



NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

List of Letters,

REMAINING in the Post Office at Huntingdon, July 1st, 1850.

- A**
 - Albright Joseph,
 - Artist Daguerre, 2
 - Ashton Charles,
 - Adams & Boat,
- B**
 - Bray Michael,
 - Brunk Elizabeth P.
 - Bieber Jacob,
 - Bolinger George,
 - Boyle R. Esq.
 - Buckler David M.
 - Blair Alex. C. Esq.
 - Brandon Wm.
 - Brinker, Anthony & Co.
 - Barns Thornton,
- C**
 - Cullen Wm. 3
 - Crawford David 2
 - Crilly James,
 - Coblence Mich.
 - Cannanagh Jno.
 - Cambel Wm.
 - Carlin Alex.
 - Calahan Patt.
 - Cumming Alex.
 - Camp Joseph,
 - Coven Wm.
 - Cook M'Argeny, 2
 - Coy James
 - Collins John,
 - Coulter John,
 - Cooney Simon,
 - Cooney John,
 - Clegston John,
 - Cornproct & Ellis,
 - Clark Benedict,
 - Cenroy Mary Jane,
 - Couch Edward,
- D**
 - Duffy Mich. 2
 - Daniels Ely,
 - Dolan John,
 - Doyle Mich.
 - Doerr David, 3
 - Dean Samuel,
 - Duncan James,
 - Duncan Edward,
 - Dooley Patt.
 - Dare George,
 - Donivan Mrs.
 - Dorsey William,
 - Dodson Miss Ann R.
 - Doulin Henry,
 - Doyle James,
 - Dull James,
 - Durham Christian,
- E**
 - Eberley Jacob, 2
 - Ebard Miss Jane,
 - Eby Henry,
 - Eckart Wm. 2
 - Entire David,
 - Ervy Caroline,
 - Elder A.
- F**
 - Fox Jno.
 - Finegan Mich.
 - Fries Joseph,
 - Ford Patt.
 - Fallen Mich 2
 - Fink Solomon,
 - Feeney Edward,
 - Ferley Thomas,
 - Fritz Jacob
 - Fester Sarah,
- G**
 - Gafney Margaret, (wid)
 - Galvin Mich.
 - Germrod Valentine,
 - Geary John,
 - Given G. W.
 - Gibson James,
 - Green James,
 - Garraon John,
 - Gaulhaber Peter,
 - Ganough Joseph,
 - Geffries Chas.
- H**
 - Hale J J
 - Hathaway, Stafford & Co.
 - Lead,
 - Hoffman Wm. 3
 - Haylet Susanna,
 - Haben Jno.
 - Huntingdon Mr.
 - Harriet Robt.
 - Henderson David,
 - Henry C. B.
 - Herepel Adam,
 - Hicks Joshua,
 - Hammond P.
 - Huyet John,
 - House Joshua,
- J**
 - Jackson Thomas,
 - Jackson James,
 - Jones Joseph,
 - Johnston Mrs. J. L.
 - Johnston Joseph,
 - Jackson George,
 - Jrvin James,
 - Inns Wm.
- K**
 - Knight Caroline,
 - Kelly James,
 - Kernan James,
 - Keary Mich
- L**
 - Leidy Jacob Esq
 - Lytle Saml
 - Lyons W S Esq
 - Langfeld J
 - Lambert Robt
 - Larued A D
 - Lynard Mathew
- M**
 - Myton & Cunningham
 - Moore Wm
 - McGranshan John
 - McNellis Bernard
 - McCarthy John
 - Murry John
 - McBirney Robt
 - Mathews George
 - Marrillis James
 - Moser Samuel
 - Mens Wm
 - McNeer Franklin
 - Mooney Patt
 - McDonell Chas 2
 - Miles Dr Wm
 - Moore John
 - Mathews Henry
 - Moffitt Thomas
 - McGowen Andrew Esq
 - Moringstar Adam
 - McDowell James
 - Moris, Martin & Co
 - Myers Mary 2
 - Marrison John
 - Montgomery Alex
 - Murry John
 - Morrow John
 - Mandy Dennis
 - McGovern James
 - Marshall Rev Wesley
 - McDivitt R M
 - Miller Thomas P
 - Montgomery Thomas
 - McCroskey John A
 - McGill John
- N**
 - Numer Mrs Mary Jane
 - Norris John
 - Port John
 - Price Samuel
 - Patterson Walter
 - Porter John
 - Protheroe Thos L 2
 - Peightell Margaret
- O**
 - Orlady Martin
 - O'Donnal James
- R**
 - Rork Wm
 - Rusel John
 - Reed John
 - Robinson Absalom
 - Richardson Thomas
 - Riley Hugh
 - Ross John D
- Q**
 - Quin John
 - Quin Nancy
- S**
 - Striker Malon T
 - Smith Peter
 - Snowden James 2
 - Styers David 2
 - Sipes George
 - Smith Edward 2
 - Smith Wm R
 - Stevens Orin
 - Smith Wm
 - Smith Patt
 - Smith John
 - Stewart Samuel Esq
 - Shively John
 - Sheriden Nicholas
 - Stewart Robert
 - Stewart Jno G
 - Stitt Rebecca
 - Siler Mich
 - Shenefelt Wm
 - Simpson Ellis
 - Stone Martha
 - Snyder Chas
 - Stever Philip
 - Sheriden Catharine
 - Snyder David
- T**
 - Traynor Owen 3
 - Twohy Mich
 - Wilson James
 - Wagner Jno P
 - Walters John
 - Walls James 2
 - Welsh Rev J
 - White Lucy
 - Waters Rev Plumer
 - White Wm
 - Walker Wm
 - Williams Rachel A 2
 - White Jackson
 - Wood Ebenezer
 - Waldsmith James
 - Wallace Ed

