



### LOOK HERE! THERE'S NO HUMBUG ABOUT THIS.

**JAMES E. WOOD.**  
Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken a shop one door east of Henry Smith's chair manufactory, where he is prepared to manufacture **BOOTS AND SHOES** in the most fashionable and durable manner; and he pledges himself to spare no pains to fit and please all who may favor him with their custom. He purchases the best materials he can get in the market. He hopes by strict attention to business to receive a share of public patronage.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for work.

Huntingdon, May 8, 1851.

**State Mutual Fire Insurance Company,**  
HARRISBURG PA.  
Guarantee Capital over \$100,000  
Surplus Cash " 25,000

THIS Company has been doing business about a year and has accumulated an earnest Capital of over \$125,000 above all losses and expenses, with a surplus in Cash of over \$25,000 on hand. The Premiums are as low as in any other good and responsible Company. No assessments have been made on the Insured and it is the intention and expectation of the Company that none need or shall be made; the surplus cash on hand will always be sufficient to meet any losses which may be sustained, as no risk to exceed \$2,000 will be taken in one locality.

The profits are wholly divided to the members. This Company offers inducements to the owners of safe property over most Companies in the State.

For further particulars enquire of the subscriber,  
**DAVID BLAIR, Agent.**  
Huntingdon, June 12, 1851.-4f.

### TAKE NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Huntingdon County, HUNTINGDON COUNTY, SS.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to L. S. the Sheriff of Huntingdon County, GREETING:—

Whereas, Mary Jordan, surviving Executrix of Bernard Sweeney, deceased, heretofore in our Court of Common Pleas of Huntingdon County, before our Judges at Huntingdon, to wit: in the term of April 1832 recovered against Catharine Cadwallader and Moses Canon, surviving Executors of John Cadwallader, dec'd, late of your county, yeomen in your bailiwick, as well as a certain debt of fifty-six dollars and 32 cents, lawful money of Pennsylvania, as also ten dollars and 77 cents, like money, which to the said Mary Jordan, surviving Executrix as aforesaid, in our same Court, were adjudged for her damages which she sustained by occasion of the detention of that debt, whereof the said Catharine Cadwallader and Moses Canon, surviving Executors of John Cadwallader, dec'd are convict, as appears of record, &c. And Whereas, the said Catharine Cadwallader, since deceased, and Daniel Africa is Administrator, de bonis non, of said John Cadwallader, dec'd, and whereas execution of the debt and damages as aforesaid, as yet remains to be done as by the insinuation of the said Mary Jordan, Executrix as aforesaid we have this day received.

And she having besought us to provide for her a suitable remedy in this behalf, and we being with the debt and damages aforesaid, and why the same should not continue a lien against the real estate of said John, dec'd, according to the form and effect of said recovery, if to them it shall seem expedient. And have you then and there the names of those by whom you shall make the same known to them and this writ.

Witness the Hon. Graven Hill, President of the said Court at Huntingdon, the 13th day of May, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one.

**THEO. H. CREMER,**  
Prothonotary.

June 26, 1851.-3t.

### HUNTINGDON FOUNDRY.

**R. C. MCGILL**  
Returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public generally for their very liberal patronage, and hopes by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same. He would embrace the present opportunity of informing the public that he is still prepared to furnish them with all kinds of castings; he has

### STOVES

of every description, for burning either wood or coal, such as Cook, Parlor, Egg, Cannon and Ten Plate Stoves, together with

### Ploughs

and Plough Irons of all patterns used in the State; Forge, Grist and Saw-mill castings; Lewistown Threshing machine; and the four and two horse power patterns of Chambersburg, and all other castings usually made at foundries, all of which will be sold very low for cash.

May, 29, 1851.

### NOTICE.

ALL persons interested are hereby notified that the Trust Account of Thomas M. Owens, Committee of *Jane Pierce*, a lunatic, late of Tyrone township, (formerly in Huntingdon, now in Blair county) which said lunatic is now deceased, has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of said county, and that the same will be presented to the said Court on the second Monday of August next, for confirmation; at which time the same will be allowed by the said Court, unless cause be shown why it should not be allowed.

**THEO. H. CREMER,**  
Prothonotary.

June 19, 1851.-3t.

**GOLD PENS**—8 or 10 different kinds, from 62¢ ets. to 10 dollars, at Scott's Cheap Jewelry Store.

### GIVE ME THY HAND, BROTHER.

BY A. D. RICHARDSON.

WOULDEST thou speak gently to the sad,  
And soothe the aching heart?  
Wouldst make the child of suffering glad,  
And calm content impart?  
Wouldst wipe the drops of anguish  
From Sorrow's burning brow?  
Then, give me thy hand brother,—  
My heart is with thee now!

The lowly wouldst thou kindly cheer  
With words of joy and peace?  
Wouldst o'er their sorrow drop a tear,  
And bid their trouble cease?  
Wouldst gently speak the erring,  
And softly calm their fear?  
Then, give me thy hand, brother—  
My heart is with thee here!

Wouldst for the humble dare to speak,  
And battle 'gainst the wrong?  
Defend the trodden and the weak,  
Nor fear the proud and strong?  
For right wouldst labor sternly,  
And with an iron will?  
Then, give me thy hand, brother,—  
My heart is with thee still!

### Sit Down, Sad Soul.

BY TENNYSON.

Sit down, sad soul, and count  
The moments flying;  
Come—tell the sweet amount  
That's lost by sighing.  
How many smiles?—a score?  
Then laugh, and count no more,  
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,  
And no more measure  
The flight of Time, nor weep  
The loss of leisure;  
But here, by this lone stream,  
Lie down, with us, and dream  
Of starry treasure!

We dream: do thou the same,  
We love forever;  
We laugh, yet few we shame,  
The gentle, never;  
Stay then, till sorrow dies—  
Then, hope and happy skies  
Are thine forever!

### WOMAN'S SPHERE.

There is much dispute now a-day in certain quarters about what should be "Woman's Sphere," "Woman's Mission," and "Woman's Rights." It may be all summoned up in a few words, but they are wonderfully comprehensive. Her sphere is every where, her mission, usefulness, her rights without limit.

"Her sphere is every where." This may need a little explanation to some who suppose a person cannot influence or act except in corporeal presence; but minds accustomed to observe well, know that the most powerful agents in nature are often invisible, and like the mountain springs, work unsuspected and silently their mighty results. Thus let it be with woman—not in broils, or tumults, or maddening political jars may she be found, but ever given forth an influence, a sphere, of light, love and virtue, that shall move through all an electoral impulse of irresistible power.

Her sphere is usefulness. Not that she be made, as in heathen countries, the drudge and slave of society. Oh, no! still let her labor be the lighter and more elegant branches of industry; but, in the name of common justice, let her be *adequately paid*. Shame on that miserable parsimony that would exult on a paltry saving in the making of a garment, or the teaching of a school, because done by a woman! If the work is well done, promptly done, what matter who does it? Is it the work, or the sex of the worker that you owe for? How many instances are there in this very city, yes, even here, where the rights and privileges of woman are more adequately appreciated than in most places, of widows and fatherless children toiling year after year for a bare subsistence, when the same labor, performed by a man, would soon secure a complete competency. It is useless to urge that it is not the design of Providence that woman should be self-dependent. It probably would not be necessary in a public harmonic state of society. But so long as life has so many discordant elements at play, so long as destruction may scatter the products of a father's toil, or fraud rob his children of their patrimony, so long as death may call the head of a family to the spirit world, so long will there be a necessity for woman's being able to meet the ills of unprotected loneliness, and cope with them, earnestly, hopefully.

Let her then be encouraged to labor, diligently, usefully;—but let her have the hope of fair remuneration and the approving smile of all the wise upon her efforts. It is useful, well-trained women that we need, more by far than noisy politicians.—Their influence would be very sanitary and applied at home, at the fountains of the great public rivers; surely there would soon be a healing of the waters. But how are women to be thus trained? Not by undervaluing their position, not by allowing the paltry excuse, "we are only women, and not much is expected of us," but, on the contrary, by the solemn and continuous repetition of ominous words—"because we are women, and much is expected of us." Surely hers is a noble destiny, a labor of love, a work of patience. A true woman, with the full development of her heaven-directed energies, with mind, and heart, and hands all *usefully, cheerfully* devoted to some worthy employment, is a being inferior to none on earth.

Widely and wisely *different* from man in her physical and mental nature, she is so organized as to move in perfect harmony with him through a far-reaching orbit, ever revolving round the central luminary, the great All-Father. We would not separate what He has joined, and send the dis severed fragments of one perfect whole into confusion and darkness, but we would give to each the best training that circumstances will admit of here on earth, which, at best, is but the primary school of Heaven.

### TO THE GIRLS.

Ladies, you caged birds of the beautiful plumage, but sickly looks; you pale pets of the parlor, vegetating in an unhealthy shade with a greenish white complexion, like that of a potato sprout in a dark cellar—why don't you go out in the open air and warm sunshine, and add lustre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, elasticity to your steps, and vigor to your frames?—Take early morning exercise—let loose your corset strings, and run up a hill on a wager and down again for fun. Roam in the fields, climb the fences, leap the ditches, wade the brooks, and go home with an excellent appetite. Liberty thus exercised and enjoyed will render you healthy.—Blooming and beautiful—as lovely as the Cuccos and as prolific as Devera. The brazen, bright eyed, rosy cheeked, full breasted bouncing lass—who can darn a stocking, mend her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs milk the cows, and be a lady with all the company, is just the sort of a girl for me or any other worthy young man to marry; but you, ye pining, lolling, screwed up, wasp waisted, doll dressed, putty faced, consumption mortgaged music murdering, novel devouring daughters of fashion, and idleness—you are no more fit for matrimony, than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, less fashionable restraint—more kitchen and less parlor—more leg exercise and less sofa—more pudding and less piano—more frankness and less meek modesty—more corned beef and less Bishop. Loosen yourselves a little; enjoy more liberty and less restraint by fashion. Breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom, and become something nearly as lovely and beautiful as the god of Nature designed.

**A COMICAL MISTAKE.**—A good story is told of a verdant daughter of Erin, a servant in one of our city families. The first day she made her appearance in the kitchen the lady of the house was present to initiate the unsophisticated daughter of Erin in the mystery of cooking. In preparing for dinner, she desired the girl to bring her a "spider."

"The what, ma'am?" inquired Biddy, with great astonishment.

"Why, the spider," replied the lady of the house.

"The spider, is it? Oeh! howly Moses! and do ye ate spiders in this country?"

The Chilean Government are calling in all their currency to coin a new one, same as that in the United States—dimes and half dimes, quarter dollar, half dollar, dollars, (both gold and silver,) quarter eagles, half eagles, whole eagles, two eagles and ounces.

### THE PERILS OF SUSPICION.

THE VICTIMS.

"And shall we all condemn, and all distrust,  
Because some men are false, and some unjust?  
Forbid it, Heaven! far better 'twere to be  
Draped of the foul impossibility  
Of light and radiance, which sleep's visions grave,  
Than thus to live, Suspicion's bitter slave."

