



BY JAS. CLARK.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1850.

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NEFF & MILLER,

SURGEON DENTISTS.

OFFICE hours from 8 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 6 P. M. S. W. Corner of Hill and Montgomery streets. [May 7, 1850.]

Proclamation.

WHEREAS by precept to me directed, dated at Huntingdon, the 20th day of April 1850, under the hands and seals of the Hon. George Taylor, President of the Court of Common Pleas, Over and Terminus and general jail delivery of the 20th judicial district of Pennsylvania, composed of the counties of Huntingdon, Millin and Union, and the Hons. James Gwin and John Stewart, his associates, judges of the Court of Huntingdon, justices assigned, appointed to hear, try, and determine all and every indictments and presentments, made or taken for or concerning all crimes, which by the laws of the Commonwealth are made capital or felonies of death and other offences, crimes and misdemeanors, which have been, or shall be committed or perpetrated within said county, or all persons who are or shall hereafter be committed or perpetrated, for crimes aforesaid, I am commanded to make proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick, that a Court of Oyer and Terminus, Quarter Sessions and Common Pleas, will be held at the Court House, in the borough of Huntingdon, on the 2d Monday (and 12th day) of August 1850, and those who will prosecute the said prisoners, be then and there to prosecute them as it shall be just, and that all justices of the peace, coroner and constables within the said county, be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and remembrances, to do those things which to their office respectively appertain.

M. CROWNOVER, Sheriff. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Huntingdon July 23, 1850.

Proclamation.

WHEREAS, by precept to me directed by the Judges of the Common Pleas of the county of Huntingdon, bearing test the 20th day of April A. D. 1850, I am commanded to make public proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick that a Court of Common Pleas, will be held at the Court House in the borough of Huntingdon, in the county of Huntingdon, on the 3d Monday (and 19th day) of August A. D. 1850, for the trial of all issues in said court, which remain undetermined before the said judges, when and where all jurors, witnesses and suitors, in the trial of said issues are required.

M. CROWNOVER, Sheriff. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Huntingdon, July 23, 1850.

THOMAS READ, JR.

DEALER IN Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, &c. No. 55 NORTH THIRD STREET, BELOW ARCH, PHILADELPHIA.

Watches and Jewelry of every description neatly repaired and warranted.

His friends and the public generally, visiting Philadelphia, are invited to give him a call, as he feels confident that he can furnish articles in his line of such quality and price as will give universal satisfaction. The trade will be supplied with Watches, Jewelry, &c., as cheap as they can be procured elsewhere. Philadelphia, April 23, 1850.

NOW FOR THE BARGAINS!

A New and Splendid Assortment of SPRING & SUMMER GOODS, Has just been received at the Cheap and popular Stand of

George Gwin,

Market Square, Huntingdon Pa.

HIS stock has been selected with great care, with a view to cheapness and good quality, and comprises, in part, Cloths of all kinds, French, Belgian and Fancy Cassimeres, Kentucky Jeans, Groton, Oregon, and Tweed Cloths, Vestings, Flannels and Drillings, and a variety of Cotton goods for summer wear, Mouslin de Laines, French Lawns, and Scarfs, Shawls and Handkerchiefs, Alpacaes, Merinos, a large assortment of Calicoes of the newest styles and at low prices, Earlsdon, French, Scotch and Domestic Gingham and Balzorines, French and Irish Linens, Checks, Bed Tickings, Muslins and Sheetings, &c., &c. Having heretofore been honored by a large patronage from the Ladies he has procured the most elegant assortment of

Ladies' Dress Goods,

ever brought to the interior of the State. Also: Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, &c., and a great variety of goods of all kinds. In short he is prepared to offer

Great Bargains

to those who favor him with their custom. All are invited to call and judge for themselves. It affords him pleasure to exhibit his goods at all times.

All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. GEO. GWIN. April 2, 1850.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of JNO. FLASHER, late of Cromwell township, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been granted to the subscribers upon the estate of JOHN FLASHER, of Cromwell township, dec'd. All persons having claims will present them duly authenticated, and those indebted are requested to make payment to

AARON STAINES, JOHN SHOPE, Administrators.

July 2, 1850.—6c.—\$1.75 pd.

VINEGAR, Homeny, Golden Syrup Molasses, Luscious Luxury, &c., constantly for sale at Marks' Confectionary. [May 21.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.

TEMPER.

"The worst of slaves is he whom passion rules!" "When anger rushes unrestrained to action, Like a hot steed it stumbles in its way."