Persons inquiring for letters on the above list will please say they are advertised.

Two cents in addition to the regular postage charged on advertised letters.

PETER C. SWOOPÉ, P. M. Huntingdon, July 16, 1850—3t.

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Also Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Musical Boxes, &c. neatly repaired and warranted.

Office at the residence of Mr. Wright, PEETERSBURG, Huntingdon county.

N. B.—Mr. G. will visit the residence of any person, if requested.

Months examined and opinions given free of charge.

Petersburg, July 2, 1850.—1m.—pd.

Rags! Rags!—The highest price paid in cash for Rags, at the Huntingdon Book Store May 21.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

BY MRS. E. M. SEYMOUR.

"The school ma'am's coming—the school ma'am's coming!" shouted a dozen voices, at the close of a half hour's faithful watch to catch a glimpse of our teacher. Every eye was turned toward her with the most scrutinizing glance—for the children as well as others always form an opinion of a person, particularly of their teacher, at first sight.

"How tall she is!" exclaimed one.—"Ho, I ain't afraid of her, nor a dozen like her, cried the "big boy" of the school. "Nor I either," cried the big boy's ally, "I could lick her easy enough couldn't you, Tom?" "Yes, and I will, too, if she goes to touch me." "Hush," cried one of the girls, "she will hear you." By this time she had nearly reached the door, round which we were clustered, and every eye was fixed upon her face with an eager, yet bashful gaze, uncertain, as yet, what verdict to pass upon her.

"Good morning children," she said, in the kindest voice in the world, while her face was lighted with the sweetest smile imaginable. "This is a beautiful morning to commence school, is it not?" "I know I shall love her," whispered a little pet in my ear.

We all followed her into the school room, except Tom Jones and his ally, who watched until the rest were seated, and then came in with a swaggering, noisy gait, and a sort of dare-devil saucy look, as much as to say, "who cares for you?"

Miss Westcott looked at them kindly, but appeared not to notice them further; after a short prayer and reading a chapter in the Bible, she passed round the room, and made some inquiry of each one in regard to themselves and their studies.

"And what is your name?" she asked, laying her hand upon Tom's head, while he sat with his hands in his pockets, swinging his back forwards and backwards.

"Tom Jones," shouted he at the top of his voice.

"How old are you, Thomas?" she asked.

"Just as old agin as half," answered Tom, with a saucy laugh.

