



BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.

WHERE may be obtained the most speedy remedy for SECRET DISEASES.—Gleets, Strictures, Seminal Weakness, Pain in the Loins, Affections of the Kidneys, and all those Peculiar Affections arising from a SECRET HARRY, particularly the youth of both sexes, which if not cured, produces Constitutional Debility, rendering Marriage impossible, and in the end destroys both Mind and Body.

YOUNG MEN Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entered listless Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or waited to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

Married persons, or those contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, should immediately consult Dr. J., and be restored to perfect health.

DR. JOHNSTON, Office No. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET, SEVEN DOORS FROM BALTIMORE STREET, East side UP THE STEPS. BE PARTICULAR in observing the NAME and NUMBER, or you will mistake the place.

A CURE WARRANTED, OR NO CHARGE MADE, IN FROM ONE TWO DAYS. Take Notice—Dr. Johnston's Office is in his dwelling, UP THE STEPS. His very extensive practice is a sufficient guarantee that he is the only proper Physician to apply to.

DR. JOHNSTON, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, graduated from one of the most eminent Colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the Hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known, many troubled with ringing in the ears and head when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, and bashfulness, with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

A CERTAIN DISEASE.—It is a melancholy fact that thousands fall victims to this horrible disease owing to the Unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who by the use of that deadly poison Mercury, ruin the Constitution, causing the most distressing symptoms of this dread disease to make their appearance, such as affections of the head, throat, nose, skin, etc., progressing with frightful rapidity till death puts a period to their dreadful suffering, by sending them to that Dourne whence no traveler returns.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Young men who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone—a habit frequent among the young of both sexes, or at school—the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, and the darling of his parents should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life by the consequences of deviating from the path of nature and indulging in a certain secret habit.—Such persons before contemplating.

MARRIAGE, should reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conjugal happiness. Indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shrouded with despair, and the fillet of melancholy reflection, that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILITY.—Dr. J. addresses young men, and all who have injured themselves by private and improper indulgence. IMPUINANCE.—These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Digestive Functions, General Debility Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

Mentally.—The fearful effects on the mind are such to be dreaded; Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirit, Evil Fancies, Aversion to Society, Self Distrust, Love of Solitude, &c. are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages, can now judge what is the cause of their declining health. Losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale and emaciated, have a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

Married persons, or those contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, should immediately consult Dr. J. and be restored to perfect health.

OFFICE, NO. 7, SOUTH FREDERICK STREET, Baltimore, Md. ALL SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED.—N. B. No false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately either personally or by letter.

Skin Diseases Speedily Cured. TO STRANGERS.—The many thousands cured at this Institution within the last ten years, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. J., witness by the Reporters of the papers, and many other persons, notices of which have appeared in the papers, before the public, is a sufficient guarantee that the afflicted will find a skillful and honorable physician.

As there are so many ignorant and worthless quacks advertising themselves as Physicians, ruining the health of the afflicted Dr. Johnston would say to those unacquainted with his reputation that his Credentials or Diplomas always hang in his office.

WEAKNESS OF THE ORGANS immediately cured, and full vigor restored. ALL LETTERS POST PAID—REMEMBER SENT BY MAIL. Jan. 8, 1852.—1y.

Hardware Cheaper. JOHN A. NEFF, for many years in the house of Mr. Buchler & Bro., desires to inform his friends of Huntingdon county that he has connected himself with the firm of Messrs. Lower & Bacon, No. 174, North Third Street, 2d door above Vine Street, where he will be pleased to offer every article in the HARDWARE LINE at much lower prices than ever before sent to his native county. Philad'a, March 20, 1851.—1c.

Are you Insured? I do not, insure your property at once in the Central Valley Mutual Insurance Company. Apply to Geo. W. Swartz, Agent, Bridgeport, Pa.

H. W. SMITH, DENTIST, HUNTINGDON, PA. (Office opposite Coutts' Hotel, Market st.)

The Printer Boy.

BY JESSE HUTCHINSON.

[Written for the Alleghenians and sung by them at the Printer's Festival, New York.]

I'll sing you a song of a Printer's boy Whose bright and honored name Stands out in glowing CAPITALS.

Upon the scroll of fame— Who in the days that tried men's souls, In freedom's darkest night— Stood manfully with Washington, And battled for the right.

Ben Franklin was that Printer Boy, one of the olden time.

And 'twas that boy who flew his kite To the thunder-clouds on high— And brought the forked lightning down From regions of the sky;

'Twas he who caught this fiery horse, And trained him for the chase, 'Till now he's driven safe by Morse Right into the Printer's Case.

