. As for my beautiful bright stove, it was as rusty and as brown as a poor curate's coat, and the hearth-rug was as black as the face of that impudent cymbal-player in the Life Guards."

Miss Norah becomes very patriotic:

"But in a short time that Norah gave me such a dose, that not knowing what she might treat me to after it, I really should have been worse than a child if I had taken it quietly. For one afternoon I was in the kitchen, and if the hussey didn't spill a whole basin full of water on the floor, and then actually seamed in no way inclined to wipe up the slop on the boards, so I begged she would just take a cloth, and do it immediately. But the mixx replied, 'Och! sure an' don't it always soak in, in my country; which was a good deal more than I felt I ought to put up with. So I told her very plainly, 'that her country, then, whatever it was, must be a filthy dirty place, and only fit for a set of pigs to wallow in.' No sooner were the words out of my mouth, than she turned round sharp upon me, and shrieking out, 'Hoo! hubbadoo!' (or some such savage gibberish,) seized the kitchen carving-knife, which was unfortunately lying on the table, and kept brandishing it over her head, crying out, 'Hurrah for ould Ireland! the first jim of the sa!—and a yard of cowld steel for them as spakes agin' her!' Then she set to work, chasing me round and round the kitchen table, jumping up in the air all the while, and screaming like one of the celebrated wild-cats of Killenny. I flew like lightning, and she came after me like anything. I declare the vixen kept so close to my heels, that I expected every minute to feel the knife run into me between my shoulders, just where I had been cupped when I was a child, and the worst of it was, there wasn't even so much as a dish cover or a saucen-p lid near at hand that I might use as a shield, and I could not help fancying that every moment my gown would go catching in one of the corners of the table, and that the fury would seize hold of me by my back hair, in a way that even if I wasn't killed by the fright on the spot, would at least turn my head for life. But, luckily, being a slighter-made woman than Norah, the breath of the tigers failed her before mine did, and while she stopped to breathe a bit, I rushed up the kitchen-stairs—shot into the parlor—locking and bolting the door after me—and threw myself into the easy-chair, where I sat trembling like a blanchange, determined not to leave the room until Edward came home when I would certainly tell him about Norah's wicked behaviour to me. And yet, alter he had told me so often as he had that he hoped the subject would drop, I declare I was half afraid to throw myself upon him for protection."

"Up she went, while I waited below all of a twitter, expecting every minute that I should have a whole regiment of fire-engines come tearing up to the door, and putting us to the goodness knows what expense for nothing, when all of a sudden I heard the water come splashing down right into the parlor overhead, and saw in an instant that the stupid thing of a Norah must have got blinded with the smoke up above, and mistaken the chimney, so that she had gone pouring it down all over my beautiful stove in the dining-room. In an instant I put my head up the kitchen chimney and hallooed out to her as loud as ever I could, 'No—rah! you must pour it down here.' I declare the words were scarcely out of my mouth, when down came such a torrent of water and soot, right in my face and all over my head and shoulders, and down my neck, that anybody to have seen me would have sworn some one had been breaking a large bottle of blacking over my head; while immediately afterwards, as if only to make matters worse, I heard a tremendous shout in the street, and on running to the window, I at once knew that the parish engine was at hand; for, tearing along the pavement on the opposite side of the way was a whole regiment of, I should say, twenty or thirty little dirty boys pulling at a rope, and dragging along a nasty, ugly, red, trumpy little machine, which, I'm sure, if the house had been in flames, could have been of no more use to us than a squirt upon four wheels; while the mischievous young urchins kept hurraing away as if it was a good bit of fun, and little thinking that what was sport to them was (as with the toad in the fable) near upon death to me, and a good deal of money out of my pocket into the bargain.

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And yet, alter he had told me so often as he had that he hoped the subject would drop, I declare I was half afraid to throw myself upon him for protection."

WATER.

WATER has made many eulogists, but few have spoken its praises more eloquently than Mr. Quincy, in his address at Boston, a short time since, on laying the corner stone of the reservoir. He remarked:

"The corner stone is laid of churches of a particular faith—of monuments of past events of general but not universal interest—or hospitals, of whose benefits a small number only will partake—of colleges, where the fortunate few alone derive immediate advantage. But this is of universal interest—there is nothing sectarian, nothing national, nothing exclusive about it. It is monopolised by no party in politics or sect in religion.—It is an equal blessing to the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the just and the unjust. It will aid the poor woman, toiling for her children at the wash tub—and it will administer to the proud beauty in the luxury of her chamber—it will cool the fevered brow of disease, and be a cordial to the parched lips of the intemperate—it will promote moral as well as physical well-being, for cleanliness, according to Whitefield, stands next unto Godliness. Its treasures will preserve our habitation from fire—will impel the giant strength of the steam engine—will accompany our navigators to the remotest climes—will dedicate the infant at the altar—will give beauty to the cheek of the youth—strength to the arm of manhood—comfort to the decline of age. Nor will the blessing be confined to man; nothing that enjoys animal or vegetable life will exist on this peninsula for centuries without sharing its benefit. The gift of water, to cool earth's fever and cleanse its stains, as a blessing is second only to the revelation of that living water, 'of which if a man drink he shall never thirst.'"

Justice forbids that men should purchase that for which they cannot pay—and that rule of justice observed through life will always work out competence and comfort. There is but one secret in the successful pursuit of life, whatever be your income—spend less. Whatever be your circumstances—pay when you purchase. One hundred dollars in a community acting upon this principle, will go further and more than five hundred in a community where every body is debtor or creditor—where every sixpence has to be chased till it cost more than it is worth—and the labor of getting, exceeds the labor of earning.

As a specimen of the tone of things in the City of Mexico, the "North American" of that city says:

YANKEE DOODLE.—The fine orchestra attached to the National Theatre, on Thursday night treated the audience with Yankee Doodle. It was admirably executed, but one could hear but little of the music, for the cheering fairly made the huge walls tremble. One year ago, but few of us here anticipated hearing Yankee Doodle in the grand theatre of the capitol of Mexico, or witnessing plays performed by an American company.

El Monitor significantly remarks that the late earthquake has changed the position of the bronze statue of Santa Anna in the Plaza del Vador. It is now slightly inclined to the North, and appears pointing with its right hand to the flag that floats over the federal palace, as though it said, "This is my work."

GENDER AND CASE OF AN EGG.—The following occurred in a school not one hundred miles from London:—

Teacher.—"What part of speech is an egg?"

Boy.—"Noun, sir."

Teacher.—"What is its gender?"

Boy.—"Can't tell, sir."

Teacher.—"Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?"

Boy.—"Can't say, sir, till its hatched."

Teacher.—"Well, then, my lad, can you tell me the case?"

Boy.—"Oh, yes, the shell, sir."

POTATOES.

The Trenton News says: "Mr. Cumming, a farmer living a short distance from this city, tells us that he exchanged a bushel of potatoes with a friend in Warren county, some months ago.—These potatoes were planted, and the crop which they have produced is entirely free from the prevailing rot, while the potatoes by which they were surrounded are badly infected. This is a strong fact, and ought to be followed up with further experiments in changing the seed of the potato."

GREAT LAND SALE.—Upwards of five millions of acres of public lands in Wisconsin, Florida, &c., are advertised to be sold by the government in January and February.