"What do you study, Thomas?"

"Nothing."

"What books have you?"

"None."

Without appearing to be at all disturbed by his replies, Miss Westcott said, "I am glad I am to have one or two large boys in my school; you can be of great assistance to me, Thomas, if you will stop a few minutes after school this afternoon, we will talk over a little plan I have formed."

This was a mystery to all, and particularly to Tom, who could not comprehend how he could be useful to any one, and for the first time in his life he felt that he was of some importance in the world. He had no home training; no one had ever told him that he could be of any use or do any good in the world. No one loved him and of course he loved no one, but was one of those who believed that he had got to bully his way through the world. He had always been called the "bad boy" at school, and he took a sort of pride and pleasure in being feared by the children and dreaded by the teacher.

Miss Westcott at once comprehended his whole character, and began to shape her plans accordingly. She maintained that a boy, who at twelve years old made himself feared among his school-fellows, was capable of being made something of. Heretofore all influence had conspired to make him bad, and perhaps a desperate character; she was determined to transform his character by bringing opposite influences to work upon him, and to effect this, she must first gain his confidence, which could not be done in a better way than making him feel that she placed confidence in him.

When the school was out more than half the scholars lingered about the door wondering what Miss Westcott could be going to say to Tom Jones. He had often been bid to remain after school, but it was always to receive a punishment or severe lecture, and nine times out of ten he would jump out of the window before half the scholars were out of the room; but it was evidently for a different purpose that he was to remain now, and no one wondered what it could be more than Tom Jones.

"Don't you think, Thomas, that our school room would be a great deal pleasanter if we had some evergreens to hang around it; something to make it cheerful?" inquired Miss Westcott.

"Yes'm and I know where I can get plenty of them."

"Well, Thomas, if you will have some here by eight o'clock to-morrow morning, I will be here to help you to put them up, and we will give the chil-

dren a pleasant surprise; and here are some books I will give you, Thomas; you may put them in your own drawer, they are what I want you to study."

"But I can't study geography and history," exclaimed Tom, confused, "I never did."

"That is the reason why you think you cannot," replied Miss Westcott.—"I am quite sure you can, and you will love them I know."

"Nobody ever cared whether I learned anything or not before," said Tom, with some emotion.

"Well, I care," said Miss Westcott, with earnestness, "you are capable of becoming a grand and good man; you are now forming your character for life, and it depends upon yourself what you become. The poorest boy in this country has an equal chance with the wealthiest, and his circumstances are more favorable for becoming eminent, for he learns to depend upon himself. I will assist you all I can in your studies, Thomas, and I know you will succeed; remember that I am your friend, and come to me in every difficulty."

Tom Jones had not been brought up, he had come up, because he had been born into the world and couldn't help it; but for any mental or moral training, he was as fruitless of it as a wild bramble brush of a pruning-knife. His father was an intemperate, bad man, and his mother was a totally inefficient woman. At home he received nothing but blows, and abroad nothing but abuse.—His bad passions were therefore all excited and fostered; and his good ones never called out. He always expected that his teachers would hate him, so he whetted anew his combative powers to oppose them, and he had made up his mind to turn the "new school ma'am" out of doors. When, therefore, Miss Westcott declared that she was glad to have him in her school, he was amazed; and that she should manifest such an interest for him, and give him a set of new books, was perfectly incomprehensible to him. Miss Westcott understood his position and character, and determined to modify them. She felt that he was equally capable of good and bad actions, though the bad now predominated. She knew that his active mind must be busy; one might as well think of chaining the lightning as bending down by force that wild spirit to his books. She would give him employment; but such as would call out a new set of ideas and thoughts. He must feel that he was doing good for other's sake, and that he was not guided alone by his own wayward will, and yet there must be no appearance of restraint upon him, he must choose to do good.

Tom Jones went home that night with a new feeling in his breast; for the first time in his life he felt that he was capable of rising above his present condition, and becoming somewhat greater and better than he then was. His mind became inundated with new and strange emotions, and like a mighty river turned from its course—his thoughts and energies from that hour sought a new direction.