Ben Franklin was that Printer Boy, one of the olden time.

Long shall the world extol his name, The patriot and sage, Who fully justified by faith, Was proved on every page;

His form corrected and revised, Is now worked off and pressed— A new edition in the skies, A * among the blast.

All honor to that Printer Boy, one of the olden time.

And now my brother Typos, take This leader for your guide, Follow corrected copy, and All errors mark outside—

Be frugal, chaste and temperate, Stick to the golden rule, And you shall shine among the * * * In the Printing Office school.

Just imitate that Printer Boy, one of the olden time.

DOING A TRAVELLER.

A HOTEL SCENE.

BY H. KOSHOOT.

It was one of the extensive hostleries which are to be "tied up to" in most of the large towns in the interior of New York, that the following scene actually occurred, as can be proved by a cloud of witnesses who have heard the landlord tell the story.

The hotel referred to was, on the occasion of which we are speaking rather full and the nephew of the landlord lay sick in one of the rooms on the third floor. He was to receive medicine during the night from the hands of a person who had been procured to "watch" with him. The landlord had instructed the aforesaid watcher to administer a portion of some little physic to the patient at 12 o'clock; the dose to be repeated at certain hours of the night.

"Ho is rather techy," said the landlord, "and you had better keep out of his room until you go up to give him the medicine."

"Oh; for that matter," replied the watcher, who was a novice in the vocation, "I prefer to sit here;" and he eyed a sofa which was in the apartment, in a suspicious manner.

"Well," said the landlord, "you won't forget the number of his room?"

"No sir."

"And tell him he must take his medicine without making such a confounded fuss as he made with the last dose. Tell him that I say he must take it—it's good for him."

"Yes sir."

"Good night."

"Good night."

Boniface retired and the watcher deposited himself on the sofa from which he was roused by his own snoring at a quarter before one. In dismay and confusion he seized the potion and hurried up stairs.

The sick man was lodged in No. 52, but the nurse in the haste mistook No. 53 for it and entering the latter, he saw a person lying in bed, face upward, with his mouth wide open, respiring with that peculiar gurgle in the throat which indicates strong lungs and a plethoric habit.

"Ah!" mentally exclaimed the astute watcher, "he makes a fuss about his medicine, does he? I'm blowed through if he don't take one dose quietly—before he wakens up in fact!"

The idea of giving a potion of bitter physic to a somnolent patient was sufficiently ridiculous; but when we consider that the watcher had entered the wrong room and was about to administer it to the wrong man, the affair becomes still more ludicrous.

Our friend, the watch, acted promptly, and having filled the bowl of a large spoon with the nauseating mixture, he forced it down the throat of the sleeping traveller, who happened to be a healthy Hibernian that had never tasted physic before in his life. The Irishman struggled and bit the spoon severely, but the watcher plunged it still

deeper in his throat saying as he did so. "Oh but you must take it—the landlord says you must!"

The nasty dose went down but when Patrick recovered from his breath and began to pour forth his objurgations in his own peculiar rhetoric, the watcher discovered that he had committed an egregious blunder, and seizing his light fled from the room.

The astonished and enraged traveller sprang from his bed, and was soon heard rushing about in search of the landlord swearing vengeance against him and all connected with his house. On he came tearing through the passages, banging the doors, and roaring like a grizzly—bull.

"Oo-oo-oh! it's kilt Tam, be dad, any how. Au-uh! I'm chawked with poison. Divil a bit iv a farum in the wisthern country will I buy now—for I am a dead man! The poison is ating me up just. Oh! it's enough to make a dog throw his father in the fire! Hooly Saint Patrick! Landlord! landlord, land-lo-o-o-o-r-r-r!"

Pat had by this time descended to the floor on which the landlord's apartment was situated and the worthy host, hearing the hillabulloo, opened his door and asked what was the matter?

"Ah! is it there ye are! Come out for a bating or let me come tell ye! A d—poorty house yer kapeen, to send yere man into an honest travellers' room to pison the innocent Divil in his slape! Ugh! the bitter nasty pison!—come out here, and I'll lather ye like blazes!"

What's the matter, my good friend! inquired Boniface.

"Ow! the matter is!—when I was waked from my swate slape and a big dirty bragard stood forint me rammin a big la-ude down me trote full ov pison—and sez he, you must take it, the landlord, sez so: An' now, what's the matter, sez you! An' that's one of yer thricks on travellers!"

