



Town Lots for Sale.

The subscriber has several town lots, situated in the most pleasant part of West Huntingdon, (the ground formerly used by him as a Brick Yard) which he will dispose of on very reasonable terms. E. C. SUMMERS. Huntingdon, May 15, 1851.—14.

NOVELS AND SCHOOL BOOKS for sale at May 22, '51. Ed. Snare's.

SILVER SPOONS of the latest patterns can be had at E. Snare's Jewelry Store.

PORTE MONNAIES—8 or 10 different kinds; from 25 cents to 3 dollars at Scott's Cheap Jewelry Store.

BAGLEY'S Superior Gold Pens, in gold and silver patent extension cases, warranted to give entire satisfaction, for sale at Scott's Cheap Jewelry Store.

LIVER COMPLAINT, JAUNICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS,

AND ALL diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach, such as Constipation, Inward Pile, Fullness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-burn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Headed and difficult breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dizziness or vertigo, the Sight, Fecundation in the Head, Deficiency of perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great depression of Spirits, can be effectually cured by DR. HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.

Prepared by DR. C. M. JACKSON, AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, 120 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Their power over the above diseases is not excelled—if equalled—by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures attest, in many cases after skillful physicians had failed.

These Bitters are worthy the attention of invalids. Possessing great virtues in the rectification of diseases of the Liver and lesser glands, exercising the most searching powers in weakness and affections of the digestive organs, they are withal, safe, certain and pleasant.

READ AND BE CONVINCED. From the "Boston Bee."

The editor said, Dec. 29nd Dr. Hoofland's Celebrated German Bitters for the cure of Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, is deservedly one of the most popular medicines of the day. These Bitters have been used by thousands, and a friend at our elbow says he had himself received an effectual and permanent cure of Liver Complaint from the use of this remedy. We are convinced that the use of these Bitters, the patient constantly gains strength and vigor—a fact worthy of great consideration. They are pleasant in taste and smell, and can be used by persons with the most delicate stomachs with safety, under any circumstances. We are speaking from experience, and to the afflicted we advise their use.

"SCOTT'S WISDOM," one of the best Literary papers published, said Aug. 25.

"DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, manufactured by Dr. Jackson, are now recommended by some of the most prominent members of the faculty as an article of much efficacy in cases of female weakness. As such is the case, we would advise all mothers to obtain a bottle, and thus save themselves much sickness. Persons of debilitated constitutions will find these Bitters advantageous to their health, as we know from experience the salutary effect they have upon weak systems."

MORE EVIDENCE. The "Philadelphia Saturday Gazette," the best family newspaper published in the United States, The editor says of

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. "It is seldom that we recommend what are termed Patent Medicines, to the confidence and patronage of our readers; and in those cases when we do, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not speaking of the nostrums of the day, that are noised about for a brief period and then forgotten after they have done their guilty race of mischief, but of a medicine long established, universally prized, and which has met the hearty approval of the faculty itself.

Evidence upon evidence has been received (like the foregoing) from all sections of the Union, the last three years, and the strongest testimony in its favor, is, that there is more of it used in the practice of the regular Physicians of Philadelphia, than all other nostrums combined, a fact that can easily be established, and fully proving that a scientific preparation will meet with their quiet approval when presented even in this form.

That this Medicine will cure Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, no one can doubt after using it as directed. It acts specifically upon the stomach and liver; it is preferable to calomel in all bilious diseases—the effect is immediate. They can be administered to female or infant with safety and reliable benefit at any time.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

This medicine has attained that high character which is necessary for all medicines to attain to induce counterfeiters to put forth spurious articles at the risk of the lives of those who are innocently deceived.

Look well to the marks of the genuine. They have the written signature of C. M. JACKSON upon the wrapper, and his name blown in the bottle, without which they are spurious.

For sale Wholesale and Retail at the GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No. 120 Arch street, one door below Sixth, Philadelphia; and by respectable dealers generally through the country.

PRICES REDUCED. To enable all classes of invalids to enjoy the advantages of their great restorative powers: Single Bottle 75 cents.

Also for sale by Thomas Reed & Son, Huntingdon, Pa.; John Lutz, Shippensburg, Pa.; Thomas E. Orison, Oriskany, Pa.; J. & J. Kelly, Burnt Cabins, Pa. July 3, 1851.—14.

A SACRED MELODY.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

If you bright stars that gem the night Be each a blissful dwelling sphere, Where kindred spirits reunite Whom Death has torn asunder here, How sweet it were at once to die, And leave this blighted orb afar— Mix soul with soul, to cleave the sky, And soar away from star to star.