We cannot well conceive a more cruel case, than that of an individual who is made to suffer in character, in feelings or in fortune, through an UNFOUNDED SUSPICION,—a suspicion too, that has some *apparent* ground, from the force of circumstances. And yet, how prone are most persons to indulge thoughtlessly and recklessly, if not wantonly, in this species of accusation and injustice. There is scarcely an individual of mature years, who has mingled with the world with any degree of activity, who cannot remember circumstances in which he himself was unjustly and improperly suspected of some unkind or ungenerous act, and thus made to suffer,—or who is not able to recall some period of life, when he for months, nay, perhaps for years, dealt with like injustice toward others. It is so easy for poor human nature to be deceived or mistaken.—Our prejudices are so strong, our infirmities are so great, that we are apt to believe according to our wishes, rather than the facts, and thus to examine and decide, not in conformity with truth, equity and justice, but of falsehood, bigotry, and prejudice. It sometimes happens, too, that even when individuals know that they are erroneously suspected of some discourtesy or ill-will, circumstances exist which render an explanation painful or improper; and hence they are compelled to suffer on, even at the expense of peace of mind, loss of character, nay, of health itself. The sensitive, the timid and the conscientious, are especially adapted to become victims under such circumstances. Alas! how much wrong, injustice, and outrage have been perpetrated through the influence of unfounded suspicions! How many hearts have been broken? How many lives have been sacrificed? How often has jealousy been thus kindled into madness, and love converted into hate? How a word, or a look, may sometimes strengthen distrust in the minds of the morbid, the watchful and suspecting, and give a false yet vivid coloring to innocent acts! Let suspicion or distrust once exist in a family circle, between husband and wife, the lover and his affianced, and what a world of anxiety and anguish may be produced. There are, moreover, demons in human shape, who take delight in fomenting such feelings, who watch for opportunities when they may whisper words of doubt, and thus excite in the susceptible or the sensitive thoughts and emotions of the most painful character. We not long since heard of an instance, which an anonymous letter, carefully and plausibly written, was addressed to a distinguished citizen of a neighboring State, the object being to create distrust and discord between man and wife. Just enough facts were mentioned, to give an air of probability to the story, and for a time, the effect was truly unpleasant.—Fortunately, the slandered was fully able to exonerate himself, and to prove that the malignant and distasteful author was prompted, either by mistaken folly or wanton malice, and thus the evil was but temporary. Conduct like this deserves the keenest censure. He who wantonly sports with the feelings or affections, who delights in sowing the seeds of distrust and suspicion, who takes pleasure in hunting out the infirmities and short comings of his friends and neighbors, is very apt, not only to forget his own errors and misdoings, but in the absence of facts, to resort to fiction, and thus in the gratification of a perverted taste to manufacture slander and libels of the worst description. The habit is a pernicious one, and it is likely to increase with years and practice. There are certain suspicious people who are perpetually on the watch for some mishap, error or false step, on the part of those with whom they associate, or indeed, anywhere in the out-door or in-door world—and the moment they get an inkling of any untoward circumstances, they vividly imagine a train of incidents calculated to make out a dark story, and not satisfied with fancying it, they speedily give it currency.

### POLITICAL ECONOMY.

In the April number of the American Whig Review, we find the following somewhat striking calculations, as to what the people of the United States are now doing, in contrast with what they *might* do if they would but establish and *maintain* such a system of political economy as is applicable to the condition and capacity of the country:

"If the population of the U. States is 25,000,000, and the imports of 1850 are \$150,000,000—though there is little doubt, by smuggling and ad valorem—i. e. false valuations—they will come nearer \$200,000,000—every man, woman and child in the U. States will have paid \$6 to foreign merchants and manufacturers. The payment will be made in money, and in provisions, flour, &c., in a proportion not well ascertained.

"This tax or tribute is paid chiefly on manufactured articles, such as can easily be made in America, and upon products which can easily be grown upon our own soil. The entire expenditure, excepting about \$10,000,000 paid for materials which cannot now be grown or made upon American soil, is paid by our people to enable other nations, but chiefly England, to drive us out of all the markets of the world. A part of the profits of this enormous taxation maintains the English steam navy, pays the salaries of the English free trade Ministers, the cost of armies in India, and the murderous armed police of Ireland.—A yearly subscription of not less than five dollars a year for every man, woman and child in America is paid out directly or indirectly for the maintenance of the British empire.

"There are not less than two millions of industrious and able artificers in America, living in forced idleness, or digging the earth for a scanty subsistence, to the detriment of the true American farmer, who could produce at least one hundred more than they do in the kind of labor suited to their knowledge and capacity. Full a million more could be profitably employed in the production of food and raw material to be used by the two millions of artisans well employed.

"Three millions of persons, now either bankrupt, idle, or badly employed, would add, if well employed, at least \$300,000,000 to the annual income of the nation.—\$100,000,000 of this would build annually and keep afloat a steam navy of an hundred vessels, which would enable us soon to dictate terms for the defence of the liberty of all nations, and compel England to share with us the markets she now monopolizes.

"The five dollars a year paid by every man, woman and child in America for the support of the British Commercial Empire, would be invested in profitable industry, and give employment to the entire idle or impoverished population, native or immigrant of the U. S. An enormous and cheap supply of manufactures and produce would be the consequence, yielding a grand surplus to be sent away and sold in foreign markets. The prophets of such a trade, so defended; would come back to us in the shape of money and all the elegancies and luxuries of other nations and climates.—An immense commerce, five-fold our present trade, would be the consequence.—Every mode of industry, every kind of enterprise, would be employed. The Republic would be not only the first power, but absolutely the *ruling power* of the earth. No nation would dare to make war upon it. All this, and more may be accomplished by mere legislation. But at present England legislates for America, and Congress dares not do anything for the people because they have no steam navy. Shame!"

When we hear a man say, "I will consult my wife," we unhesitatingly set that man down as a safe man to do business with; and if a mechanic, one who will ultimately be rich, and respected by the world.

A boy who had been attending a colored funeral was asked on his return where he had been. He replied very quickly, "I've been a black berrying."

### The Old Hunkers trying to Keep their Offices.

The five candidates on the Opposition Judicial Ticket have held office in all *seventy-seven years*, or an average of *over fifteen years* to each man! Judge Gibson has been in office thirty-five years; Judge Lewis, eighteen; Judge Black, ten; Judge Campbell, nine, and Judge Lowrie, five. Judge Gibson is a relic of the Snyder, Shultz, and Ritner dynasties; Judges Lowrie of the Shunk dynasty, and Judges Lewis, Campbell, and Black, of the days when David R. Porter and his men ruled Pennsylvania.

Should this ticket be elected it will be a continuance in office of those pensioners on the public bounty, who have been quartered on the State Treasury for a long series of years—under whose eyes our enormous State debt has arisen, and whose friends are always clamoring for "increased taxation."

### A Secret Movement against Cass.

The Harrisburg correspondent of the New York Herald, in a letter dated June 10, says—"I can tell you a secret which has not yet transpired, and which the Buchanannites are keeping as still as the grave till the proper time for action comes.—They have a stone in their sling for Cass, with which they intend to smite him in the forehead, somewhat after the fashion that David slew Goliath. They intend to attack him on the ground of his declining to vote for the Fugitive Slave law, though in his place in the Senate, at the time it was brought forward. This is one reason why they brought forward such strong Union and Compromise resolutions; and why they are assailing Governor Johnston with such vigor for refusing to sign the bill granting the use of the jails for the detention of fugitive slaves, because they think every stab they give the Whig Governor passes through him into Cass. Such is one phase of the political chessboard.

ABOUT two o'clock, on a December night, when the thermometer stood in the neighborhood of zero, a party of wags hailed a farm-house in a very boisterous manner. The farmer sprang out of his warm bed, drew on a few articles of clothing, and ran out to see what was wanted, when the following dialogue occurred:—

"Have you any hay, M—?"

"Plenty of it, sir."

"Have you plenty of corn?"

"Yes."

"Plenty of meat and breadstuff?"

"Yes."

"Well, we are glad to hear it, for they are very useful articles in a family."

The party then drove off, leaving the farmer to his reflections.

**THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.**—A young spark, who boarded at one of the principal hotels, managed, for a long time, by one artifice or another, to postpone the payment of his bill. At last the landlord became quite impatient, and stepping up to his Juvenile boarder slapped him gently on the shoulder, and asked him for some money.

"I have not a red cent about me at present," was the laconic reply.

"But, my dear sir," said the landlord, "I cannot afford to keep boarding-house without being paid."

"Well,—it," exclaimed our young philosopher, "if you cannot afford it, sell out to some one that can!"—*San Francisco Balance.*

**THE MAN THAT WAS "BROKE OF HIS REST."**—About the drollest man alive is a man now in Chicago, well-known in northern Vermont by the name of "Tim Wait." Say what you might to Tim, he was always ready with a repartee, and a good one.—On one occasion he came into a hotel in Burlington, looking rather jaded and down in the mouth.

"What's the matter, Tim?" said one of the company; "you look rather the worse for wear."

"Why, you see," said Tim, "I haven't slept a wink for three nights—last night to-night and to-morrow night!"

Having set the bar-room in a roar, Tim left to make up for his loss by a triple snooze.—*Boston Post.*