Come out here an' I'll bate ye. Be the blood of the hooly matthers, I'll brake every bone in yer ugly body!—I'll tache ye to pison a decent traveller, that's going to buy laud in the wisthern country!"

The Irishman here became entangled in the meshes of a wooden settee which stood in his way, and at the same time the landlord's wife seized her wrathful lord—although a host in himself, she was not willing to risk him in a rough and tumble fight in the dark—and having plucked him back into her sleeping apartment, she locked the door and bolted it securely.

The prospective purchase of "wisthern lands" having extricated his legs and arms from those of the settee, still thirsted for the landlord's blood.

"Bring me till the murtherin ould till-yah; let me come at him!"

At this juncture, however, Mick, the hostler, made his appearance with a lantern, which he held up to the physio-smear'd face of the enraged traveller with a polite request that he would hold his tongue. But Mick was at last compelled to give his fellow countryman a good beating, which had the effect to restore him to good humor, and when he found that he was not poisoned after all, he retired once more to his bed to dream of his "farum" which he was going to buy in the "wisthern country."—Boston Daily Times.

A True Story.

The following remarkable story has all the interest of romance; yet it is true and the parties are still living:

It was in the memorable year 1814 when the allied armies were concentrated about Paris.

A young lieutenant of dragoons was engaged with three or four Hungarians who after having received several smart strokes from his sabre, managed to send a ball into his shoulder, to pierce his chest with a thrust from a lance, and to leave him for dead on the bank of the river.

On the opposite side of the stream, a boatman and his daughter had been watching the unequal fight with fears of desperation. But what could an old unarmed man do, or a pretty child of sixteen? However the old soldier—for such the boatman was—had no sooner seen the officer fall from his horse than he and his daughter rowed over most vigorously for the other side.

Then when they had deposited the wounded man in their boat, these worthy people crossed the river again, but faint hopes of reaching the military hospital in time.

"You have been very badly treated my boy," said the old gentleman to him, "but here am I who have gone further and come home."

The silence and the fixed attitude of Lieutenant S—, showed the extreme agony of his pains, and the hardy boatman soon discovered that the blood which was gathering about the wound on his left side would shortly terminate his existence; he turned to his youthful daughter:

"Mary," he said "you have heard me tell of my brother; he died of just such a

wound as this here. Well, now had there only been somebody to suck the hurt, his life would have been saved."

The boatman then landed and went to look for two or three soldiers to help him to carry the officer, leaving his daughter in charge of him. The girl looked at the sufferer for a second or two. What was her motion when she heard him sigh so deeply, not that he was resigning life in the first flower of his age, but that he should without a mother's kiss.

"My mother! my dear mother!" said he, "I must die without—"

Her woman's heart told her what he would have said. Her bosom heaved with sympathy and her eyes ran over.

Then she remembered what her father said, she thought how her uncle's life might have been saved. In an instant, quicker than thought she tore open the officer's coat, and the generous girl recalled him to life with her lips.

Amid this holy occupation the sound of footsteps was heard, and the blushing heroine fled to the other end of the boat.— Judge of her father's surprise as he came up with two soldiers, when he saw Lieutenant S—, whom he expected to find dead open his eyes and ask for his deliverer.

The boatman looked at his child and saw it all. The poor girl came to him with her head bent down! She was about to excuse herself, when her father, embracing her with enthusiasm, raised her spirits, and the officer thanked her in these prophetic words!

"You have saved my life; it belongs to you."

After this she tended him, and became his nurse: nothing would he take but from her hand. No wonder that with such a nurse he at length recovered. Mary was as pretty as she was good.

Meanwhile Master Cupid, who is very busy in such cases gave him another wound and there was only one way to cure it—so very deep it was.

The boatman's daughter became Madame S—. Her husband is not now a simple Lieutenant but a Lieutenant General, and the boatman's daughter is as elegant and graceful a lady as any that you see at court.

Story For Boys.

It is related of a Persian mother, that on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said, "Go my son, I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet again till the day of judgement."

The youth went away, and the party he travelled with was assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had got, and he said, "forty dinars are sewed up in my garments." He laughed thinking he jested. Another asked him the same question, and received the same answer.

At last the chief called him and asked him the same question, and he said, "I have told two of your people already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."

He ordered the clothes to be ripped open, and found the money.

"And how came you to tell this?" said he. "Because," replied the child, "I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother at my age, and am I insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand that I may swear repentance on it." He did so, and his followers were all struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to the chief, "be the same in the path of virtue;" and they instantly made restitution of spoils, and vowed repentance on the boy's hand.

There is a moral in this story, which goes beyond the direct influence of the mother on the child. The noble sentiment infused into the breast of the child is again transfused from breast to breast, till those who feel it know not whence it came.

Mrs. Whittlesey's Magazine.

NEW WAY TO DUN.—The Fond Du Lac Republican gives the following hint to its subscribers: "Springs here with her sunny smiles and odoriferous breezes.—The thick-ribbed ice is fast dissolving away like the phantom forms which dance on the vision floor in our midnight dreams; and the sleigh-bells merry peals are as quick forgotten as the cherry checked sweetheart of a California gold hunter.—The rosy-fingered goddess will soon scatter her flowers around her prairie home, and towering hills—and some of our delinquent subscribers will be dropping in to pay us."

"The 'Tincum Apple Dumpling' has a 'devil' who thinks this a great world. He says that at the office they charge him with all the pie they do find, while at the house they charge him with all the pie they don't find. He seems to doubt the 'propriety' of the proceedings.

Miseries of an Editor, or Recollections of the 'Crabtown Clarion.'

The editor has just returned from a tour. During his absence a drunken compositor has been employed a half a day.

SCENE—Sanctum: Editor is discovered seated on his tripod, inditing a political crusher.

Editor (reads),—"Who is Jeremiah Jones?" Nobody! Where from? No where! Good for what? Nothing!—a mere bug!—an ear wig!—whose only chance of Heaven lies in the dead body of some saint! (Speaks.) That's mysterious enough; rather too mild, perhaps, but I can heighten the effect with an exclamation.—What's the row?

(The door is flung violently open, and a stranger rushes in, bearing in one hand a copy of the Crabtown Clarion, and in the other a huge family umbrella, a la battering ram.)

Stranger (ferociously),—You're the editor, eh?

Editor (blandly),—Sometimes sir. Take a seat.

Stranger.—D-n your controversies, sir! I'm from Goshon—a respectable attorney, sir. Don't stir, sir; (shaking the umbrella menacingly) you shall hear me through, sir, and then (drawing himself out an extra inch) depend confidently upon a flogging. I am just married, sir—not a fortnight since—and on the happy day (here the umbrella quivered sympathetically,) I forwarded you a notice of the same. Though I have hitherto been above poetry, thank Heaven, I added in a moment of weakness a humble verse of my own composition, fitting, I thought, to the occasion. Here's the correct version, sir, (repeats from memory.)

MARRIED.—In Goshon, Feb. 28th, A. Conkey, Esq., to Miss Euphemia Wiggins.

Love is the union of two hearts, That beats in softest melody, Time with its ravages imparts No bitter fusion to its ecstasy.

Not much, still poetry, still rhyme.— Next week I got your paper, carried it to my Euphemia; we opened it and turned our eyes together to the marriage list. Blood and thunder! what do we see? An abusive, atrocious, d—able—but no sir. Here's your infernal sheet. Hear what it says, sir, and tremble!—(Opens the paper and reads.)

MARRIED.—At Goshon, Feb. 28th. A. Donkey, Esq., to Miss Euphemia Piggins.

Jove is an union of two hearts, That beat is soft and mellow, Time with its cabbages in carts, No better feedin to an extra day.

What do you think of that, sir? (umbrella raised.) Donkey, eh? Piggins, is it?—My poetry, eh? It has unmoved me—driven me mad. I can't take a walk but that the small boys, mere infants, sir, ring the hideous chorus in my ears. Some scoundrel has altered the name on my sign to suit your cursed orthography. Don't apologize—I won't listen to anything. My house just painted, is scrawled over by horrid portraits and emblems; and all owing to you. You're cornered, sir, don't move on your life. You, the destroyer of my happiness, my life, my Euphemia—

With that fond name, the last string of moderation snapped. He advanced a step—struck an attitude, and then the editor, we almost said. But no; just as the family umbrella was mid-way in the blow, the door opened, and some visitor entered. The injured man hesitated. Here were witnesses. Visions of an action for assault and battery, with big damages and costs, rose in his mind, and the umbrella dropped harmless to the floor. The lawyer triumphed over the man. He turned on his heels, and strode out of the room, muttering as he went, "Failed this time—one thing left—libel, law—catch it."

Our Editor, accustomed to such scenes, soon collected his thoughts and returned with zeal freshened and scalpel whetted by the little incident, to the dissection of Hon. Jeremiah Jones, whose disjecta membra were, before another sunrise, to be scattered over three columns and a half pica.

WINE MEASURE.—Three spoonfulls of brandy make one cocktail—three cocktails, one go—three goes, one spree—three spees, a muss with the night police—three musses with the night police, one visit to the penitentiary. Cut it out and paste it in your hat.

If you want a favor of a married woman, brag of her baby. If you want to obtain her eternal enmity, let her turn round and catch you making mouths at it. To ascertain whether a woman is passionate or not, take a muddy dog into her parlor, or squirt tobacco juice on her stove hearth. A wife may ascertain her husband's equanimity, by using his best clothes brush to clean her gaiters with.

The man who is attentive to the ladies is a bear; but when they don't like him he is a bo-er.

What land has produced the greatest man of the day? Ashland.

Family Secrets.

While ascending the Mississippi, some eighteen months since, on board the steamboat Huntsville, the commander of that excellent vessel related the following anecdote of a couple of worthy disciples of old Father Miller:

In Coles county there lived a man named Dodson, and his wife, who were both firm believers in the prophecy of old Father Miller; and not doubting for a moment the correctness of their Prophet's calculations for the eventful day that was to terminate the existence of all sublunary things.

After having 'set their house in order,' the following conversation took place:

"My dear wife, I believe I have made every preparation for to-morrow. I have forgiven all mine enemies, and prayed for the forgiveness of all my sins, and I feel perfectly calm and resigned."

"Well husband, I believe I am ready for the sound of the trumpet."

"I am rejoiced to hear it. But my dear wife, I have no doubt there are many domestic secrets which we have hidden from each other, which, had they been known at the time of their occurrence, might have produced unpleasant feelings; but as we have but one day to live, I reckon it's right to make a clean breast to each other. I am ready—you begin, husband."

"No, dear, you begin."

"No, husband, you begin—I can't."

"No—you know, my love, Paul says, 'husbands have the right to command their wives.' It is your duty, as a christian woman, to obey your husband—the father of your children—so, begin love."

"In the sight of God I reckon my right, so I will tell you, dear husband—your oldest son, William, is not your child."

"Great God, Mary! I never drempt of your being untrue to me! Is that true?"

"Yes, God forgive me, it is true. I know that I did very wrong, but I am sorry for it; in an evil hour I fell, but there is no help for it now."

"William not mine! In the name of God whose child is he?"

"He is Mr. Graham's, the constable.—The Lord be near your poor wife!"

"So William ain't my child? Go on."

"Well, our daughter Mary, named after me, ain't yours neither."

"Salvation! Talk on, Mary—come right out. Who's Mary's father?"

"Mr. Girder, the man that built the meeting house, and went to the lower country."

"Well, as there is but one day more, I'll bear it, so go on if you have anything else."

"Well, there is our youngest—"

"I suppose Jimmy ain't mine?"

"No, dear husband, Jimmy that we both love so well, ain't yours either."

"Merciful Lord! Is it so! In the name of the Saviour whose is he?"

"He is the one-eyed shoe-maker's who lives at the forks of the road."

"Well, my God! Gabriel blow, blow your horn! I want to go NOW!"

Nothing like love and hunger to drive a man mad or make him happy.— Next to a feast upon a seventeen year old pair of sweet lips under grape-vines by moon light, is a foray upon a platter of cold beans after fishing for suckers all day. The one fills the poetic heart, and the other a hungry stomach.

Isaac, can you describe a bat?"

"Yes sir. He's a flying insect, about the size of a stoppel, has long rubber wings, and a shoe string tail, and sees best with his eyes shut."

SAMBO, why am de pen dat Gen. Scott writes wid like a riber in Maine?"

"Well Ginger, I drops de subject."

"Well den, I told you why it am. Because it am de Pen-ob-Scott; (Penobscot.)"

"Gath me by de har, Ginger, I'm gwine to drop."

CALIFORNIA GOLD.—The entire yield of California in 1851, is estimated at \$75,000,000. The amount of gold by the El Dorado, the last steamer with gold, added to the previous arrivals, make an aggregate of 7,025,000 since 1st January, and including the deposits at New Orleans in January makes an aggregate of \$7,705,000. The exports in the meantime have been \$5,012,000, leaving a balance in favor of the country of \$2,693,000.

OLD TREES.—The oldest trees in the world are in Central Africa—the Boobabs, which are 90 feet in circumference, and contains the rings which mark the annual growth of the trees to the number of 9,000, fixing their age at that length of years.

JAIL FULL.—The Cincinnati Jail is full, and the authorities are compelled to take their criminals to neighboring prisons.