But oh! how dark, how drear, how lone, Would seem the brightest world of bliss, If, wandering through each radiant zone, We failed to find the loved of this! If there no more the ties should twine Which death's cold hand alone can sever, Ah! then these stars in mockery shine, More hateful, as they shine forever!

It cannot be!—Each hope and fear That lights the eye or clouds the brow Proclaims there is a happier sphere Than this bleak world that holds us now! There is a voice which sorrow hears: When heaven weighs life's galling chain: 'Tis heaven that whispers—"Dry thy tears: The pure in heart shall live again!"

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

BY LONGFELLOW.

"Into the Silent Land! Ah! who shall lead us thither; Clouds in the evening skies more darkly gather, And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand, Who leads us with a gentle hand, Hither! Oh, hither! Into the Silent Land!"

"Into the Silent Land! To you ye boundless regions, Of all perfection! tender morning visions Of beauteous souls! the future's pledge and band! Who in life's battle firm doth stand, Shall bear hopes' tender blossoms, Into the Silent Land?"

"Oh, land! Oh, land! For all the broken-hearted; The pillest herald by our fate allotted, Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand, To lead us with a gentle hand, Into the land of the great departed; Into the Silent Land."

THE WIFE.

BEHOLD, how fair of eye and mild of mien Walks forth to marriage yonder gentle queen; What chaste sobriety whence'er she speaks, What glad content sits smiling on her cheeks: What plans of goodness in that bosom glow, What prudent care is thronged upon her brow; What tender truth in all she does and says, What pleasantness and peace in all her ways! Forever blooming on that cheerful face, Home's best affections grow divine in grace; Her eyes are rayed with love, serene and bright; Charity wreaths her lips with smiles of light; Her kindly voice hath music in its notes, And Heaven's own atmosphere around her floats!

HOME AFFECTIONS.

The heart has memories that never die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are the memories of home—early home. There is a magic in the sound. There the old tree under which the light-hearted boy swung many a day, yonder the river in which he learned to swim—there the house in which he knew a parent's protection—nay, there in the room in which he romped with brother and sister, long since, alas! laid in the yard in which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by old church, whither with a joyous troop like himself he has followed his parents to worship with, and hear the good old man who ministered at the altar. Why even the very school-house, associated in youthful days with thoughts of tasks, now comes to bring pleasant remembrance of many occasions that call forth some generous exhibitions of noble traits of human nature. There is where he learned to feel some of his first emotions. There, perchance, he first met her being who by her love and tenderness in life, has made a home for himself, happier than that his childhood knew. There are certain feelings of humanity, and those too, among the best that can find an appropriate place for their exercise only by one's fireside. There is a privacy of that which it was a species of desecration to violate. He who seeks wantonly to invade it is neither more nor less than a villain; hence there exists no surer test of debasement of public morals in a community, than the disposition to tolerate in any mode, the man who invades the sanctity of private life. In the turmoil of the world let there be at least one spot where the poor man may find affection and confidence which are not to be abused.

Dr. Hawkes.

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw them back by love and persuasion.— A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, ye who would chase to the grave an erring brother.

For the Huntingdon Journal.

THE PULPIT ROCKS.

Cold as the crags upon his native coast, His mind as barren and his heart as hard, Is he whose head conceived, whose hand prepared Aught to displace Athena's poor remains. CHILD HAROLD.

To the man of taste, and a cultivated mind, nature, in any of her various forms, never fails to present a spectacle for admiration and reflection. In the fierce blast that hurls to the earth the sturdy oak; in the loud rushing of the mighty torrent; in the dash of the ocean billow; the roar of the cataract; and in the thunder's peal, he sees an eloquence of beauty which he alone knows how to appreciate. For him there is music in the hum of the smallest insect that flutters in the sun-beam, as well as in the fierce roar of the shaggy woods upon the mountain side. He sees a beauty of formation alike in the tender herb and in the stately forest-tree; and acknowledges the might of creative power, displayed as well in the penciled petals of the flower, as in leading the planets on their annual rounds, guiding the moon in its erratic course, or shooting the comets on their mysterious journey.

Such reflections as these suggest themselves to the mind of the visitor, when wandering among those wild and heavy crags on Warrior's Ridge, so appropriately denominated the "Pulpit Rocks;" and especially is it so when the lengthened shadows of evening are stealing over the landscape and the summer sun is sinking slowly to his rest. Indeed, a scene more imposing can be seldom witnessed, than these precipitous crags, when the setting sun bathes their splintered pinnacles and spires, and the rifted tree tops, in a flood of golden effulgence. These rocks, springing in isolated masses to the altitude of some fifty feet, present to the eye a succession of objects singularly grotesque. As examples of nature's own masonry they form a scene of grandeur and sublimity.

The world renowned castles of Europe are fast crumbling into dust, and the ruins of those that yet remain, monuments of the mutability of man's works, will soon be obliterated by "the effacing finger of time." But ages on ages have rolled around: wave upon wave has swept the broad fields of the old world, and a hundred generations have formed a banquet for the worm, since these immense piles were first reared by Almighty power, and yet, in the deep stillness and solitude, these vast colonnades rise as they then rose in lonely grandeur.

And is there no interest associated with these hoary piles to elicit emotion? Are they indeed nothing more to us than the hearth-stone of the furnace? Why then does the traveller from other lands pause to linger around them, and meditate upon the power that reared them? Why does the poet, the artist, and the philosopher of nature, seat themselves at their base and ponder with strange emotions amidst the solitude that slumbers around? And surely if the far off wanderer that travels through our mountain solitudes, may stop and linger around these sublime piles, and meditate upon the power that called them into existence, is it not meet that we, into whose keeping they seem consigned, should hand them down to other generations undisturbed in their form, and prevent the vandals from

"Tearing down those remnants, with a harpy's hand Which envious Time and God have left to stand." OSCEOLA. Huntingdon, July 28, 1851.

BLACKBERRY SYRUP.—The following is a correct recipe for making a Syrup for dysentery and all looseness of the bowels. It is said to be an excellent and agreeable medicine, especially for children:

- 2 quarts of Blackberry juice,
1-2 oz. Nutmeg, powdered,
1-2 oz. Cinnamon, do.
1-2 oz. Alspice, do.
1-4 oz. Cloves, do.

Boil them together to get the strength of the spices and to preserve the juice.— While hot, add a quart of 4th proof French Brandy, and sweeten it with loaf sugar. Give a child two teaspoonfuls three times a day, and add to the quantity if the disease be not checked. Increase the dose according to the age.

A POSER.

A calm, blue-eyed, self-composed and self-possessed young lady, in a village "down east," received a long call the other day, from a prying old spinster, who after prolonging her stay beyond even her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question which had brought her thither.

"I've been asked a good many times if you were engaged to Dr. C.— Now, if folks inquire again whether you be or not, what shall I tell 'em I think." "Tell them," said the young lady, "you think you don't know, and you are sure it is none of your business."

A DAUGHTER'S KINDNESS.

There is no sight on earth more beautiful than that of a daughter who habitually exhibits those kind feelings which always flow from the heart of her who is sincerely attached to a mother. Who does not experience a pleasurable emotion on witnessing those little acts of kindness which indicate the depth of feeling within? And, on the other hand, who does not turn away with horror and disgust from her who fails to bestow those attentions which is the sacred right of the mother to claim, as an index of her daughter's love, if for no other reason? No matter what may be the accomplishments of a young lady, nor how amiable her intercourse in society, if she is wanting in this one thing, and fails to discharge the obligations of a daughter, I can feel no regard or even respect for her.

And this is the feeling of thousands.— Ought it not to be thus? Why the costliest gem that adorns female character is not hers; and what can make up the loss? And more than this, it fills the soul with dark suspicions as to what might be in another relation of life. She who does not sincerely and ardently love her mother, is not susceptible of real affection for any object. If she does not light the pathway of one to whom she is so much indebted, she will sooner or later surround with gloom him for whose sake she leaves the home of childhood.

It is to be hoped that few of the daughters of our land, need admonitions on this subject. But it is painful sometimes to notice, especially among the middle classes of society, a shrinking from family cares, leaving the burden to be borne by the mother—a mother, too, who toiled hard, and denied herself many things to give her child the best advantage of education.— It may not often be for want of affection, but rather because they have false views of position, and think because they are accomplished they should be ladies. In this way they are led to pursue a course which after it becomes habitual has at least the appearance of heartlessness.

A tender regard for her mother was a distinguished trait in the character of that sweet poetess, Margaret Davidson, who passed away just as she was "blushing into womanhood." It was ever her delight, notwithstanding her accomplishments, to anticipate the wants of her mother, and study how she might lighten the burdens which pressed upon her. And when stricken down by her last sickness, and that mother returned her constant attentions, she seemed to watch more closely and with greater concern, the form that hung over her, than the progress of her own disease. While lying there, she composed the last lines she ever wrote, and they were a tribute of affection to her mother. They breathe the purest affection. In the closing verse she says,

"When God shall guide my soul above, By the soft chords of heavenly love— When the vain cares of earth depart, And tuneful voices swell my heart— Then shall each word, each note I raise, Burst forth in pealing hymns of praise, And all not offered at His shrine, Dear mother, I will place on thine."

There is a charm about such affection and attentions which no one can resist. It seems so befitting. And when the blooming girl herself is compelled to meet the sober realities of life, and has laid her mother in the grave, her conduct towards that mother will be a source of painful regrets, or a subject for pleasing contemplation. If woman ever appears like an angel, it is when honoring her position as a daughter—when no music is so sweet to her ear as the MOTHER—when,

"At that holy name, Within her bosom there's a gush Of feeling, which no time can tame."

TRUTH.

We never yet knew a boy or a man who from early life spoke the truth and shunned a falsehood, that was not virtuous in all respects, and who did not acquire and enjoy the confidence and esteem of society. Truthfulness is one of the chief corner-stones in a good and respectable character. Young man, never utter a falsehood; never be tempted to depart from strict truth in all sayings. False words come from a false heart, breeds corruption that soon taints and spoils the whole character.

BAD COMPANY.

Keep out of bad company. "The company of fools shall be destroyed." If others waste their time in folly and sin, avoid them. They may be smart but they will do you no good, and they may do you much harm. Bad company is the ruin of many; even of those who are older than you. Keep away from idlers, swimmers, liars and Sabbath-breakers. Even "one sinner destroyed much good." Keep away—"touch not the unclean thing."

THE oldest pledge of temperance is to be found in the Bible, Jeremiah, chapter xxxv., and the words were spoken by the Rechabites:—"We will drink no wine; we, nor our wives, nor our sons, FOREVER.

HOW SHE DID IT.

"I never undertook but once," said Tom, "to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way, cool, quiet, but determined as ever. Just after we were married and all was nice and cozy, she got me into the habit of doing all the churning. She never asked me to do it, you know, but then the way it was done was just in this way. She finished breakfast before me one morning, and slipping away from the table, she filled the churn with cream, and sat it just where I couldn't help seeing what was wanted. So I took hold regularly enough, and churned till the butter had come. She didn't thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it, that I felt well paid. Well, when the next churning day came along, she did the same thing, and I followed suit and fetched the butter. Again and again it was done just so, and I was regularly in for it every time. Not a word said, you know, of course.— Well, by and by this began to be rather irksome. I wanted she should ask me, but she never did, and I couldn't say anything about it, to save my soul; so on we went. At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time unless she asked me. Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfast—when that was swallowed, there stood the churn. I got up, and standing a few minutes, just to give her a chance, put on my hat and walked out of doors. I stopped in the yard, to give her time to call me, but never a word said she, and so, with a palpitating heart, I moved on. I went down town, and all over town, and my foot was as restless as was that of Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a wrong, I didn't exactly feel how, but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting upon me all forenoon. It seemed as if dinner time never would come, and as for going home one minute before dinner, I would soon have cut my ears off. So I went fretting and moping around town till dinner hour came. Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is out, having in their hands his destiny for life or death. I couldn't make up my mind exactly how she would meet me, but some kind of a storm I expected. Will you believe it? She never greeted me with a sweeter smile, never had a better dinner for me than on that day; but there stood the churn, just as I had left it.— Not a word was said: I felt confoundedly out and every mouthful of that dinner seemed as if it would choke me. She didn't pay any regard to it, however, but went on just as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over I had again resolved, and, shoving back my chair, I marched to the churn, and went at it in the old way. Splash began the butter paddle, splash, splash; but as if in spite, the butter never was so long coming! I supposed the cream standing so long, had got warm, and so I redoubled my efforts. Obstinate matter—the afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at last, from real exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time—

"Come, Tom, my dear, you have rattled that butter-milk quite long enough, if it's only for fun you are doing it!" "I knew how it was; in a flash she had brought the butter in the forenoon, and left the churn standing with the butter-milk in, for me to exercise with. I never set up myself in household matters, after that."

Discoveries of the last Half Century.

