The Huntingdon Journal.

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

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1858. VOL. XXIII. NO. 48.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

THE LIVER

INVIGORATOR!

PREPARED BY DR. SANFORD.

Compounded entirely of Gums.

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 ther medicine known. It is not only a Cathartic, but a Liver remedy, acting first on the Liver to eject 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 action of the Liver for the proper performance of its functions. When the stomach is at fault and the whole system suffers in consequence of one organ—the Liver—having ceased to do its duty. For the diseases of that organ one of the proprietors has made it his study, in a practice of more than twenty years, to find some remedy wherewith to counteract the many derangements to which it is liable.

To prove that this remedy is at last discovered any person troubled with Liver Complaint is invited to try one of its bottle and conviction forms, has but to try its certain.

These gums remove all morbid or bad matter from the system supplying in their place a healthy flow of bile, invigorating the stomach, causing food to digest well, purifying the blood, giving tone and health the whole machinery, removing the cause of the disease, and effecting a radical cure

One dose after eating will relieve the stomach and prevent the food from rising and souring.

Bilious attacks are cured, and what is better, prevented, by the occasional use of the Liver Invigorator.

Only one dose taken before meals prevents Nightmare.

Only one dose taken at night opens the bowels gently, and cures Costiveness.

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 removes the cause of the disease, and makes a perfect cure.

Only one dose immediately relieves Cholic, 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 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 surer 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 Fever and Ague, Chill, 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 mouth 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. Read Huntingdon.

Apr.7.'58.-1y.

DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR.

THE CASSVILLE SEMINARY.

ONLY $22.50 PER QUARTER

THE PRESENT FACULTY.

M. McN. WALSH, Principal, Prof of Languages and Philosophy.
Chas. S. Joslin, A. M., Prof. of Latin, Greek, etc.
James W. Hughes, Prof. of Mathematics.
Benjamin F. Stouck, Adjunct Prof. of Mathematics.
Geo. W. Linton, Prof. of Vocal Music.

Mrs. M. McN. WALSH Preceptress, Teacher of Botany, History, Reading, etc.
Miss E. M. Faulkner, Teacher of Pellis Work, Painting, Drawing,
Miss D. L. Stanley, Teacher of Piano Music, Wax Fruit, Flo'rs,
Mrs. Dr. Darwin. Teacher of English Branches.
Miss J. M. Walsh, Teacher of Primary English.

The recent success of this school is extraordinary. Besides being the cheapest one of the kind over 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 $90. Students can enter whenever they wish. Address,

JOHN D. WALSH, Cassville, Huntingdon Co., Pa.

June23,'58.

Notice to Coal Purchasers.

THE subscriber is now prepared to furnish **Coal & Coke** at his bank at Lilly's Station, on the Penn'a. Railroad, of as good quality as can be had on the mountain. I will run coal to Hollidaysburg, or any other point on the Penn'a. 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.

For either of the above articles, address

J. M'GONIGLE, Hemlock, Cambria County, Pa,

where all orders will be propmply attended to.

Aug. 25, 1858.6t.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, of rich style and very cheap at D. P. GWIN'S.

SPLENDID RAG CARPET for 37½ cts. per yard at the cheap store of FISHER & McMURTRIE.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

TERMS

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

If paid in advance.....$1,50

If paid within six months after the time of subscribing.....1,75

If paid before the expiration of the year, 2,00

And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid tillafter 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 arrearages are paid*, 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 arrearages*, 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 arrearages are paid*. See No. 1.

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

Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

☞ The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Will be charged at the following rates:

	1 insertion.	2 do.	3 do.
Six lines or less,	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One square, (16 lines,)	50	75	1 00
Two " (32 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00

	3 mo.	6 mo.	12 mo.
One square,	$3 00	$5 00	$8 00
Two squares,	5 00	8 00	12 00
¼ column,	8 00	12 00	18 00
½ do.,	12 00	18 00	27 00
¾ do.,	18 00	27 00	40 00
1 do.,	28 00	40 00	50 00

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 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 and that all work entrusted to our hands will be done neatly, promptly, and at prices which will be satisfactory.