The next morning he was up with the dawn, and when Miss Westcott arrived at the school house she found Tom Jones there with his evergreens.

"Good morning, Thomas," she said, kindly, "and so you are here before me; you must have risen early; and have found some beautiful evergreens; and now if you will help me hang them, we will have the room all arranged by nine o'clock."

"I have brought a hammer and some nails," said Tom, "I thought we should need some."

"Yes, so we shall; I am glad you thought of it," replied Miss Westcott.

That day every scholar looked amazed to see Tom Jones actually studying his book, and to hear him answer several questions correctly, and they were still more confounded, when at recess Miss Westcott said:

"Thomas you will take care of these little children, will you not, and see that they do not get hurt? You must be their protector." One would as soon thought of setting a wolf to guard a flock of lambs as Thomas Jones to take good care of the little children.

"Well," exclaimed Sam Evans, "I never saw such a school ma'am in all the days of my life; did you Tom?"

"No," replied Tom, "but I wish I had, and I would have been a different boy from what I am now, but I am agoing to study now, and learn something. Miss Westcott says I can, and I am determined to try."

I was astonished to observe the effect that Miss Westcott's treatment of Tom had upon the scholars; they began to consider him of some importance, and to feel a sort of respect for him which they manifested, first by dropping the nickname Tom, and substituting Tommy, which revealed certainly a more kindly feeling towards him.

In less than a week, Miss Westcott had the school completely under control, yet it was by love and respect that she governed, and not by any iron rule; she moved among her scholars a very queen, and yet she so gained their confidence and esteem, that it did not seem to them submission to another's will, but the promptings of their own desire to please. One glance of her dark eye would have quelled an insurrection, and one smile made them happy for a day.

Julia Westcott taught school with a realization of the responsibilities resting upon her, and she bent her energies to fulfill them. Carefully and skillfully she unlocked the soul's door and gave a searching glance within, in order to understand its capabilities, and then shaped her course accordingly. The desponding and inactive she encouraged; the obstinate she subdued; to the yielding and fickle she taught a strong self-reliance. She encouraged the one rain drop to do all the good it could, and the rushing torrent she turned where it would fertilize, rather than devastate.

There are in every school some dormant energies, which if aroused, might shake the world. There are emotions and passions, which if let loose will, like the lightnings of the heaven, scatter ruin and blight, but if controlled, may like the element become the messenger of thoughts to the world. In that head you call dull, may lie slumbering passions like some pent up volcano; open that closed crater, and see if there do not belch forth flames which your own hand cannot stop.

I have seen a father mourn over his besotted son, when his own hand pressed first to his child's lips the hellish draught that set his soul on fire. I have seen a poor lone mother weep as if her heart would break, over the ruined idols. Yet that mother's smile beamed first upon the coming footsteps of the destroyer, and her voice warned not her child of danger. In that day, when God shall bring everything into judgment, will not the curses which rung so fearful in the offenders ears in this world, roll back with crushing weight upon those who fulfilled not their responsibilities to them while young? Who knows but every murderer might have been a minister of mercy to wretched thousands? He was not born a murderer; those sweet blue eyes had no fiendish glare, as his baby face rested upon its mother's bosom—that little hand bore no stain of blood as it clapped them in childish glee. Mother, remember that earnest eye which mirrors thine own glance so lovingly, will ever reflect the light thou givest it.

The sower in the parable sowed good seed; but that only which fell upon good ground bore fruit; had the thorns been rooted out, and the soil enriched, would not the other fields have yielded a harvest also? I have seen a teacher make his entrance into a school by reading a list of rules, of two or three feet in length; "You must do this—you must not do that," without a single remark upon the propriety, the why and wherefore of the thing, but only, "You must do it!"

You might as well expect to cure a man of stealing by pelting him with Bibles. The truth certainly hits hard enough—and so would stones; let a man feel the beauty as well as the violence of law, and he will be quite as apt to profit by it.