There has been no period since the commencement of the world, in which so many important discoveries tending to benefit mankind were made, as in the last half century. Some of the most wonderful results of human intellect have been witnessed in the last fifty years. Some of the grandest conceptions of genius have been perfected. It is remarkable how the mind of the world has run into scientific investigation, and what achievements it has effected in that short period. Before the year 1800, there was not a single steamboat in existence, and the application of steam to machinery was unknown. Fulton launched the first steamboat in 1807.— Now there are three thousand steamboats traversing the waters of America, and the time saved in travel is equal to seventy per cent. The rivers of every country in the world nearly, are traversed by steamboats. In 1800, there was not a single railroad in the world. In the United States alone there are now 8,707 miles of railroad, costing \$286,000,000 to build, and about 22,000 miles of road in England and America. The locomotive will now travel in as many hours, a distance, which, in 1800 required as many days to accomplish. In 1800, it took weeks to convey intelligence between New Orleans and Philadelphia, and now it can be accomplished in minutes through the electric telegraph which only had its beginning in 1843.— Voltaism was discovered in March, 1800. The electric magnet in 1821. Electrofy-

ing was discovered only a few years ago. Hoe's printing press, capable of printing 10,000 copies an hour, is a very recent discovery, but of a most important character. Gas light was unknown in 1800, now every city and town of any pretences is lighted with it, and we have the announcement of a still greater discovery, by which light, heat, and motive power may be all produced from water with hardly any cost.— Daguerre communicated to the world his beautiful invention in 1839, Gun cotton and chloroform are discoveries of but a few years old. Astronomy has added a number of new planets to the solar system. Agricultural chemistry has enlarged the domain of knowledge in that important branch of scientific research; and mechanics have increased the facilities for production, and the means of accomplishing an amount of labor which far transcends the ability of united mental effort to accomplish. The triumphs achieved in this last branch of discovery and invention are enough to make the last half century as that which has most contributed to augment personal comforts, enlarge the enjoyments, and add to the blessings of man.— What will the next half century accomplish? We may look for still greater discoveries, for the intellect of man is awake, exploring every mine of knowledge, and searching for useful information in every department of art and industry.

A DEPLORABLE CASE.

A western paper relates the following, which we hope may be a warning to all such in our county as persist in the course pursued by their western exemplar:

"The man that don't take his county paper was in town yesterday. He brought his whole family in a two horse wagon.— He still believed that General Taylor was President, and wanted to know if the 'Kanschatkians' had taken Cuba, and if so, where they had taken it. He had sold his corn for twenty-five cents, the price being thirty-one; but upon going to deposit the money, they told him it was mostly counterfeit. The only hard money he had was some three cent pieces, and those some sharper had 'run on him' for half dimes.— His old lady smoked a 'cob pipe,' and would not believe that anything else could be used. One of the boys went to a blacksmith's shop to be measured for a pair of shoes, and another mistook the market house for a church. After hanging his hat on a meat hook, he piously took a seat on a butcher's stall and listened to an auctioneer, whom he took to be the preacher. He left before 'meetin' was out,' and had no great opinion of the 'sarnint.'"

"One of the girls took a lot of 'seed onions' to the post office to trade them for a letter. She had a baby, which she carried in a 'sugar trough,' stopping at times to rock it on the side walk.— When it cried, she stuffed its mouth with an old stocking, and sang 'Barbara Allen.' The oldest boy had sold two 'coon skins' and was on a 'bust.' When last seen, he had called for a glass of 'soda and water,' and stood soaking ginger bread and making wry faces. The shop keeper, mistaking his meaning, had given him a mixture of sal soda and water, and it tasted strongly of soap. But he'd heard tell of soda and water, and was bound to give it a fair trial, 'puke or no puke.' Some 'town fellow,' came in and called for lemonade with a 'fly in it,' whereupon our 'soaped' friend turned his back and quietly wiped several flies into his drink.

"We approached the old gentleman and tried to get him to 'subscribe,' but he would not listen to it. He was opposed to 'internal improvements,' and he thought 'larnin' was a wicked invention, and cultertwan nothin' but vanity and waxation. None of his family ever learned to read, but one boy, and he taught school a while, and then went to studying 'divinity.'"

CONSOLING IDEA OF DEATH.

"I congratulate you and myself," wrote John Foster to a friend, "that life is passing away. What a superlatively grand and consoling idea is that of death! Without this radiant idea, this delightful morning star, indicating that the luminary of eternity is going to rise, life would, to my view, darken into midnight melancholy. O! the expectation of living here, and living thus, always, would be indeed a prospect of overwhelming despair. But thanks to that fatal decree that dooms us to die— thanks to that Gospel which opens the vision of an endless life; and thanks, above all, to that saviour-friend who has promised to conduct all the faithful through the sacred trance of death into a scene of paradise and everlasting delight."

Fred —, was going to marry a poor girl.

"Don't do it," said his friend, "you can marry any one you like. Take my advice, marry rich. Don't make a fool of yourself. It will be 'up-hill' work." "Good," said the other; "I had rather go up hill than down hill any time." Fred's a philosopher.