

CLOCKS! CLOCKS! CLOCKS!

IN any quantity, and of all the various patterns the market affords, may be obtained at No. 45 North 3d Street, six doors north of the City Hotel, at the Manufacturers lowest cash prices. Clocks purchased at the above establishment may be depended upon as being good and durable time keepers, or the money refunded in case of the failure of any Clock to perform according to the recommendation. Purchasers, now is the time, and here is the place for bargains, and although I do not pretend to sell Clocks for less than cost, I can sell them at a figure which does not admit of complaint on the part of the closest buyer, and for the simple reason that I sell exclusively for cash.

THOS. READ, Jr.
No. 55, North Third Street, Philadelphia.
Sept. 10, 1850.—1f.

GLASGOW & STEEL,

Saddle, Harness & Trunk Manufacturers.

THE undersigned are now associated in the above business, in the old stand heretofore occupied by Wm. Glasgow, in Main street, nearly opposite the store of T. Read & Son. Everything in their line will be furnished on the shortest notice, and on terms that cannot fail to suit all. They manufacture the most of their work themselves, and can therefore assure the public that every article will be made in the best and most durable manner.

A large assortment of superior SADDLES, READY MADE, always on hand.

Hides, and country produce, generally, taken in exchange for work.

Wm. Glasgow returns thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, and hopes that his old patrons will continue to patronize the new firm.

WM. GLASGOW,
August 27, 1850. WM. J. STEEL.

IMPOSITION STOPPED!

NEW LIVERY!—It is a well known fact that the public have been imposed upon by Liversies in this place, therefore I would respectfully announce to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity, that I have the BEST SADDLE, CARRIAGE AND BUGGY HORSES ever kept in a Livery in this place, and will accommodate all who may favor me with their custom, at the most reasonable rates.

I hope by strict attention to my business, and an endeavor to please all, to merit and receive a liberal share of public patronage.

JOSEPH O. STEWART,
Sept. 17, 1850.—1f.

Another Arrival at the "Elephant."

THIS DAY RECEIVED, Splendid EIGHT CENT SUGAR, beautiful Fall style of Calicoes, Muslins, Flannels, Trimmings, Boots and Shoes, Caps, &c., which will be disposed of at the same rates which have rendered the "Elephant" proverbial as being, by far, the cheapest store in town.

October 1, 1850.

NOTICE.

ALL persons knowing themselves indebted to the subscriber living in Water street, Huntingdon county, will please call and make payment on or before the 1st day of November next, and all persons having claims against me, will present the same for settlement immediately.

CHRISTIAN FOLK,
Water Street, Oct. 1, 1850.—3t.

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of Administration have been granted to the undersigned, upon the estate of JOHN RUTTER, late of Cromwell township, Huntingdon county, dec'd. All persons knowing themselves indebted, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims, will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement.

BENEDICT STEVENS,
WILLIAM RUTTER,
Oct. 1, 1850.—6t. Administrators.

STRAY COW.

CAME to the premises of the subscriber, in C. Township, about the 1st of July last, a white and red spotted Cow, supposed to be about 8 years old, with a swallow fork on left ear, and a notch on under side of same ear.—The owner is requested to call, prove property, pay charges, and take it away, otherwise the Cow will be disposed of according to law.

WIDOW MATHIAS,
Oct. 1, 1850.—3t.

PAMPHLET LAWS.

PROTHONOTARY'S OFFICE,
Huntingdon, September 17, 1850.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Laws of the late session of the Penn'a. Legislature have been received at this office, and are ready to be delivered to those who are by law entitled to receive them.

THEO. H. CRUMER, Prothonotary.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

J. T. SCOTT has this morning, (Aug. 12) received from Philadelphia an additional assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, &c. He is enabled to sell this stock at much reduced prices. Call at his new establishment 3 doors west of T. Read & Son's Drug Store, and satisfy yourselves. [Aug. 13, 1850.]

AUCTION STORE!

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Huntingdon that he has opened an Auction Room in the brick building next door to the Huntingdon Book Store, in which will be held sales on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY evenings of each week, and also on SATURDAY AFTERNOONS. Sales to commence at 2 o'clock.

HORACE W. SMITH,
October 1, 1850.—1f.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Letters Testamentary have been granted to the undersigned, on the estate of HENRY L. KRISTER, late of Springfield township, deceased. Persons knowing themselves indebted will come forward and make payment, and all those having claims will present them for settlement.

BENEDICT STEVENS, Executor.
Sept. 3, 1850.—6t.—\$1,75 pd.

State Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of HARRISBURG, PA.

Office at the Huntingdon Book Store.
HORACE W. SMITH,
July 23, 1850. Authorized Agent.

B. M. GILDEA,

SURGEON DENTIST AND JEWELER
PETERSBURG, HUNTINGDON COUNTY.
August 13, 1850.—2m.

CHOICE POETRY.

FM HAPPY.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Sweet coz! I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may,
For life's at most a narrow span,
At best a winter's day.
If care could make the sunbeam warm
A brighter, warmer hue,
The evening star shine out more fair,
The blue sky look more blue,
Then should I be a graver man—
But since 'tis not the way,
Sweet coz! I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may!

If sighs could make us sin the less,
Perchance I were not glad—
If mourning were the sage's dress,
My garb should then be sad.
But since the angel's wings are white,
And e'en the young saints smile—
Since virtue wears a brow of light,
And vice a robe of guile—
Since laughter is not under ban,
Nor gladness clad in gray—
Sweet coz! I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may!

I've seen a bishop dance and reel,
And a sinner fast and pray,
A knave at the top of Fortune's wheel,
And a good man cast away.
Wine I have seen your grave ones quaff
Might set our feet afloat,
But I never heard a hearty laugh
From out a villain's throat;
And I never knew a mirthful man
Make sad a young maid's day—
So, coz! I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may!

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAGAZINE FASHION PLATES.

BY MRS. SWISSELM.

FOLKS do not need to know how they should look without clothes, for this is not the way they are to appear. What the public wants to know is, what woman ought to look like when dressed; and we do approve of Jenny Lind exhibiting a full formed waist. If she has such a one as Graham's portrait represent the God speed her voyage. Her visit will be worth ten thousand times more than it will cost. If she can introduce the fashion of natural waists it will be worth ten dollars a ticket to see her if she never opened her lips; but why does Graham give the preposterous fashion plate to counteract and overbalance all the good he can do by a thousand representations of nature. Does he not know that the mere name will cause it to be imitated despite all consequences? We are particularly out of humor with the whole batch of fashion plate Magazines. Godey, Graham, Sartain and Peterson have instigated more murders than ever Nero committed. They spread as much domestic misery, and do as much for the deterioration of our race, as all the rum-sellers in the nation. Their magazines are a curse to humanity. We have never seen this in so forcible a light until very lately.

We should like to know how many of our readers have seen a family of blooming girls who have subscribed for, or have received a fashion plate Magazine for one year and did not lose their roses the next. They appear to us to sow seeds of consumption and death wherever we go. We are daily getting more and more out of patience with them, as every little while we see a pair of cheeks as pale as ashes, that first had bloomed like the roses of June; and bright eyes glaring with fever that once sparkled with health. When we see a young girl prepare to lie down in her coffin, we could audibly pray for curses on the destroyer who stole into her chamber with smiling face and honeyed words, and taught her the art of suicide as a most becoming feminine accomplishment. The seducers of female honor are scarcely more reprehensible than those who for two or three dollars a year, cunningly teach a young girl to take her own life piece-meal to murder herself day by day—and commit the greatest crime without a qualm of conscience.

We know women now who are dying, dying, dying, by their own hand, and piously saying their prayers every day, and for their death the Magazine publishers are accountable at the bar of the Eternal. They are murdering them as truly as ever David slew Uriah by the sword of the Amalekites. No human agency can teach these poor victims of fashion-plate mongers that the long whalebones sticking down into their sides, the tight strings tied around the small of the back, and weight of skirts dragging on them, are crushing their lives out and dragging them to their graves. They will not believe they are entailing misery and disease and death upon their children. But yet, many of them do know it, and with all their vaunted love for their offspring would rather see their little ones suffer ten thousand deaths, than they themselves should fail to look "like Prometheus in my picture here"—a long sided funnel set on a jug.

A few evenings ago, a little boy sat looking in silence at the stars, as they came forth with the shade of night. At length he asked his father, "Pa, are not the stars the Angel's eyes?" This question, from a child four years old, embodies a sublimity of poetic thought which few gray heads would conceive.

Dobbs says the first time a girl kissed him he felt as if he were sliding down a rainbow, with Yankee Doodle in each hand!

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

"Flowers are the alphabet of angels, whereby they write on hills and plains mysterious truths."

It is because flowers are such lovely emblems of innocence, so like the merry face of childhood, that they have a large place in our best affections. They ever remind us of our days of boyhood and buoyancy; when nature, our fond mother, sat upon the hills, clapping her hands with joy, and giving us all the earth, with its rocks, and hills, and forests, for our school and play-ground; when the young soul was just fresh from its home in heaven, and not yet corrupted and defiled by a cold, callous, and calculating world; when quiet nooks enclosed us with their greenness, and we found companions in the wild bee, and the morning breeze, and in everything which wore the impress of beauty, whether animate or inanimate; when all things were clad with beauty, and were worshipped with a veneration beyond utterance; when each leaf and flower was a palace of sweet sights and scents, and the bending boughs were woven into fairy bowers of enchantment, and touched us with heaven's own glorious sunshine; when we picked up lessons of love and delight by river sides, by brooks, and hawthorn paths, in quiet glens and in green fields, and inhaled, from every passing breeze, health, intelligence and joy; when all things grew and expanded into broad and living hope, calm, lovely, promising and serene, as a bright vision by a sick man's bed. And then too, the holy memories which they embalm in their folded buds and undewed chalice—memories fraught with sorrow, but not less welcome to our hearts. Tender recollections, perchance of parents now sleeping in green repose in the ivied church yard, though far divided from us by a gulf of worldly cares and sordid interests, no longer controlling our actions with a judicious watchfulness and care, no longer checking us, as we are about to pluck the fatal weeds of folly, and to inhale the breath of the sinful blossoms which pleasure scatters in our path—beautiful and fragrant, but fraught with the bane of misery—luring us to tarry in voluptuous bowers, and steep our souls in sensual delights, where repentance and self-reproach, for precious time thus squandered and irretrievably lost, come upon us as a reward, and give, in return for excess of light, a maddening despair and blindness.

"Oh lovely flowers! the earth's rich diadem,
Emblems are ye of heaven, and heavenly joy,
And stary brilliance in a world of gloom;
Peace, innocence, and guileless infancy
Claim sisterhood with you, and holy is the tie."

And what so pure and worthy of our love, as the sweet flowers which bloom along our pathway, ever seeking to find a place in our bosoms, and to blend, by association of ideas, the experiences with the pleasures of life; refreshing the worn mind with waters from the untainted fountain of pure feeling, which flows from the emerald meadows of childhood, and leading us from the world's thorny and flowerless desert to a mirage of green olives and living oasis! How often, when disease has wasted the frame, and anxiety and suffering have well nigh done their work, the sufferer awakes calmly the approaching dissolution, and stands, pausing on the brink of another world in majestic hope and confidence—the joys, sorrows, and fears of life's fevered dream all unheeded and banished from the memory in all their pristine freshness and beauty! The soul, as it grows near to God, becomes more pure and holy; and the love of flowers break forth in new and ten-fold beauty, even when the soul is ready for its rest, for flowers are antetypes of the angelic, and meet tokens of the world of beauty which lies beyond the vestibule of the future life. It was the beloved and lamented L. E. L. who sang—

"We like the mockery that flowers
Exhibit on the mound
Beneath which lie the happy hours
Hearts dreamt, but never found."

The Drunkard.

We could not live near one, for we should die of sick stomach. It may be very angelic for a pure minded virtuous woman to love and cherish a great drunken beast, but for our share we have not the slightest pretensions to being an angel, and the coil of an Anaconda would be quite as pleasant a corsage as the entwining of a drunkard's arm.—From the smell they have on the streets, one would imagine the angel that staid near them would require to be pretty strongly scented with brimstone. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and people are forbidden to be unequally yoked! We can think of no yoke so unequal as that which would bind a woman to a drunkard; and we most firmly believe, that so far from its being the duty of a wife to live with a drunken husband, it is a violation of the laws of God and the dictates of common sense and common decency. A woman who will persist in so living, should be shut up in a lunatic asylum. Grant it, that she has a right to dispose of herself as she pleases! Has she a right to entail misery and degradation upon a helpless offspring? Has she any right to furnish the State with paupers and criminals? Has the drunkard any right to hand down his vices, and their consequences to posterity.—Mrs. Swisshelm.

A doctor, calling upon a gentleman who had been some time ailing, put a fee into the patient's hand, and took the medicine himself which he had prepared for the sick man. He was not made sensible of his error till he found himself getting ill, and the patient getting better.

A western orator, haranguing his audience on the vast extent and overwhelming population of the American Republic, exclaims, by way of a climax, "Faneuil Hall was its cradle, but where shall we find timber enough for its coffin?"

Napoleon, during his military career, fought sixty battles; Caesar fought but fifty.

SALLY MAGUS.

How she Managed the Men.

"Well here I be; wake, snakes, the day's abreaking; now I see set my eyes on a good many strange things in my day, but this gettin' married business beats every thing I ever did to. It goes a head of Sam Fling, when he wanted to buy one of my cheese to make a grindstun. When I had a husband—Devil's whiskers!—if he only said beans to me, I made him jump round like a stump-tail cow in flytime.

"But there's Mrs. Fletcher, she's three parts a natural born fool, and 't'other part is as soft as a biled cabbage. A woman that don't stand up for her rights is a disgrace to my sect. How any man should ever want to marry such a molasses candy critter as she is, is one of the secrets of human nature. And as to handsome—handsome never stood in her shoes. For she looks as if she'd break in two if she tried to lift a pot of potatoes. I suppose her fingers were made to play the pianne.

"Now, it's my notion, when a woman gives a man her hand, it ought to be big enough to hold her heart at the same time. Such a hand as mine is worth giving, for I can stop a lung hole with my thumb, and I've done it too.

"I went into Fletcher's this morning and true as I'm a virtuous woman, he was 'busing on her like a dog for lending his receipt book to Miss Brown, who's fond of reading. I s'pose he didn't keep for the receipts that was written in the book; but it was the receipts that was't there, and ought to be, that stuck into his crop. And Miss Fletcher hung down her head, and looked for all the world like a duck in a thunder storm. I just put my arms agin my sides, and looked her man right in the eye 'till he looked as white as a corpse. It's always a way every body's got when I fixes my eyes on 'em. And the way my looks white washed his brazen face, was better than slaked lime.—There, says I, to Mrs. Fletcher, says I, your husband had ought to had me for a wife. When my man was alive, he'd no more think of saying nothing impudent to me, than he'd take the black soot by the tail when she's nursing her pigs; and you must learn to stick up to your man just like a new hair brush.

"I never found my debility in managing these critters, for I always teacht 'em what's scarce for the goose is scarce for the gander. There's no two ways with me; I'm all of size, stub-twisted, and made of horse-shoe nails. I'm chock full of grit and a rough spot for any one to rub their backs agin; any gal like me, what can take a bag of meal on her shoulder and tote it to the mill, ought to be able to shake any man of her left. Some thinks I ought to get married, and two or three has tried to spark it with me, but I never listens to none of their flattery. Though there was Blunder-Bud come datterferrying me like a tub of new butter.—For I've no notion of being trampled up in their halters of hymens. I likes my liberty, and wants no halters or bridles put upon me.

"Sam Mooney was shinin' up to me too; and then there was Jim Sweetbrel, the butcher; but he didn't find me half enough for his market. It isn't everything that sticks its legs in brodeloch that's going to carry off a gal of my spirit. My charms ain't to be had for the bare axing.

"Gettin' married is a serious thing, as I telled my old man when I was wallopin' him with a leg of mutton, because he took my shoe brush to clean his teeth with. Wherever there is a nose, there is a mouth not far off, and that proves that water has given women her rights as well as man."

Jenny Lind's Liberality.

Jenny Lind has been six weeks in America, and given sixteen Concerts, which have netted not far from \$160,000, which is divided between her and Mr. Barum. In this brief space of time, Miss Lind gave to the charities of New York \$10,000, at a single disbursement; \$1,000 to a Swedish Church in Chicago, and a few additional thousands in private donations. She has now for distribution to the charities of Boston, \$7,252. In the words of Cowper, truly may it be said of her, that "True charity, a plant divinely nurs'd, Fed by the love from which it rose at first, Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest scene, Storms but cultivates its unfolding green; Exuberant in the shadow it supplies, Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies." The proceeds of her charity concerts in Boston, have been distributed thus—to the Boston Port Society, Association for Aged and Indigent Females, and the Musical Fund Society, each \$1,000; to the Boston Children's Friend Society, Farm School for Indigent Boys, Charitable Orthopedic Association, Boston Female Asylum, Howard Benevolent Society, Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, Parent Wash'n Temperance Society, each \$500; and to miscellaneous objects of charity, \$455; being a total of \$7,225.

In the Wrong Pocket.

A capital joke is told of a candidate for Governor, of a Western State. During a speech of his he proceeded to descend upon the extravagance of the age, declaring himself to be one of the plain yeomanry; an old silver "bull's eye," that cost him but ten dollars, was all the watch that he ever carried, and it was plenty good enough for him; and to illustrate the fact, the judge put his hand into his pocket and drew forth—not a silver "bull's eye"—but a magnificent gold repeater! The shouts of the crowd can be better imagined than described while the would-be governor made a most precipitate retreat. The fact is, the silver watch was carried for electioneering purposes, and in the excitement of speech-making, when he went to draw it forth, he put his hand in the wrong pocket.

The People of Vermont are preparing to send a Mammoth Memorial to Congress and the President, in favor of Universal Peace, on the basis suggested at the Frankfort Peace Convention.

THE LATE PEACE CONGRESS.

FROM THE LONDON "PUNCH."

How the world would stagnate, were it not for the follies of the hair-brained and the enthusiastic! Happily, they now and then make the sides of the grave and wish to shake with wholesome laughter, even though the aforesaid gravity and wisdom subside into compassion—profound pity of the Utopians. How many laughs has wisdom enjoyed at the cost of speculative folly! There was one Harvey, who avouched a discovery of the circulation of the blood. And the world laughed and then rebuked him; and finally—for his outrageous nonsense—punished by depriving him of his practice. There was one Jenner, who, having speculated upon vaccine virus, and declared that in the cow he had found a remedy for small pox. And the world shouted, and the wags were especially droll, foretelling, in their excess of witty fancies, the growth of cows' horns from the heads of vaccinated babies. When it was declared that our streets should be illuminated by ignited coal-gas—the gas to flow under our feet—the world laughed, and then checked in its merriment, stoutly maintained that some night, London, from end to end, would be blown up. Windfor, the gas man, was only a more tremendous Guy Fawkes. When the experimental steam-boat was first essayed at Blackwell, and went stem foremost, the river rang with laughter. There never was such a waterman's holiday. When Stephenson was examined by the parliamentary sages upon a railway project, which desperate people were to travel at the rate of, ay, fifteen miles an hour, the *Quarterly Review* laughed a sardonic laugh, asking, with a killing irony, "Would not men as soon be shot out of a gun, as travel by such means?"

And when, last week, the Peace Congress met at Frankfort, did not the wise ones laugh at the tinkering Pacififiers—the simple ones in broad brim and drab? They met in St. Paul's Church, and tiger Haynau listened to them, and was not there and then changed to a lamb; neither was a single piece of cannon turned, by the eloquence of the talkers, into honey. The wise world has laughed at the circulation of the blood—at gas—at steamboats—at railways. Why should not the world enjoy its horse-collar gin at the preachers of peace! Why should not arbitration (until an accepted principle be quite as ridiculous (untri-umphant) as vaccination? If Jenner was a quack, why should not the dove—the symbol of peace—be pronounced a most fabulous goose?

Meanwhile, and only a few hours after the departure of the Peace Congress, England and France are tied together by the electric wire, and the lightning carries news between the nations—the natural enemies! An electric wire from Dover to Cape Griznez! What a line of comment on the laughers!

May no storm reach, no anchor cleave, no fish or sunken rocks molest that gutta percha tube, the white man's Pipe of Peace!

Jack-o'-Lanterns.

Upon this apparently barren and unpromising theme, a modern writer strings together the following original and amusing moral reflections: "Every man has his Jack-o'-Lantern; in night or moon-day—in lonely wild or in populous city—each has his Jack-o'-Lantern. To this man Jack comes in the likeness of a bottle of old port, seducing him from sobriety, and leaving him in a quagmire; to that man he appears in the form of a splendid phatton and a pair of grays, driving him into the open jaws of ruin. To one he presents himself in the guise of a cigar, keeping him in a constant cloud; to another he appears in no shape but that of an old black-letter volume, over which he continues to pore long after his wits are gone. Jack-o'-Lantern is to some people a moulty hoarded guinea—and these he leads into the miser's slough of despond; while to others, when he pays them a visit, he rolls himself up in the form of a dice-box—and then he makes beggars of them.—Poetry is one man's Jack-o'-Lantern, and a spinning jenny is another's. Fossil bones buried fathoms deep in the earth, act Jack's part, and lure away one class to explore and expound; Cypus and Claudes, in the same way, play the same part with a second class, and tempt them to collect, at the sacrifice of every other interest or pursuit in life. Jack will now take the likeness of a French cook, and draw a patriot from his beloved country to enjoy a foreign life, cheap; and now he will assume the appearance of a glass of water, persuading the tee-totaler, who drank 'likea fish' in his young days, to drink a great deal more like a fish in his old days."—Exchange paper.

The Bell Bird.

One meets in the forests of Guyana, a bird much celebrated with the Spaniards, called *campanero*, or bell-bird. Its voice is loud and clear as the sound of a bell, and may be heard at the distance of a league. No song, no sound can occasion the astonishment produced by the tinkling of the *campanero*. He sings morning and evening, like most other birds, at mid-day he sings also. A stroke of the bell is heard, a pause of a minute ensues; second tinkling, and a pause of the same duration is repeated; finally, a third tinkling, followed by a silence of six or eight minutes. "Acton," says an enthusiastic traveller, "would halt in the heat of chase, Orpheus would let fall his lute to listen; so novel, sweet, and romantic, is the silver tinkling of the snow-white *campanero*." This bird is about the size of a jay; in his head arises a conical tube of about three inches long, of a brilliant black, spotted with small white feathers, which communicates with the palate, and when inflated with air, resembles an ear of corn.

If it were not for hope the heart would break.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

Jenny Lind Leading the Fashion.

The most laughable incident connected with the Queen of Song that we have yet heard, is said to have taken place at the Irving House on the first day of her arrival in the City of Gotham. As the *gong* rung for dinner, there was a perfect stampede among the female boarders of the house, to obtain the earliest possible scrutiny, of the various articles of dress, ribbons, comb, or hair-pins, with which the Swedish nightingale might be pleased to adorn herself on this, her first appearance, before the young and blooming females of America. Judge then, of the surprise and mortification of every lady present, when the affected songstress entered the room dressed in the simplest manner possible, and nothing to prevent her flowing locks from falling on her gracefully sloping shoulders, but a few plain hair-pins. As she entered the room and took her seat at the table, there was almost an unanimous exclamation of—"What! no comb on the back of the head! Oh, how unfortunate that I should not have known it, so that I might have left mine in my room and used a few pins instead."

Now, be it known to our male readers, that the anxiety to ascertain the quality and quantity of Jenny's wearing *façons*, was not a fault or peculiarity belonging exclusively to the foregoing ladies; but one that is inherent in the sex, or proven by the fact that on Jenny's retiring to her room, she immediately addressed her dressing maid as follows—

"Sussey, dear, I noticed that all the ladies present at the table to-day, had their hair dressed with great taste and care, and fastened behind with a large comb—and as I do not wish to appear odd or eccentric while sojourning among so good a people, you will please go out shopping to-day, dear, and obtain me a large comb with which I can fasten up my hair behind, American fashion."

With a determination to be behind the fashion no longer than could possibly be helped, something over a hundred females were busily engaged during the most of the day, in so dressing their hair that without the assistance of combs, it should appear a *la Jenny Lind*.

As Jenny entered the room, the next day, what was her surprise and mortification, on noticing that instead of every lady having a large comb in her hair as on the day previous, the hair in every instance—

The mortification of the female boarders, however, was still greater than that of Jenny—to think that the entire part of the afternoon of the previous day, and some three hours previous to the ringing of the gong on the present occasion, had been devoted to the subject of hair dressing, (the Irving in fact, having been transformed into a six-storied Barber-shop,) and after all, the Nightingale had made her second appearance in a large comb of precisely the same pattern, that they had cast aside as useless and unfashionable, but twenty-four hours previous.

Breach of Promise Case.

A charming, business-like young milliner, who had been in the habit of tripping into a bank for her small change, made her visit the other day, and says, "Good morning, Mr. Cashier, I have come for five dollars worth of your small change."

"I am sorry, Miss, that we cannot accommodate you," was the reply.

"But here is your promise to pay on demand."

"I cannot help that."

"Then you break your promise, do you?"

"Certainly."

"And with impunity?"

"To be sure, our charter allows it."

"Allows you to make as many promises as you please, and break them when you please?"

"It may be so construed."

"Ah, dear me, how I wish I was a bank and had a charter."

"Why so?"

"Because I have made a promise—not a promise to pay a five dollar note, which I would blush to break; but a promise of my very self to one I do not love."

"Why don't you break it, then?"

"Ah, ah, Mr. Cashier, there's the rub. Unlike your bank, I have no charter, and should be sued for a breach of promise, and heavily fined."

The Cow Tree.

On the parched side of a rock on the mountains of Venezuela grows a tree with dry and leathery foliage, its large woody roots scarcely penetrating into the ground. For several months in the year its leaves are not moistened by a shower, its branches leak as if they were dead and withered; but when the trunk is bored, a bland and nourishing milk flows from it. It is surmised that the vegetable fountain flows most freely. At that time, the blacks and natives are seen coming from all parts provided with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at its surface.—Some empty their vessels on the spot, while others carry them to their children. One imagines he sees the family of a shepherd who is distributing the milk of his flock. It is named the *palo de vaca* or cow tree.

The finest cosmetic we know of, is early rising, exercise in the open air, temperance in eating and drinking, cleanliness, and last, though not least, perpetual good humor. Keep your face with a smile on it, as smiles are easily implanted by cultivation, on the human countenance.

The Boston Post says that it lightened like thunder, and thundered like lightning in that city on Wednesday night.

Why is a nice young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them are satisfied with a moderate use of the glass!