Julia Westcott understood human nature. She made it a study, as every teacher ought to do. She rooted out error and prejudice from the minds of her pupils, showed them the evil of sin and beauty of virtue, the advantages of education, and the consequences of ignorance; taught them their own capabilities and responsibilities, and she adapted her instructions to capacities and necessities. And thus she went on, year after year, scattering good seed into good ground, and she reaped an abundant harvest. From many a happy home and high place came a blessing upon her, and there is no one who breathes her name with greater reverence, or remembers her with more grateful affection, than "Tom Jones," who has filled with ability one of the highest judicial offices in the Union, and freely acknowledges that he owes his present character and position entirely to her treatment and instructions.

Truly, "he that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

The Head and the Heart.

Here is a beautiful thing from the pen of Mrs. Cornwall Barry Wilson:

"Please my lady buy a nosegay, or bestow a trifle," was the address of a pale emaciated woman, holding a few withered flowers in her hand, to a lady who sat on the beach at Brighton, watching the blue waves of the receding tide.

"I have no pence, my good woman," said the lady, loing up from the novel she was perusing, with a listless gaze; "if I had I would give them to you." "I am a poor widow, with three helpless children depending upon me; would you bestow a small trifle to help us on our way?" "I have no half-pence," reiterated the lady, somewhat pettishly.

"Really," she added, as the poor applicant turned meekly away, "this is worse than the streets of London; they should have police on the shore to prevent annoyance." They were the thoughtless dictates of the "head."

"Mamma," said a blue eyed boy, who was playing on the beach at the lady's feet, flinging pebbles into the sea, "I wish you had a penny, for the poor woman does look hungry, and you know that we are going to have a nice dinner, and you have promised me a glass of wine."

"The 'heart' of the lady answered the appeal of the child; and with a blush of shame crimsoning her cheek at the tacit reproof his artless words conveyed she opened her reticule, placing half a crown in his tiny hand, and in another moment the boy was bounding along the sands on his errand of mercy.

In a few seconds he returned, his eyes sparkling with delight, and his features glowing with health and beauty. "Oh, mamma, the poor woman was so thankful; she wanted to turn back, but I would not let her; and she said, 'God bless the noble lady, and you too my pretty lamb; my children will now have bread for these two days, and we shall go on our way rejoicing.' The recital of her child, and her 'heart' told her that its dictates bestowed a pleasure, the cold reasoning of the 'head' could not bestow.

Boots with Nails In.

About a year ago last November, there was gathered a party of about a dozen persons in the store of Major D., in one of the small towns in Texas. It was an extremely unpleasant day, and the wind shook the large frame building to its very centre as it howled and whistled about it, whilst it rained in torrents. In fact it was a rainy northern, a specimen storm that none but a man who has lived in the south-west can appreciate.—The party within, with that propensity for fun, which all Texans possess, were doing there best to drive away dull care. Some were throwing "high die," some playing cards, and all amusing themselves as well as their means would allow. But soon all were gathered around two of the number, who always fell into an argument whenever they met. One of these was Tom H., a perfect specimen of an English gentleman, but an inveterate boaster of the superiority of England over every other country. His opponent was our circuit judge, who when a "mere lad, had been badly wounded at Lundy's Lane, and ever after cherished an invincible hatred to the English. The subject of dispute was the superiority of English manufactures. They had both become very warm on the subject. At last Tom offered what he considered a knock-down argument. The judge had been talking of his native State, Massachusetts, and the quantity of shoes manufactured there.

"Talk about shoes," said Tom, contemptuously, "just look here once," at the same time thrusting out his dexter pedal so that all might see. "That's what I call a pair of shoes; none of your things without any shape, and nailed together; why there ain't a single nail in those shoes!"

"What will you bet of that?" said the judge.

"Ten dollars and the liquors!" said Tom with the air of a man who had given his opinion, and was willing to back it. The Major was called to hold the stakes, and the judge told him the bet, that there was not a nail in Tom's shoes. Tom in a great hurry to pocket the money, eagerly removed his shoe and handed it up for examination, at the same time feelingly commiserating with the judge on his loss of the X.

"Hold on," said the judge, "take off your stocking."

Tom, in amazement, did so.

"Well," cried the judge, "if there are not five good sized nails I'll eat shoe and all!"

