



J. D. WILLIAMS. JOHN HAFT, JR.

J. D. WILLIAMS & Co.,
Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants
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.
 - 45 " Oolong and Chin.
 - 100 bags Rio Coffee.
 - 15 " Laguyra and Java.
 - 60 boxes 8's, 5's, 3's and 1 lb lump tobacco.
 - 35 bbls. Nos. 1 and 3 Mackerel.
 - 20 " and 2 do No. 1
 - 3 " and 2 do Salmon.
 - 50 boxes scaled Herring.
 - 1200 lbs extra Madder.
 - 3 bales Cassia, 1 bale Cloves.
 - 6 bags Pepper & Allspice, 1 bbl Nutmegs,
 - 2 bbls Ground Ginger, 1 bbl ground pepper,
 - 1 bbl Ground Pimento, 10 kegs ground Mustard
 - 100 kegs ground Cassia, 10 do do Cloves,
 - 2 bbls Garret's Snuff, 45 lbs Stearin Candles,
 - 20 lbs Star Candles, 10 do Sperm do
 - 100 doz Masons Black's, 100 lbs sup. Rice Flour,
 - 100 lbs S. F. Indigo, 20 doz Indigo,
 - 150 doz Corn Brooms, 125 doz Patent Zinc
 - 50 lbs extra pure Starch, " Wash Boards,
 - 25 do Saleratus, 75 bbls N. O. Molasses,
 - 15 bbls S. H. Molasses, 10 do Golden Syrup,
 - 25 do Loaf, Crushed, 550 lbs seedless Raisins,
 - & Powdered Sugar, 50 drams Smyrna Figs,
 - 20 jars Bordeaux Prunes, 50 lbs Sicily Prunes,
 - 5 boxes Rock Candy, 2 boxes Cocoa 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 Sicily & Refined 1 case Arrow Root,
 - Liquorice, 150 Bath Brick,
 - 1 bbl Flour Sulphur, 100 gross Matches.
 - 100 doz Extract of Lem. 5 doz Lemon Sygar,
 - 1 case S. Venilla, 1 case 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, 1851-1y.

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 the

TAILORING BUSINESS.

at the old stand of Jacob Snyder, where he will be pleased to have his friends call and leave their measures. Every garment is warranted to fit neatly, and shall be well made.

JOHN A. KING.

Hunt., July, 1851.

GRAND COMBINATION

OF THE
Useful, Beautiful and Ornamental!!

EDMUND SNARE

BEGS LEAVE to inform the people of Huntingdon, and the rest of the Kingdom, that he has 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 STATIONERY, which he is determined shall be sold lower than ever sold in Huntingdon.

Call in and see if this statement is not correct. Store formerly occupied by Neff & Miller.

Old Gold and Silver wanted.
April 24, 1851.

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.

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.

For the "Journal." INVOCATION TO HOPE.

BY EMILY.

Thou lonely star!
Bright spirit of the solitary night,
What dark o'ershadowy clouds
Obscure thy cheering light!
Or hast thou fled,
And left me joyless, when the wintry blast
Whistles in moody fits among the caves,
When storms are gathering fast?
Why do thy beams
Fade with the sun light, or in summer time,
Why do the roses all so withered lie,
In beauty at thy shrines?
To thee I kneel,
When, in the shadows of the twilight dim,
The spirits of the past in solemn strain
Chant a low funeral hymn—
A mournful dirge
Of other times, e'er thy faint beams had fled;
'Tis borne upon the winds, and through the
mist
That shrouds the dead.
Bright spirit come!
I fain would linger 'neath thy mild control;
And though thy beacon light but dimly burn,
'Tis sunshine to the soul.
Star of my youth!
Dark is the sea o'er which my bark is driven;
Oh, send one beam of thine to light its waves
With dreams of heaven.
Huntingdon, Nov. 1851.

"I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND."

BY AN UNFORTUNATE BACHELOR.

It's really very shocking, but
I'm now just forty-five,
And here I am, not married yet,
A fact, as I'm alive!
And though there's lots of girls about,
And some to suit, I feel,
I don't know how it is, I'm sure,—
I can't make up my mind.
Miss Jones—she's too particular;
I've plainly see,
And if I stay'd out late at night,
She'd take away the key.
Miss Brown is rather more the thing,—
She's tender, soft and kind,
But still there's something, and—in short,
I can't make up my mind.
Miss Tompkins pr'aps I might think of,
But there I have some doubt,
They say if thwarted she will sit
All day at home, and pout.
Miss Smith will be a better spec,
Her purse, I've heard's well lined,
But then—she squints. Oh, dear! I can't—
I can't make up my mind.
Miss Julia has a wicked eye,
Would any heart inflame,
But when we took a walk one day,
I found out she was lame.
There's Sally, who, invited me,
With her I went and dined,
But, gracious me!—to see her eat,—
I can't make up my mind.
Now, full of smiles, there's Fanny,
Who would, I think, give hope,
Only I've an awful fear,
She never uses soap.
Once I thought of Dinah, but
'Tis said she never shined,
And to have a stupid wife,
I can't make up my mind.
What shall I do?—or how decide?
Now, 'twould is this doubt!
I know they're thinking all the while,
What is the man about?
I'll go at once,—the question pop,—
To little faults be blind,
I'm off,—yet stay,—I can't—I can't,—
I CAN'T make up my mind.

YANKEE SKILL ON LAND AND SEA.

The following amusing account of our experience, up to this time, in the contest of superiority at the World's Exhibition, is from the Boston "Evening Transcript." It reminds us of a wise remark, once made by Sam Slick, to this effect: "Never tell folks you can go ahead on 'em, but do it."

There is an old French proverb, that those laugh best who laugh last. The truth of it is likely to be demonstrated in the intercourse of the last six months, between "John Bull" and his repudiating offspring, "Brother Jonathan." Because the latter did not fill up the space allotted to him in the Crystal Palace with all sorts of showy contrivances and ornaments—with silk and satins and splendid cloths—with costly articles of furniture, and articles ministering solely to the luxurious tastes of the opulent—our plain Brother Jonathan in his suit of homespun, was laughed at, pointed at, and jeered at, till he himself began to distrust his own merits, and to think of getting back to his own

folks, there to own up to being beaten, hide his diminished head and lay low.

But while Brother Jonathan was sitting disconsolate in the midst of his "traps," in the Glass Palace, and wishing that he had nothing to do with his father Bull's invention to all the nations of the world, to compete with one another in their "fixins" and "notions," Jonathan happened to take a newspaper, and learned that one of his Collins steamers had made a passage beating the best of Bull's line out and out.— Jonathan slapped his leg, and stroked it up and down, and his face brightened as he read. He resolved to stay a while longer, just to see what might turn up. His eye fell on some of the machines in his agricultural department. "What's the good," he grumbled to himself, "of these thunder-in-old things, if people don't know how they'll work? Now here's McCormick's reaping machine. May I be—no, I won't swear—but I can take my affidavit, that I have seen this machine do the work of ten men, in a given time. If the old man could see it going over his fields of rye, I rather think he'd stare some. He shall see it! I'll stump him to see it!"

Mr. McCormick's machine was accordingly trundled out and put in operation upon one of Mr. Mechi's rye fields: at a great agricultural gathering, and admitted to be a "dead hit."—The natives were astonished. McCormick's patent became at once worth a fortune to him, and one of the first-class prizes of the Exhibition was set down for him by the judges.

Brother Jonathan put on a new dickey, brushed his hat, and walked through Regent's Park with his head considerably higher than he had worn it the week before. Dropping into one of the club-houses, with that elegant negligent air for which he is noted, he took up a French paper, and read an article, from the pen of one of the most distinguished of contemporary critics, in which it was elegantly maintained that the first work in the highest department of art in the Exhibition, was the Greek Slave, by Hiram Powers.— "One of my boys," exclaimed Jonathan, throwing down the paper, and starting up in a manner to shock the sensibilities of a cozy old gentleman and two life-guardsmen who sat near.

While Brother Jonathan was thus recovering from the depression of spirits under which he had been laboring at the commencement of the Exhibition, he woke up one morning to learn that another of his "boys" had, unknown to himself, come over the big pond and challenged John Bull and all creation besides, to a sailing match, planking his \$50,000 like a man, and begging somebody to win it.

Jonathan felt a little nervous at this.— If there was any thing that Bull prided himself on, it was the superior sailing quality of his yachts. Other folks might produce better painters and sculptors, but better ship-builders—never. "It will be pricking the old man between the joints of his armor," said Jonathan, "to out sail his yachts! I'm half afraid we can't come it. It's a wild scheme, a cool scheme, and it's a pity to throw away a good fifty thousand dollars. However, the boy is in for it, and he must face it out like a man. He mustn't show the white feather now. I could give him a thrashing for not letting me into his secret, but seeing as we are here together, I'll do the handsome thing, clap him on the back, and help him out in funds if he has bragged too deep."

It was a great day in Cowes. John Bull and all his family were present in their best. Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and the children, lords and ladies, dukes and marquises, admirals, captains, authors and editors, everybody, in short, who was anybody—were out to witness the defeat of the audacious Yankee, and to rejoice in another triumph of British skill.

In spite of a certain swagger of unconcern, and an affectation of confidence which Jonathan chose to assume, you could see, from an occasional rapid cutting of the eye, that he was wide awake to what was going on, and felt some little trepidation as to the result. But when that result was announced—when it was proclaimed that the America had beaten all the "crack"

yachts and schooners in the kingdom—Jonathan was all meekness, suavity, and self-control. No one would have imagined that anything surprising had occurred.— You would have sworn that he had known it all beforehand. And yet the old fellow was all the while chucking and crowing inside of him like all possessed. To see the way in which he took old Bull by the hand, after the trial, would have done you heart good. Not a bit of exultation did he feel on the occasion—oh! not a bit!

PRECOCOUS REPUBLICANISM.

BY L. A. WILMER.

"Get out of the way, you young rascals!" This address was made by a gentleman with a very imperious air and something naval officer-like in his costume and manners, who was seated in a handsome open carriage, with a fashionably dressed lady by his side. The "young rascals" whom he thus honored with his notice, were two boys, ten or twelve years old, dealers in shingle shavings, an article very much used in this city for kindling coal fires. The lads were wheeling six or eight bundles of their commodity, in a hand-cart, and they happened to meet the gentleman in his carriage in a part of the street which was obstructed by a large pile of firewood, which made it impossible for the two vehicles to pass each other, unless one of the drivers should have the complaisance to draw back. "Get out of the way, you young rascals," said the gentleman in the carriage. The young shingle-shaving merchants looked at the speaker with undisguised astonishment, and he was obliged to repeat the order before they seemed to realize the fact that the were the party spoken to. At last one of the young gentlemen made answer, "Get out of the way yourself, and blamed to you." It was now the turn of the man in the carriage to be astonished.— Pale with rage, he exclaimed, "Do you know who I am, you villains?" "No, we don't," answered one of the boys; "some Englishman, I guess. Do you know who we are?" The gentleman was obliged to confess his ignorance, and he did it in a tone of supreme contempt. "We are American citizens," said the young shingle merchant, with great dignity. "Is that any reason that you should block up the streets?" said the imperious gentleman, very excitedly. "To be sure it is," replied the juvenile; "who has a better right to the streets? We are the majority—two to one—I guess, and the majority carries everything in this country." The aristocratic gentleman seemed disposed to be very violent, but observing, probably, that the bystanders, who were now very numerous, sympathized with the republican party, he swallowed his wrath and sat silently for several minutes as if reflecting what course he should pursue in these perplexing circumstances. The lady who sat by his side now spoke for the first time, and in a sweet and gentle voice she said to the boys: "Will you not oblige me by allowing us to pass?" "Certainly madam," said the sturdy young republican, "we'll do anything for a lady, or for a man who knows how to behave himself like gentlemen; but as for giving way to a stuck-up rowdy like him, blamed if I wouldn't rather stay here till next Fourth of July." They then drew back and allowed the carriage to pass without further hindrance.

How much good could be done, if those who can pay, should do it promptly. The Cleveland Herald publishes the following, as applicable to their latitude; but Cleveland is but one of a thousand places where the delay in the payment of debts to the laborer, works the most cruel injustice: "I'll call around and pay."—What a world of woe is contained in these few words to the poor artisan and mechanic! "I'll call around and pay," says the rich man, to avoid the trouble of going to his desk to get the necessary funds, and the poor mechanic is obliged to go home to disappoint his workmen and all who depend upon him for their due. It is an easy matter to work—the only real glo-

ry in this life is an independent idea to be able to sustain yourself by the labor of your hands, and it may be imagined what crushing force there is in "I'll call around and pay," to the laboring man who depends upon that pay for subsistence. If those who could pay would pay at once, it would place hundreds and thousands in a condition to do likewise, and prevent much misery and distress.

Only a Trifle.

"That's right," said I to my friend Simpkins, the baker, as the sickly looking widow of Henry Watkins went out of his shop door with a loaf of bread which he had given her—"that's right, Simpkins; I am glad you are helping the poor creature, for she has a hard time of it since Harry died, and her own health failed her."

"Hard enough sir, hard enough; and I am glad to help her, though what I give her don't cost much—only a trifle sir?"

"How often does she come?"

"Only three times a week. I told her to come oftener, if she needed to, but she says three loaves are plenty for her and her little one, with what she got by sewing."

"And have you any more such customers, Simpkins?"

"Only two or three, sir."

"Only two or three; why, it must be quite a tax upon your profits?"

"O no, not so much as you suppose; altogether it amounts to only a trifle."

I could not but smile as my friend repeated these words; but after I left him, I fell to thinking how much good he is doing with "only a trifle." He supplies three or four families with the bread they eat from day to day; and though the actual cost for a year shows but a small sum in dollars and cents, the benefit conferred is by no means a small one. A sixpence to a man who has plenty to "eat and drink, and wherewithal to be clothed," is nothing, but is something to one on the verge of starvation: And we know not how much good we are doing when we give "only a trifle" to a good object.

Some years ago, when the legislature of one of the middle states was framing a new constitution, the discussion of various provisions was warm and obstinate. Many days had been spent in fiery debate, and the vote was at length about to be taken. Just at this moment a country member, who had been absent for some days previously, entered and took his seat.— Another member who was in favor of the amended constitution, went to him and endeavored to make a convert of him.

"You must vote for the constitution by all means," said he.

"I'll think of it," said the country member.

"But you must make up your mind at once, man, for the vote is about to be taken."

The country member scratched his head and seemed puzzled.

"Come, why do you hesitate? Will you promise to vote for the constitution? I am sure it will give you satisfaction."

"I'll vote for it on one condition," said the country member.

"What is that?"

"And on no other, by gracious!"

"But what condition is it?"

"Why, that they will let it run by my farm."

Preventive of Jealousy.

A beautiful young lady having called out an ugly gentleman to dance with her, he was astonished at the condescension, and believing that she was in love with him, in a very pressing manner desired to know why she had selected him from the rest of the company. "Because, sir," replied the lady, "my husband commanded me to select such a partner as should not give him cause for jealousy."

Lancashire Letter.

The following is said to be a literal copy of a letter lately sent to a medical man, not far distant from Blackburn, in Lancashire:—Cer,—You oblige me if yolke kol and ce me. I hev a Bad kowl an hill in my Bow hills and hev lost my Happy-Tight.

There is a grocer up-town, who is said to be so mean that he was once seen to catch a flea off his counter, hold him up by his hind legs, and look into the cracks of his feet, to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his sugar.

A PAIR OF THEM.—There is a man in Pleasant Street, Boston, so sharp that he has only to lather himself and look into the glass—he never needs a razor to shave with. And another so dull that his wife has to strap him every morning.

SET 'EM UP.—We notice in an Illinois paper the marriage of Edward C. Pinn to Miss Mary Pinn. Time will be pretty likely to make ten pins out of this couple.

Man is a bundle of habits. What, then, is woman?—Sun.

"Waxy" says she is an armful of sighs, bran and whalebone.

An Irishman dropped a letter into the post-office the other day, with the following writing on its corner:—"Please hasten the delay of this letter."

It rained so hard in Arkansas last week that people had to jump in the river to keep from drowning.

A venerable old lady who had a singular faculty for skipping 'hard words' in the text, came to the passage which says— "And the Lord smote Abijah, the Hittite, that he died," which she rendered thus— "And the Lord smote Abijah—Hi tetti te, that he did."

A report on roads in Kentucky reads thus:—"No gravel or macademized road is fit for use until it is cemented firmly by continued travel."

This reminds us of the Irishman's boots: "Och!" say Paddy, "I'll never be able to put these boots on until I have worn them a week or two."

THE BEST JUDGE.—A judge and a joking lawyer were conversing about the doctrines of the transmigration of the souls of men into animals.

"Now," said the judge, "suppose you and I were turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?"

"The ass, to be sure," replied the lawyer.

"Why?" asked the judge.

"Because," was the reply, "I have heard of an ass being a judge, but of a horse, never."

A western editor gives the following as the most approved method of killing fleas in those parts. Place the animal on a smooth pine board, and hedge him in with putty; then read him an account of all the railroad and steamboat accidents which have happened in the last twelve months. As soon as he becomes so frightened as not to be able to stir, draw out his teeth, and he will starve to death.

The Best Bite we ever had on a fishing excursion, was the bite we took along with us.