



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, which are offered on the most reasonable terms: 115 catty boxes prime Green Tea...

FITS, FITS, FITS! JOHN A. KING

REGS LEAVE to return his sincere thanks, for the very liberal patronage he has heretofore received...

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 Jewellery 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 grant 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.

It will therefore be highly important to those interested to secure their patents and the benefits of the said act and its supplements during the time the same will continue in force.

WILLIAM HUTCHISON, ISAAC PEIGHTAL, BENJAMIN LEAS, Commissioners.

August 28, 1851.

A Beautiful lot of the latest style of Bonnets, large and small. Also, children's Hats for sale by J. & W. Saxton. May 29, '51.

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 subject of the following beautiful lines was a small boy, whose little sister Mary had died, and who, it is said, advanced to his mother the ideas set forth in the song. It has been sung by the Eddy family, and merited great applause.

THE CHILD'S WISH.

AS SUNG BY MISS EDDY.

Oh! I long to be, dear mother, On the cool and fragrant grass, With the calm blue sky above my head, And the shadowy clouds that pass...

THE OLD GREEN LANE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Twas the very merry summer time That garlands, hills and dells, And the south wind rung a fairy chime Upon the foxglove bells...

THE BRIDAL: OR, THE CLIFF OF DEATH.

BY WM. R. HAYDEN.

In the northern part of Germany stands an old pile of buildings known as the Marl's castle, of which the following story is related: Many years ago it was inhabited by the noble Count Westel, who had betrothed his daughter, much against her will, to Sir, Hubert Kandorf...

not seek possession of that which belongs to another; but know, girl, that I would sooner die than become the wife of Sir Hubert.'

This was said by a beautiful girl who was robed in satin, with flowers in her hair, and costly brilliants decked her snowy neck. It was the eve of her bridal, but as the last words fell from her lips, her dark flashing eyes told that there was a fire kindled in her soul that nothing but love could quench.

'You forget that your father has resolved that you must this night marry Sir Hubert, and even now the castle is crowded with guests, and hark!—the notes of the bugle announce the approach of the bridegroom to claim his bride.'

'Let him come; but when he carries me forth he shall only convey dust to dust, for come what will, I have solemnly sworn in life or in death, to be Walter's only; and this little poignard shall still the beating heart and set the imprisoned spirit free ere I break the vow which has been registered in the bright abodes above.'

'Nay, my dear mistress, talk not thus wildly, your father's heart would break at the loss of you, the only surviving heir to his princely name and estate. Sir Hubert is rich, and belongs to a long line of nobles, while Walter is but a poor hunter.'

'Tis false! Walter is not poor; his heart is rich in all the noble qualities that take to make up a man, and I would a thousand times rather pass my life with him on his mountains where he is lord and king than amid all this mockery and pomp by which we are surrounded. But time speeds, and we must devise some means of escape.'

'It is impossible, sweet lady; every entrance and outlet is guarded by the servants, and we could not pass out without being discovered. But mercy on us, how the heavy thunder rolls over our heads, and the quick flashes of lightning are almost blinding.'

'Look Gertrude—do you not see something in yonder grove?'

'Nay—it is dreadful dark,' replied Gertrude.

'Wait until the next flash of lightning and then see if you cannot discern a horse and rider in the northern grove?'

'Ah yes,—I see him: he advances waving his hand for you to come to him.'

'Yes it is he—it is Walter! he comes to rescue me, but how can I fly to him?'

'There is no way.'

'Then I will leap from the window.'

'It would be instant death.'

'Then indeed I shall be free, which would be better than thus remaining a prisoner and becoming the wife of the cold hearted wretch who even now awaits the unwilling sacrifice.'

'I implore you, my kind lady, do not throw yourself from the window—aid may yet reach us: but look—he has stolen softly beneath the window and is attempting to throw up a silken ladder.'

'Thank Heaven, I shall yet escape; fasten the doors, for even now I hear approaching footsteps—they come for me.—Lower something down so we may draw it up.'

In a few moments they had fastened the ladder safely, and Marion descended from the perilous height, and was clasped in the arms of her faithful Walter:

'Come love, lose not a moment—let us fly or we shall be pursued and overtaken. My Mountain Bird is at hand and will bear us away with the speed of the wind to a safe retreat, where the foot of no man save myself has ever trod, and where they will be unable to reach us: say, will you go with me?'

'Yes, Walter—wherever thou wilt, I will go.'

'Ah, bless thee, Marion, but we have no time for sweet words, let us haste to mount and be gone.'

looking from her window, who observed them and the cry of 'to horse, resounded through the castle, and in a few moments thirty horsemen were in their saddles and following in hot pursuit: Sir Hubert and her father, the Count, leading them on in the direction the lovers had taken.

'Ten thousand thalers to him who shall overtake them and bring my daughter safe, and five thousand more for the head of the villain Walter Marl.'

On flew the pursued and the pursuers, until they approached a mighty cliff, near the dark waters which lashed madly against the rocks. There was but one path to the water, and that was down the back of the cliff which rose frowningly, and then descended in a gentle slope to the river. But there was a frightful gulf between the cliff and the main land, which must be leaped ere the cliff was reached.

Walter's well trained animal had frequently made the desperate leap, and with one powerful bound he cleared the awful chasm, but on the brink he staggered—trembled:—for a moment it was uncertain whether he would not sink back into the yawning abyss behind. But the horse regaining his balance sprang back and was safe.

The pursuers observing that the horse had cleared it in safety, with two on his back, had no fear for their own steeds, and rushed on with eager haste, each one hoping to gain the promised reward. Putting spurs to their horses, they attempted to leap the gulf, but out of the thirty, four only succeeded, the rest sunk in the dark chasm to rise no more.

By this time Walter had reached the water, and placing Marion in a boat, and fastening a strong cord to it he led his noble animal into the water. Mounting him and holding on to the cord, he was soon on the opposite shore. The four remaining pursuers attempted to ford the river, but their horses being untrained, and not taking a correct course, they were carried into a whirlpool and lost, with the exception of Sir Hubert, whose powerful steed bore him in safety to the shore.

The clouds had now cleared away, and the moon was shining brightly, revealing the lovers and Sir Hubert in pursuit.

'Dear Marion,' said Walter, 'they have all found open graves, save one; who seems to have been more successful than the rest, and in his foul heartedness pursues us with relentless fury. It shall never be said that Walter Marl fled from a single foe; therefore, let us await the approach of him who thus madly seeks his own destruction.'

'Stay fleeing mercant, for tho' you have escaped the thunderbolt of Heaven—the rugged cliffs, deep chasms, and the dark flood, yet you shall not escape from my good sword and revenge, for know certain, that I am your rival, Sir Hubert Kandorf, and in an hour hence, you shall lay in the waters from which you have just escaped, and the lady Marion, shall be my reward.'

'Stay thy boasting, and meet the doom that thou has pronounced on others,' and their bright swords met in the terrible conflict. Walter pressed hard upon him, until he had retreated to the brink of the water, and then with a sudden movement, he thrust his sword into the body of Sir Hubert, up to the hilt, and drawing it forth, he pushed the body into the stream where it sunk coloring the water with gore. Then turning to the affrighted Marion, Walter pressed her to his heart and said—

'Now, my own sweet love, you are mine, and none can claim the hand which I so hardly won; but so rich a prize were worth a thousand battles. To-night then, come with me to my mountain home and with the morrow's sun, we will return to your father's castle and claim your rights.'

The approving look of her own sweet eyes was all the response he required, and pressing his lips to those of the beautiful girl, he sought his secret abode, and the next morning returned to the castle where he wedded the lady Marion; and lived many years in happiness.

Since that time, a bridge has been constructed across the river, and the travel-

ler has still pointed out to him the Cliff of Death, or the Lover's Rock.

MRS. BLOOMER.

The subjoined sketch is given of the originator of the new costume by one who knows her well, and will be read with interest by some of her admirers and followers:

There are perhaps, but few women in the country, that—as writers—possess the originality and sparkling brilliancy of Mrs. Amelia Bloomer.—Though moving in, and belonging to the highest ranks of society, she may often be seen in the character of a "ministering angel," visiting the poor and afflicted, and extending a sisterly hand to the sick and unfortunate. Mrs. Bloomer is now about twenty eight years of age. She was born in Cortland county, N. Y., and for the last eleven years, (since her marriage,) has resided at Seneca Falls, a pleasant and romantic little village, containing a population of some five thousand inhabitants, and situated on the banks of Seneca river, eleven miles from the foot of Seneca Lake, and three miles west from the Cayuga bridge. Mr. Bloomer is a lawyer of much eminence, and, under the present administration, holds the office of Post master, his only assistant being, that of his talented wife, thereby proving her doctrine, that woman has only to be properly educated to prove herself fully competent to transact many kinds of business now wholly given up to men.

Some few persons at a distance have supposed because Mrs. Bloomer came out in print as a fearless advocate of short dresses and trousers, that her manners were coarse, bold, and masculine, and that her appearance in the street must, as a matter of course, be far from that of a refined and modest lady. Nothing, however, can be farther from the truth than such a supposition. We have met her in various parts of the Empire State, and whether she appeared in the street of her own village, or among entire strangers, she always has that same unassuming, modest deportment, and child-like simplicity, so universally admired and praised in the female sex, but so seldom seen, and hears nothing but what should be heard. If there should, by chance, be congregated upon the sidewalk, a company of foulmouthed reproaches, whose only recommendation to the friends of humanity is, that there mothers were females, and who should take it upon themselves, as the "lords of creation," to dictate what a woman should not wear, and should express their views in the hearing of Mrs. Bloomer, she neither drops her head in shame and mortification, pouts out her lips, and flirts past them in a passion, nor turns upon her heel to give them a cold look of disdain and contempt, but is both blind and deaf to everything that passes; and her countenance continues to express that same purity and happiness within, that would be expected from a child of fifteen, engaged in cultivating a bed of flowers, and her thoughts occupied only with the goodness and wisdom of an all wise God.—There is something strange in all this, for there are but few persons, male or female, who can wholly control their emotions, when they are made the object of ridicule.

How to get sleep: How to get sleep is to many persons a matter of high importance. Nervous persons, who are troubled with wakefulness excitability, usually have a strong tendency of blood on the brain with cold extremities. The pressure of the blood on the brain keeps in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let such rise and chafe the body and extremities with a brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands to promote circulation and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brains, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath, or a sponge bath and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up or down stairs a few times, just before retiring, will aid in equalizing circulation, and promoting sleep. These rules are simple and easy of application in castle or cabin, and may minister to the comfort of thousands who would freely expend money for an anodyne to promote Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

A Clergyman who was consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking, that he was "one of the few—such a jewel of a Christian. You cannot find his equal you well know." To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart, "I'll bet I will."

"I say boy, stop that ox." "I haven't got no stopper, sir." "Well head him, then." "He's already headed, sir." "Confound your impertinence—turn him." "He's right side out already, sir." "Speak to him you rascal you." "Good morning, Mr. Ox."

There is a man in Indiana so thin that when the sheriff is after him he crawls into his rifle and watches his adversary through the touchhole.

There is a man who says he has been at evening parties, out West, where the boys and girls hug so hard that their sides cave in. He has had many of his own ribs broken in that way.

A lazy fellow, named "Jay Hole," has adopted a way of spelling his name which throws "Fonotopy" clear into the shade. He makes a big "J" and then "jobs" his pen through the paper for the "Hole."

The Little Shroud

The house was as silent as the tomb, save when a sigh escaped the bosom of weeping mother, as she sat beside the pale corpse of her last child. A little boy who was the idol of her heart. He was prepared for the tomb. A chaplet was round his little head, of which the colors contrasted beautifully with that marble brow. His eyes were softly closed, and dimples seemed sweetly playing about his mouth. He appeared as if resting in a gentle slumber. Lovely sight! It was too fair for earth! I wonder not that his Maker should take him to himself.

The mother laid him in his little grave. Oh! how hard it was for her to place her infant in the cold damp grave, then turn and leave him there alone, and at that sweet season, too, when earth was putting forth its leaves and flowers, and "Everything has fair."

My children had the heartless destroyer torn from her; and now he had made her

last, to feel his icy touch. Her sorrow was excessive Day and night she wept over him, and with her scalding tears the marble slab that told where he lay.

'Twas midnight! The fair form of the stricken mother was bent over the mound of her son!

"Her constant tears Were falling with the dew; She heard a voice, and lo! her child Stood by her weeping too."

A slight tremor seized her frame, for she feared to be beside the spirit or her departed boy at such an hour. His little shroud was damp, and his face was of shining whiteness.

'Mother,' said he, 'your darling cannot sleep: his shroud is wet with your tears. O, weep no more that I may lay me down to rest!' Her love for her child was strong, and for his sake her grief restrained its tears.

Again, 'twas eve! She had retired to rest, for she was weary and worn with sorrow. She was calmly sleeping. Suddenly a light fell upon her face, and she awoke. Her eyes rested upon her little son,—for he was there by her side, dressed in his little shroud, with a taper in his hand.

Oh! how sweetly he smiled and said, 'Mother, see! my shroud is dry, and I can sleep now. Your darling rests quietly now in his dark home.' He turned away, but he wore that same angelic smile when they parted. He went and laid himself down again in the silent grave to sleep on.

As you pass that mound, you will see that violets have chosen a home above the infant. His grave is an emblem of humility.

That mother sorrows now; but she trusts in her Redeemer, and seeks his aid in these her heavy trials; and she prays that she may meet in the angel's home, her infant in his little shroud.—Waverly Magazine.

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