



J. D. WILLIAMS. JOHN HAFT, JR.
J. D. WILLIAMS & Co.,
 Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants and
 Dealers in Produce and Pittsburgh
 Manufactures,
 No. 116, Wood Street, Pittsburgh.

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
 - 100 " Oolong and Chulan.
 - 100 bags Rio Coffee.
 - 15 " Laguyra and Java.
 - 60 boxes 8's, 5's, 1 and 1 lb lump tobacco.
 - 35 bbls. Nos. 1 and 3 Mackerel.
 - 20 1/2 and 1/4 do No. 1
 - 2 1/2 and 1/4 do Salmon.
 - 50 boxes scaled Herring.
 - 1300 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,
 - 10 kegs ground Cassia, 10 do do Cloves,
 - 2 bbls Garrett's Saff, 45 lbs Stearin Candles,
 - 20 lbs Star Candles, 10 do Sperm,
 - 100 doz Masons Black'g 100 lbs sup. Rico Flour,
 - 100 lbs S. F. Indigo, 20 doz Ink,
 - 150 doz Corn Brooms, 125 doz Patent Zinc
 - 50 lbs extra pure Starch, Wash Boards,
 - 20 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 drums Smvrna 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,
 - 1 bbl sup. Carb. Soda, 1 bbl Cream Tartar,
 - 1 case Pearl Sago, 2 cases Isinglass,
 - 2 cases Sicily & Refined 150 lbs Arrow Root,
 - " Licorice, 150 lbs Bath Bricks,
 - 1 bbl Flour Sulphur, 100 gross Matches,
 - 100 doz Extract of Lem- 5 doz Lemon Sugar,
 - on, Rose & Vanilla, 1 cask Sal Soda,
 - Glass, Nails, White Lead, Rad. 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 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.
 Call in and see if this statement is not correct. Store formerly occupied by Neff & Miller.
 Old Gold and Silver wanted.
 April 21, 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 the 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.

THE best assortment of Hardware in town, for sale by
 J. & W. Saxton.
 May 29, '51.

ONE first rate 4 octave, harp stand MELODEON for sale at
 ED. SNARE'S.
 Sept 11, 1851.

A Beautiful lot of the latest style of Bonnets, large and small. Also, children's Flats 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.

[From the Louisville Journal.]
TO AUSTRIA,
 On hearing of her extraordinary proceedings in consequence of the liberation of Kossuth.

BY C. S. PEROWAL.

Well! what's the matter now, thou snarling em-pire,
 That sit'st amongst the nations as a vampire,
 Sucking the blood of fallen Hungary?
 Thou seem'st determined never to be suited,
 Whether thy heroes are caressed or hooded—
 What can we do to appease thy majesty?
 Thy pet, the valiant woman-whipping Haynan—
 Pray, at the thought vexations, do not cry now!
 Once going forth to take a little ride
 And see how others whip the fair and slay men,
 Himself got soundly whipped by English draymen,
 And scorned and hissed by all the world beside.

He sneaking home, complaining to his mammy,
 We heard thy loud, impatient, furious "dam me!"
 Re-echo fiercely through both hemispheres!
 Not much alarmed, yet liking not the pother,
 We thought it best, (thy angry grief to smother)
 To greet the next that came with nine good
 cheers!
 Kossuth come next, whom thou hast made a hero.
 Striving to keep his noble soul at zero:
 He scarce can reach our hospitable shore,
 Ere the whole land the voice of welcome raises,
 And high and low are eloquent of praises—
 But strange to tell thou'rt madder than before!
 At Turkey, who'd no longer be thy jailor,
 Thou shak'st the fist, as if thou wouldst assail
 him—
 Then burn't the great Kossuth in effigy—
 Then tellst America, in hopes to grieve her,
 That Halseman shall to the Devil leave her,
 If she receives that son of Hungary.

Don't strike at Turkey, for unless thou missed
 her,
 The blow, perhaps, would but thy knuckles blister—
 That effigy has set thy throne a-fire!
 For Hulseman, we should regret to lose him,
 But still his passports we will not refuse him,
 When, at thy orders, he shall them desire.

What shall we do, ill-natured hag, to please thee?
 One thing we'll promise—may it serve to ease
 thee!
 Thou hast our free, unqualified consent
 By turns to rage and whine, lament and bluster,
 And round thy borders cast the Filibuster,
 And play the fool to thy own heart's content.

Still may thy fierce, lugubrious lamentations
 Provoke the laughter of the scolding nations—
 They prove a treat most racy, rich, and rare!
 And since thou'rt weak at fighting and at howling,
 Call in, once more, to aid thee with his growling,
 Thy grizzily ally, the old Russian Bear!

