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The HALL of Fashion has, after an existence of three years, won a character for selling good and fashionable clothing cheap, and it will endeavor to keep up that character, by selling at further reduced prices.

Sept. 3, 1850.—3m. B. & W. SNARE.

LIST OF LETTERS,

REMAINING in the Post Office, at Huntingdon, October 1st, 1850.

- Ayres Miss J. B.
Ayres Miss L.
Artist Daguerrean
Burnside Col. Jas.
Bond Mrs. Ann M.
Bogg Elizabeth
Bale Washington
Bullock Jacob
Brady Miss Amy 2
Birkhead Saml. J.
Baum Jno.
Cowden Chas. 2
Corbin Jno.
Crowin Jno.
Canfort Jess
Campbell Robert E.
Conroy Mr. D.
Conroy Mary Jane
Chappell John
Calebs Mr.
Corbit Michael
Cox Mr.
Coleburn Wm.
Conway Wm.
Davenport Wm. Esq.
Donnet C. W. O.
Denniston John T.
Duffy James
Duff Col D 2
Dunberry John
Dunne Thomas
Dooley Thomas
Fetterly Jacob
Fairfield Rev Edward
Farrell Bryan
Eoster James
Fintel Henry
Flynn John
Glasgow B F M
Good James S
Grasley Patrick
Grasely Elizabeth
Goodlin E B
Hoist John
Hight Mrs Mary
Hodges John
Hampshire N
Hammel James 2
Harris Eli
Hawn Michael
Harris Wellington 2
Haden Frazer Capt.
Hutchinson James
Harper John L
Hartor Frederick
Hires Miss Mary
Haley John
Irvin James
Jane David
Jackson Mrs Jane
Jones Jesse
Johnston Dan J.
Kirts Josiah
Krug Michael
Kingman H J
Keyser John R
Kinney John S
Keop Miss Mary 2
Kelly James
Keller John
Kurtz Jacob
Keppler & Striver
Legreuer Jacob
Lightner J G
Persons enquiring for letters on the above list, will please say they are advertised.
Two cents in addition to the regular postage charged on advertised letters.
PETER C. SWOOPÉ, P. M.
Oct. 15, 1850.—3t.

"WOMAN BEHOLD THY SON."

BY MISS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The golden rays of a summer afternoon were streaming through the windows of a quiet apartment where every thing was the picture of orderly repose.

On the hearth rug lay outstretched a great lazy looking Matome cat evidently enjoying the golden beam that fell upon his sober sides and sleepily opening and shutting his great green eyes as if lost in luxurious contemplation.

But the most characteristic figure in the whole picture, was that of an aged woman, who sat quietly rocking to and fro, in a great chair by the side of a large round table covered with books.

On the round green covered table besides her lay the quiet companion of her age, the large bible whose pages like the gates of the celestial city, were not shut all day; a few old standard books, and the pleasant rippling, knitting, whose dreamy irremissible monotony is the best music of age.

A fair girlish form was seated by the table—the dress bonnet had fallen back on her shoulders, the soft cheeks were suffused and earnest, the long lashes and the veiled eyes were eloquent of subdued feeling as she read aloud from the letter in her hand.

With all this, there is no need to say that Harry was a special favorite with the ladies; in truth, it was a confessed fact among his acquaintances, that whereas dozens of creditable, respectable, well to do young men, might besiege female hearts with every proper formality, waiting at the gates, and watching at the posts of the doors in vain yet before him all gates and passages seemed to fly open of their own accord; nevertheless, there was in his native village one quiet maiden, who only held in her hand the key that could unlock his heart in return, and carried silently in her heart the spell that could fetter that brilliant restless spirit; and she it was of the thoughtful brow and down-cast eyes whom we saw in our picture bending over the letter with his mother.

That mother Harry loved to idolatry. She was to his mind an impersonation of all that was lovely, in womanhood, hallowed and sainted by age, by wisdom, by sorrow, and his love for her was a beautiful union of protective tenderness, with veneration, and to his Ellen it seemed the best and most sacred evidence of the nobleness of his nature, and of the worth of the heart which he had pledged to her.

Nevertheless, there was a danger overhanging the heads of three; a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand rising in the horizon of their hopes, yet destined to burst upon them dark and dreadful in a future day.

all the mode—young men of the first standing were its patrons and supporters; wine was quite in the vogue and seemed really in danger of being voted out of society. In such a turn of affairs, to seize a temperance pledge and keep it became an easy thing; temptation was scarce presented or felt, he was offered the glass in no social circle, met his attraction nowhere, and flattered himself that he had escaped so great a danger so easily and so completely.

