



J. D. WILLIAMS. JOHN HAFT, JR.

J. D. WILLIAMS & Co.,

Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants on Dealers in Produce and Pittsburgh Manufactures, No. 116, Wood Street, Pittsburg.

HAVE NOW IN STORE, and to arrive this week, the following goods, of the most recent importations, which are offered on the most reasonable terms:

- 115 catty boxes prime Green Tea.
 - 45 half chests do do
 - 46 " Oolong and Chulan.
 - 100 bags Rio Coffee.
 - 15 " Laguyra and Java.
 - 60 boxes 8's, 5's, and 1 lb lump tobacco.
 - 35 bbls. Nos. 1 and 3 Mackrel.
 - 20 " and 4 do No. 1 do
 - 2 " and 4 do Salmon.
 - 50 boxes scaled Herring.
 - 1800 lbs extra Madder.
 - 3 bales Cassia, 1 bale Cloves.
 - 6 bags Pepper & Allspice, 1 bbl Nutmegs.
 - 2 bbls Ground Ginger, 1 bbl lump pepper.
 - 1 bbl Ground Pimento, 10 kegs ground Mustard
 - 10 kegs ground Cassia, 10 do do Cloves.
 - 2 bbls Garret's Saffr., 45 bbs Stearin Candles.
 - 20 bbs Star Candles, 10 do Sperm do
 - 100 doz Masons Blackg 100 lbs sup. Rice Flour.
 - 100 lbs S. F. Indigo, 20 doz Ink.
 - 150 doz Corn Brooms, 125 doz Patent Zinc
 - 50 bbs extra pure Starch, Wash Boards,
 - 25 do Saleratus, 75 bbls N. O. Molasses,
 - 15 bbls S. H. Molasses, 10 do Golden Syrup,
 - 25 do Leaf Crushed, 550 lbs seedless Raisins,
 - & Powdered Sugar, 50 drums Smyrna Figs,
 - 20 jars Bordeaux Prunes, 50 lbs Sicily Prunes,
 - 5 boxes Rock Candy, 2 boxes Genoa Citrons,
 - 10 do Cocoa & Chocolate, 5 do Castile & Almond
 - 12 doz Military Soap, Soap,
 - 1 bbl sup. Carb. Soda, 1 bbl Cream Tartar,
 - 1 case Pearl Sago, 2 cases Isinglass,
 - 2 cases Sildly & Refined, 1 case Arrow Root,
 - Liquorice, 150 Bath Bricks,
 - 1 bbl Sulphur, 100 gross Matches,
 - 100 doz Extract of Lem- 5 doz Lemon Sugar,
 - on, Rose & Vanilla, 1 cask Sal Soda,
 - Glass, Nails, White Lead, Lard oil, &c.
- Refer to Merchants Thomas Read & Son,
" Fisher & M'Murtrie,
" Charles Miller,
" Honorable John Ker,
Huntingdon.
- May 15, 1851.—T.

FITS, FITS, FITS.

JOHN A. KING

Begs leave to return his sincere thanks, for the very liberal patronage he has heretofore received, and at the same time informs a generous public, that he still continues in

TAILORING BUSINESS,

at the old stand of Jacob Snyder, where he will be pleased to have his friends call and leave their measures.

GRAND COMBINATION

OF THE

Useful, Beautiful and Ornamental!!

EDMUND SNARE

BEGS LEAVE to inform the people of Huntingdon, and the rest of mankind, that he has bought, brought and opened the richest, largest and cheapest assortment of

WATCHES & JEWELRY

ever beheld in this meridian. In addition to his unprecedented stock of Watches and Jewelry he is just opening a most excellent variety of miscellaneous BOOKS, as well as School Books and STATIONARY, which he is determined shall be sold lower than ever sold in Huntingdon.