From Arthur's Home Gazette.
 Our sensible correspondent H. gives us a very sensible article on the subject of would-be-fashionable morning calls. If the cap fits some of our fair friends, we hope they will wear it with good grace and good humor. Who will not recognize the picture here drawn!

MORNING CALLS.

Among the many good old customs which have been sacrificed to the increase of luxury, form and ambitious pretence, the hearty friendly visiting of our fathers and mothers has suffered.—John Brown and James Smith, for instance, live as each knows of the other, in a "plain way."—There is in each house a holiday parlor in which the family do not feel quite at home, except on Sundays. The sitting room, which is also the dining-room, and, sometimes, on "coffee-dinner days," serves as kitchen, is the more comfortable. In mid winter, when they are "sure nobody will be in" at breakfast, that meal is taken in the kitchen for comfort, and convenience of the rapid transit of the cakes from the griddle to the table. The absence of ceremony promotes ease, for whatever is to be done is readily assisted in by all.—Even Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, do not disdain to go for coal and stir up the grate, and both gentlemen can put a foot upon a kitchen chair and rub their own boots, while the wife tells them what they may bring or send home from shamble or grocery store.

Now if Mrs. John Smith and Mrs. James Brown followed their own native impulses of good sense and convenience, all would go pleasantly from January 1st to the same day in the year next ensuing.—But there are exceptions to comfort.—Both of the ladies choose to spend part of their time in a ridiculous masquerade.—Both shall rise—say tomorrow morning—early as it is light. The maid of all work washes off the pavement, and Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown, standing inside of the house with the door open, polish the

knobs thereof, while they squint out an eye at the respective maid servants, dodging suddenly back as passengers approach.—Mrs. Smith fears Mrs. Brown should detect her at work; vice versa.—Then they make bread, or pies, and do whatever else calls. When they dust parlors, keeping away from front windows, or wearing slouched bonnet to conceal features from the furtive peeps of the passing Smiths, Browns, and Joneses, of their acquaintance. Then they go to market, or if the marketing has been sent home, inspect the basket. That bit of beef is meant to put in pickle, and is pickled accordingly. Other things are otherwise disposed of, like thrifty housewives.

Now, Mrs. Brown arranges the meat for baking—for "roast is really roast no more," though grease may still be living grease; the poet to the contrary, notwithstanding.—Mrs. Brown calls the servant of all work, abovementioned, from her dish-washing. She tells her at what precise hour to put the meat in the oven, and gives minute directions as to all other particulars. Up stairs she hurries. She makes her own bed. She tosses the slouched bonnet in a corner, steps out of the work frock and—but we must not be too particular in describing toilet arrangements. Suffice it to say, that over the damp hands the gloves are, with great difficulty pulled, as the last touch. Arranged in silks and satins, with card case in hand, Mrs. Brown comes down, and pauses a moment in the pantry to call Bridget.

"Now mind," she says, "those things I charged you about."
 "Yes'm," says Biddy, but inwardly vows rebellion, since she is left with "the whole dinner to get."

Mrs. Brown steps out into the street, Bridget looking after her with a grin as she sees a feather sticking to her skirt, or some other mark of hurry in customary.—Mrs. B. is in no hurry now. She moves with a slow dainty like a lady of leisure.—She meets and recognizes Mr. Jones. She is all smiles, and so is he. They pass with a graceful recognition—she, poor soul! little suspecting that his is a smile of wonder "how the dickens" she could get dressed so soon, when he is sure he detected the "end of her nose" under the starched bonnet already mentioned, as he passed her house fifteen minutes before!

Mrs. Brown rings at Mrs. Smith's door bell.
 "Betty!" cries Mrs. Smith, who is up to her elbows in pastry—"see who that is. Tell 'em I'm not at home. No! Show 'em in the parlor."

The countermand is made—not to serve the truth, but because Mrs. S. knows that "not at home," will be interpreted to mean "in the kitchen."

Up stairs she hurries, and robes herself in a graceful morning dress, and sails down to meet Mrs. Brown, as if she had only been stringing pearls in her boudoir; and the two ladies set fifteen minutes to discuss how "difficult it is to find good servants." Mrs. Brown goes. Other ladies of the same set come in and in, Mrs. Smith dancing attendance between kitchen chamber and parlor, while the house is filled with the smell of things burning in the kitchen oven. So the morning passes with Mrs. Smith.

Now let us follow Mrs. Brown home.—It is nearly time her husband was back to his dinner. Up stairs she hurries, and metamorphoses herself as suddenly as Cinderella changes from fine lady back to kitchen girl, in the fairy tale. An omnivorous odour saluted her nostrils the moment she entered the house. Alas! poor Brown's dinner! It is "done brown," and so is he, if he has deluded himself with the hope of any thing fit to eat. Mrs. Brown scolds Bridget, and she "gives her warning."—Mr. Brown looks black at the dinner, but makes peace between his wife and the girl of all work, fear she should go away, and he fare still worse with a new Bridget.

At Smith's there is little better entertainment, except that on this day she has the best excuse, being the aggressed upon, not the aggressor. To-morrow she will retaliate upon Mrs. Brown, by "returning her call," and so on till poor Brown and

Smith come to the conclusion that "good servants are scarce," and to the suspicion, no reover, that there is no superabundance of good wives.

Now we put it to the common sense of our readers—what is the use of all this?—What is gained by it? Who is deceived by it? Sensible woman who do not wish their husbands to toil on forever, must be content to help them, by managing indoors, while the husbands labor without. Why not go comfortably on, and dispose of the days avocations, and then step out, if need be, and all in a pleasant, social way, on others, who, like themselves, having finished their domestic duties, have leisure to entertain guests? Why should people of modern incomes—why should any American indeed—ape foreign follies? Why cannot we have independence enough to be happy in our own social relations, and good sense sufficient to attend to our own comfort, and that of our families?—Never, till we do—never till wives save for their husbands—will there cease to be periods of "two per cent, per month."

From the Philadelphia Enquirer.
Modern Extravagance.
 YOUNG MEN AND MATRIMONY.

In the course of a recent conversation with a careful but somewhat cynical observer, he took occasion to compare and contrast the condition of affairs in the social life of the present day, with the custom and system of the olden time; and to denounce the former, as reckless, extravagant, and fraught, with deplorable consequences. "Young men," he argued, "who are honest and industrious, temperate and active, and who desire to enter the matrimonial state, are, in many cases, prevented from so doing, apprehensive of the future, intimidated by the luxurious mode of living which so generally prevails, and by the spirit of social rivalry which exists to so fearful an extent in the community. The consequence is, that the change is postponed from year to year, until habits of bachelor life and single blessedness become fixed, and thus matrimony is deferred or avoided altogether."

Our friend is himself a bachelor, on the shady side of fifty, and although now quite independent in pecuniary circumstances, it is more than probable that his philosophy, as above quoted, is founded upon positive experience in his own case, and in the earlier part of his life. Certain it is—his views are correct. Hundreds, nay, thousands of young men of fine feelings, noble sympathies and proper principles, are intimidated by the extravagance, the fashion and the folly which are so characteristic of the present time, and thus with the keenest anxieties and the liveliest affections, are deterred from entering into the holy state of wedlock. In the language of the Scriptures, a wife should be a "help meet for man."

She should not only share his joys and his sorrows, but she should arouse his energies, and contribute to his fortunes.—But we fear that a sad error prevails, and that with too many of the gentler sex, the idea of matrimony is associated simply with a splendid establishment. The heart has little to do with the matter. The interests, the cares, the responsibilities of the husband are too lightly considered.—All that is sought for is distinction in the social and fashionable world, and thus the power to triumph over others who have been or may be less fortunate. The true duties of matrimony are not properly estimated or sufficiently regarded. An elegant mansion and splendid furniture are more potent than a spotless character, a thriving business and a generous heart.—And this, to, is the doctrine inculcated by many parents—too many by far. It is sadly erroneous. Young men, it should be remembered, have, in a great multitude of cases, to carve their way through life, to struggle for years, even in the hope of obtaining pecuniary position and independence—they are beginners in the world.

They see the chances and changes of trade, and if prudent and sensible, they soon discover that economy, patience and perseverance are essential to success.—But how, under such circumstances, can

they venture to enter the field of social rivalry that exists to so ruinous an extent, to occupy a mansion at the rate of six or eight hundred dollars a year, to furnish it at a cost of two or three thousand dollars, and to live accordingly? The thing is impossible. And yet, on being introduced to most young ladies of respectability and pretension, they are soon given to understand, that nothing less than such an establishment would induce them even to listen to a serious offer. The young merchant, manufacturer, store keeper, physician, lawyer or printer, seeing the impossibility of any realization of such a prospect, is at once intimidated; either abandons the pursuit altogether, or looks elsewhere.

Another mistake is, that young ladies indulge the mistaken notion, that they should begin where their parents leave off—in other words, their dwellings, servants, and household expenses, even at the commencement of life, should fully equal in size and extent, their fathers', no matter how wealthy—although the beginning might have been humble and secure. This too, when as in many cases, there are half a dozen of daughters. Each would not only rival, but surpass the old establishment. The folly of all this, as a matter of common sense, must strike every intelligent reader. Nay, so deluded and misguided are even many parents on this important point, that they absolutely prohibit their "gentle ones" from associating with any young men, who are not either rich in reality, or by expectation. In most cases, too, the policy is practised by individuals who in early life were compelled to struggle under many privations, and who therefore had been the architects of their own fortune.

