



Town Lots for Sale.

The subscriber has several town lots, situate 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.
C. C. SUMMERS.
Huntingdon, May 15, 1851.—47.

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,

JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS,

AND ALL diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach, such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-burn, Distress for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and difficult breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or webs before the Sight, Fever and dull pain in the Head, Deafness, 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 exceeded—if equalled—by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures attend, 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. 22nd
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 in 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 them to try them.

"SCOTT'S WEEKLY," 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

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 therefore when we recommend Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, 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. Orbison, Orbisonia, Pa.; J. & J. Kelly, Burnt Cabins, Pa. [July 3, 1851.—1y.

HUMOR AND SENTIMENT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Baltimore Dispatch is furnishing that paper with a series of amusing and well written poetical effusions; under the head of "City Lyrics." The last number contains so much of what Sam Slick calls "human nature," and is withal so good a parody on the song, to the air of which it is adapted, that we have resolved to give it a place in the literary department of this paper:—

Air—"I would not Die in Spring Time."

I would not die in Spring time,
When worms begin to crawl;
When cabbage plants are shooting up,
And frogs begin to squall:
'Tis then the girls are full of charms,
And smile upon the men;
When lamb and peas are in their prime—
I would not perish then

I would not die in Summer,
When tees are filled with fruit—
And every sportsman has a gun,
The little birds to shoot.
The girls then wear their Bloomer dress,
And half distract the men;
It is the time to sweat it out—
I would not perish then

I would not die in Autumn,
When new-mown hay smells sweet,
And little pigs are rooting round
For something nice to eat.
'Tis then the huntsman's wild halloo,
Is heard along the glen,
And oysters 'gin to fatten up—
I would not perish then

I would not die in Winter—
For one might freeze to death;
When blustering Boreas sweeps around,
And takes away one's breath.
When sleigh-bells jingle—horses snort,
And buckwheat cakes are tall;
In fact, this is a right good world—
I would not die at all!

MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

It is a true index of the progress of our race, to observe the regard paid to homes; and it is a consoling reflection that its sanctity has attracted, at last, the attention it deserves. To be loved as it ought, to awake the affection home should inspire, it must be beautiful, and worthy of being cherished. When it is so easy a thing the beautiful and adorn home, is it not a matter of surprise that so little attention, in this respect, is given to it in many parts of our country? Indeed, we may fear that this neglect will become "a byword of reproach." It is a mistaken idea that home cannot be made beautiful, but by the costly exotics. Incentives, of the highest character, are held out to induce men to plant and cultivate shade trees. No argument is needed to confirm the truth that shade trees promote health, that they are conducive to comfort and pleasure; and he is truly to be pitied, who sees no beauty in trees, nothing majestic or grand in trees, Nature's waving, "frowning Titans." If more is required to induce the growing of trees and shrubs for shade and ornament, compare the appearance of some of our villages, where, for near the full circle of a mile, scarce a solitary tree intervenes its grateful shade to break the rays of a summer sun's roasting heat, or to invite the cool, refreshing breeze; compare one of these, (for there are many such,) with the neat and pleasant town whose streets and squares are tastefully planted with handsome elms, maples or locusts. Not only is the aspect of the latter more pleasing, or the effect more delightful; but it is the safest criterion by which to judge of the virtue, refinement and intellectual cultivation of its citizens; for where Nature's beauties are cherished, vice and sensuality cannot flourish. What is true of towns and villages, is equally true relative to the homes of men, except the influence of the former is more general, while that of home, whether farm-house or village residence, more directly affects the individual family. There is no investment of labour or time that remunerates man with so much and healthful enjoyment, as that bestowed upon the cultivation of shade and ornamental trees and shrubbery. These make home beautiful; beauty will endear it to his soul and make it "part of him;" then, in truth, will it be his own "sweet home," and his country.

"The land of the myrtle, the cypress and vine;
Where all, save the spirit of man, is divine."

INDEPENDENCE.—No, my son, a life of independence is generally a life of virtue. It is that which fits the soul for every generous flight of humanity, freedom and friendship. To give should be our pleasure, but to receive our shame. Serenity, health, and affluence attend the desire of rising by labor; misery, repentance, and disrespect, that of succeeding by extorted benevolence. The man who can thank himself alone for the happiness he enjoys, is truly blest; and lovely far more lovely, the sturdy gloom of laborious indigence, than the fawning simper of thriving adulation.—*Goldsmith's citizen of the world.*

WHERE TRUE FORTITUDE dwells,
bounty, friendship, and fidelity may be found.

THE JUDICIAL OFFICE.

