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HAVING taken the large and commodious Wharf and Warehouse situated directly on the Canal Basin, are now prepared to receive consignments of goods for transhipment or sale.

A general assortment of Groceries, &c., consisting of Loaf and Brown Sugars, Coffee, Molasaes, Sperm Oil and Candles, White, Yellow and Brown Soaps, Fish, Salt, Plaster, &c., together with all kinds of Spices and Paints—and also ready made Clothing will be kept constantly on hand and disposed of on city terms or exchanged for country produce, Coal, &c.

April 19 1843 —3m.

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Age.	For 1 year.	For 7 years. annually.	For life. annually.
20	$0 91	$0 95	$1 77
30	1 31	1 36	2 36
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EXAMPLE:—A person aged 30 years, by paying the company $1 31 would secure to his family or heirs $100, should he die in one year—or for $13 [illegible] secures to them [illegible] Or for $13 60 annually for 7 years, he secures to them $1000 should he die during the 7 years—or for $23 60 paid annually during life he provides for them 1000 dollars whenever he dies— for $65 50 they would receive 5000 dollars, should he die in one year.

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Phil'a. April 19, 1843.—6m.

DAY, GERRISH & CO.

GENERAL PRODUCE,

Commission and Forwarding Merchants.

Granite Stores, lower side of Race street, on the Delaware, Philadelphia.

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the merchants generally, that they have taken the large Wharf and Granite Front Stores, known as Ridgeway's Stores, immediately below Race street, in addition to their old wharf, where they will continue the produce commission business, as also to receive and forward goods to all points on the Juniata, and North and West branches of the Susquehanna Rivers. via. the Tide Water, and Pennsylvania, and Schuylkill and Union canals.

This establishment has many advantages over any other in the city in point of room and convenience for the accommodation of boats and produce. Being one of the largest wharves on the Delaware, and the stores extending from Water street to Delaware Front. Five or six boats may at the same time be loading and discharging. The usual facilities will be given on all consignments entrusted to their charge, which will be thankfully received and meet with prompt attention. Salt, Fish and Plaster, constantly on hand and for sale at the lowest market price

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February 8, 1843.—6m.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

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Merchants and others from Huntingdon and adjacent places, are respectfully requested to call and examine the stock of the above kinds of goods, which is *full* and *extensive*, and which will be sold at prices that will give satisfaction to purchasers, at No. 168 Market, street south-east corner of 5th street, Philadelphia.

GEO. W. & LEWIS B. TAYLOR.

Pila. Feb. 6, 1843.—6mo.

BLANK DEEDS, of an improved form, for sale at this office.

Also BLANK PETITIONS FOR NATURALIZATION.

POETRY.

The Mother's Injunction.

BY MRS. L. SIGOURNEY.

Deal gently, thou, whose hand hast won
The young bird from the nest away,
Where careless, 'neath a vernal sun,
She gaily carroll'd day by day;
The haunt is lone—the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar;
We'll pensive list, at gush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her—thou art dear,
Beyond what vestal lips have told;
And like a lamb from fountains clear,
She turns confiding to thy fold.
She, round thy sweet domestic bower,
The wreath of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently, thou, when, far away,
'Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender cares decay—
The soul of woman lives on love;
And shouldst thou, wondering mark a tear
Unconscious from her eyelid break,
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear
That man's strong heart can ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare—
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care;
And by thy trust to be forgiven,
When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasured hopes of heaven,
Deal gently with my darling child.

"The Old Arm Chair."

"I love it—I love it—and who shall dare
To chide me, for loving that 'Old Arm Chair!'
I've treasured it long, as a holy prize;
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs,
Would ye learn the spell? A MOTHER sat there!
A sacred thing is that 'Old Arm Chair.'

"In childhood's hour I lingered near
That hallowed spot, with listening ear;
And gentle the words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, to teach me to live.
She told me ill would never betide,
With Truth for my creed, and my God for my guide.
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that 'Old Arm Chair.'

"I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were grey;
And [illegible] when she smiled
Years rolled on—The last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled,
I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that 'Old Arm Chair!'

"'Tis past—'tis past—but I gaze on it now
With a quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me—'twas there she died—
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drop starts down my cheek:
But I love it—I love it—and cannot tear
My soul from that mother's 'Old Arm Chair!'"

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RETURN---Or How is it?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'It's nearly a year now since I was home,' Lucy Gray said to her husband, 'and so you must let me go for a few weeks.'

They had been married some four or five years, and never had been separated during that time for a single night.

'I thought you called this your home?' Gray said, looking up with a mock-serious air.

'I mean my old home,' Lucy replied in a half affected tone of anger. 'Or to make it plain, I want to go and see father and mother.'

'Can't you wait three or four months, until I can go with you?' asked the young husband.

'I want to go now. You said all along that I should go in May.'

'I know I did. But then I supposed that I would be able to go with you.'

'Well, why can't you? I am sure you might, if you would.'

'No, Lucy, I cannot possibly leave home now. But if you are very anxious to see the old folks, I can put you in the stage and you will go safe enough. Ellen and I can take care of little Lucy, no doubt. How long a time do you wish to spend with them?'

'About three weeks, or so.'

'Very well, Lucy, if you are not afraid to go alone, I shall not say a word.'

'I'm not afraid, dear,' the wife said in a voice changed and softened in its expression. 'But are you perfectly willing to let me go, Henry?'

'O, certainly,' was the reply, although the tone in which the word was uttered had something of reluctance in it. 'It would be selfish in me to say no. Your father and mother will be delighted to receive a visit just now.

'And you think that you and Ellen can get along with little Lucy?'

'O yes, very well.'

'I should like to go so much.'

'Go, then, by all means.'

'But won't you be very lonesome without me?' suggested Lucy, in whose own bosom a feeling of loneliness was already beginning to be felt at the bare idea of a separation from her husband.

'I can stand it as long as you can,' was Gray's laughing reply to this. 'And then I shall have our dear little girl.'

Lucy laughed in return, but did not feel as happy at the idea of 'going home' as she thought she would be, before her husband's consent had been gained. The desire to go, however, remaining strong, it was finally settled that the visit should be paid. So all the preparations were made, and in the course of a week Henry Gray saw his wife take her seat in the stage, with a feeling of regret at parting which required all his efforts to conceal. As for Lucy, when the pinch came, she regretted ever having thought of going without her husband and child; but she was ashamed to let her real feelings be known. So she kept on a show of indifference, The 'good-by' finally said, the driver cracked his whip, and off rolled the stage. Gray turned homeward with a dull, lonely feeling, and Lucy drew her veil over her face to conceal the unbidden tears from her fellow passengers.

That night, poor Mr. Gray slept but little. How could he? His Lucy was absent, and for the first time, from his side. On the next morning as he could think of nothing but his wife, he sat down and wrote to her, telling her how lost and lonely he felt, and how much little Lucy missed her, but still to try and enjoy herself, and by all means to write him a letter by return of mail.

As for Mrs. Gray, during her journey of two whole days, she cried fully half of the time, and when she got 'home' at last, that is at her father's, she looked the picture of distress, rather than the daughter full of joy at meeting her parents.

Right glad were the old people to see their dear child, but grived at the same time, and a little hurt too, at her weakness and evident regret at having left her husband to make them a brief visit. The real pleasure that Lucy felt at once more seeing the faces of her parents, she tenderly loved, was strong enough to subdue and keep in concealment, except, for a very short period at a time, her yearning desire again to be with her husband, for whom she never before experienced a feeling of such deep and earnest affection. Several times during the first day of her visit, did her mother find her in tears, which she would quickly dash aside, and then endeavor to smile and seem cheerful.

The day after her arrival brought her a letter—the first she had ever received from her husband. How precious was every word! How often and often did she read it over, until every line was engraven on her memory! Then she sat down; and spent some two or three hours in replying to it. As she sealed this first epistle to her husband, full of tender expressions, she sighed as the wish rose in her mind [illegible] journey to the village.

Long were the hours, and wearily passed, to Henry Gray. It was the sixth day of trial before Lucy's answer came. How dear to his heart was every word of her affectionate epistle! Like her, he went over it so often, that every sentiment was fixed in his mind.

'Two weeks longer! How can I bear it?' he said, rising up, and pacing the floor backwards and forwards, after reading her letter for the tenth time.

On the next day, the seventh of his lonely state, Mr. Gray sat down again to write to Lucy. Several times he wrote the words, 'come home soon,'—but as often obliterated them. He did not wish to appear over anxious for her return, on her father and mother's account, who were much attached to her.

But forgetting this reason for urging her only return, he had commenced again writing the words, 'Come home soon,' when a pair of soft hands were suddenly placed over his eyes, by some one who had stolen softly up behind him.

'Guess my name,' said a voice in feigned tones.

But he had no need to guess, for a sudden cry of joy from a little toddling thing, told that 'Mamma' had come,

How 'Mamma' was hugged and kissed all round need not be told. That scene was well enough in its place, but would lose its interest in telling. It may be imagined, however, without suffering any particular detriment by all who have a fancy for such things.

'And father too! suddenly exclaimed Mr. Gray, after he had almost smothered his wife with kisses, looking up with an expression of pleasure and surprise, at an old man who stood looking on with his good humored face covered with smiles.

'Yes, I had to bring the good-for-nothing jade home,' replied the old man, advancing, and grasping his son-in-law's hand, with a hearty grip. 'She did nothing but mope and cry all the while, and I don't care if she never comes to see us again unless she brings you along to keep her in good humor.'

'And I never intend going alone again,' Mrs. Gray said, holding a little chubby girl to her bosom, while she kissed it over and over again, at the same time that she pressed close up to her husband's side.

The old man understood it all. He was not jealous of Lucy's affection, for he knew that she loved him as tenderly as ever.

He was glad to know that she was happy with a husband, to whom she was as the apple of his eye. In about three months Lucy made another visit 'home.' But husband and child were along this time, and the visit proved a happy one all around.— Of course 'father and mother' had their jest, and their laugh, and their affection of jealousy and anger at Lucy for her 'childishness,' as they termed it, when home in May; but Lucy though half vexed at herself for what she called a weakness, nevertheless persevered in saying that she never meant to go any where again without Henry. 'That was settled.'

No man was ever broken by adversity that was not first betrayed by prosperity.

JENNIE AND THE WATCH.

In some of the country parts of Scotland, a custom prevails of young men giving their watches in trust to young women for whom they have declared their attachment. The watch is kept and carried in the bosom of the fair one, until the anxious couple are united in the bonds of wedlock, when, as a matter of course, the pledge of sincerity is delivered up to its original owner. This is imagined by the country lasses to be an infinitely better plan for securing the fidelity of a sweetheart, than that of breaking a sixpence. A watch is a valuable and highly prized article. It is worth at least a couple of pounds; and the loss of that sum by an individual in an humble condition of life, is a very serious matter. Still, we believe, there are cases in which the proposed match is broken off, and the watch abandoned forever; though doubtless this is only in cases of great fickleness, or when weighty reasons for desertion intervene.

The following laughable incident regarding a watch so entrusted, occurred a few years ago, Jenny Symington, a well favored sprightly girl, in a certain farmhouse in Galloway, had been entrusted with the watch of her sweetheart, Tam Halliday, a neighboring shepherd, and which she carried with scrupulous care in her bosom; but even the most carefully kept articles will sometimes disappear in spite of all the precautions considered necessary to preserve them. Jenny, be it known, was esteemed a first rate hand at preparing potatoes for the family supper; none could excel her in serving them up, beaten and mashed in the most tempting style. On one occasion, in harvest, when the kitchen was crowded with a number of shearers waiting for their evening meal, and while Jenny was busy beating a mess of potatoes, what did the unlucky watch do, but drop from her bosom, chain, seals, and all, into the pot among the potatoes! Jenny's head being turned away at the moment, she knew nothing of the disaster, and therefore continued to beat on and on at her task. She certainly was a little surprised when she felt there was still a hard potato to beat, notwithstanding her previous diligence; but thinking nothing of it, she continued to beat, occasionally giving the hard potato, *alias* the watch, a good thump with the end of the beetle. At length she thought she had fairly completed the business; and so infusing a large jar of sweet milk into the mess, she stirred all together, and placed the vessel ready for the attack of [illegible] hungry on-lookers. [illegible] formed [illegible] shearers began to stretch and strive. Many mouthfuls had not been taken, before certain queer looks began to be manifested. "Deil's in the tatties," says one, "I think they've got banes in them."— "Banes!" says another, "they're the funniest banes ever I saw; there're made o' broken glass and pieces o' brass; I'll sup nae mair o' them." With that, another produced a silver watch case, all battered and useless, from his capacious horn spoon, and a universal strike among the suppers immediately ensued. It was clear that a watch had been beaten up with the potatoes; so the good wife had nothing for it but to order the disgraced pot out of the way, and to place a basket of oatmeal cakes and milk in its stead.

What were poor Jenny's feelings during this strange donouement? On the first appearance of the fragments of the watch, she slipped her hand to her bosom, and soon found how matters stood. She had the fortitude, however, to show no symptoms of surprise; and although every one was wondering where the broken watch had came from, she did not disclose her knowledge of how it had found its way into the pot. As it had belonged to no one in the house, the materials were not identified, and as Jenny was a young woman of great prudence and modesty, and had never shown any one that she had a watch in her possession, no one teased her about it. In a short time the noise of the circumstance died away, but not till it had gone over the neighborhood that the family had found a watch in the potato pot; and, among others, it came to the ears of the owner, Tam Halliday, who was highly pleased with the conduct of his beloved Jenny; for he thought that if she cried or sobbed, and told to whom the watch belonged, it would have brought ridicule on them both. Tam was, in short, delighted with the way the matter had been managed, and he thought the watch was well lost, though it had been ten times the value.

Whatever Tam's ideas were on the subject, Jenny felt conscious that it was her duty to replace the watch. Accordingly, next time she met her lover, she allowed no time to elapse before she thus addresses him:—"Now, Tam, ye ken very well how I have demolished your good silver watch, but it is needless to regret what cannot be helped. I shall pay you for it, every farthing. The one half I will give you when I get my half year's wages at Matilmas, and the other half soon, as my brother is awn me three pounds, which he has promised to pay me afore the next Fastern's e'en fair." "My dear Jenny," said the young man, taking her kindly by the hand, "I beg you will say nothing about that ridiculous affair. I do not care a farthing for the loss of the watch; mair by token, I have gotten a rise in my wages frae the new laird; for I maun tell ye, I'm now appointed chief herd in the Ca's Hope.— However, to take any payment from you, to rob you of your hard won penny-fee, would be disgraceful. No, no, I will take none of your wages; but there is one thing I will take, if you are willing, and which, I hope, will make us both happy for life." 'And what may that be, Tam, now that ye're turned a grand head shepherd?" 'I will take,' said he, 'yourself; but mind I do not ask you as a recompense for a paltry watch; no, in my eyes your worth is beyond all estimation. If you will agree to be mine, let it be done freely; but whether you are willing to marry me or not, from this time henceforth the watch is never more to be spoken of.'

What followed may be easily imagined. Tam and Jenny were married as soon as the plenishing for the cottage at the Ca's Hope could be prepared; and at the wedding, the story of the watch and the potato pot was made the topic of much hearty mirth among the assembled company. The last time we visited Jenny's cottage, we reminded her of the transaction. 'Houts,' said she, 'that's an auld story now; the laird has been sea weel pleased wi' the gudeman, that he has gien him a present o' that eight day clock there; it costs eight pounds in Janie Lockie's, at the east part o' Dumfries, and there's no the like in all the parish.'

John Randolph.

I remember some years since to have seen John Randolph in Baltimore. I had frequently read and heard descriptions of him, and one day, as I was standing in Market, now Baltimore street, I remarked a tall, thin, unique looking being hurrying toward me with a quick impatient step, evidently much annoyed by a crowd of boys who were following close to his heels, not in the obstreperous mirth with which they whould have followed a crazy or drunken man or an organ grinder and his monkey, but in the silent, curious wonder with which they have haunted a Chinese bedecked in full costume. I instantly knew the individual to be Randolph from the description. I therefore advanced toward him that I might make a full observation of his person without violating the rules of courtesy in stopping to gaze at him. As he approached he occasionally turned toward the boys with an angry glance, but without saying anything, and then hurried on as if to outstrip them; but it would not do. They followed close on behind the orator, each one said nothing to his companions. Just before I met him he stopped a Mr. C., a cashier of one of the banks, said to be as odd a fish as John himself. I loitered in a store close by, unnoticed, remarked the Roanoke orator for considerable time, and really he was the strangest looking being I ever beheld.

His long thin legs, about as thick as a strong walking-cane, and of much such a shape, were en[illegible] with great tidiness at the knees by a [illegible] buckle, and over, them, coming about half way up the calf, were a pair of what I believe are called hose, and country knit. He wore shoes. They were old fashioned and fastened only with buckles, huge ones. He trod like an Indian, without turning his toes out, but planking them down straight ahead. It was the fashion in those days to wear a fan-tailed coat with a small collar and the buttons far apart behind, and a few on the breast. Mr. Randolph's were the reverse of all this, and instead of his coat being fan-tailed it was what we believe the knights of the needle call swallow-tailed; the collar was immensely large, the buttons behind were in kissing proximity, and they sat together as close on the breast as the feasters at a crowded public festival. His waste was remarkably slender—so slender that, as he stood with his arms akimbo he could easily, as I thought, with his long bony fingers, have spaned it. Around him his coat, which was very tight, was held together by one button, and in consequence, an inch or more of tape to which it was attached was perceptible where it was pulled through the cloth. About his neck he wore a large white cravat in which his chin was occasionally buried, as he moved his head in conversation; no shirt collar was preceptible; every other person seemed to pride himself upon the size of his, as they were worn large. Mr. Randolph's complexion was precisely that of a mummy, withered, saffron, dry and bloodless; you could not have placed a pin's point upon his face where you would not have touched a wrinkle. His lips were thin, compressed and colorless, the chin, beardless as a boy's was broad for the size of his face, which was small; his nose was straight, with nothing remarkable in it, except that it was too short. He wore a fur cap, which he took off, standing a few minutes uncovered. I observed that his head was quite small, a characteristic which is said to have marked many men of talent—Byron and Chief Justice Marshall, for instance.

LAZINESS.—The laziest man we ever heard of was described as follows, to a friend of our by an old lady in Coweta county, Ga.

"Perhaps you don't know Zeke Gibbens, what lived down here on West Fork; well, he was the laziest man you ever heard tell of. When he and his wife got married they had a pretty good chance of truck between 'm. But Zeke was too lazy to make crops, and so everything went to rack and ruin. Zeke's wife was a right smart 'oman: so she told him one day he'd got to work."

"Can't you plough?"—says she. "Don't know how," says Zeke. "Well, I'll show you," so she geared up the hoss, and took Zeke and led him to it, and put his hands on the plough-handle, and do you think the lazy critter didn't stand there without stirring an inch till the calves eat all his coat tail off!"

"What is the chief end of man?" inquired a school teacher of a pretty miss.

"Why, I suppose it is to *pop the question*."

The right of Visit and of Search.

Mr. T——, one of the deputy sheriffs, of manner, most polite and of bearing most gallant, called yesterday at a house, (says the New Orleans Picayune,) in execution of his duty, where he met an amiable and interesting young lady.

'I am come madam,' said the organ of the law, calmly raising his hat from his head, and making at the same time, a gentle inclination of the body— 'I am come, madam, to pay you a visit!'

'Sir,' said the lady, 'you are welcome. Pray be seated. To whom, may I ask, am I indebted for this unexpected act of courtesy?'

'Why, the fact is, madam,' said the deputy, 'I have an attachment for certain articles of property, which I have reason to believe are secreted in this house, and for which I feel bound to make a search.'

'Really, sir,' said the lady, 'from your manner when you first entered, I had imagined it was for myself you had the *attachment*, and I therefore bade you welcome. I must now tell you, however, that though in favor of the right of *visit*, I am decidedly opposed to the right of *search*, so with your permission I will show you to the door.

Mr. T——, had too much native gallantry in him to offer any opposition to the will of so pretty a lady, so putting his gray castor on what phrenologists call the chamber of the brain, he bade this female follower of the Cass policy a '*very* good morning,' and withdrew.

A NEW TRICK.—The Baltimore Clipper states that "a few evenings since, a woman went to the *museum*, carrying a child about a year old—the child fell asleep, and its anxious mother covered it with her shawl. Shortly after it began to cry, and the mother soothed it for a moment, when it began to cry louder—the more she coaxed and patted, the louder it screamed. She raised the shawl, when, to her astonishment, the infant was sleeping as calmly as if it was made of wax. No sooner had she covered it again, when it began to yell ten times as loud. Up started the confused and astonished mother, when the child squealed like a *pig*; down dropped the child on the floor, who began to cry in earnest, much to the astonishment of those around her. It was WYMAN the ventriloquist, playing off one of his pranks, who begged the woman's pardon for the fright he had put her in, which was readily granted, amidst a roar of laughter when the hoax was explained."

[illegible] much in his fist, one [illegible] from between his teeth, leaving his mouth filled, was met by a gentleman in Natchez, in the middle of the street, of whom he inquired in a whinning tone,

'Have you seen anything of daddy?'

'No,' replied the gentleman.

'Well, now, darnation seize daddy, I told him he'd lose me!' said our hero, crying as he proceeded, as if his heart would break, and sticking the gingerbread into his countenance at a most alarming rate.

One gloomy day, in the month of December, a good-humored Irishman applied to a merchant to discount a bill of exchange for him at rather a long, though not an unusual date; and the merchant having casually remarked that the bill had a good many days to run. 'That's true,' replied the Irishman, 'but, then, my honey, you don't consider how short the days are at this time of the year.'

A GRAIN of carmine will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the color will be preceptible, and a grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years. Just so, if a man cheats the printer; the stain will be forever visible on the minutest atom of a minute soul, and will leave a scent of rascality about an individual strong enough to make an honest man turn up his nose in disgust, and kick him out of his presence, if he can't get rid of him in any other mode.—*Spirit of the Times.*

DON'T BELIEVE

That hot whiskey punch cures a cold.
That printers are rich.
That wine cures the gout.
That love ever killed a man.
That an old bachelor is happy.
That a widow dislikes a second marriage.
That a lady means "yes" when she says "no."

SUSAN, my dear, stand up and let the gentlemen see what you have learned at school. What does c-h-a-i-r spell? I don't know marm." "Why you ignorant critter, what do you always sit on? "Oh marm, I won't tell!" "Won't tell! why what upon earth is the matter with the gal? Speak, I tel you." "Oh! I didn't think you know'd it—it was Bill Cross' knee—but he never kissed me but twice!" "Aarthquakes! I *shall* faint!"

He that clothes the poor, clothes his own soul. He that sweetens the cup of affliction sweetens his own heart. He that feeds the hungry, spreads out a banquet for himself more sweet and refreshing than luxury can bestow.

Never trust a married man with a secret who loves his wife, for he will tell her—and she will tell her sister—and her sister will tell every body and any body.

Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire and wise men use them.