Their pride increases with their means, and as if ashamed of their honest poverty, and of the honorable industry by which they won their way to a more fortunate position, they look with contempt upon all who are pursuing the same path. In brief; they have become monomaniacs in relation to fashion and all its empty pageantry. They aspire to lead where before they were content to follow, and indulging in this morbid vanity they not only waste their substance, but expose themselves to bitter and merited ridicule. Let us not be misunderstood. Respectability, social position, unsullied character and honest fame, are every way desirable. But we should not mistake the shadow for the substance—we should not forget that there are affections and sympathies, as well as hollow mockeries and unmeaning pretensions; and if we have been favored by fortune, we should look back through life to all its changes, struggles and reverses, and remember that the great multitude of those who prosper fully and permanently, may be found among the numerous class—the thousands, indeed; who commenced moderately, economically, confidently, and hopefully—to whom affection and truth, and not hypocrisy and heartlessness, were the real bonds of union, and the true sources of wedded bliss. Better, far better, to begin properly and prudently, and continue on in a steady path of right and prosperity, than to flash for a moment before the excited and envious world, and then meteor-like, sink into obscurity, darkness and oblivion.

Loveliness.

Young ladies, it is not your neat dress, your expensive shall, or your golden fingers, that attract the attention of men of sense. It is your character they study.—If you are trifling and loose in your conversation—no matter if you are beautiful as an angel—you have no attraction for them. It is the true loveliness of your nature that wins and continues to retain the affections of the heart. Young ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve their outward looks, while they bestow not a thought on their minds. Fools may be won by the gaw-gaws, and the fashionable by showy dress-esses; but the wise and substantial are never caught by such traps. Use pleasant and agreeable language, and though you may not be courted by the fop and the sap, the good and truly great will love to linger in your presence.

To Bone a Fowl.

Clean the fowl as usual. With a sharp and pointed knife begin at the extremity of the wing, and pass the knife down close to the bone, cutting all the flesh from the bone, and preserving the skin whole, run the knife down each side of the breast-bone and up the legs, keeping close to the bone; then split the back half way up, and draw out the bone; fill the places whence the bones were taken with a stuffing, restoring the fowl to its natural form and sow up all the incisions made in the skin.

A Persecuted Man.

Hamilton, of the Maryville Tribune, was travelling in the cars the other day from Bellefontaine to Kenton, when he fell in with a decided character. He was tolerably drunk. Let Hamilton tell the rest:

He said he lived in Urbana; that the Methodists had a great revival there a year or more ago, and that more than a hundred were converted; that he had been converted some years before, and had joined the church. We asked him if he still belonged to it.

"No," said he, "they turned me out for the most frivolous thing in the world; if I'd know'd they'd turned me out for such a little thing as that, I'd never joined."

Said we, "What did you do?"
 "Oh, nothing—only I bet my horse would outrun another fellow's; I won the money, and then got drunk, and had two fights. That's all. And they put me out for that!"

A man in New York has got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A man in Massachusetts did a similar thing once, by marrying one.

If you don't wish to fall in love, keep away from the women. It is impossible to deal in honey and not taste of it.

"I say Caesar, you look as if you'd had a sick of fitness. You better go to a shotteatay pop and buy a bottle of Perry Cheetoral."

It is said that when a Russian husband neglects to beat his wife for a month or two, she becomes alarmed at his indifference.

An unkind word from one beloved, often draws blood from the heart which would defy the battle axe of hatred, or the keenest edge of vindictive malice.

A High Churchman was once asked "what made his library look so thin?" His reply was:
 "My books all keep Lent."

Good reader did you ever drive a pig to pasture—and if so, didn't you always find it necessary to drive him in an opposite direction? Well, just so it is with an obstinate woman. If you want to have her do a certain thing, tell her not to do it, and you will be sure to get it done.

To make money plenty and cheap, has been the study of statesmen for the last ten centuries; and yet when a counterfeit steps in and shows them how it's done he is bundled off to a State prison, for a dozen years or more. What an ungrateful world!

The editor of one of our exchanges has insulted the whole female sex. He says that ladies wear corsets from a feeling of instinct, having a natural love of being squeezed.

"My dear," said an affection spouse to her husband, "am I not your only treasure?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "and I would willingly lay it up in heaven."

What kin is that which all Yankees love to recognize, and which has always sweet associations connected with it? Why a pump-kin, to be sure.

To remove Ink from Linen.—Jerk a printer out of his shirt.

"Do you retail things here," asked a green looking specimen of humanity as he poked his head into a store on Main street the other day.

"Yes," was the laconic reply.
 "Well, I wish you would re-tail my dog—he had it bit off about a week ago."