



RETAILERS OF MERCHANDISE.

Classification of Merchandise in Huntingdon County by the "Appraiser of Merchandise Taxes" for the year commencing the 1st day of May, A. D., 1851, viz:—

Table listing retailers and their merchandise with columns for Class, Amt. of Lic., and various items like Alexandria Borough, Barree Township, etc.

Table listing individuals like John Marks, John De Corsey, John Mantz, etc., with associated amounts.

NOTICE is hereby given to the above named dealers in Merchandise, &c., that I will attend at the Commissioners' Office, in the Borough of Huntingdon, at any time previous to the 15th day of July, after which no appeal can be granted.

Any person selling Patent Medicines yearly to the amount of \$100, or more, in connection with other merchandise, is required, by law, to pay an additional license. Any person keeping an Eating House, &c., whose yearly sales shall amount to \$500 or more, or shall carry on a Distillery or Brewery, or shall sell Patent Medicines without a license, is liable to be indicted and fined \$200 or more, as provided for in the Act of Assembly passed 10th April 1819.

April 2, 1851.—4.

Why Hoard up for Others.

An eminent writer says we should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to gain our livelihood by the sweat of our brow.— But what reason have we to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be, as now and then one will be, endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, these extraordinary powers of mind may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us or them. Nor does it follow that the descendants of laborers are always to be laborers. The path upward is steep and long to be sure. Industry, care, skill, excellence in his parent, lay the foundation of a rise, and, by and by, the descendants of the present laborers become gentlemen. It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world. Society may aid in making the laborers virtuous and happy, by bringing children up to labor with steadiness, with care, and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible; to show them all in the best manner; to set them an example in industry, sobriety, cleanliness, and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they never shall be liable to fall into the contrary; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labor, and thus to remove from them the temptation to get at the goods of others by violent or fraudulent means, and to keep from their minds all inducements to hypocrisy and deceit.

Mrs. Swisshelm on Bigamy.

This lady thus discourses on matrimony, bigamy and conjugal duties in her paper, the Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor. She has a free and easy way of treating these subjects; we like her sprunck. "We would like to be able to imagine how a woman feels when she has succeeded in catching a man, and using the strong arm of law in compelling him to enfold her in his loving embrace! If it is necessary to the public weal that every man should live with his lawful wife, let the public attend to its own welfare, catch the traitor, bring him to the lady he is to love and cherish, and see to it that he performs these important duties. It surely never can be for the weal of any woman, that a husband who wants to get away from her should be compelled to stay, and we cannot understand the patriotism which could induce her to attend to the business of the commonwealth, and enforce obedience to the laws at her own personal expense! What any woman would want with a husband who had gone off and married another, is more than we can tell, unless she wished to send his 'other' wife a pair of gloves, or handsome dress, or some other token of gratitude! She might wish to see their baby and take it a new frock, or a rocking-horse, or something of that sort; but to interrupt their felicity would be one of the last things we should think of.

"We cannot imagine how any woman with one spark of delicacy, could ever enter into a controversy to retain a legal claim upon a husband who really wished to be rid of her? I would rather shovel coal into cellars for a living, live in a poor house, quit living and die in a fence corner, than live with a husband whom nothing but the strong arm of law could compel to live with me. Out on such profanations of the sacred marriage tie! Such a semblance of marriage is like a spirit made of mud—like an immortal soul manufactured from brick clay. It does not, cannot exist. A husband's love is a good and sufficient reason for bearing with many faults, for sticking to him through poverty, crime, degradation, scoffing and insult—and while a couple prefer each other to all others, the world cannot unmarry them, the legal sanction to that marriage is necessary and beautiful; but when law undertakes to continue a marriage against the will of the parties; it has got beyond its depth, and attempts impossibilities."

"What are you about, dear?" said his grandmother to a little boy, who was sliding along the room and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I am trying, grandmama, to steal papa's hat out of the room, without letting the man see it," said he pointing to the gentleman; "for papa wants him to think he's out!"

The most sober flower will often blossom from the bud that has danced the most lightly in the sunbeams.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

I PRAY FOR THEE.

I pray for thee every night, mother, I pray for thee every night; When the shadows fall, like a mist o'er all, And the vesper star shines bright.

I kneel where the summer wind, mother, Steals into my chamber dim; And the breathing mild, of my sleeping child, Is the only sound within.

I pray that the star of hope, mother, May dawn on thy darkened way; That love, like the air of the summer fair, May some joy distil each day.

That sadness and grief may fade, mother, Like a dream that returns no more; And the tears that flow, be of joy, not woe, As you pass to a brighter shore.