Poor Tom put on his shoe and stocking amidst shouts of laughter, and has never to this day bragged of the superiority of English manufacture.

One Of the Blowers.

[It is many years since we have seen this little sketch, from Willis Gaylord Clark's 'Ailopadania,' in print. Our neighbor of the Spirit credits it to the Albany Dutchman.]

We were at once exceedingly amused at the air and manner of a decided loafer, a sentimentalist with all, and a topper, who had come out of his way from Buffalo to see the Falls.

"Landlord!" said he, to the Boniface of the Cataract, "and you, gentlemen, who stand on this porch, witnessing this pitiless rain, you see before you one who has a tempest of sorrows a-beating upon his head continually. Wants I was worth twenty thousand dollars and I drive the sadding profession. Circumstances alter cases; now I wish for to solicit charity. Some of you seem benevolent, and I do believe I am not destined to rank myself among those who could travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say all is barren. No; I have read Wolsey's ruins, Marshall's life of Washington, and Pope's Essay on Man, and most of the literature of the day, as contained in the small newspapers. But the way I'm situated at present, is scandalous. The fact is, my heart is broke, and I'm just ishmaelizing about the globe, with a sombre brow, and a bosom laden with wo. Who will help me—speak singly, gentlemen—who will ease my grief, and drive my cares away?" as Isaac Watts says in one of his devotional poems.

No answer was returned. A general laugh arose. The pride of the mendicant was excited; rage got the better of his humility; and shaking his fist in the face of the bystanders, he roared out:

"You're all a pack of poor, or'nary common people. You insult honest poverty; but I do not 'hang my head for a' that,' as Burns says. I will chavise any man here for two three-cent drinks of Monogohale whiskey; yes, though I have but lately escaped shipwreck, coming from Michigan to Buffalo, and am weak from the loss of strength; yet I will whip the best of you. Let any on ye come over to the Black Rock Railroad Depot, and I'll lick him like a—"

"Never mind that," said one; "tell us about the shipwreck."

"Ah!" he continued, "that was a scene! Twenty miles out at sea, on the lake; the storm bustin' upon the deck; the waves, like mad tailors, making breeches over it continually; the lightnings a bustin' overhead, and hissing in the water; the clouds meeting the earth; the land just over the lee bow; every mast in splinters, every sail in rags; women a screechin'; farmers' wives emigratin' to the west calling for their husbands."

A good many was dreadfully sea-sick; and one man, after casting forth everything beside, with a violent retch threw up his boots. Oh, gentlemen, it was awful! At length came the last and destructive blow. It struck the ship on the left side, in the neighborhood of the poop, and all at once I felt something under us breakin' away. The vessel was parting! One of the crew was drowned; passengers were praying and commending themselves to heaven. I alone escaped the watery doom."

"And how did you manage to redeem yourself from destruction?" was the general inquiry.

"Why, gentlemen, the fact is, I seen how things was a goin', and I took my hat and went ashore!"

The last I saw of this Munchausen, was as our coach wheeled away. He had achieved a 'drink,' and was perambulating through the mud, lightened, momentarily, of his sorrows.

Another Wife.

ANOTHER WIFE.—On the 17th day of June, old 'Squire Roll, that modest, sedate, wise and demure dispenser of "Mohawk law," married a male and female, as we are informed. The license was in legal form, the ceremony according to the approved style, and the 'Squire's dance at the wedding equal to his earliest efforts in Berkshire. Yesterday morning a female appeared at the 'Squire's office with her eyes full of tears and swore out a warrant against a man—the very man the 'Squire had married on that 17th day of June in the morning. She averred that she was the man's lawful wife—that he had left her bed and board—had gone to parts unknown without the trouble of a "whereas"—and she had followed him to find him in the arms of another wife. The warrant was issued and the man "tup up," leaving the honey moon in a state of eclipse, and Hymen's couch with a lonely tenant. All this means that a bigamy comes off in a day or two.—*Cin. Com. 26th ult.*

To convert a calm into a storm, tell a woman that her baby is a "little fright."

To convert a storm into a hurricane, tell the woman she herself is a "fright!"