The approaching election for Judges of the Supreme Court, is perhaps the most important in which the people of this Commonwealth, for many years, have been called upon to participate. We do not exaggerate when we say that the power of the Supreme Court is next to that of the Legislature; for while one creates the laws, the other construes them. There is not a year passes, in which the Judges of that Court are not required to pronounce on the meaning of some new act of the Legislature; and their decision becomes the law of the Commonwealth, until the act is repealed, or another substituted. It is necessary therefore, that a Judge of this Court should be an able man, and not only learned in the common law, but also imbued with the spirit of universal equity, otherwise his constructions may be at variance with one, or both. To place a crude lawyer, or narrow-minded man upon the Bench is to peril our property, perhaps even to jeopardize our lives. Nor will the evils, which an incompetent Judge may let loose, stop with ourselves. They will extend to our children, and even reach our children's children, widening and deepening through long generations of injustice.

But a Judge may err, not only in the construction, but in the administration of the law. If the one requires capacity, the other demands honesty; and either qualification is absolutely necessary to the occupant of the bench. A man may have talent, may be a thorough lawyer, and may even possess a mind of the most comprehensive range, yet, unless he has probity, and is free from prejudice, he is not fit to be entrusted, in the capacity of a judge, with the fortunes, and lives of his fellow citizens. English history is full of instances in which able men, who were destitute of principle, sacrificed the rights of private individuals on the altar of ambition, lucre, or personal revenge. Bacon, with all his talents was not insensible to bribes, and perverted his high office into a market for injustice. Jeffries, to win rank and gratify the malignity of his heart, turned the bench into a butcher's shambles. Such extreme cases may never, perhaps, arise in Pennsylvania, but others, scarcely less criminal, are not beyond the range of probability. Justice may never be sold here for actual money, or death-warrants dealt out to gratify an angry ruler; but suits may easily be lost, or won, at the pleasure of a judge who barter for political advancement, who seeks to gratify a friend, or who is biased by unworthy prejudice.

There is still another fault which might render a man unfit for a Judge. He might possess talents, honesty, impartiality and legal lore, and yet from the habitual neglect of his duties, be unworthy of a place upon the Bench. This defect is principally exhibited at Nisi Prius, where the trial is before a jury. It is the duty of a Judge to hear both sides calmly, and then carefully sum up the case, stating the law to the jury; but leaving the determination of facts to their award. What would be thought of a Judge who should omit this important part of his duty? Would it not be considered that he had neglected the performance of that for which alone he had been placed upon the Bench? For a Judge to tell a jury that the case is with them, without further instruction, is to act the part of a Turkish Cadi, who knows no law but his own notion of right. What need of learned judges to administer law, if juries are to be made arbiters of law as well as fact? The judge who is either too ignorant or too indolent to examine the law of a case, and who lazily tells the jury, "gentlemen, the case is with you," is no more fit to sit upon the bench, than a child studying its alphabet, an idiot, or an automaton. It is the duty of a Judge to watch over the law, to see that no decisions are made at variance with the code; and a judge who neglects this, violates his oath of office.

But above all, a demagogue is unfit to be a Judge. The election by the people, beneficial as it is in other respects, unquestionably opens a door to men of this class, which, under the old system, was closed to them, to a certain extent at least. To politicians of a low grade of morals of narrow minds, and of cunning natures, the temptation is great to secure their nomination to Judicial offices, by trickery, bargain and sale, improper influences and other unworthy arts. Accordingly we see candidates making the round of grog shops, taking red-nosed constables by the button, drinking perhaps with a dozen low wretches every day, and by similar methods of despicable flattery striving to forestall a nomination by the votes of men without character, or even decency. But can a person, base enough for such low jugglery, be fit for the Judicial office? Would not he, who could descend to these unworthy acts in order to gain promotion, descend to others as unworthy in order to keep his post, or to fatten on it while its occupant? As well might we look for thistles to turn into grapes as for a demagogue to be transformed into an impartial judge. He who

wriggles himself into office will wriggle when there. The serpent cannot become upright and erect by merely changing place, but will be slimy and creeping still.

We warn the people, at the approaching election, to carefully scan the Judicial ticket. A bad Governor, knavish Sheriff, or an inefficient Mayor may be laid aside at the end of three years, in some cases at the end of one; but an incompetent, dishonest, or negligent Judge cannot be got rid of except after a long term, or by the almost impossible remedy of impeachment. Place an improper Judge upon the Bench, and there he will stay, if not forever, at least long enough to do incalculable injury to the property and other rights of citizens. Every man, too, is liable to be a suitor in court, and therefore to become a victim of such a Judge. There is not one of us who, before a year, may not receive gross injustice from a Judge of this description; perhaps even be ruined at his hands. And how terrible would be the retribution if we had been necessary to his election!

Tariff or Free Trade.