At the gate of every joy, mother, A Mordecai sits— But never despair, the seeming ill there, Our Father for good permits.

In the heaviest cloud that frowns, mother, God's tender smile I see, Oh, look from the cloud to the smile, mother,— A daughter prays for thee.

COME ROUND THE HEARTH

BY ALFRED CHOWQUILL.

Come round the hearth with ruddy blaze, That roars with forked tongue, As if 't would give a chorus wild To all the lays we sung.

Come mother, father, children all, Come, happy smiling band, Come, mystic chain of fervent love, Linked by great Nature's hand.

Come, bring those star-eyed pledges near, Come on life's threshold stand, The buds of our domestic wreath, The strangers in the land.

And let those wondering eyes behold, Their clustering kindred round, And press them to the chain of hearts, To which they must be bound.

Come, lead those loved and aged ones, To their accustomed place, That they may scan with thankful eyes, Each well remembered face, No absent one called for a tear, All brighter than before, And rosy lips yet to be kissed, Are added to the store.

Come round the hearth, then, thankfully, With that heart-cheering glow, That only those who live in love Can well and truly know.

Then bless the winter for his snows, Ah! bless him for his cold, 'Tis he that gathers all we love Within our happy fold.

Come round the hearth.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE DYING TEACHER.

It only seems like yesterday, The morning fresh and cool, When first with satchel on my arm, I bent my steps to school.

My path lay through a pleasant lane, Where leafy boughs did meet Above my head, while, trac'd in gold, They play'd around my feet.

At length, I reached the little school, A calm sequestered spot; By me, far down the vale of year, It is not yet forgot.

Our teacher kindly took my hand, And sweetly on me smiled, For, oh! she had not yet forgot That she was once a child.

She still look'd young and beautiful, But to my fancy seem'd That, even in her happiest moods, Of brighter lands she dream'd.

She often spoke of some far shore, Where all her treasure lay, And said that soon her little bark, Would moor within its bay.

We thought she'd like the holidays, That thither she might fly— To that bright land, where tears she said, Are wip'd from every eye.

One morn we miss'd her from the school, Day followed after day, Another teacher fill'd her place And she still stay'd away

And still she stay'd, and ne'er return'd, For unto her was giv'n A never-ending holiday, In the bright land of heav'n.

"Mother," said a little boy, "how long is it be- fore the Fourth of July?" "Four weeks from to-day, sonny."

"I'll be hanged if I wait," says Bob, "give me my crackers, and I'll fire 'em now."

The Women of our Country.—ANGELS— not fallen angels, though angels without wings.

True Social Dignity.

To be ashamed of their origin is, just now, in American Society, the weakness of the little minds that compose it. The man who rides in his carriage shrinks from the acknowledgement that the money which enabled him to buy that carriage was earned by his father, dollar by dollar, with toil and patience, in a tan-yard, behind the counter of a shoemaker's or a tailor's shop, or by honest industry in some other useful occupation, below (so called) the grade of the merchant or professional man; as if the man did not honor the work, and not the work the man.

To such let Daniel Webster speak. Hear him!—It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hill, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist—I make it an annual visit, I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations that have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affection, and the narrations and incidents, which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living, and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it against savage violence and destruction, chiefted all domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven year's revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity, be blotted forever from the memory of mankind.

And we will add, that he who is ashamed of the poor father and mother, whose honest labor supported him in childhood, and whose daily toil was taxed to give him the education by which he has been enabled to raise to a condition above the one they occupied, is unworthy to be the associate of wise and good men. All such will despise him; and no matter how lofty he may carry his head, he is nothing in the estimation of America's true noblemen.—Home Gazette.

Spanish Etiquette.

So sacred, at one time were the feet of their Majesties, the Queens of Spain, that to think of them was a sacrilege, to speak of them an outrage, and to touch them a capital offence. Princess Ann of Austria, bride of Philip IV. arriving in Spain, was presented with a parcel of silk stockings by the stocking manufacturers of a city where she resided. Her majesty-domo, swelling with honest indignation, flung the stockings away exclaiming,—"Know that the Queens of Spain have no feet!" "Alas!" cried the quipped bride, bursting into tears, "if I had known my feet were to be cut off I would never have set foot in Spain!" On another occasion the second consort of Charles II. came near losing her life through this ridiculous etiquette. Riding one day, her horse, a spirited animal, taking fright, reared up in such a manner that the queen slipped off, one of her feet at the same time catching in the stirrup. The horse began to kick. The queen was in imminent danger. But as it was death for any male save the king and the chief of the pages, to touch any part of the queen's person, to say nothing of her feet, no one of her escort was at first bold enough to attempt her rescue. At length, her peril increasing, two cavaliers ran to her assistance. One held the horse, while the other extricated her Majesty's pedal extremity. Not waiting for the thanks customary on such occasions, the two heroes took to their heels with anything but hero-like haste, and, having ordered out their swiftest charges, were about to exile themselves, when a messenger came to inform them that her Majesty was graciously pleased to pardon their offence.