NOTICE.

We request those of our subscribers who receive their papers, to inform us of those in their immediate neighborhoods who are subscribers to the "Journal," and have failed to receive the same, since the stealing of our pack-book, by ruffians on the 3d of February.

DIXON'S improved SAUSAGE CUTTERS and stuffers, for sale by

Oct. 6, '58.-3t. JAS. A. BROWN.

Glass Preserving Jars, different sizes, for sale by FISHER & McMURTRIE.

COAL BUCKETS & SHOVELS! For sale by tf. JAS. A. BROWN.

INDEX TO ADVERTISEMENTS.

Grover and Baker's Sewing machine.
Samuel Groves store.
Warnick, Gladwick and Bro.
Cook stove for sale.
Climax Grain Fan.
Lumbermen & Stockraisers.
Aammonton Lands.
Mountain Female Seminary.
Gifts! Gifts!! Gifts!!!
Land for sale.
Dr. A. P. Fields.
Milnwood Academy.
Green Willow Foundry.
S. M. Pillengill & Co.
Gutman's Clothing Store.
Brown's Hardware Store.
Fisher & McMurtrie's Store.
Saml. S. Smith's Drug & Grocery Store.
Great Purifier.
Iron City Colledge.
Saving Fund.
Literary Burau.
Galvanic oil.
Great Beautifier.
Invigorator.
Cassville Seminary.
Lung Infirmery.
Town vs Country.
Indian Root Pills.
Country Merchants.
Alexandria Foundry.
Huntingdon Warm Springs.
Consumption cured.
Bank Notice.
Antiphlogistic Salt.
Huntingdon Hotel.
New Laird Press.
David P. Gwin's Store.
H. Roman's Clothing Store.
Patent Portable Fence.
Premiums awarded.
Ohe Journal Office.
Colon's Book Store
Huntingdon Mill.
Letter Copier.
Railroad Time.
H. K. Neff, M. D.
Huntingdon Foundry.
Dr. J. R. Huyett, Dentist.
Atorney's at Law.
Scott & Brown.
Wilson & Petrikin.
Thos P. Campbell.

THE CASSVILLE SEMINARY.

EXTRAS.

Wax Fruit, $5,00; Wax Flowers, $5,00; Grecian Painting, $3,00; Ornamental Painting, $3,00; Leather Work, $3,00; Chenille Work, $3,00; Ocean Shells & Mosses, $2,00; Piano Music, $5,00.

Those wishing to learn the above from a teacher of *experience*, should do so immediately, for Miss Stanley can be retained at the Seminary only a few months longer—she returns to New York in the Spring.

Select Poetry

POETRY.—The following original lines of a correspondent have the ring of genuine poetry. He may "take heart of hope" to become much more than a mere rhyme.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

LINES ON THE RIVER ALLEGENY.

BY A WELSHMAN.

The glorious sun had risen
In majesty and might;
The earth was robed in beauty,
The heavens in glowing light.
A breezy, bounding gladness
Seemed floating everywhere,
Filling with health and healing
The balmy summer air.

When, like a false note, jarring
The softest music came
A strain of deepest sorrow,
Of wild reproach and blame,
The voice of ALLEGHENY
Wept over days gone by,
Ere sable smoke enshrouded
Her beauty from the sky.

"For now alas!" she murmured,
"I wonder on in gloom,
No more along my borders
The wild sweet flow'rets bloom;
No more the living verdure
Upsprings, where I appear;
No more the Indian maiden's
Wild chanting voice I hear.

"The fish that gaily sported
Within my crystal wave,
That loved me like a mother,
Have found my arms a grave;
The birds that fluttered o'er me,
Whose music charmed mine ear,
Have sought, on frighted pinions,
A purer atmosphere.

"The bees that loved to linger
Around my flowers are gone—
And silently and sadly
I wonder on alone,
Waiting the sun's lost glances—
The glory that of yore
Made bright my waves with beauty,
But now are mine no more!