The Lancaster Examiner closes an article on the False and Real Issues of the campaign, by the following remarks:

The real and absorbing issue of the campaign is, shall the Protective System, on which depends the prosperity and industry of Pennsylvania, be approved or condemned? And to this complexion our Loco-foco friends must come at last. The question, is made up between Johnston and the Tariff on the one side, and Bigler and Free Trade and Direct Taxation on the other, and this issue cannot be suppressed or evaded. Their hollow professions of zeal for the Compromise, which is already established in the opinions of the moderate men of both parties, will not serve to disguise their treachery to the Protective system, and the dearest interests of Pennsylvania that are bound up in it. But our Loco-focos can no more change their inherent duplicity than the leopard can change his spots or the Ethiopian his skin, and we expect to see it continued and augmented in assurance in proportion as it becomes exposed by proof, until it is justly and signally rebuked by an indignant people at the October election.

BE CAREFUL OF DIET.—Most important and seasonable advice is thus given by our friends of the Evening Bulletin:—"This is the season of the year when disorders of the bowels are particularly prevalent; and the tables of mortality show that these diseases are even more common, this year, than usual. We would caution all persons, therefore, to be cautious in their diet. The eating of unripe fruit is a fertile source of diarrhoea and diseases of a similar type. Our markets are now full of such edibles, and the temptation to indulge is frequently almost irresistible; nevertheless those who value life or health should refrain from every such description of food. It is equally unwise at a time like this, to eat to excess. Very few individuals, we are sorry to say, can resist the temptation of a favorite luxury, so as to stop before having eaten too much; and thus edibles, harmless in themselves frequently become the prolific source of disease, by being indulged in to repletion.—With caution in diet, there is little fear; but otherwise the peril is, indeed, imminent. We say this not to alarm, but to put people on their guard. Late hours, undue fatigue, or excesses of any kind, whether mental or physical, should also be avoided. In this way health may be preserved, even where business forbids the leaving town, as, in too many cases, it does."

Stormy Women.

What is more disagreeable than a stormy woman? A friend of ours who lives in Pearl street, says that he has been on the unfathomable deep when the heavens when the direst vengeance, were delivered of their children of wrath—when mighty Jove rode his thundering chariot over the mountains of the sea, and the red lightnings glared at his courser's feet—when the demons of the tempest bellowed in the blast, and the angel of destruction spread his dark pinions over the mariner's bark; but all these unutterable horrors didn't begin with his wife when out of temper. When she saw the mercury of her husband's anger begin to raise, she'd throw fat into the fire, and in two minutes be further up the ladder of wrath than he could ever climb without taking off his boots, and the way he would catch hot dumplings on his head was not slow. Some women love to scold and enjoy themselves best when in a violent passion and they are unlovely as lobsters, and as distasteful as mushrooms. We would rather encounter a wild cat in the forest: than a petticoated demon in anger. Albany Knickerbocker.

A contemporary says that the Bloomer costume is the "knee plus ultra" of female adornment.

FAREWELL.

This is a sad word at best, and full of dark associations. I never said farewell, even with the confidential assurance of meeting on the morrow, but with strange feelings of melancholy. I have often parted light-heartedly, after some pleasant merry-making, with some spirit-stirring friends, with whom, in a few short hours, I had cultivated feelings of regard, but when I said farewell, even with the anticipation of meeting again, there was left on my soul a prophetic gloom, a tender sadness, which left a sting in the pleasantest flowers of existence. I know not how it is, but I never leave any which I have loved, and should regret hereafter, but some chance circumstances would occur to clothe it with a fresher beauty than it has ever before worn, rendering it far more difficult to leave, or to think of, without regretful memories! I never throw away a flower, the gift of a friend, without breathing a sigh over its fallen loveliness, and many fond reminiscences. The portals of the tomb have often closed upon all that was dear to us on earth, and though much was left for memory to dwell upon that could soothe the parting, and melt the piercing sorrow into tears, like the dew of heaven sent to relieve the heart in the hour of affliction, yet at such times I have felt as one shut out of a world, from whence all that was lovely and loving had separated! Oh! who cannot tell of loved ones that are dead to us, yet living in a world brighter than our's? And who does not love to speak of them with the reflection that this world is not our home, but a state of misfortune and dangers that are constantly besetting us, a world of vicissitudes and partings in which we have no abiding city; and were it not for the hope of a future reunion, which so richly gilds the gloom of earthly partings, the heart must sink in its moments of woe! There is a land afar, where the loved, absent, and those separated, shall meet to part no more forever! There the associations of friendships shall be renewed, never again to be broken!—there the flowers bloom unfading, and the skies are ever bright and fair in that land of summer! It is a land of harmony and love, and its scenes of transporting light and rapturous prospects of unsullied purity, shall extend when ages have rolled away, more numerous than the atoms of an Universe! with the sounds of celestial melody constantly echoing through-out empyreal regions of immortal light and glory! It is the world of spirits—the land of the blest—and they call it Heaven!

Mechanics.

Did you ever contemplate the glory that dwells in the body of a real mechanic? Do you despise him? you may despise your God! Do you receive one comfort save that which comes direct from the hand of God, for which you are not indebted to the Mechanic? Look around among mankind, and place your finger upon a single fertilized spot that does not reflect the glory of the mind and the hand of the mechanic. Dare you lie down at night upon your downy couch and cast a thought of reproach against the poor but honest mechanic?—Then arise, and make your own bed, if you can, for to him you scorn are you indebted for your comfort.

Do you lounge upon your magnificent sofas, divans and ottomans, then think how you come by those luxuries, and despise not the sources of nearly all your enjoyments. Look at every corner of your gorgeous domicile; survey every partical of the apartments you so much admire acknowledge, if you are honest, that the mind of that humble mechanic, who constructed and finished your stately dwelling, is far superior to your own. Are you ashamed to confess the fact? Then remember that he who is virtually honest, can never be ashamed of the truth.

Dr. Johnson, speaking of a lady who was celebrated for dressing well, remarked:—"The best evidence that I can give you of her perfection in this respect is that one can never remember what she had on." Delicacy of feeling in a lady will prevent her putting on anything calculated to attract notice; and yet a female of good taste will dress so as to have every part of her dress correspond. Thus while she avoids what is showy and attractive, everything will be adjusted so as to exhibit symmetry and taste.

There is a great deal of philosophy in a dog's tail. It is as great a tell-tail as a lady's fan. If a dog is pleased; his tail is immediately in a waggish humor—if he is afraid, it slopes—if angry, it sticks out? You can tell the characters and disposition of a dog by his tail, as well as Fowler can decipher yours from the bumps.

Dr. Johnson, being once in company with some scandal-mongers, one of whom having accused an absent friend of resorting to rouge, he observed that it was, after all, better for a lady to redden her own cheeks, than to blacken other people's characters.

The Past--Present and Future.

Some one, we know not who, has appropriately enquired who can fathom the depth of meaning these words convey! Through the varied and intricate walks of life, surrounded by temptations, rich in splendor, and beautiful in form, yielding to the syren voice allurements, we heed not admonitions of the past, or apply the lessons they have taught to the dangers of the present. The past week we look at only to remember what has been, contemplating pleasures enjoyed or sorrows endured, as something once ours, now lost to possession, gone forever, half forgotten, concealed by "oblivion's veil."

The present heeds not, amid hope's imaginings, the anticipations of the future, its value is not estimated, its worth remains unknown
But the Future may never come. It is a blank upon its page, the purity attached to the truth must stamp its seal, ere we can sully its virginity, or call it ours.

Oh, wherefore do we wish to live?
What charm hath earth away to give,
Probation's days are few in years
Mid suffering, trouble, pain and tears.
The past has gone—the present come,
Our course through life is quickly run,
Then freed from earth, in Heaven we find
Worthless was all we left behind.

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the indications of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and unspeakable love.

Speak not harshly of the stricken one, weeping in silence. Break not the dead solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to sympathy; that they are what helps to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loath to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could not die in peace.
[Dr. Johnston.]

Tom Moore, the Poet, says the Dumfries Courier, as has long been known, is but the wreck of the brilliant, accomplished, and witty being he formerly was. He was lately present when a gentleman was requested to sing. The gentleman sat down at the piano, and in a token of admiration, sung one of the Irish minstrel's own choicest strains. When he had finished, the poet exclaimed, "How beautiful! I have surely heard that before." We mention the incident, not wantonly to draw the veil from the countenance of sleeping genius, but because there is no one but must be deeply affected when they thus strikingly find that—

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if the soul were fled."

A Hint to the Youth.

If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

SIN is a kind of insanity. So far as it goes, it makes man an irrational creature—it makes him a fool. The consumption of sin is, ever, and in every form, the extreme of folly. And it is that most pitiable of follies which is puffed up with arrogance and self sufficiency.

WHAT more precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a man's heart than the first love of a pure, earnest and affectionate girl with an undivided interest in eight corner lots and fourteen three-story houses.

A YOUNG LADY, who perhaps, is better acquainted with French than farming, was recently married to a farmer. In examining her new domains, she one day visited the barn, when she thus interrogated her milk-maid: "Bye-the-Bye, Mary, which of these cows is it that gives the butter-milk?"

A letter written from Naples says—"Standing on Castle Elmo, I drank in the whole sweep of the bay." What a swallow he must have!

The friends of Gen. SCOTT in Western Pennsylvania have called a mass meeting to assemble at Pittsburg on the 20th of August next—the anniversary of the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. Among the signers to the call, is the name of ROBERT PORTER, who commanded the "Irish Greens" in the Mexican war. He has been a leading member of the opposition, but goes for Scott against the world. There will be thousands like him, when "Old Chip" takes the field.