His usual fortune of social popularity followed him and his visiting circle became full as large and important as a young man with anything else to do need desire. He was diligent in his application to business, began to be mentioned with approbation by the magnates as a rising young man, and had prospects daily nearing of competence and home, and all that man desires; visions alas, never to be realized.

For after a while, the tide that had risen so high began imperceptibly to decline. Men that had made eloquent speeches on temperance had now other things to look to; fastidious persons thought that matters had been carried too far, and ladies declared that it was old and threadbare, and getting to be cant and stuff, and the ever ready wine cup was gliding back into a circle, as if on sober second thoughts, the community was convinced that it was a friend unjustly belied.

There is no point in the history of reform, either in communities or individuals so dangerous as that when danger seems entirely past. As long as a man thinks his health failing, he watches, he diets, and will undergo the most heroic self-denial; but let him once set himself down as cured, and how readily does he fall back to one soft indulgent habit after another, all tending to ruin everything that he has before done.

So in communities; let intemperance rage and young men go to ruin by dozens, and the very evil inspires the remedy; but when the trumpet has been sounded and the battle set in array, and the victory only said and sung in speeches and newspaper paragraphs, and temperance odes and professions, then comes the return wave; people cry enough, the community vastly satisfied, lay down to sleep, on its laurels, and then comes the hour of danger.

But let not the man, who has once been swept down the stream of intemperate excitement almost to the verge of ruin, dream of any point of security for him. He is like one who has awakened in the rapids of Niagara, and with straining oar and mild prayers to heaven, forced his boat upward into smoother water, where the draft of the current seems to cease and the banks smile and all looks beautiful, and weary from rowing, lays by his oar to rest and dream; he knows not that under that smooth water still glides a current, that while he dreams, is imperceptibly but surely hurrying him back whence there is no return.

Harry was just in this perilous point; he viewed danger as long past, his self-confidence was fully restored, and in his security, he began to neglect those lighter out-works of caution, which he must still guard who does not mean, at last to surrender the citadel.

PART II.

'Now girls and boys,' said Mrs. G. to her sons and daughters, who were sitting round a centre table covered with notes of invitations, all the preliminary of a party—'what shall we have on Friday night—tea—coffee—luncheon—wine—of course not.'

'And why not wine, mamma? said the young ladies—the people are beginning to have it—they had wine at Mrs. A's and Mrs. G's.'

'Well your papa thinks it won't do—the boys are members of the temperance society, and I don't think, girls, it will do myself.'

'There are many good sort of people by the by who always view moral questions in this style of phraseology—not what is right, but what will do.'

'The girls made an appropriate reply to this view of the subject by showing that Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. had done the thing and nobody seemed to make any talk.'

'The boys, who thus far in the conversation had been thoughtfully rapping their boots with their canes, now interposed and said that they would rather not have wine if it wouldn't look shabby.'

'But it will look shabby,' said Miss Fanny. 'Lemons you know are scarce to be got for any price, and as for lemonade made of syrup, it's positively vulgar and detestable. It tastes just like cream of tartar and spirits of turpentine.'

'For my part, said Emma, I never did see the harm of wine, even when people were making the most fuss about it—to be sure rum and brandy and all that are bad, but wine—'

'And so convenient to get,' said Fanny, and no deceit young man ever gets drunk at parties, so it can't do any harm; besides one must have something, and as I said it will look shabby not to have it.'

Now there is no imputation that young men are so much afraid of, especially from the lips of ladies, as that of shabbiness, and as it happened in this case as most others that the young ladies were the most efficient talkers, the question was finally carried on their side.

Mrs. G. was a mild and motherly woman, just the one fitted to inspire young men with confidence and that home feeling which all men desire to find somewhere. Her house was a free and easy ground social for most of the young people of her acquaintance, and Harry was a favorite domesticated visitor.

the result of mere sympathy, too little of her own conviction. Hence when those she loved grew cold towards a good cause, they found no sustaining power in her, and those who were relying on her judgment and opinions insensibly controlled them. Notwithstanding she was a woman that always required a great influence over young men, and Harry had loved and revered her with something of the same sentiment that he cherished towards his mother.

It was the most brilliant party of the season. Everything was got up in faultless taste, and Mrs. G. was in the very spirit of it. The girls were looking beautifully, the rooms were splendid, there was enough and not too much of light, and warmth, and every body was doing their best to please and be cheerful. Harry was more brilliant than usual, and in fact outdid himself; wit and mind were the spirit of the hour.

'Just taste this toky,' said one of the sisters to him, 'it has just been sent us from Europe, and is said to be a genuine article.'

'You know I'm not in that line,' said Harry laughing and coloring.

'Why not?' said another young lady, taking a glass.

'Oh! the temperance pledge you know—I am one of the pillars of the order, a very apostle, it will never do for me.'

'Pshaw! those temperance pledges are like the proverb, "something musty," said a gay girl.

'Well, but you said you had a headache the beginning of the evening, and you really look pale; you certainly need it as a medicine said Fanny. 'I'll leave it to Hannah, and she turned to Mrs. G. who stood gaily entertaining a group of young people.

'Nothing more likely replied she gaily. I think Harry you have looked pale lately, a glass of wine might do you good.'

'Had Mrs. G.—known all of Harry's past history and temptations, and had she not been in just the inconsiderate state that very good ladies sometimes get into at a party, she would sooner have sacrificed her right hand than to have thrown this observation into the scales, but she did, and they turned the balance for him. 'You shall, my dear doctor,' he said laughing and coloring, he drank the glass and where was the harm? One glass of wine kills nobody, and yet if a man falls and knows that in that glass he sacrifices principle and conscience, every drop may be poison to the soul and body.'

Harry felt at that very time that a great internal barrier had given way, nor was that glass the only one that evening, another and another followed, his spirit rose with the mild and feverish gaiety incident to his excitable temperament, and what had been begun in society of ladies was completed late at night in the gentleman's saloon.

Nobody ever knew or thought, or recognized, that one party had forever undone this young man, and yet so it was. From that night his struggle of moral resistance was fatally impaired, not that he yielded at once and without desperate efforts and struggles, but gradually each struggle grew weaker, each reform shorter, each resolution more inefficient, yet at the close of the evening all these friends, mother, brother and sister, flattered themselves that everything had gone on so well that the next week Mrs. H. thought that it would do to give wine at the party because Mrs. G. had done it last week, and no harm had come of it.

About a year after the G's, began to notice and lament the habits of their young friend, and all consciously to wonder how such a fine young man should be so led astray.

Harry was of a decided and desperate nature, his affections and his moral sense waged a fierce war with the terrible tyrant. The madness had possessed him, and when at last all hope died out he determined to avoid the anguish and shame of a drunkard's life by a suicide's death.

Then came to the trembling heart-stricken mother and beloved one, a mild incoherent letter of farewell, and he disappeared from among the living.

In the same quiet parlor, where the sunrise still streams through flickering leaves, it now rested on the polished sides and glittering plate of a coffin; there at last lay the weary at rest, the soft shining gray hair was still gleaming as before, but deeper furrows on the worn cheek and a weary heavy languor over the pale peaceful face told that those grey hairs had been brought down in sorrow to the grave. Sadder still was the story on the cloudless cheek and lips of the young creature bending in quiet despair over her; poor Ellen! Her life's thread woven with those two beloved ones was broken!

And may all this happen? may does it not happen? just such things happen to young men every day, and do they not lead in a thousand ways to sorrows just like these?

And is there not a responsibility on all that say they ought to be guardians of the safety and purity of the other sex, to avoid setting before them the temptation to which so often and so fatally manhood has yielded! What is a paltry consideration of fashion, compared to the safety of sons, brothers and husbands.

The greatest fault of womanhood is slavery to custom, and yet who but woman makes custom? are not all the modes and fashions of polite society more her work than that of man? and let every mother and sister think of the mothers and sisters of those who come within the range of their influence, and say to themselves, when in thoughtlessness as they discuss questions affecting their interests, behold thy brother? behold thy son?

The free use of bowie-knives down South among the legal profession, has been defined a "Sharp practice"—to knock a man down with a chair, while he is addressing an audience, is called "chewing the speaker."

Your Mother--To Girls.

You all know the divine command—"Honor thy father and thy mother." An undutiful child is an odious character, yet but few young people show the respect and obedience to their parents that is becoming and beautiful. Did you ever sit and recount the days and nights of care, toil, and anxiety you cost your mother? Did you ever try to measure the love that sustained your infancy and guided your youth? Did you ever think about how much more you owe your mother than you will be able to repay? If so, did you ever vex or disobey her? If you did it is a sin of no common magnitude, and a shame which should make you burn every time you think of it. It is a sin that is sure to bring its reward in this world. I never knew an undutiful daughter make a happy wife or mother. The feeling that prompts any one to be unkind to a mother will make her who indulges it, wretched for life. If you should lose your mother, you little dream how the memory of every unkind look, or undutiful word, every neglect of her wishes, will haunt you. I could never tell you how I sometimes feel in remembering instances of neglect to my mother and yet thanks to her care, I had the name of being a good child. She told me, shortly before she died that I had never vexed her by any act of disobedience, and I would not resign the memory of her approbation for the plaudits of a world, even though I knew it was her love that hid the faults, and magnified all that was good. I know many things I might have done to add to her happiness and repay her care that I did not do; but the grave has cut off all opportunity to rectify mistakes or atone for neglects. Never, never lay up for yourself the memory of an unkindness to your mother. If she is afflicted, how can you possibly get tired of waiting upon her? How can you trust any one else to take your place about her? No one could have filled her place to your peevish infancy and troublesome childhood. When she is in her usual health, remember she is not so young and active as she once was. Wait upon her. If she wants anything, bring it to her, not because she could not get it herself, but to show that you are thinking about her, and love to wait on her. No matter how active and healthy she may be, or how much she may love to work, she will love to have you do any little thing that will show you are thinking of her.

One thing more, never call either of your parents "old man" or "old woman." This is rude and undutiful. There should be something sacred, something peculiar, in the word that designates parents. The tone of voice in which they are addressed, should be affectionate and respectful. A short sturdy answer from a child to a parent, falls very harshly on the ear of any person who has any idea of filial duty. Be sure, girls, that you call win for yourselves the name of a dutiful daughter. It is much easier to be a good daughter than a good wife or mother, but she who fails in this first most simple relation, need never hope to fill another well. Make her your confident; the secret you dare not tell her is a dangerous secret, and one that will be likely to bring you sorrow. The hours you spend with her, will not bring you regret, and you should love her so well that it would not be felt a punishment to give up the happiest party to remain with her.

But undutiful and unloving you will live and die, if you do not love and honor your father and mother.—London Children's Magazine.

A SENSIBLE SPEECH FROM A SENSIBLE DANCER.—At a meeting recently of the colored people, in relation to the fugitive slave law, after the excitement had been wrought up to the highest pitch and every niggar was ready to go out and cut the throats of all the white people in the city, rose and said: "My friends, I think we are giving a little too fast in this matter. We talk about arming ourselves and resisting the law; but it appears to me, my brethren, that the best thing we can do would be to raise a fund to help fugitive to get out of the way of dem slave catchers. For, now suppose, my brethren, that we had a first rate fight, and get one of dese niggrs clear, and five or six of us get killed in de mass, now in my opinion that would be a los'n game. It pears to me now dat am intently de way to save niggars a nyhow."

We coincide with this colored gentleman.—Boston Mail.

THE CHOLERA IN JAMAICA.—We have intelligence from Kingston, Jamaica, to the 23rd ult. The cholera was committing fearful ravages, carrying off whole families, and business of all kinds was suspended. In Port Royal, fully one-sixth of the population have fallen victims. In Kingston, the deaths have exceeded 360 by the official report made every morning by the Board of Health; but this return it is generally believed does not contain one-half the number which has fallen victims to the sad distemper. In St. Catharines, the mortality has been awful, and the deaths average a hundred forty to fifty a day.

Sharp Shooting.—The clerk of a steambath office amused himself greatly at the expense of a Catholic priest, whose profession he pretended not to know. Among a number of impudent questions, he asked the following very simple one: "Will you tell me the difference between a Catholic priest and a Jack?"

"No, sir," replied the priest, "I am not a Catholic priest, and I am not a Jack either."

"Well," said the clerk, "I'll tell you. The one wears the cross on the breast, the other on his back!"

"Very well," replied the priest, "cooly; can you tell me the difference between a steambath clerk and the long-eared animal of which you have just been speaking?"

"No, sir," said the clerk, "I'll tell you. The one wears the cross on the breast, the other on his back!"

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One Friend.

How pleasant a thing it is to have one friend, to whom we can go and unobscure our feelings which the world is harsh with us, and darkness has settled on the fair face of nature. At such a time, a heart to counsel and advise with us—that will manifest feeling and sympathy—is above a price. The outpourings of love and tenderness revive and cheer us—drive away sadness from the bosom, and brighten the heavens again. He who has one to whom he can go in the hour of adversity, can never be wholly cast down, can never be driven to despair. The world, dark as it may sometimes be, will always contain one bright spot—beautiful spot—it will grow brighter, and brighter, till the stricken heart partakes of the fullness of joy and is cast down no more forever.

Cost of War.

Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a school house on every hill side, and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every State, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship, consecrated to the promulgation of the Gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning, the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another, round the earth's wide circumference; and the voice of prayer, and the song of praise, should ascend like a universal holocaust to Heaven.—Rufus Stearns.

DEFINITION OF A YANKEE.—As the Yankees are creating no little excitement in the commercial, political, and military world, I hope my definition of a real genuine male Yankee may not be considered a mistake.

A real genuine Yankee is full of animation checked by moderation, guided by determination and supported by education.

He has veneration corrected by toleration, with a love of approbation and emulation; and when reduced to a state of aggravation, can assume the most profound dissimulation for the purpose of retaliation, always combined, if possible, with speculation.

A real live Yankee, just caught, will be found not deficient in the following qualities: He is self-denying, self-relying, always trying, and into everything prying.

He is a lover of piety, propriety, notoriety and the temperance society.

He is a dragging, gagging, hogging, striving, swooping, jostling, bustling, wrestling, unusual, quizzical, astronomical, poetical, philosophical and comical sort of character, whose manifest destiny is to spread civilization to the remotest corner of the earth, with an always on the lookout for the main chance.

MARRIAGE.—Nature and nature's God snuff propitiously upon the union that is sweetened by love and sanctified by the law. The sphere of our affections is enlarged, and our pleasures take wider range. We become more important and respected among men, and existence itself is doubly enjoyed with our softer self. Misfortune loses half its anguish beneath the soothing influence of her smiles, and triumph is more triumphant when shared with her. Without her, what would be man? A roving and restless being, driven at pleasure by romantic speculation, and cheated in misery by futile hopes, the mad victim to unmeasured passion, and the disappointed pursuer of fruitless joys. But with her he awakens to a new life. He follows a path wider and nobler than the narrow road to self aggrandizement—that is scattered with more fragrant flowers and illuminated with a clearer light.

AWKWARD.—A fellow the other evening, of bashful temperament, "screwed his courage to the sticking point," as Shakspear says, and actually dared to "pop the question" to a young lady, who in accordance with custom, of course, immediately fainted. In his hurry and agitation, he seized a bottle of ink, mistaking it for cologne, and dashed its contents in her face and over her snow-white dress. Of course she immediately "came to," and the awkward fellow had the felicity of being kicked out of the house by her big brother. "There's nany a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

KISS COTILLON.—The editor of the "Windsor Journal"—a very obstinate sort of a bachelor—learns that "Professors of Dancing" in New York have recently introduced a new style of cotillon, called the "Kiss cotillon," the peculiar feature of which is that you kiss the lady as you swing corners. The editor is a crusty sort of person, who never dances, but says he would not mind waiving his objections to the amusement so far as "swinging corners;" now then, in this cotillon! "The selfish scamp!"

A lady who had exhausted the vocabulary of names for her numerous daughters, named the last "Ann-so-forth."

Down east somewhere, the times are so hard that the "follows" cannot even pay their addresses to the "gals."

"When I am a man," is the poetry of childhood; "When I was young," is the poetry of old age.

Tom Hood says the more Scotchmen that are born, the sooner we will be without herrings.

GRASSHOPPER IN WHEAT.—The Frederickburg (Va.) Reporter learns from an experienced farmer on Rappahannock River, that the grasshoppers have attacked the wheat crop in that vicinity, and eaten it to the ground in many places.

SCOTT TRIUMPHANT!

SPLENDID stock of WATCHES, CLOCKS, and JEWELRY, at Philadelphia prices. Just received at Scott's Cheap Jewelry Store, three doors west of T. Read & Son's store. The public are respectfully solicited to call and see.

B. M. GILDEA,

SURGEON DENTIST AND JEWELER.

PETERSBURG, HUNTINGDON COUNTY.

August 13, 1860.—2m.