We had occasion some time since to offer a few remarks on the control and education of the temper. The subject is a fruitful one, and we so frequently see melancholy instances of unhappiness and misery in domestic life, produced by irritability, asperity and harshness of disposition, that we will be excused, perhaps, for venturing again to indulge in a few rapid reflections. "Homes," says an observing writer, "are more frequently darkened by the continual occurrence of small faults, than by the actual presence of any decided vice." And this is true. Who has not realized it? Who has not felt pained and wounded even when not among comparative strangers, to discover some individual in the circle, who, unable to control his temper, was in the habit of uttering sharp language, making harsh allusions, and trampling upon acute sensibilities. A friend of ours was some time since the involuntary witness of a most painful scene of this kind. He had stepped into the house of a neighbor in a neighboring city, with the object of passing a social evening. While there, the head of the household called one of his children, a boy of fifteen, into his presence, and questioned him as to some trifling occurrence of the day. The lad was evidently frightened. He hesitated, stammered, and gave some confused and incoherent reply. This infuriated the father, and for a time he was in a paroxysm of rage. His renewed efforts to obtain a satisfactory answer from the lad, only alarmed and perplexed the poor boy the more, and thus, for some minutes, the scene was truly annoying and deplorable. The example, too, was fearful. And all because of an excitable temper on the part of a parent. Gentle means would have readily accomplished all that he sought. But the youth, aware of the father's infirmity, and also aware of the length to which his temper sometimes carried him, trembled beneath his frown, was overwhelmed with apprehension by his voice and manner, lost all self-reliance and self-control, and thus was really unable to answer clearly and directly the simple interrogatory that was addressed to him. Fortunately, the storm soon subsided, and the excited, in his calmer moments, was at once mortified and ashamed. But alas! the error is quite a common one. Too many parents attempt to rule by fear. They rebuke with harshness and violence, and not kindly and persuasively. They threaten and denounce, and do not mingle affection with their appeals and advice. Their threats, too, are often unmeaning, because they are seldom carried out. Far better if they would punish calmly and quietly but surely. The proper control of temper is, indeed, a matter of the utmost importance, and one that is sadly neglected. Many a home has been made the abode of misery through this infirmity. Many a wife has been rendered wretched, and many a husband has been driven from his domestic hearth, because of a peevish fretful, wrangling and dissatisfied temper. All have faults and infirmities, all are more or less aware of their imperfections. And it is exactly because these exist, and are known to exist, that the individuals affected are so sensitive. Some years since, a citizen who enjoyed the confidence and friendship of another to a very great extent, saw that he was intemperate, and that unless some reform should take place, his ruin would be certain. On more than one occasion he ventured to speak of the vice as deplorable, and calculated to lead to terrible consequences. The other joined heartily in the general remark, but apparently unconscious that he was himself guilty of the infirmity. Finding that this indirect mode would not answer, his friend ventured to charge him directly upon the subject frankly but harshly. "The error was a fatal one. The harsh temper, and from a friend, could not be borne. Another policy, a gentler, kinder, and the effect would no doubt have been salutary. But the air of superiority, or rather of dictation, that was unfortunately assumed, cut deeply and keenly, and the intimacy of many years standing, was interrupted in an hour. Thereafter, the erring one avoided his harsh friend, treated him coldly and formally when they met, and was evidently wounded to the quick. And this is in most cases the result of a similar policy. There are of course exceptions. So, too, in domestic life, and especially with those who pledge themselves for better and for worse, throughout their career of human existence. Each will

soon discover that the other has faults. "None are all perfect." But, let these blemishes of character and disposition be frequently, harshly and unkindly referred to, and the effect will be fatal.— Distrust will be provoked, irritation will follow harsh language will be repelled in equally harsh, and soon the fond dream of harmony and happiness will vanish, like the "baseless fabric of a vision." The control of the manner and the voice should also be regarded as important. This may be seen in the affairs of every day life. Even a rebuke in mild language and a kindly spirit, while it loses all its bitterness, is deprived of none of its proper effect. On the other hand, mild language and a harsh manner tell a very different story. And, when once friends, associates or partners for life, appear to delight in saying keen and unkind things—farewell to every thing like frankness, confidence, harmony of spirit or reciprocity of feeling! Think of these things, gentle reader, especially if about to begin life. And if you have been living on for years, and indulging hourly and daily in the infirmity upon which we have here so hastily commented, resolve that from this hour, your temper shall be better, kinder, gentler, and thus not only calculated to secure your own happiness, but to promote that of the beings who look up to, love and respect you!

Sarcastic Sentence.

Old Elias Keys, first Judge of Windsor county, Vt., was a strange composition of folly and good sense, of natural shrewdness and want of cultivation.—The following sentence, it is said, was pronounced upon a poor ragged fellow, convicted of stealing a pair of boots from General Curtis, a man of considerable wealth, in the town of Windsor:

"Well," said the Judge very gravely, before pronouncing sentence of court, undertaking to read the fellow a lecture, "you're a fine fellow to be arraigned before a court for stealing. They say you are poor—no one doubts it who looks at you, and how dare you, being poor, have the impudence to steal a pair of boots? Nobody but rich people have a right to take such things without paying! Then they say you are worthless; that is evident from the fact that no one has ever asked justice for you; all, by unanimous consent, pronounced you guilty before you were tried. Now, you being so worthless, was a fool to steal, because you might know you would be condemned. And you must know that it was a great aggravation that you have stole them in the large town of Windsor. In that large town to commit such an act is horrible. And not only go to Windsor to steal, but you must steal from that great man General Curtis. This caps the climax of your iniquity. Base wretch! why did you not go and steal the only pair of boots which some poor man had, or could get, and then you would have been let alone; nobody would have troubled themselves about the act. For your iniquity in stealing in the great town of Windsor, and from the great General Curtis, the court sentences you to three months' imprisonment in the county jail, and may God give you something to eat."

A Slight Mistake.

We don't believe the following anecdote has ever been printed, and it is too good to be lost:

One day—no matter when—an honest hibernian strolled into one of our churches—no matter where—on communion Sunday; and at the invitation for "all in regular standing," &c., he, being somewhat verdant in matters of this kind, thought he would stay too.—Accordingly he remained in his obscure pew, and waited to see how the waters would move. Soon a venerable man approached him and proffered him the bread and cup. He took a generous slice of the former, and the good man passed along. Going back to the desk, a request was made, if any had been omitted in the distribution, they would rise.—What was the deacon's astonishment to see the occupant of the stranger pew rise, and with a peculiar beck of the finger, motion him that way. Obeying the sign, he walked towards the beckoner, who rose as he approached, and shading his mouth with his hand, as he leaned half over the aisle, said in a subdued tone—"Have you any chace?"—The horror-stricken functionary started back, without answering, and the stranger was left to his own reflections upon the deficiency of the entertainment.

CHIEF DIET.—A son of the 'Emerald,' but recently over, stated that the times were so hard in certain districts where he came from, that people did not eat at all. "How do they live, then?" inquired a listener. "On the remembrance of what they ate last year!" was the reply.

Husbands and Lovers.

A husband is as easily caught as mussels and mackerel. To make him stay caught, however, is as difficult, as to keep your hold of an eel with slippery fingers. Hearts like secrets, are easier gained than kept; for which reason it requires more care, attention, and solicitude, from the wife to the husband, than from the mistress to the adoring lover. The lover being but seldom with you, sees you only in part. It is natural to suppose, you would neither appear before him in a slatternly dress nor with a peevish aspect. Your clothes will be always put on with neatness, and your face dressed in smiles. On the contrary, the husband being always in your company, has an opportunity of discovering every little defect or blemish in your person, manners, or disposition; to see you not only when in full dress, but when your hair is yet in 'the papers,' and perhaps when you yourself are laboring under an attack of the tooth-ache. For this reason, the chief study of a wife should be to guard against everything that can possibly derange either her mind or equanimity for whatever brings on clouds or sulkiness is sure to estrange the very best of husbands.

Among the virtues which the sex should cherish with a most scrupulous regard, are delicacy, neatness and decorum. Many young women imagine that all that matrimony consists of is wedding-cake and a short address from a white neckerchief. Nothing, however could be more fabulous—marriage is a state that needs as much watching as an heiress, and should be cultivated with as much care as you would bestow on a daughter's purity.

As we observed above, always appear neat and observe your equanimity, for nothing degrades a gentlewoman more than suffering her temper to be so ruffled as to use improper language to her dependants; nor can any thing be more disgusting to a man of sense than see his wife give way to sudden starts of passion.

To every friend and relative of your husband, show a polite attention, and marked preference. Show him, that to be related to, or esteemed by him, is a sufficient claim upon your regard.—Whatever be his errors, confine the knowledge of them to your own bosom; and endeavor, by the mildest persuasions, to lead him to the path of rectitude. Discretion must direct you as to the proper season to offer your advice and opinions; since men in general are so tenacious of their prerogative that they start from every thing that has the least appearance of control or opposition. If he should be fond of company, dissipation, and expensive amusements, be it your study to detach his mind from those pursuits, by endeavoring to render his home delightful. Let your face be ever arrayed in smiles at his approach; form a society of those he loves and esteems most; exert your various abilities to charm and entertain him; and believe he who constantly meets cheerfulness and smiles at home will seldom wish to seek abroad for pleasure.

Above all things, never suffer any person to speak disrespectfully of him in your presence; and guard your heart against the least approach of jealousy.

"Poor Jersey."

The following incident took place not long ago on board one of the Mississippi steamers:

A party of gentlemen were conversing upon the all-absorbing topic of the unhappy differences between the North and South, and each one, of course, had something to say in favor of his own State. One of the gentlemen remarked that he belonged to Jersey, and was proceeding to show forth the merits of that much abused portion of our Union, when he was interrupted by a jolly looking customer, with a merry eye, and somewhat elongated proboscis, with the interrogatory— "Do you belong to Jersey?" "I do, indeed!" was the answer. "Well, then, give me your hand. Ah! poor Jersey!" he continued with a deep drawn sigh—"poor Jersey! Come, sir, what'll you take to drink? You are welcome to the best that can be had on board this boat."

The gentleman, somewhat surprised, inquired the reason of the joker's esteem for Jerseymen.

"It is not exactly esteem—the feeling I cherish towards those unfortunate people smacks more of compassion," he replied.

"Please explain yourself," said the Jerseyman, "I do not understand you." "Well, then, the fact is, I believe that people from your State are about as apt to be dry as any class of men out, and I never met one in my life but was either too mean or too poor to buy a drink.—So I make it a point to treat a Jerseyman whenever I meet one."

The Late President Taylor.

Gen. Taylor's life has one striking lesson. He ascended to the highest honor of his country, by the honest staircase of unobtrusive duty, and not by the outside ladder of brilliant and crafty ambition.— Where and what he was, till glory called him, is the instructive portion of his history. The great deeds he was found ready for—when need came—take their best lustre, it seems to us, from the patient heroism with which, in a remoter and lesser sphere, he equally "endeavored to do his duty."

From the great anthem of eulogy and mourning, pealing forth, since his death, in every shape of utterance, it seems to us that this one note should be the dwell upon and eternal echo—GLORY SOUGHT HIM, HE SOUGHT NOT GLORY. In this distinction, could it be made necessary to American greatness, there would be a "divinity to hedge about" the Presidents of our country, which would lift them far above kings, while in it, at the same time, would live a principle of incalculable security to our institutions.

There seems to have been a design of Providence in the whole fitness of Gen. Taylor's character to the times he fell on. The passion for military glory, with which the nostrils of our national prosperity were inflated at the time of the conquest of Mexico, called for a hero—but never before was there such need that it should be a hero who could govern himself. The moderation of Taylor has been of more use to us than his victories. His common sense has been mightier than his sword.

The dying words of the great and good man—"I HAVE ENDEAVORED TO DO MY DUTY"—contain a biography of more worth than Napoleon's; but they seem to us of higher purport than to be weighed against another man's glory. They contain the law of conduct of which our country has most need to be kept in mind. Sound judgment and high principle are wanted at the helm of State, and for these qualities, more than for brilliant genius and practised policy, we should look, in the men to govern us.

Honor to the ashes of TAYLOR! But let the urn which preserves his memory be the adoption of his dying words as a standard; for, no measure is so fitting, for those who are to take his place, as that by which he measured his own life in leaving it—THE ENDEAVOR TO DO HIS DUTY.—Home Journal.

Wonderful Log Rolling at the West.

An Englishman who was lately travelling on the Mississippi river, told some rather tough stories about the London thieves. A Cincinnati chap, named Case, heard these narratives with silent but expressive hump! And then remarked that he thought the western thieves beat the London operators all hollow.

"How so?" inquired the Englishman with surprise. "Pray, sir, have you lived much in the west?"

"Not a great deal. I undertook to set up business at the Des Moines Rapids a while ago, but the rascally people stole every thing I had, and finally, a Welch miner ran off with my wife."

"Great God!" said the Englishman. "And you never found her?"

"Never to this day. But that was not the worst of it."

"Worst! why what could be worse than stealing a man's wife?"

"Stealing his children, I should say," said the implacable Case.

"Children!"

"Yes, a nigger woman who had't any of her own, abducted my youngest daughter, and slooped, and jined the Indians."

"Great heavens! and did you see her do it?"

"See her? Yes, and she hadn't ten rods the start of me—but she plunged into the lake and swam off like a duck, and there was no canoe to follow her with."

The Englishman laid back in his chair and called for another mug of affan-af, while Case smoked his segar and his credulous friend at the same time replied most remorsefully—

"I—shan't go—any further West—I think," at length observed excited John Bull.

"I should not advise any one to go," said Case quietly. "My brother once lived there, but he had to leave, although his business was the best in the country."

"What business was he in?"

"Lumbering—had a saw mill."

"And they stole his lumber?"

"Yes, and his saw logs too."

"Saw logs!"

if there had been nobody there. They steal them out of the river, out of the cove, and even out of the mill ways."

"Good gracious!"

"Just to give you an idea how they can steal out there," continued Case, sending a sly wink at the listening company, "just to give you an idea—did you ever work in a saw mill?"

"Never."

"Well, my brother, one day, bought an all fired fine black walnut log—four feet three at the butt and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log any how, and hired two Scotsmen to watch it all night. Well, they took a small demijohn of whiskey with them, snaked the log up the side of the hill above the mill, built a fire, and then set down on the log to play cards, just to keep awake you see. 'Twas a monstrous big log—bark two inches thick. Well, as I was saying, they played cards and drank whiskey all night, and as it began to grow light, went asleep astraddle of the log. About a minute after daylight, George went over to the mill to see how they were getting on, and the log was gone!"

"And they setting on it?"

"Setting on the bark! The thieves had drove an iron wedge into the butt end which pointed down hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on, and pulled it right out leaving the shell and the Scotsmen set on straddle of it fast asleep."

The Englishman went on deck to ascertain the nearest landing place.

Punctuality.

Ah! that's the word—punctuality.—Did you ever see a man who was punctual, who did not prosper in the long run? We don't care who or what he was, high or low, black or white, ignorant or learned, savage or civilized—we know if he did as he agreed, and was punctual in all his agreements, he prospered and was more respected than his shiftless, lying neighbors.

Men who commence business should be careful how they neglect their obligations and break their word. A person who is prompt can always be accommodated, and is therefore lord over another man's purse, as Franklin would say. Never make promises upon uncertainties. Although the best men would sometimes fail to do as they would, the case is exceedingly rare. He who is prompt to fulfil his word, will never make a promise where it is not next to a moral certainty that he can do as he agrees. If you would succeed, be punctual to the hour. Return borrowed money the moment you promised it. In all things if you are thus prompt, we will risk you through life—you will succeed—you cannot help it. Those who are prompt in their business affairs, are generally so in every department of life. You never know them to come late to church, to the polls, or to bed. Promptness in everything characterizes them. May you be thus prompt. The first symptoms of reform, if you have been remiss in your duty, will be to send to the printer forthwith for his paper, and pay for it. We have been connected with the press for some years, and the result of our experience is—that the man who pays punctually for his paper is prompt in every transaction of life—makes a good citizen—exerts a good influence—prosper, and is in a fair way to reach happiness.

A Tough Story of a Tough Stump.

Our uncle Ezra is in the habit sometimes, of "stretching the truth" a little—a vicious sort of propensity from which the rest of the family are singularly free. We heard him tell Snooks a severe tale one day last week, which we have concluded to give to the world:—"When I lived in Maine, (said he) I helped to break up a new piece of ground; we got the wood off in the winter, and early in the spring we begun ploughing on't. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to o' a plough—we did faith—and I held that plough more'n a week; I thought I should die. It 'en a most killed me, I vow why, one day I was hold'n, and the plough hit a stump that just measured nine feet and a half through it, hard and sound white oak. The plough split it, and I was going straight through the stump when I happened to think it might snap together again, so I threw my feet out, and had no sooner done this, than it snapped together, taking a smart hold of my pantaloons. Of course I was tight, but I held on to the plough handles, and though the teamsters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen couldn't tear my pantaloons, nor cause me to let go my grip. At last though, after letting the cattle breath, they gave another strong pull altogether, and the old stump came out about the quickest; it had monstrous long roots, too, let me tell you.—My wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I haven't worn any other kind since."