TO OWNERS OF

UNPATENTED LANDS.—All persons in possession of, or owning unpatented lands within this Commonwealth, are hereby notified that the act of assembly, passed the 10th of April, 1835, entitled "An Act to graduate lands on which money is due and unpaid to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania," and which act has been extended from time to time by supplementary laws, WILL EXPIRE ON THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, after which time no abatement can be made of any interest which may have accrued upon the original purchase money.

WILLIAM HUTCHISON,
ISAAC BEIGHAL,
BENJAMIN LEAS,
Commissioners.

August 28, 1851.

TO OWNERS OF

A Beautiful lot of the latest style of Bonnets, large and small. Also, children's Hats for sale by J. & W. Saxton.

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.

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.

SIX DOLLARS and Fifty cents for the largest

Gold Pencils, at Ed. Snare's Jewelry Store.

A Splendid assortment of Ladies Slippers for sale by

J. & W. Saxton. May 29, '51.

THE best assortment of Hardware in town, for sale by

J. & W. Saxton. May 29, '51.

THE LAY OF A LIFE.

BY RICHARD VAUX.

'Twas sunrise when the thought was born,
And bright and gay
This enfant lay,
For not a cloud bedecked the morn;
Midst birds and flowers
The early hours
Of its young life away were worn.
In perfect joy
The laughing boy,
Now robed in pleasure and content,
On fairy's wings
He roams and sings
'Restrained nor knowing where he went;
The golden sun,
Its course begun,
Had kissed the waters of a lake,
Upon whose shore
One echo more
The artless young again would wake;
Thus wiled away
His boyhood-day,
Not dreaming that a cloud could rise,
In hand-like form,
To end in storm,
All curtaining in gloom the skies.
At noon-day tide,
On either side,
The man in vain sought e'en a shadow;
So blithe and gay
Had been a day,
A jewel rare in "Old Time's" cadeau,
'Twas harmony
And euphony
Attendant came on every thought,
Nothing to mar,
A-ner or far,
The bliss meridian hours had brought.
Ere eventide,
On sunset-side,
The dark clouds spen their onward way,
Their very form
Betokening storm,
Shrouding all gladness from the day.
The latest gleam
Of light, a beam,
Lit "Iguis fatuus" on the plain,
And as it flared
The old man gazed.
Too late resolved a Heaven to gain,
'T is often so,
Through life we go,
No thought bestowed upon its end;
For brightest morn
Is changed to storm
By little clouds we ne'er forefend
Oh, wise is man
In life's short span
At sunrise looks to sunset hours;
That he perchance,
At single glance,
The cloud may see before it lowers.

From the Home Journal.

A REMINISCENCE.

Some time in the month of May, 1826, while I was concerned in publishing the "Northern Spectator," a weekly newspaper, in the village of East Poultney, Vermont, I was one month engaged, in my garden, when there came to me a stripling about fourteen years of age, and enquired if I was the man who carried on the printing office? I answered that I was. He asked me if I wanted to take a boy as an apprentice? I told him I had thought of it, and asked him if he wished to become a printer? He said he had some notion of learning the printing business. He had come some ten miles on foot that morning from an humble home in the vicinity of West-haven, to make this application. I had not, at first, paid much attention to his address—and now turning to the young stranger, I saw standing before me a light, slender form, dressed in the plain farmer's cloth of the day, and with a negligence not in accordance with the fastidious taste of Beau Nash or Brommel. His hair, of a light hue, shading upon the orange, lay thinly upon his broad forehead, and over a head rocking on shoulders apparently too slender to support the weight of a member so disproportioned to his general outline. On entering into conversation, and a partial examination of the qualifications of my new applicant, it required but little time to discover that he possessed a mind of no common order, and an acquired intelligence far beyond his years. He had but little opportunity at the common school, but he said, "he had read some"—and what he had he well understood and remembered. In addition to the ripe intelligence manifested in one so young, and whose instruction had been so limited, there was a single-mindedness, a truthfulness, and common sense in what he said, that at once commanded my regard. After conversing with him a while, I told him to go to the office and talk with the foreman. He did so, and soon returned with a line from

the foreman, saying he thought we had better try the lad.—He soon entered the office, after having bound himself an apprentice for four years.