Have your Heart at Home.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth, than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart! Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; love to God, love to man.

DON'T GRUMBLE.—He is a fool that grumbles at little mischances. Put the best foot forward, is an old and good maxim. Don't run about and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate; people do not like to have unfortunate men for acquaintances. Add to a vigorous determination a cheerful spirit; if reverses come, bear them like a philosopher, and get rid of them as soon as you can. Poverty is like a panther; look it steadily in the face, and it will turn from you.

Living for Others.

The greatest of all practical mistakes is the attempt to secure happiness by seeking our own interest exclusively, instead of living for the advantage and well being of others. If we were to set about giving the most perfect and inflexible recipe for the production of the greatest amount of unbearable wretchedness, we should certainly say—live for self exclusively, supremely, and you cannot fail to be miserable, whatever your outward circumstances may be—high or low, rich or poor. The idea of living through a series of years, says the "Boston Register," without thinking of any thing beyond one's personal pleasure and profit, is not to be endured. It is narrow and low and bad enough at the outset; but our general purposes in life re-act on the character. One who starts in life with taking little interest except in what in some way promotes his own wishes or advantage, will probably, as he grows older, grow more selfish; his generous sympathies will dry up from disuse; while the natural product of selfishness—the jealous and distrustful passions, a fretful, complaining, misanthropic temper, will spring up into vigorous growth. The man ceases to believe in the virtues of other men, and in the midst of the world, dooms himself to a solitary and wretched lot; while he who endeavors to make himself useful to others, is by that effort confirming all generous sentiments. The world grows brighter as he grows older. He lives loving and loved, and life goes down in old age, pavilioned round about with all blessed memories.—N. Y. Organ.

All Look Upward.

Were there no other evidence of a God, it might be found in this fact, that every thing in nature turns instinctively to something higher than itself. The simple herb expands itself, as if seeking the law of its growth in the shrub that leans over it like a guardian angel. The shrub finds its type in the tree; and the tree itself, because there is nothing higher, looks up to heaven. The tides swell to the moon; the vapor expands in the sunbeam. So all animals that are brought into connection with him, look up to man. Is the great law to be arrested here? Is all beyond this a blank void? Is there no higher than himself, which may preserve for man the upward tendency of all things—nothing which can stimulate and sustain, and be the ultimate of his aspirations?—Nature and reason alike reject the idea. If there were no great sustaining power to preserve the balance—if the connecting chain were ruptured here, man would be thrust by the projectile forces below into utter and universal annihilation, even to his physical being, because he could not, from his own strength alone, resist the upward impulse. The philosophy of steam will illustrate this; for the expansive force acts powerfully from below, and there is no outlet above, the accumulation of power must terminate in explosion. In nature nothing is abrupt, therefore the chain of being cannot terminate thus suddenly in man; for as his body is an elaboration of the refined elements of all below, so his spirit reaches out of itself, and expands into the essence of all above.

Bad Temper.

Bad temper is often the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause—and a peevish child needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a dull, passive child; and if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil by changing passion into sulkeness. A cheerful, good tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble, whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent beforehand, as far as possible, all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart blood circulate heartily and freely; unhappiness, the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness—ill temper."

Government by Women.

When the mutineers of the British ship-of-war Bounty had accomplished the destruction of the rest of the crew, they sailed with the ship to Pitcairn's Island, in the South Pacific Ocean, which they made their residence. Being without female society, they sailed for Otaheite, one of the Society Islands, and obtained for themselves wives of the native women, and returned to their Island Home, thinking how perfectly they would now act out the part of "the lords of creation." But they had wrongly calculated, and in acting out their high prerogative, they aroused the native spirit of the women, who conspired together, and, in one night, slew all the men save one, (Mr. Adams.) From that time to the present the government and business of the Island has been in the hands of the females, who are hardy, industrious, peaceful and virtuous.—South Sea Travels.

It is said that there is a woman in London, employed as a book folder's fore-woman, who recollects the year and chapter of every act of Parliament upon every subject. She is in great esteem with the lawyers.

If you would increase the size and prominence of your eyes, just keep an account of the money you spend foolishly, and add it up at the end of the quarter.

Anecdote of a Hawk.

An English work on Game Birds and Wild Fowls, recently published, contains the following curious anecdote:

"A friend of Col. Conham—the late Colonel Johnson, of the Rifle Brigade—was ordered to Canada with his battalion, in which he was then a captain, and being very fond of falconry, to which he had devoted much time and expense, he took with him two of his favorite peregines as his companions, across the Atlantic.

"It was his constant habit during the voyage, to allow them to fly every day, after 'feeding them up;' that they might not be induced to take off after a passing sea-gull, or wander out of sight of the vessel. Sometimes their rambles were very wide and protracted. At others they would accend to such a height as to be almost lost to the view of the passengers, who soon found them an effectual means of relieving the tedium of a long sea voyage, and naturally took a lively interest in their welfare; but as they were in the habit of returning regularly to the ship, no uneasiness was felt during their occasional absence.

"At last, one evening, after a longer flight than usual, one of the falcons returned alone. The other—the prime favorite—was missing. Day after day passed away, and, however much he may have continued to regret his loss, Captain Johnson had at length fully made up his mind that it was irretrievable, and that he should never see her again.

"Soon after the arrival of the regiment in America, on casting his eyes over a Halifax newspaper, he was struck by a paragraph announcing that the captain of an American schooner had at that moment in his possession a fine hawk, which had suddenly made its appearance on board his ship during his late passage from Liverpool. The idea at once occurred to Captain Johnson that this could be no other than his much-prized falcon; so having obtained immediate leave of absence, he set off for Halifax, a journey of some days. On arriving there he lost no time in waiting on the commander of the schooner, announcing the object of his journey, he requested that he might be allowed to see the bird. Jonathan had no idea of losing his prize so easily, and stoutly refused to admit of the interview, 'guessing' that it was very easy for an Englisher to lay claim to another man's property, but 'calculating' that it was a 'tarnation sight' harder for him to get possession of it; and concluded by asserting, in unqualified terms, his entire disbelief of the whole story.

"Captain Johnson's object, however, being rather to recover his falcon than to pick a quarrel with the truculent Yankee, he had fortunately sufficient self command to curb his indignation, and proposed that his claim to the ownership of the bird should be at once put to the test by an experiment, which several Americans who were present admitted to be perfectly reasonable, and in which their countryman was at last persuaded to acquiesce. It was this. Captain Johnson was to be admitted to an interview with the hawk—who, by the way, had as yet shown no partiality for any person since her arrival in the New World; but on the contrary, had rather repelled all attempts at familiarity—and if at this meeting she should not only exhibit such unequivocal signs of recognition and attachment as should induce the majority of the bystanders to believe that he really was her original master, but especially if she should play with the buttons of his coat, then the American was at once to waive all claim to her. The trial was immediately made. The Yankee went up stairs, and shortly returned with the falcon; but the door was hardly opened before she darted from his fist, and perched at once on the shoulder of her beloved and long-lost protector, evincing, by every means her delight and affection, rubbing her head against his cheek, and taking hold of the buttons of his coat and clamping them playfully between her mandibles, one after another. This was enough. The jury were unanimous. A verdict for the plaintiff was pronounced; even the obdurate heart of the sea-captain was melted, and the falcon was at once restored to the arms of her rightful owner.

Bear Hunting in Sweden.

In some parts of Sweden great depredations are committed by bears, which issue from their haunts and destroy the flocks and herds of the farm houses and villages. When such depredations fall severely on any particular locality, the peasantry assemble together in large numbers, and extending themselves in a line, beat through that part of the forest in which the "grizzly monsters" are supposed to be. The bears, aroused by the shouts and firing with which these proceedings are accompanied, collect themselves together sometimes to the number of twenty, and the hunters then combine their forces, and make a simultaneous attack on the general enemy. Hunted in this way, the bear soon pays the penalty of his misdoings; but when attacked by a single huntsman, he often meets with better fortune, for should the latter miss his aim, or strike any other part of the bear but the head, the enraged beast rushes on him and he betide him if he but get him in his grip. In the northern part of Sweden, however the peasant issues forth, undaunted, in pursuit of the bear. Sometimes he takes with him two or three small dogs, which, when the bear is found, divert his attention by barking around him, and the hunter is enabled to obtain an opportunity of having a steady and certain aim at him. In this manner, oftentimes, a peasant will destroy six or eight of these animals. The peasants of Norway exhibit equal intrepidity and will, single-handed, attack a bear with whatever instrument may be at command,