"[illegible]
My fairest and my first,
When, from the wild black mountain,
A flash of light I burst,
The green grass freshen'd around me,
The flowers wore all their grace—
The sun himself seemed brighter
From gazing on my face!

"But now, all smoke enshrouded—
Wrapt in a living tomb—
Wailing my vanished beauty,
I wonder on in gloom."
She ceas'd; and, sadly sighing,
The mournful music fell
Upon the startled breezes,
Like dying Hope's farewell.

A mild and thoughtful poet,
Who roamed her banks along,
And heard with tender pity
The melancholy song—
Said, softly, "Cease thy plaining,
Oh, discontented stream!
For soon upon thy darkness,
A brighter light shall beam;

"A purer glory even
Than that which gilds thy wave,
Where still it leaps in gladness
From the mountain's cave;
Where stil' it scatters verdure
Many a weary mile,
Bidding surrounding nature
With health and beauty smile.

"Tho' the cloud resting on thee
May never pass away,
Yet shall it be illumined
By Poesy's bright lay
Into a crown of honor—
And thou shalt glide along,
Thy shame become thy glory
Thy sorrow change to song!"

Pittsburg, Feb. 18, 1856.

Select Miscellany.

How to Rule a Husband.

I never undertook but once to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way—cool, quiet, but determined as ever grew. Just after we were married and all was going on nice and cozy, she got me in the habit of doing all the churning. She never asked me to do it, you know, but then she—why it was done in this way; She finished breakfast before me, one morningr and slipped away from the table; she filled the churn with cream and set it just where I couldn't help seeing what was wanted. So I took hold, regularly enough, and churned till the butter came—she didn't thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it, that I felt well paid, Well when the next chnrning day came along she did the same thing, and I followed suit and fetched the butter. Again, and it was done just so, and I was in for it every time, Not a word was said you know, of course.

Well, by and by, this became very irksome. I wanted she should just ask me, but she never did, and I couldn't say anything about it, so on we went. At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time unless she asked me. Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got a nice breaefast—when that was swallowed, there stood the churn. I got up, and standing a few moments, just to give her a chance, put on my hat and walked out doors. I stopped in the yard to give her a chance to call me, but not a word she said, and so with a palpitating heart I moved on. I went down town, up town, and my foot was as restless as Noah's dove; I felt as if I had done a wrong—I didn't exactly feel how—but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting upon me all the forenoon; it seemed as if dinner time never would come, and as for going home one minute before, I would as soon cut my ears off. So I went fretting and moping around town till dinner time came.

Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is having in their hands his destiny—life or death. I couldn't make up my mind how she would meet me, but some kind of a storm I expected. Will you believe it she never greeted me with a sweeter smile, never had a better dinner for me than on that day; but there was the churn just where I left it! Not a word was passed. I felt confoundedly cut, and every mouthful of that dinner seemed as if it would choke me.—She didn't pay any regard to it, however, but went on as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over, I had again resolved, and shoving back my chair, I marched up to the churn, and went at it in the old way. Splash, drip, rattle, drip, splash rattle—I kept it up. As if in spite the butter never was so long coming. I supposed the cream standing so long had got warm, so I redoubled my efforts. Obstinate matter—The afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at last from real exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time:

"Coms, Tom, my dear, you have rattled [illegible] long enough, if it is only for fun you are doing it."

I knew how it was in a flash. She had brought the butter in the forenoon, and left the churn standing with the buttermilk in for me to exercise with. I never set myself up in household matters after that.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Constant change, the law of Nature, reigns at Niagara. Years ago, our readers will remember, Table Rock yielded to time, and successive portions of it have fallen. On a visit to the Falls, a day or two since, we observed that another change has occurred, meriting at least a passing notice. Every sight-seer must recollect the path which, commencing at the brink of the ravine on the Canada side, almost opposite Prospect House, leads beneath Table Rock, and which those who desired to go "under the sheet of falling water" used to traverse in their water-proof habiliments. It led to Termination Point, as a spot a long distance under the cataract was called; and the adventurer who dared air and flood to reach it, blinded by spray deafened by the terrible roar which the beating of millions of tons of water on the rocks below produces, used to receive a of his having accomplished the feat. The oilskins are yet in requisition, the guides yet demand and receive their fees, and the certificates are yet given. Termination Point, too, may yet exist, but no mortal being can visit it. It never could be seen from the cavernous tunnel—one side rock, the other water, and the floor a composition of both—which led thither. And the path to it is now cut off. One can still walk about a yard under the cataract, but no further foothold is afforded, and another step would lead one to a intimate acquaintance with all the mysteries which it is here forbidden us to know. Ere long, doubtless, now that the stratum of soft rock has fallen; the upper mass will fall, and then another step will be taken in the slow course in which Niagara has eaten its own way back from Queenston, and is—if geologists say true—to wear itself away somewhere above Chippewa. —*Hamilton Spectator.*

"PUNCH" gives the poor some nuts to crack, and everybody something to Philosophize upon when he says, "it costs a great deal of money to be rich, and it is a question if so much is worth so little? After all, is wealth worth the cost, first in acquiring it, next in supporting it, and lastly, in bearing up under it, when you have lost it?"

UNNECESSARY ADVICE.—The Washsngton *Union* calls upon the army of Buchanan officeholders to "charge!" Prentice says, "they don't seem to take the trouble to *charge* at all—they just grab the money with ceremony. They don't trouble themselves about any mysteries of single or double entry, except entry into the money boxes."

HOW MURPHY O'KERN WENT HUNTING.

BY ERGO.

Some years ago before Misaouri had become a state, I started with a party of Emigrants for the western part of the territory. On our way we met with many adventures, one which I will relate.

Among the emigrants in the train was one Murphy O'Kern, a raw Irishman and about a shade greener than the greenest "native" that ever yet come over.

Now Murphy had never been out before, and had about as correct account of hunting, as Demosthenes would have had. However, Murphy was determined to go, so loadening his gun, and mounting an old piece of lame work which might once have been a horse, he started off with the rest. The hunters did not return till noon. Not seeing Murphy I enquired where he was.

"Murphy," said the one I asked, "why he turned back not an hour after we started, didn't come to camp?

'No, but what induced him to turn back.'

'He complained of a pain in his heart, but I guess he was afraid.'

'This must be looked to, he may be lost.' After inquiring in every direction, and not hearing of Murphy, a party set out to hunt him up. In about an hour they returned bringing Murphy with them but in a rather worse condition than when he started out. His horse was missing, and he had neither hat nor boots. They found him in a situation both laughable and dangerous; but I will give you the story as he himself told it.

'Ye see, when I wus afther startin' fur the camp, I dhrove along at a brisk like, till I cum to the Prairie; well, I was ridin' along, thinkin' to myselt if I could spy a bear to shoot at, when I heard a growling jist behindermost ov me, and whin I looked around, shure there was a pack of wolves after me full spade, howlin and scratchin', like so many divils jist out of purgatory. So I leveled me gun and fired but divil a one did I shoot, so I give me horse a crack an away we wint like a locomotif But afther a while they gain on me and bigin to be jumpin' up at my heels, so I jist grabbed hold ov a tree I wos agoing under, and away the horse wint, and the wolves afther him lavin me hangin on the tree.—After while, one ov the bloody (this was Murphy's favorite word) bloody divils catched the horse by the throat, an' I hadn't time to give a blink o' me eye whin theyd pulled every bit of flesh off the bones.

'When they finished the horse the whole pack ov em cum and squatted down under me, winkin' at me just as much as to say:'

'Now, Murphy O'Kern jist cum down out o' there.'

'But I held on and on, but the bloody things set there waitin' for me to drop.—'So,' says I, will ye niver go home?' but one of them he guv a lape an' catched me by the hale of me boot, an' giv it a twist an' off it cum, jist then the other grabbed the other boot, and off it cum too. Then sez I, 'shure if ye iver want sitewations as boot jacks, it's meself 'el giv ye recommendations."

'After they'd dun bitin' at me boots they commenced divirtin' themselves jumpin' at me heels, I up wid me legs, and threw them over the limb ov the tree.

'But by sint Pathrick the bloody divils then tried to grab off the seat of me breeches, and one ov em—bad luck to him—jumpt up and fastened his teethin the flesh and hung there thryin' to get a bite. So I jist hung on with one hand and put the other in me pocket and hauled out me knife an' opened it wid me teeth and jist drew it across the bloody divil's throat, will ye let go now, sez I an' shure it would done your heart good to see wid what pleasure he did what I axed him to. Jist thin the lim uv the tree giv way, and sez I to meself now say yer prayers Murphy, for ye will be eaten up by them bloody divils widout cookin', But up cum the men and away scattered the divils, an' meself let go and dropped on the ground like a stun.

But if iver ye catch Murphy O'Kern goin' huntin' agin, ye may beat his head off wid a shillaleh.

☞ The Urbana (Ill.) *Union* tells the following, as one of the pleasing incidents attendant upon Mr. Douglas' visit to that city:

'Are you a Democrat?' said Mr. Douglas to a bright lad, son of one of citizens.

'No sir,' replied the youth.

'Wouldn't you vote for me if you were old enough,' continued the Senator.'

'No, sir.'

'Why not, my little lad.'

"Because, sir, my father has taught me better," The Senator concluded that the father of this boy has been regulating his domestic institutions in his own way."

Militia of the United States.

From the annual abstract of returns of the militia of the United States for 1857, transmitted to Congress in accordance with the act of 1803, by the Secretary of War, we learn that the grand aggregate in all the States, Territories, and the District of Columbia, is 2,755,726. Of this number 2,700,000 are infantry, 20,000 cavalry, 12,000 artillery, and 34,000 rifles. The aggregates from the States, etc., respectively, are given as follows:

Maine,	73,562
New Hampshire,	23,688
Vermont,	23,855
Massachusetts,	158,819
Rhode Island,	17,015
Connecticut,	52,420
New York,	355,000
New Jersey,	81,981
Pennsylvania,	164,000
Delaware,	8,922
Maryland,	46,881
Virginia,	150,000
North Carolina,	79,448
South Carolina,	36,070
Georgia,	88,690
Florida,	12,122
Alabama,	76,662
Louisiana,	32,782
Mississippi,	36,084
Tennessee,	71,252
Kentucky,	88,858
Ohio,	176,055
Michigan,	92,963
Indiana,	53,963
Illinois,	256,420
Wisconsin,	51,321
Iowa,	
Missouri,	118,035
Arkansas,	36,054
Texas,	19,766
California,	207,780
Minnesota,	2,003
Utah Territory,	3,811
Dist. of Columbia,	8,201

Sentiment and Wit.

Greatness.

'Tis hardship, toil;
'Tis sleepless nights, and never-resting days;
'Tis pain, 'tis danger, 'tis affronted death;
'Tis equal fate for all [illegible]
[illegible] a small pimple made its appearance on my [illegible]
The noblest virtues, and the gentlest manners.

Riches.

On a sultry, hot summer day, an honest old man was plowing his own field, when suddenly under the shade of an oak, he beheld a god-like figure, slowly approaching him. The man started back.

'I am Solomon,' said the phantom, in a confiding voice. 'What art thou doing here, old man?'

'If thou art Solomon,' was the reply, 'how canst thou ask me? When I was a youth thou didst send me to the ant; I saw its method of living, and it taught me to be diligent, industrious, and persevering, and gather the superfluous for a stormy day. What I then learnt, I still continue to do.'

'Thou has studied thy lesson but half,' replied the spirit; go once more to the ant, and learn from it also how to find rest and quiet in the winter of thy years, and how to enjoy that which thou hast hoarded up.'

☞ In most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint as well as a steel, either of them may hammer on wood forever, and no fire will follow.

☞ Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

☞ He that is good will infallibly become better, and he that is bad, will certainly become worse; for vice, virtue and time are three things that never stand still.

☞ We become familiar with the outside of men, as with the outsides of horses, and we think we know them, while we are ignorant of all that is passing within them.