On first entering the office, there was quite a sensation among the older apprentices and journeymen. They thought they had caught a green one, and resolved on a treat of fun. But the new-comer paid no attention to what was passing. He took his copy end composing-stick from the foreman, and stood up to the desk of ems, "intent on thought, and all the world a blank." He had not stood there many days before his office companions appeared somewhat to doubt, and the more tame ones began to sniff a little of the young lion. But they could not entirely forego the anticipated pleasure of initiating their young friend, so as his hair was of a lighter hue than they thought became the trade of ink and types, they applied the "black balls," until they thought the impression would come off intelligibly.—This was done while he stood at the desk of types; but none of these things moved him, nor did he lose a single em by the operation.

About this time the late Rev. L. J. Reynolds, a sound, well-read theologian, and practical printer, was employed to edit and conduct the paper. This opened a desirable school for the intellectual culture of our young debutant. Debates ensued—historical, political and religious questions were discussed, and often while all hands were engaged at the font of types; and here, the purposes for which our young friend "had read some," was made manifest. Such was the correctness of his memory in what he had read, in both biblical and profane history, that the Rev. Mr. R. was often put at fault by his corrections.—He always quoted the chapter and verse to prove the point in dispute. On one occasion, the Rev. Mr. R. said that money was the root of all evil, when he was corrected by the "devil," who said he believed it read in the bible that the love of money was the root of all evil.

A small town library gave him access to books, by which, together with the reading of the exchange papers of the office, he improved all his leisure hours. He became a frequent talker in our village lyceum, and often wrote dissertations.

In the first organization of our village temperance society, the question arose as to the age when the young might become members. Fearing lest his own age might bar him, he moved that they be received when they were old enough to drink.

Though modest and retiring, he was often led into political discussions with our ablest politicians, and few would leave the field without being instructed by the soundness of his views, and the unerring correctness of his statements of political events.

Having a thirst for knowledge, he bent his mind and all his energies to its acquisition with unceasing application and untiring devotion—and I doubt, if, in the whole term of his apprenticeship, he ever spent an hour in the common recreations of young men. He used to pass my door as he went to his daily meals, and though I often sat near or stood in the way, so much absorbed did he appear in his own thoughts—his head bent forward, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, that I have the charity to believe the reason why he never turned his head or gave me a look, was because he had no idea I was there!

At the end of about four years' he went to Chataque county, where I think, he sojourned about a year employed as a journeyman printer, but lost all his earnings by which he had hoped to place himself in better circumstances.

We next see him in the city of New York—a stranger in a strange city, friendless and alone, in quest of employment as a foreman printer. At this time he wrote me the first letter, giving an account of himself since he had left Poultney—stating his object in going to the city, and the many obstacles he met with in the way of obtaining the employment he desired.

Now, all the rest of the acts of HORACE GREELY, from first to last, are they not written in the late *New Yorker*, *The Log Cabin*, *The New York Tribune*, and the cotemporary literature of his country? ex-

cept we have late seen him at the assembling of nations, speaking for America at the Paxton dinner, or, as an American Lion, shaking paws with a British Lioness at a levee of England's nobility. A. B.

Extravagance in Living.

"One cannot wonder that the times occasionally get hard," said a venerable citizen, the other day, "when one sees the way in which the people live and ladies dress." We thought there was a good deal of truth in what the old gentleman said. Houses at from five hundred to a thousand dollars rent; brocades at three dollars a yard; bonnets at twenty; and shawls, cloaks, &c., &c., from fifty dollars up, are enough to embarrass any community, which indulges in such extravagance as extensively as Americans do. For it is not only the families of realized wealth, who could afford it, that spend money in this way, but those who are yet laboring to make a fortune, and who, by the chances of trade, may fail of this desirable result after all. Everybody almost wishes to live, now-a-days, as if already rich.—The wives and daughters of men, not worth two thousand a year, dress as richly nearly as those of men worth ten or twenty thousand. The young, too, begin where their parents left off. Extravagance, in a word, is piled on extravagance till

"Alps o'er Alps arise."

The folly of this is apparent. The sums thus lavished go for mere show, and neither refine the mind nor improve the health. They gratify vanity, and that is all. By the practice of a wise economy, most families might, in time, entitle themselves to such luxuries: and then, indulging in them would not be reprehensible. If there are two men, each making a clear two thousand a year and one lays by a thousand at simple interest, while the other spends his entire income, the first will have acquired a fortune, in sixteen years, sufficient to yield him an income equal to his accustomed expenses, while the other will be as poor as when he started in life. And so of larger sums!—In fine, any man, by living on half of what he annually makes, be it more or less, can, before he is forty, acquire enough, and have it invested in good securities, to live for the rest of his life in the style in which he has been living all along.—Yet how few do it! But what prevents? Extravagance, extravagance, and again extravagance.

Obstinacy.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed of an error, it is like a devil, only cast out with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drunken man, he never loses, though it do but help to sink him sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by art and nature, and will hold out till the last, though it has nothing but rubbish to defend. It is as dark as pitch and sticks as fast to anything it lays hold on. His skull is so thick, that it is proof against reason, and never cracks but on the wrong side, just opposite to that on which the impression is made, which surgeons say does happen very frequently.—The slighter and more inconsistent his opinions are, the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves; for opinions that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners before they are aware. He delights most of all to differ in things indifferent, no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in his weak judgment; and he will rather suffer self-martyrdom than part with the least scruple of his freedom, for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into any lighter color. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. His wits are like a sack, which the French proverb says is tied faster before it is full than when it is; and his opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stich fast though they have no footing. His

understanding is hardened, like Pharaoh's heart, and is proof against all sorts of judgements whatsoever.

WOMEN AND MEN.

Women may talk of their inherent rights as much as they please, but they can't overcome nature—they may preach about the equality of the sex, but they can't overcome facts and organizations.—Men and oaks are made to be twined, and women and ivy were made to twine about them. Though an equality were established between calico and cassimere tomorrow, it would not be a week before all the officers would be men, and all the soldiers women. Females are perfectly willing to go ahead, provided the men go first. Set fire to a steamboat, and not a yard of dimity will budge till corduroy sets the example. So long as the men cling to the vessel, the women will cling to the men. But if the men plunge overboard, chimezzettes plunge too. As we said before, reformers may prate as they may about equal right, but they can't alter the regulation of God. It is as impossible for women to cut themselves loose from men, as it is for steel dust to free itself from its attachment to a magnet.—[Exchange Paper.]

CUBA.

This island is six hundred and twenty-four miles in length, with an average width of about sixty miles, containing an area of thirty-seven thousand square miles, and a population of 1,500,000.—The value of its agricultural productions in 1848 was \$62,781,035. The exports during the same period were \$27,880,921, of which \$8,700,224 were to the United State. Its imports during the same period were \$26,708,843; of which \$7,280,214 were from the United States. The amount of American tonnage employed in the trade with the island, during the same period, was 501,268 tons. The total amount of taxes levied upon the American commerce with the island, in the shape of duties upon exports, exceed \$4,000,000 annually. There are three hundred and fifty-nine miles of railway in operation on the island. Of the \$27,000,000 of annual imports according to official documents—\$16,000,000 are in provisions, lumber, fabrics, materials, &c., which the one or the other of the United States could furnish more readily than any other country; but, through the taxes and restrictions imposed by the Spanish policy, not more than one-third of it comes from the fields and factories of the United States.

AN ANECDOTE OF JOHN ADAMS.—When John Adams was a young man, he was invited to dine with the Court and Bar at the house of Judge Paine, an eminent Lawyer at Worcester. When the wine was circulated round the table, Judge Paine gave as a toast, "The King." Some of the Whigs were about to refuse to drink it. But Mr. Adams whispered to them to comply, saying—"We shall have an opportunity to return the compliment." At length, when John Adams was desired to give a toast, he gave "The Devil." As the host was about to resent the supposed indignity, his wife calmed him, and turned the laugh upon Mr. Adams by immediately saying, "My dear, as the gentleman has seen fit to drink to our friend, let us by no means refuse, in our turn, to drink to his."

"The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter, and those sentiments of Friendship that flow from the heart, cannot be frozen by adversity."

"Forgiveness is the odor exhaled by flowers when trampled upon." "Sweet is the memory of an absent friend; like the last rays of the declining sun, it falls sweet yet sadly upon the soul."

"Every man has three characters, one which his enemies give him; one given him by his friends; and one which he really merits."

SYDNEY SMITH said there were three things which every man fancied he could do—farm a small property, drive a gig, and edit a newspaper.

Rules to be observed in an Editor's Sanctum.

1. Come in at all times; what business has he to be private?
2. Take his papers with perfect freedom—what use can he have for them?
3. If you bring in a long communication, just 'to fill up his paper,' insist on reading and discussing it. Why shouldn't he be glad to spend an hour in listening?
4. If you see his exchanges piled upon his table, seize and scatter them. What business has he to be particular?
5. If you find his chair vacant at any time, sit in it. Why should he wish to keep his stationary and scissoring from visitors?
6. If you can't get that chair, though there are a dozen others in the sanctum, be sure to sit on a table, and put your feet on another. If you can't practice such freedom in an editor's room, where can you do it?
7. If you see the editor particularly engaged in writing a 'leader,' talk to him as industriously as you can. Will he not be gratified to hear you? Of course he will.—Benjamin Franklin.

MISS SMIX ON EDUCATION.—We give the nip of a very amusing sketch which we find going the rounds without credit.—Miss Smix, a remarkable cephalic "school marm," is giving an account of her endeavors to teach a "young idea"—a remarkable hard case—how to spell:—

"At last," and here the sweet face of Miss Smix brightened, and the glimmer of some intended smile played over it, "I got him clean through the alphabet, and he could point out any letter by name.—In two weeks he got through with his bab-bles, &c., and one bright Monday morning I put him into la-la, dy-dy—lady. I had to tell him fifty times the nature of syllables, but his brain was opaque as a rock.

"Do you love pies?" said I, in order to interest him.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, then, 'apple and pie' put together, spell 'apple pie,' don't they?"

"Yes ma'am."

"By a like rule, 'la' and 'dy' spell la-dy—you understand?"

"Yes ma'am."

"'Mince and 'pie' spell what?"

"'Mince-pie."

"Right! 'Pumpkin' and 'pie' what?"

"'Pumpkin-pie."

"Then what does la-la dy dy, spell?"

"'Custard-pie,'" said he, with a yell of delight at his success.

A down east poet, thus exuberates on the anticipated joys of wedlock. Hold him.

I wish I had a little wife,
A little stove and fire;
I'd hug her like a lump of gold,
And let no one come nigh her;
I'd spend my days in happiness,
P'd vegetate in clover,
And when I died, I'd shut my eyes,
Lay down and roll right over.

THERE is nothing purer than honesty—nothing sweeter than charity—nothing warmer than love—nothing richer than wisdom—nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the warmest, the richest the brightest and the most steadfast happiness.

If your sister, while tenderly engaged in a conversation with her sweetheart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, you can start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed, that's certain—we've seen it tried.

The following has been used down east as a very pleasant substitute for a printer's dun, and is to be set to the music of the jingling of the dollars:

"We'll gaily chase dull care away,
And banish every sorrow—
Subscribers, pay your debts to-day;
And we'll pay ours to-morrow."

Flour is an article well enough in its sphere but we deprecate the rubbing of it upon ladies' faces.

A coquette is a rose bush from which each young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband.