|  | When riches seem slow in collecting, And prospects look gloomy as night, There's nought like segars for direoting Our faney to visions more bright. Though life seems unpleasant and weary And its path unblest by a atar, Yet the smoker will feel, when he's wear That there's blise in a fragrant segar. |  | CHEAPGOODS <br> RIFFLE \& HUMPHREYS, Have reeevived from Philadelphina, at thier Store Room at the Summit, a large and splen. did a asortment of Winter Goods | Wholesale and Retail Tin Copper at sheet-Iron Nanufactory. The subscriber adopts this metbod of retur- ning thanks to his friends and the pnblic generally bestowed upon him, a.ld begs leave to inform them that he has enlarged his business, and them that he has eniarged his b |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | D the |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { them that he has enlarged his business, andnow } \\ & \text { keeps coastantly on hand a large supply o } \\ & \text { every variety of } \end{aligned}$ |  |
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|  | $\begin{gathered} \text { not } \\ \substack{\text { not } \\ \text { job }} \end{gathered}$ |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| "Lebor is worahip!"-the robin is ainging;"Labo is worship!"-the wild bee is ringing:Listen ! that eloquent whisper upspringing |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| Lisien : that eloquent whisper upspringing - Bpeaka to thy sul frem out nature's great |  |  | come |  |  |
|  | 12 |  |  |  |  |
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| Labor ibio: Tio the will mater taibabi: <br> Keop the watch wound, fur the dark rust as- <br> Flowers droop and dis in the stillinees of $\qquad$ |  |  |  | Oct. 8. 1849-5-tf. |  |
|  |  |  | the East, Ebensburg, Fill and Winter Goods, | EXCHANGE HOTEL, |  |
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|  | any | ear is dear and the eye is is cloed. The |  |  |  |
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| How his strong arm, in the salwart pride True as as sunbeam the swift sickle guiden. | paes waz comp |  |  |  |  |
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| Droop not, tho' shame, sin, and anguish are <br> Bravely fling off the |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | actio | period than sit |  |  |  |
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| Oh : bring the flowers she cherish'd eo, <br> With eager child-like care; <br> For $o^{\prime}$ er her grave they'll love to grow, And aigh their sorrow <br> And aigh their sorrow there; Ah me: no more their balmy glow <br> May soothe her heart's despair, <br> No: nevermore |  |  |  |  |  |
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| But angel hands shall bring her baim <br> For every grief she knew, <br> And Heaven's soft harps her soul shall calm <br> With music sweet and true; <br> Of Israfel anew. <br> For evermore : |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | R Y-GOODS |
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| $\begin{aligned} & \text { From the Boston Post } \\ & \text { A SEG.AR. } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  | Hom |  |
| When cares flesh is heir to perplex us, <br> And trifles, more harrassing far, <br> - Arise in our path and sore vex us, <br> If friends should prove false and leave ue, <br> Nor allow their desertion to grieve joke, <br> Dat let the wound tenish in smeke. |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | нм. |  | 10 sacks Ground Alum Salt, |  |
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