☞ 'Tis much safer for thee to reconcile an enemy than conquer him. Victory may deprive him of the power for the present, but reconciliation disarms his will

☞ Poverty is only contemptible when it is felt to be so. Doubtless the best way to make our poverty respectable is to seem never to feel it as an evil.

☞ Let us use sometimes to stop a little, and ask ourselves, What we are about? Whither we are going? And where all will end at last?

☞ Most arts require long study and application; but the most useful art of all, that of pleasing, requires only the desire.

☞ If you were to build schools without play-grounds, nobody would get beyond short division in a lifetime.

☞ He only is independent who can maintain himself by his own exertion, unaided and alone

☞ "An editor out West says that when he was in prison for libelling a justice of the Peace, he was requested by the jailor to give the prison a puff."

This may be an exaggeration—most articles credited to papers "out west" are—yet it approximates very near to the truth. Editors are expected to puff everything and everybody. If Whiffkins makes a speech about something, his friends are offended if the editor does not laud him to the skies, and write him down as a wonderful orator. If Dr. Snatchem concocts a medicine which is according to his representations, to make the old young, and pave the world with blessings, the editor is expected to proclaim the humbug to the ends of the earth. Steamboat captains, railroad conductors, omnibus drivers, oyster openers, doctors of divinity, lecturers, and singers must all be puffed, or the editor ceases to be a good fellow and forfeits the esteem of his distinguished friends. No class of men in the world are imposed upon to the extent that editors are, Their brains and their time mugt be given to every one for every purpose, simply because everybody has brass enough to ask them. When will editors unite to put down this evil?

A PLEASANT SCENE IN A COURT ROOM.

The following ludicrous scene took place in a new York Marine Court, between two gentlemen of the bar—the one rather fat, and the other rather small.

Brother Fat—(To the court.)—'I don't care what Mr.——— says; he's only a mosquito, and I don't mind the sting.'

Brother small.—'I beg your pardon, Mr.———; but it is a fact in natural history, that mosquitoes never stings hogs.'

Brother Fat.—'It is so Mr.———? then you had better inform your acquaintances of it, they will be glad to hear of it.'

Brother Small.—'Allow me then Mr. [illegible] practical business man [illegible] among the first.'

Here the court amid a roar of laughter, called the gentlemen to order.

Young Man, Pay Attention—Do not be a loafer, don't call yourself a loafer, do not keep a loafer's company, don't hang about loafing places. Better work hard for your own prospects. Bustle about if you mean to have anything to bustle about for. Many a physician has obtained a real patient by riding for an imaginary one A quire of blank paper tied up with red tape and carried under a lawyer's arm may make his fortune. Such is the world—to him that hath shall be given. Quit droning and complaining, keep busy and mind your chances.

ABOUT GIRLS.—The best thing about a girl is cheerfulness. We don't care how ruddy her cheeks may be, or how velvety her lips, if she wears a scowl, even her friends will consider her ill-looking: while the young lady who illumina tes her countenance with smiles, will be regarded as handsome, though her complection is course enough to grate nutmegs on. As perfume is to the rose, so is good nature to the lovely. Girls think of this.

Conversation.—Liberty is a fine thing; it's a great help to conversation, to have leave to say what one will. I have seen a woman of quality, who has not had one grain of wit, entertain a whole company the most agreeable in the world, only with her malice.

☞ A poor actor with a book under his arm, was entering a pawnbroker's office, when he encountered a friend, who asked what he was going to do? Only going to *spout* Shakspeare!' was his reply,

☞ A poet asked a gentleman what he thought of his last production, "An ode to Sleep." The latter replied: 'You have done so much justice to the subject that it is impossible to read it without feeling its whole weight.'

☞ Woman has found her true 'sphere' at last, It is about twenty-seven feet around, made of hoops.

☞ Wilkins—'Really this is not to be borne. Who are you sir? and who was your father?'

☞ What part in a play do drinking men always like the best? The *fine ale* to be sure

☞ Experience is the most eloquent of preachers, but she never has a large congregation.

☞ You had better find out one of your own weaknesses, than ten of your neighbor's

☞ What is mine, even to my life, is hers I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine.