

J. D. WILLIAMS. JOHN HAFT, JR. J. D. WILLIAMS & Co., Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants...

Have NOW IN STORE, and to arrive this week, the following goods, of the most recent importations... 115 catty boxes Green Tea...

FARM FOR SALE.

By virtue of authority conferred by a special act of Assembly, I will expose to public sale on Thursday, 6th November, 1851, upon the premises, in West township, Huntingdon county...

HALL OF FASHION AHEAD WITH NEW CLOTHING! B. & W. SNARE inform the public that they have just returned from the eastern cities with a large and splendid assortment of FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING...

WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND JEWELRY. The subscriber has, by extreme exertion, and with the assistance of a few friends, at last succeeded in opening an assortment of CLOCKS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY...

FRESH ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS AT THE ENLARGED STORE OF JAMES MAGUIRE, Market Square, Huntingdon, Pa.

TO PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS. THE undersigned begs leave to call the attention of Printers and Publishers, to the fact that he continues to manufacture all kinds of BOOK, NEWSPAPER, JOB and FANCY TYPE...

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...

BRANT'S INDIAN PULMONARY BALSAM, The Great COUGH REMEDY. Many years of experience, and more than a Hundred Thousand Cures of Consumptive Complaints...

Consumption. COUGHS and Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pleurisy of the Heart, and all FEMALE WEAKNESSES...

CONSUMPTION. For sale by T. K. SIMONSON, Huntingdon; J. N. Swoope, Alexandria; J. Lutz, Shirelyburg; J. & J. Kelly, Burnt Cabin; James Kelly, Santa Fe...

CONSUMPTION. 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.

Be kind to the Loved Ones at Home. Be kind to thy Father—for when thou wert young, Who loved thee more fondly than he? He caught the first accents that fell from the tongue...

Be kind to thy Mother—for lo! on her brow May traces of sorrow be seen; Oh, well mayst thou comfort and cherish her now. For gentle and kind has she been. Remember thy mother, for thee she will pray...

Be kind to thy Sister, not many may know The depths of true sisterly love; The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below The surface that sparkles above. Be kind to thy father, once fearless and bold— Be kind to thy mother, so near— Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold— Be kind to thy sister, so dear.

AN ELECTIONEERING GEM. One of the greatest electioneers of the age is Mr. Daniel R. Russell, a candidate for auditor in Mississippi. His mode of electioneering is to deal with the "sovereigns" with the most blunt frankness...

Ladies and Gentlemen: I rise—but there's no use of telling you that; you know I am up as well I do. I am a modest man—very—but I have never lost a piyanee by it in my life.

Rufus Choate. Jack Humphries the piquant Boston correspondent of the Albany Dutchman, gives the following off-hand description of Rufus Choate: "Rufus Choate—famous for throwing somersets flip flaps; making mouths and ugly smugs at Judges and Juries—is jawing away in that same old Rev. Mr. Fairchild case...

Natural Religion. We have been not a little amused with the following definition of the religion of nature, furnished by the Yankee Blade. It comes remarkably near the truth. 1. Look out for number one.

NOTICE. All persons interested are hereby notified, that Thomas E. Orison, Thomas W. Neely and Robert Madden, Assignees of Blair & Madden, for the benefit of Creditors, under a voluntary assignment, have filed in the Prothonotary's Office, a final account of their trust...

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enough to satisfy me for life. I went out to Mexico, eat pork and beans, slept in the rain and mud, and swallowed every thing except live Mexicans. If ordered to "go," I went; "charge," I charged; "break for the chaparral," you had better believe I beat a quarter nag in doing my duty.

My competitor, Swan, is a bird of golden plumage, who has been swimming for the last four years in the Auditor's pond, at \$5,000 a year. I am for rotation. I want to rotate him out, and to rotate myself in. There's plenty of room for him to swim outside of that pond; therefore pop in your votes for me; I'll pop him out, and pop myself in.

I am for a division of labor. Swan says he has to work all the time, with his nose down to the public grindstone. Four years must have ground it to a pint. Poor fellow; the public ought not to insist on having the handle of his mug ground clean off. I have a large full grown, and well blown nose, red as a beet, and tough as sole leather. I rush to the post of duty. I offer it up as a sacrifice. I clap it on the grindstone. Fellow citizens, grind away—grind till I holler enough, and that will be some time first, for I'd hang like grim death to a dead African.

Time's most out. Well, I like to forget to tell you my name. It's Daniel—for short Dan. Not a handsome name, for my parents were poor people who lived where the quality appropriated all the nice names; therefore they had to take what was left and divide around among us; but it's as handsome as I am—H. Russell. Remember every one of you, that it's not Swan.

I am sure to be elected, so one and all, great and small, short and tall, when you come down to Jackson, after the election, stop at the Auditor's office; the latch string always hangs out; enter without knocking; take off your things and make yourself at home. [Dan crumpled out of the stand bobbing his head like a tip-up, amid the cheers for "Dan." "A D—in Russell," and Young "Davy Crockett."]

Rufus Choate. Jack Humphries the piquant Boston correspondent of the Albany Dutchman, gives the following off-hand description of Rufus Choate: "Rufus Choate—famous for throwing somersets flip flaps; making mouths and ugly smugs at Judges and Juries—is jawing away in that same old Rev. Mr. Fairchild case. You probably never saw Rufus; but you've heard of him? Well he's great on saving hard cases from getting their dues. He saved Tirrel, the murderer of Ellen Bickford, from hemp stretching; and that fact has made him in great demand, where things are doubtful, ever since. He has saved many a scoundrel from well merited punishment, and, perhaps, has obtained, for some, justice. Rufus Choate is a picture to look at, and chowder to spout. He is about seven feet six; or six feet seven, in his socks; supple as an eel, and wiry as a cork screw. His face is a compound of wrinkles, 'yaller janders,' and jurisprudence. He has small, keen piercing black eyes, and a head shaped like a mammoth goose-egg, big end up; his hair black and curly, much resembling a bag of wool in admirable disorder; or a brush heap in a gale of wind. His body has no particular shape; and his wit and legal 'dodges' have set many a judge in a snicker, and so confounded jurors, as to make it almost impossible for them to speak English, or tell the truth; for the rest of their natural lives. Rufus is great on twisting and coiling himself up, squirming around, and prancing, jumping and kicking up the dust, when steam's up. His oratory is first rate, and his arguments ingenious and forcible. He generally makes a ten strike—judge and jury down, at the end of every sentence. He is great on flowery expressions, and high falootin' 'flub-dubs.' Strangers mostly think he's crazy, and the rest scarcely understand what it's all about. He invokes his time and elocution, 4,000 per cent, over ordinary charges for having one's self but through a course of law. Rufus Choate is about fifty years of age; perhaps over. He is considered the ablest lawyer in New England, or perhaps—the United States. His hand writing can't be described without the aid of a pair of compasses and a quadrant. His autograph somewhat resembles the map of Ohio, and looks like a piece of crayon sketching, done in the dark, with a three pronged fork. He has been in the Senate, and may be, if he had time to fish for it, President of the United States. If the Rev. Mr. Fairchild don't lick his adversaries (libel case) with Rufus Choate to talk to the jury his case isn't worth the powder to blow it up."

A WAR ANECDOTE.—During the renowned "Dorr war," in Rhode Island, a bill was brought in to "organize the army." This aroused from sleep an old man in one corner who represented a town in the west

of the State. "Mr. speaker," said he, "I tell you I am decidedly opposed to 'organizing' the army as you call it. Our forefathers fit through the Revolution with 'bothin' but a drum and fife, and come off fast best too! I go agin organs. They'll be dreadful unhandy things in battle, now I tell you!" This was irresistible, and "Aunt Rhody's army," we are informed, remains 'unorganized' to this day.

Facts for the Curious.—Female Beauty. The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their eye-brows black, and their lips blue. In Persia, they paint a black streak around the eyes, and ornament their faces with various figures.—The Japanese women gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. The row of teeth must be dyed black to be beautiful in Guzarat. The Hottentot women paint the entire body in compartments of red and black. In Greenland, the woman color their faces with blue and yellow, and they frequently tattoo their bodies by saturating threads in soot, inserting them beneath the skin, and then drawing them through.—Hindoo females when they wish to appear particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron, turmeric and grease. In nearly all the islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans, the women, as well as the men, tattoo a great variety of figures on the face, the lips, tongue, and the whole body. In New Holland they cut themselves with shells, and by keeping open the wounds a long time, form deep scars in the flesh, which they deem highly ornamental. And another singular addition is made to their beauty by taking off, in infancy, the little finger of the left hand, at the second joint. In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; but the Sumatran mother carefully flattened the nose of her daughter. Among some of the savage tribes of Oregon, and also in Sumatra and Arracan, continued pressure is applied to the skull in order to flatten it, and thus give it a new beauty. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. In China, small round eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eye-brows that they may be thin and long. But the great beauty of a Chinese lady is in her feet, which in childhood, are so compressed by bandages as effectually to prevent any further increase in size. The four small toes are turned under the foot, to the sole of which they firmly adhere; and the poor girl not only endures much pain, but becomes a cripple for life. Another mark of beauty consists in finger nails so long that castings of bamboo are necessary to preserve them from injury. An African beauty must have small eyes, and thick lips, a large, flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. In New Guinea, the nose is perforated, and a large piece of wood or bone inserted. On the north-west coast of America, an incision more than two inches in length is made in the lower lip, and then filled with a wooden plug.—In Guinea, the lips are pierced with thorns, the heads being inside the mouth and the point resting on the chin. The Tunisian woman, of moderate pretensions to beauty, needs a slave under each arm to support her when she walks; and a perfect belle carries flesh enough to load down a camel.

Natural Religion. We have been not a little amused with the following definition of the religion of nature, furnished by the Yankee Blade. It comes remarkably near the truth. 1. Look out for number one. 2. Use others all you can, and let them use you as little as possible. 3. Get money; honestly if you can—but get money. 4. Hold on to what you have got, and get as much more as you can. 5. Every one for himself, and the d—l take the hindmost.

Here we have the whole thing in a nutshell. There is no need of inking whole reams of paper with explanations of the subject, for here you have the exact doctrine in which the world believes, and which are practised upon by a vast majority of people in every nation on the globe.

We wonder if there is anything that a Frenchman is "afraid to eat." We picked up a Paris paper the other day, and found the following delicacies advertised by one of their restaurants, viz: "Hippopotamus soup, stewed camel-leopard, elephant steaks, and alligator tails." The elephant steaks were served with ourang outang sauce—while the alligator tails were accompanied with a side dish of roast baboon. Vot a peebles!"

There is a sportsman in Michigan so lazy that he put out one of his eyes the other day, to save the trouble of winking when he takes aim.