

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1858.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 44.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

THE LIVER INVIGORATOR!

PREPARED BY DR. SANFORD.
Compounded entirely of Gums.

It is one of the best purgative and liver medicines now before the public, that acts as a Cathartic, easier, milder, and more effectual than any other medicine known. It is not only a Cathartic, but a Liver remedy, acting first on the Liver to reject its morbid, then on the stomach and bowels to carry off that matter, thus accomplishing two purposes effectually, without any of the painful feelings experienced in the operation of most Cathartics. It strengthens the system at the same time that it purges it, and when taken daily in moderate doses, will strengthen and build it up with unusual rapidity.

The Liver is one of the principal regulators of the human body; and when it performs its functions well, the powers of the system are fully developed. The stomach is almost entirely dependent on the healthy operation of the Liver for the proper performance of its functions. When the stomach is in fault, the bowels are, and the whole system suffers in consequence. The Liver—having for the diseases of proprietors has made more than twenty remedies, wherever it is deranged, to which arrangements to which it is liable.

To prove that this covered any person Complaint in any of its bowels and constitutions. These gums remove matter from the system place a healthy flow the stomach, causing purging the blood, and the whole machinery of the disease, and effecting a radical cure.

One dose after eating the stomach and relieving and soothing Bilious attacks are prevented, by the Liver Invigorator.

Only one dose taken at night before going to bed, cures the bowels gently, and cures Constipation.

One dose taken after each meal will cure Dyspepsia.

One dose of two teaspoonfuls will always remove Sick Headache.

One bottle taken for female obstructions, moves the canals of the disease, and makes a perfect cure.

Only one dose immediately relieves Cholera, while.

One dose often repeated is a sure cure for Cholera Morbus, and a preventive of Cholera.

Only one bottle is needed to throw out of the system the effects of medicine, after a long sickness.

One bottle taken for Jaundice removes all sallowness or unnatural color from the skin.

One dose taken a short time before eating gives vigor to the appetite, and makes food digest well.

One dose often repeated cures Chronic Diarrhea in its worst forms, while Summer and Bowel complaints yield almost to the first dose.

One or two doses cures attacks caused by Worms in Children; there is no sweeter or speedier remedy in the world, as it never fails.

A few bottles cures dropsy, by exciting the absorbents.

We take pleasure in recommending this medicine as a preventive for Fevers, Agues, Child Fever, and all Fevers of a Bilious Type. It operates with certainty, and thousands are willing to testify to its wonderful virtues.

All who use it are giving their unanimous testimony in its favor.

Mix water in the month with the Invigorator, and swallow both together.

The Liver Invigorator. Is a scientific medical discovery, and is daily working cures, almost too great to believe. It cures as if by magic, even the first dose giving benefit, and seldom more than one bottle is required to cure any kind of Liver complaint, from the worst Jaundice or Dyspepsia to a common Headache, all of which are the result of a diseased Liver.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
DR. SANFORD, Proprietor, 345 Broadway, N.Y.
Sold by H. McManigill, & J. Broad Huntingdon, Pa., 7-15-58.

THE CASSVILLE SEMINARY.
ONLY \$22.50 PER QUARTER.
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Teacher of Piano Music, Wax Fruit, Flowers,
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Teacher of English Branches.

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The recent success of this school is extraordinary. Besides being the cheapest one of the kind ever established, it is now the largest in this section of the State. All branches are taught, and students of all ages, and of both sexes, are received. The expenses for a year need not be more than \$30. Students can enter whenever they wish.

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June 23, 58.

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THE subscriber is now prepared to furnish Coal & Coke at his bank at Lilly's Station, on the Penna. Railroad, of as good quality as can be had on the mountain. I will run coal to Hollidaysburg, or any other point on the Penna. Railroad, if application is made personally or by letter.

Also—I will agree to deliver COKE at any bank, in cars, at four and a quarter cents per bushel, viz:—Thirty-five pounds to the bushel, or deliver it in my own cars, at any point desired, at the lowest possible rates.

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J. M'GONIGLE,
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where all orders will be promptly attended to.
Ang. 25, 1858.

MACKEREL of all Nos., Herring, &c., can be had of the best quality, by calling on
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BUCKS IN GLOVES & MITTS cheap
D. P. GWINN'S

STONE CROCKS, JARS, &c.—a large stock for sale at manufacturers' prices by
JAMES A. BROWN.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

TERMS

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:

If paid in advance.....\$1.50
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And two dollars and fifty cents, if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months.

1. All subscriptions are continued until otherwise ordered, and no paper will be discontinued until arrangements are made, except at the option of the publisher.

2. Returned numbers are never received by us. All numbers sent us in that way are lost, and never accomplish the purpose of the sender.

3. Persons wishing to stop their subscriptions, must pay up arrears, and send a written or verbal order to that effect, to the office of publication in Huntingdon.

4. Giving notice to a postmaster is neither a legal or a proper notice.

5. After one or more numbers of a new year have been forwarded, a new year has commenced, and the paper will not be discontinued until arrangements are made. See No. 1.

The Counts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncollected for, is PRIMA FACIE evidence of intentional fraud.

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Business Cards of six lines, or less, \$4.00.

Advertising and Job Work.

We would remind the Advertising community and all others who wish to bring their business extensively before the public, that the Journal has the largest circulation of any paper in the county—that it is constantly increasing;—and that it goes into the hands of our wealthiest citizens.

We would also state that our facilities for executing all kinds of JOB PRINTING are equal to those of any other office in the county; and all Job Work entrusted to our hands will be done promptly, and at prices which will be satisfactory.

Select Miscellany.

THE LONGEST NIGHT IN A LIFE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

It was one of those old-fashioned winters, in the days of the Georges, when the snow lay on the ground for weeks, when railways were unknown, and the electric telegraph had not been dreamed of save by the speculative Countess of London.

The mails had been irregular for a month past, and the letter bags which did not reach the post-office had been brought thither with great difficulty. The newspapers were devoid of all foreign intelligence, the metropolis knew nothing of the dangers of the provinces, and the provinces knew little more of the affairs of the metropolis; and the columns of both were crowded with accidents from the inclemency of the weather, with heart-rending accounts of starvation and destitution, with wonderful escapes of adventurous travellers, and of still more adventurous mail-coaches and guards. Business was almost at a standstill, or was only carried on by fits and starts; families were weary of the frequent long silence of their absent members, and the poor were suffering great misery from cold and famine.

The south road had been blocked up for nearly a month, when a partial thaw had almost caused a public rejoicing; coaches began to run, letters to be despatched and delivered, and weather-bound travellers to have some hope of reaching their destination.

Among the first ladies who undertook the journey from the west of Scotland to London at this time, was a certain Miss Stirling, who had, for weeks past, desired to reach the metropolis. Her friends assured her it was a foolhardy attempt, and told her of travellers who had been twice, nay three times, snowed up on their way to (own); but their advice and warnings were of no avail. Miss Stirling's business was urgent, it concerned others more than herself, and she was not one to be deterred by personal discomfort or by physical difficulties from doing what she thought was right.

So, she kept to her purpose, and early in February took her seat in the mail for London, being the only passenger who was booked for the whole journey.

The thaw had continued for some days; the roads, though heavy, were open; and with the aid of extra horses here and there the first half of the journey was performed pretty easily, though tediously.

The second day was more trying than the first; the wind blew keenly, and penetrated every crevice of the coach; the partial thaw had but slightly affected the wild moorland they had to cross; thick heavy clouds were gathering around the red rayless sun; and when on reaching a little roadside in the snow began to fall fast, both the guard and coachmen urged their solitary passenger to remain there for the night, instead of tempting the discomforts and perhaps the perils of the next stage.

Miss Stirling hesitated for a moment, but the little inn looked by no means a pleasant place to be snowed up in, so she resisted their entreaties, and gathering her furs more closely around her, she nestled herself into a corner of the coach. Thus, for a time, she lost all consciousness of outward things in sleep.

A sudden lurch awoke her; and she soon learned that they had stuck fast in a snow drift, and that no efforts of the tired horses could extricate the coach from its unpleasant predicament. The guard, mounting one of the leaders, set off in search of assistance, while the coachman comforted Miss Stirling by telling her that, as a matter of course, they were only a mile or two from the "squire's" and that if the guard could find his way to the squire's, the squire was certain to come to the rescue with his sledge. It was not the first time that the squire had got the mail bags out of a snow wreath by that means.

The coachman's expectations were fulfilled. Within an hour, the distant tinkling of the sledge bells was heard, and the lights were seen gleaming afar; they rapidly advanced nearer and nearer; and soon a heavy voice was heard halting them. A party of men, with lanterns and shovels, came to their assistance; a strong arm lifted Miss Stirling from the coach, and supported her trembling steps to a sledge close at hand; and almost before she knew where she was, she found herself in a large hall, brilliantly lighted by a blazing wood fire. Numbers of rosy, glowing, childish faces were gathered around her, numbers of bright, eager eyes were gazing curiously upon her, kindly hands were busied in removing her wraps, and pleasant voices welcomed her and congratulated her on her escape.

"Ay, ay, Mary," said her host, addressing his wife. "I told you that the sleigh would have plenty of work this winter, and you see I was right."

"As you always are, uncle," a merry voice exclaimed. "We'll say at Hawtree that Uncle Atherton never can be wrong."

"Atherton! Hawtree!" repeated Miss Stirling, in some amazement, and uttered in that familiar voice, "Ellen, Ellen Middleton—is it possible that you are here?"

A joyful exclamation and a rush into her arms were the young girl's reply to this question as she cried, "Uncle Atherton, Aunt Mary, don't you know your old friend Miss Stirling?"

Mrs. Atherton fixed her soft blue eyes on the stranger, in whom she could at first scarcely recognize the bright-haired girl whom she had not seen for eighteen years; but by and by she satisfied herself that, though changed, she was Ellen Stirling still, with the same sunny smile and the same laughing eyes that had made every one love her in their school days. Heart-felt indeed were the greetings which followed, and cordial the welcome Mrs. Atherton gave her old friend, as she congratulated herself on having dear Ellen under her roof; more especially as she owed this good fortune to Mr. Atherton's exertions in rescuing her.

"It is the merest chance, too, that he is at home at present," she said; "he ought to have been in Scotland, but the state of the roads in this bleak country has kept him prisoner here for weeks."

"And others as well," Ellen Middleton added; "but both children and grown people are only too thankful to have so good an excuse for staying long at Belvidere." And then, laughing, she asked Aunt Mary how she meant to dispose of Miss Stirling for the night, for the house was already as full as it could hold.

"Oh," said her aunt, "we shall manage very well. Belvidere is very elastic."

She smiled as she spoke; but it struck Miss Stirling that the question was, nevertheless, a puzzling one, so she took the first opportunity of entreating her to take no trouble on her account; a chair by the fire was really all the accommodation she cared for, as she wished to be in readiness to pursue her journey as soon as the coach could proceed.

"We shall be able to do better for you than that, Ellen," Mrs. Atherton answered cheerfully. "I cannot, it is true, promise you a 'state room,' for every bed in the house is full, and I know you will not allow any one to be moved for your convenience; but I have one chamber still at your service, which, except in one respect, is comfortable enough."

"Haunted, of course?" said Miss Stirling gaily.

"Oh, no, no, no, it is not that! I had it fitted up for my brother William when he used to be here more frequently than of late, and it is often occupied by gentlemen when the house is full; but as it is detached from the house, I have, of course never asked any lady to sleep there till now."

"Oh! if that be all, I am quite willing to become its first lady tenant," said Miss Stirling heartily. So the matter was settled, and orders were given to prepare the Pavilion for the unexpected guest.

The evening passed pleasantly; music dancing and ghost stories made the hours fly fast. It was long past ten—the usual hour of retiring at Belvidere—when Miss Stirling, under her hostess's guidance, took possession of her out-door chamber. It really was a pleasant, cheerful little apartment. The crimson hanging of the bed and window looked warm and comfortable in the flashing fire-light; and when the candles on the mantle-piece were lighted, and the two easy chairs drawn close to the hearth, the long parted friends found it impossible to resist the temptation of sitting down to have, what in old days they call a "two-handed chat." There was much to tell of what had befallen both, of the queer scenes of joy and sorrow, deeply interesting to these two whose youth had been passed together; there were mutual recollections of school days to be talked over; mutual friends and future plans to be discussed; and midnight rung out from the stable clock before Mrs. Atherton said good night. She had already crossed the threshold to go, when she turned back to say, "I forgot to tell you Ellen, that the key only turns outside—Are you inclined to trust to the bar alone, or will you, as William used to do, have the door locked outside, and let the servant bring the key in the morning. William used to say that he found it rather an advantage to do so, as the unlocking of the door was sure to wake him."

Miss Stirling laughingly allowed, that though, generally, she could not quite think it an advantage to be locked into her room, still she had no objection to it on this particular occasion, as she wished to rise in reasonable time.

"Very well; then you had better not fasten the bar at all, and I will send my maid with the key at eight precisely."

"Good night."

"They parted; the door was locked outside; the keys taken out; and Miss Stirling, standing by the window, watched her friend cross the narrow black path, which had been swept clear of snow to make a dry passage from the house to the pavilion. A ruddy light streamed from the hall door as it opened to admit its mistress, and gave a cheerful, friendly aspect to the scene; but when the door closed and shut out that warm comfortable light, the darkened porch, the pale moonlight shimmering on the shrouded trees and the star twinkling in the frosty sky, had such an aspect of solitude as to cast over her a kind of chill that made her half repent having consented to quit the house at all and let herself be locked up in this lonely place.

Yet what had she to fear? No harm could happen to her from within the chamber; the door was safely locked outside, and strong iron stanchions guarded the window; there could be no possible danger. So, throwing her chair once more to the fire, and sitting it into a brighter blaze, she took up a little Bible which lay on the dressing-table, and read some portions of the New Testament.

When she laid down the book, she took out the comb that fastened up her long, dark, silken tresses—in which, despite her five and thirty years; not a silver thread was visible—and, as she arranged them for the night, her thoughts strayed back to the old world memories, which her meeting with Mary Atherton had revived. The sound of the clock striking two was the first thing that recalled her to her present life. By this time the candles were burnt down almost to the socket, and the fire was dying fast. As she turned to ring a fresh log into the grate, her eyes fell upon the dressing glass and in its reflection she saw or at least she fancied she saw, the bed-curtains move.

She stood for a moment gazing at the mirror, expecting a repetition of the movement; but all was still, and she blamed herself for allowing nervous fears to overcome her. Still it was an exertion, even of her brave spirit, to approach the bed

and withdraw the curtains. She was rewarded by finding nothing save the bed clothes folded neatly down; as if inviting her to press the snow white sheets, and a luxurious pile of pillows, that looked most tempting. She could not resist the mute invitation to rest her wearied limbs. Allowing herself no time for further doubts or fears, she placed her candle on the mantle-piece, and stepped into bed.

She was very tired, her eyes ached with weariness, but sleep seemed to fly from her. Old recollections thronged on her memory; thoughts connected with the business she had still to get through haunted her; and difficulties that had not occurred to her till now, arose up before her. She was restless and feverish and the vexation of feeling so, made her more wakeful. Perhaps if she were to close the curtains between her and the fire she might be better able to sleep—the flickering light disturbed her, and the moonbeams stealing through the window curtains cast ghostly shadows on the wall. So, she carefully shut out the light on that side, and turned again to sleep—Whether she had or had not quite lost consciousness she could not well remember but she was soon thoroughly aroused by feeling the bed heave under her—She started up, and awaited with a beating heart a repetition of the movement but it did not come. It must have been a return of the nervous fancies which had twice assailed her already that night—Laying her head once more on the pillow she determined to control her groundless fears.

Again she started up! This time there could be no doubt; the bed had had heaved more than once, accompanied by a strange gurgling sound, as if of a creature in pain. Leaning on her elbow she listened with that intensity of fear which seizes, almost as much as it dreads a recurrence of the sound that caused it. It came again followed by a loud rustling noise, as if some heavy body were dragged from under the bed in the direction of the fire. She longed to call out for help, but her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, and the pulses in her temples throbbed until she felt as if their painful beating sounded in the silence of the night like the loud tick of a clock.

The unseen thing dragged itself along until it reached the hearth rug, where it flung itself down with violence. As it did so, she heard the clank of a chain. Her breath came less painfully as she heard it, for it occurred to her that the creature might be nothing worse than the house dog, who, having broken his chain, had sought shelter beneath the bed in the warm room. Even this notion was disagreeable enough but it was as nothing to the vague terror which had hitherto oppressed her. She persuaded herself that if she lay quiet, quiet no harm would happen to her, and the night would soon pass over. Thus reasoning, she laid herself down again.

By-and-by the creature began to snore, and it struck her feverish fancy that the snoring was not like that of a dog. After a little time, she raised herself gently, and with trembling hands drew back an inch or two of the curtain, and peered out, thinking that any certainty was better than such terrible suspens. She looked to wards the fire-place, and there, sure enough, the huge creature lay—a brown, hairy mass, but of what shape it was impossible to divine, so fitful was the light, and so strangely was it coiled up on the hearth-rug. By-and-by it began to stretch itself out, to open its eyes, which shone in the flickering ray of the fire, and to raise its paws above its hoary head.

Good God! those are not paws! They are human hands; and dawning from the wrists hang fragments of broken chains!

A chill of horror froze Ellen Stirling's veins, as a flash of the expiring fire showed her this clearly—far too clearly—and the conviction seized upon her mind that she was shut up with an escaped convict. An inward invocation to Heaven for aid rose from her heart, as with the whole force of her intellect she endeavored to survey the danger of her position, and to think of the most persuasive words she could use to the man into whose power she had so strangely fallen. For the present, however, she must be still, very still; she must make no movement to betray herself; and perhaps he might overlook her presence until daylight came, and with it possible help. The night must be far spent; she must wait, and hope.

She had not to wait long. The creature moved again—stood upright—staggered towards the bed. For one moment—one dreadful moment—she saw his face, his pale pinched features, his lasing eyes, his black bristling hair; but thank God! he did not see her. She shrunk behind the

curtains; he advanced to the bed slowly hesitatingly, and the clanking sound of the broken chains fell menacingly on her ear. He laid his hands upon the curtains, and for a few moments fumbled to find the opening. These moments were all in all to Ellen Stirling. Despair sharpened her senses; she found that the other side of the bed was not set so close against the wall but that she could pass between. Into the narrow space between, she contrived to slip noiselessly.

She had barely accomplished the difficult feat, and sheltered herself behind the curtains, when the creature flung itself on the bed, and drawing the bed clothes around him, uttered a sound more like the whinnying of a horse than the laugh of a human being.

For some little time Miss Stirling stood in her narrow hiding place, trembling with cold and terror, fearful lest some unguarded movement should betray her, and bring down on her a fate she dared not contemplate. She lifted up her heart in prayer for courage; and when her composure had in some degree returned, it occurred to her that if she could but reach the window, she might from that position, possibly, attract the attention of some passer-by, and be released from her terrible duration.

Very cautiously she attempted the perilous experiment; her bare feet moved noiselessly across the floor, and a friendly ray of moonlight guided her safely towards the window. As she put out her hands towards the curtains, her heart gave a fresh bound of terror, for it came in contact with something soft and warm. At length, however, she remembered that she had flung down her fur cloak in that spot, and it was a mercy to come upon it now, when she was chilled to the bone. She wrapped it around her and reached the window without further adventure, or any alarm from the occupant of the bed; whose heavy regular breathing gave assurance that he was now sound asleep. This was some comfort, and she greatly needed it. The look out from the window was anything but inspiring. The stars still shone peacefully on the sleeping earth; the moon still showed her pallid visage; not a sight or sound presaged dawn, and after long listening in vain for any sign of life in the outer world, she heard the stable clock strike four.

Only four!

She felt as if it were impossible to survive another hour of terror such as she had just passed through. Was there no hope? None.

She tried to support herself against the window frame, but her first touch caused it to shake and creak in a manner that seemed to her startingly loud; she fancied that the creature moved uneasily on its bed at her brow as minute after minute wore heavily on; ever and anon a rustle of the bed clothes, or a slight clank of the manacled hands, sent a renewed chill to her heart.

The clock struck five.

Still all without was silent. Suddenly a man's whistle was heard in the court, and the driver of the mail coach, lantern in hand, crossed the yard towards the pavilion. Would to God she could call to him or in any way attract his attention; but she dared not make the slightest sound. He looked up at the window against which he almost brushed in passing; and the light he held flashed on Miss Stirling's crouching figure. He paused, looked again, and seemed about to speak, when she hastily made signs that he should be silent, but seek assistance at the house. He gave her a glance of intelligence and hastened away.

How long his absence seemed! Could he have undersold her? The occupant of the bed was growing every instant more and more restless; he was raising from the bed—he was groping round the room. "They would come too late, too late!"

But no! steps in the courtyard—the key turning in the lock—the door opens—then, with a yell that rang in Ellen Stirling's ear until her dying day, the creature rushed to her hiding place, dashed the slight window frame to pieces, and finding himself balked of his purposed escape by the strength of the iron bars outside, turned like a wild beast, on his pursuers. She was the first on whom his glance fell. He clasped her throat; his face was close to hers; his glittering eyes were glaring at her in frenzy—when a blow from behind felled him.

She awoke from a long swoon to find herself safe in Mrs. Atherton's dressing-room; and to hear that no one was hurt but the poor maniac, and that he was again in the charge of his keepers, from whom he had escaped a few hours before.

"A few hours! A life-time, Mary! But, Heaven be thanked, it is past like a wild dream."

It was not all past. One enduring effect remained, ever after, to imprint on Ellen Stirling's memory, and on the memories of all who knew her, the event of that long night. Such had been her suffering anxiety and terror, that, in these few hours, her hair had turned as white as snow.—

Household words.

Humorous.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

But remember, though box
In the plural makes boxes;
The plural of fox
Should be OXEN, not OXES.

[Comic Grammar.]
And remember, though fleeces
In the plural is fleeces,
That the plural of goose
Aren't geoses nor GEESES.

[Exchange Paper.]
And remember, though house
In the plural is housis,
The plural of mouse
Should be mice, and not MOUSES.

[Philad'a Gazette.]
All of which goes to prove
That Grammar a farce is;
For where is the plural
Of rum and molasses?

[New York Gazette.]
The plural—Gazette—
Of rum don't us trouble;
Take one glass too much
And you're sure to see DOUBLES.

[Brooklyn Ad'r.]
In your grammatical labors,
You plural from singular keep;
Then tell us, ye witty neighbors,
To which number goes the word SHEEP,

[X.]

Handsome Men.

One of our exchanges contains the following curious remarks relating to handsome men:

"If you are ever threatened with a handsome man in the family, just take a clothes-pomander while he is yet in bed, and batter his head to a pomice. From some cause or another, handsome men are invariably asses; they cultivate their hair and complexion so much, that they never have time to think about their brains. By the time they reach thirty, their heads end hands are equally soft. Again we say, if you wish to find an intelligent man, just look for one with features so rough that they might use his face for a nutmeg grater.

Printing Offices.

When Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law first discovered that the young man had a hankering for her daughter, that good old lady said she did not know so well about giving her daughter to a printer; there were already two printing office in the United States, and she was not certain the country would support them. It was plain young Franklin would depend for his support on the profits of a third, and this was rather a doubtful chance. If such an objection was urged to a would-be son-in-law when there were but two printing offices in the United States, how can a printer hope to get a wife now, when the present census shows the number to be 15067.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.—A colored firm in Newark, N. J. having suffered some pecuniary embarrassments recently closed business, and the senior member gave the following "Notice" to the public:

"De dissolution of co-partnership heretofore existing twixt me and Moses Jones, in de barber persuasion, am heretofore resolved. Pussons who ose must pay the inscriber. Dem what the firm ose must call on Jones, as de firm is insolvid.

LIGUE JONASINE.

Cheer Up.

What if you have failed in business— you still have life and health. Do not sit down and cry over your mishaps, for that will never get you out of debt, nor buy your children's frock. Go to work a something, eat sparingly, dress moderately, drink nothing exciting, and above all, keep a merry heart, and you will be up in the world again.

A bright and beautiful bird is Hope; it will come to us mid the darkness and sings the sweetest song when our spirits are saddest; and when the lone soul is weary, and longs to pass away, it warbles its sunniest notes, and tightens again the slender fibres of our hearts that grief has been tearing away.

DEAR HUGGINS.—An editor in Iowa has been fined \$200 for hugging a young lady in church.—Daily Argus.

Cheap enough! We once hugged a girl in church some ten years ago, and the scrape has cost us a thousand a year ever since.—Chicago