



BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.

WHERE may be obtained the most speedy remedy for SECRETE DISEASES.—Gleets, Strictures, Seminal Weakness, Pain in the Loins, Affections of the Kidneys, and all those Peculiar Affections arising from a SECRETE HABIT, 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 embraced illustrious Stations with the honors of eloquence, or waxed 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 OF 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, graduate 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 heavy eyelids, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, and bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

A CERTAIN DISEASE.—It is a melancholy fact that thousands fall victims to this horrid disease owing to the Unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who by the use of that deadly poison Mercury, ruin the Constitution, causing the most serious symptoms of this dreadful 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 Bourne whence no traveler returns.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Young men who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone—a habit frequently learned from evil companions, 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 shadowed with despair, and filled with the 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.

IMPUISANCE.—These are the cause of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of debauchery, 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.

Hardware Cheaper. JOHN A. NEFF, for many years in the house of Mr. Buehler & Bro., desires to inform his friends of Huntingdon county that he has connected himself with the firm of Messrs. Lower & Barron, No. 174, North Third Street, 3rd 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 country.

PETITION.

To the Honorable the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the county of Huntingdon, the petition of Isaac Ashton respectfully sheweth: That your petitioner occupies a commodious house situated in the village of Cassville in the township of Cass and county aforesaid, which is well calculated for a public house of entertainment and from its neighborhood and situation is suitable as well as necessary for the accommodation of the public, and the entertainment of strangers and travellers.

We the undersigned citizens of the township of Cass, aforesaid, being personally acquainted with Isaac Ashton, the above named petitioner, and also having a knowledge of the house for which the license is prayed, do hereby certify that such house is necessary to accommodate the public and certain strangers and travellers; that he is a person of good repute for honesty and temperance, and that he is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travellers.

Isaac Meifner, A. W. Clarkson, P. D. Stevens, N. Miller, John S. Gehrett, H. L. Brown, Robert Spear, Andrew Park, Lemuel Green, George Mierley, Isaac Brumbaugh, Lewis Stever, Benj. Fink, Jacob Gehrett.

Orphans' Court Sales. In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, the undersigned Executors of Peter Swoope, dec'd., will expose to public sale, on the premises, on Saturday the 13th day of March next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following described real estate, of which (enter alia) the said Peter Swoope died seized, to wit: A House and Lot of ground in the borough of Huntingdon, being the whole of Lot No. 22 in the recorded plan of said borough, and part of Lot No. 21, in said plan, adjoining a lot of Wm. P. Orison on the east, and that part of lot No. 21, owned by David Blair, Esq., on the west, fronting on Hill street, and extending back to Washington street, having thereon a large two story house, a log stable, carriage house, and other buildings.

REWARD For the Man who struck Billy Patterson.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS. The attention of the public generally is invited to the fact that J. & W. SAXTON have just received one of the largest assortments of Fall and Winter Goods ever brought to this place; all of which they offer at prices so greatly reduced as to make their store.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, Consisting of Silks, Merinos, Parmetto Cloths, de Laines, Ginghams, Hosiery, &c.; and a very large assortment of Ladies, Misses and Children's Shoes; and also of MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES of every description. They also invite particular attention to their stock of QUEENSWARE AND GLASSWARE, And the best stock of HARDWARE in town.

IMPROVED STOCK. Constantly on hand, and for sale the most highly improved Durham Short Horn cattle, Chester Hogs, South Down, Colswald and Leicester Sheep.

Are you Insured? I don't insure your property at once in the Cumberland Valley Mutual Insurance Company.

H. W. SMITH, DENTIST, HUNTINGDON, PA.

The Peace of Europe.

Great peace in Europe! Order reigns from Tiber's hills to Danube's plains! So say her kings and Priests; so say The lying prophets of our day.

Go lay to earth a listening ear; The tramp of measured marches hear, The rolling of the cannon's wheel, The shouted musket's murderous peal, The night alarm, the sentry's call, The quick-cared spy in hut and hall, From Polar sea to tropic fen, The dying groans of exiled men, The bolted cell, the galley's chains, The scaffold smoking with its stains, Order—the hush of brooding slaves! Peace—in the dungeon-vaults and graves!

Oh Fisher! with thy water-wide net And snares in every water-see, Where fabled keys of heaven and hell Bolt hard the patriot's prison cell, And open wide the banquet hall Where kings and priests had carnival! Weak vassal tricked in royal guise, Boy Kaiser with thy lip of lies; Base gambler for Napoleon's crown, Barnacle on his dead renown! There, Bourbon, Neapolitan, Crowned scandal, loathed of God and man; And thou, fell spider of the North! Stretching thy giant feelers forth, Within whose web the freedom dies Of nations, eaten up like flies; Speak, Prince and Kaiser, Priest and Czar, If this be Peace, pray what is War?

While Angel of the Lord! unmeet That soil accus'd for thy pure feet Never in Slavery's desert flows The fountain of thy charmed repose, No tyrant's hand thy chaplet waves Of lilies and of olive-leaves, Nor with the wicked shalt thou dwell, Thus saith the Eternal Orator; Thy home is with the pure and free, Stern herald of thy better day, Before thee, to prepare thy way, The Baptist Shade of Liberty, Gray scan'd, and hairy-rob'd, must pass With bleeding feet the wilderness! Oh that his voice might pierce the ear Of princes, trembling while they hear A cry as of the Hebrew serj REPEL! GOD'S KINGDOM DRAWETH NEAR!

Kate's Valentine. Kate, my sprightly niece, like most young ladies of her age, has her own opinions on matters and things currently transpiring. She thinks independently, and generally speaks what she thinks. Of course, her knowledge of human nature is not very deep; nor is she as wise in all her conclusions as she is led to imagine. I do not say this disparagingly, for Kate has quite as good sense as nine in ten who have only numbered her years, which are about twenty-one.

On one subject, Kate had, for a year or two, been particularly decided in her expressions. The Valentine epidemic, which has raged so violently, she considered a social disease emphatically. It was no healthy manifestation of right feelings, in her estimation.

At last St. Valentine's day approached, and the store windows and counters began to be filled with emblematic love missives of all kinds, from the most costly, delicate and refined, down to the cheapest coarsest, and most vulgar, Kate exhibited more and more strongly her antipathy to the custom about to be honored.

"If any one were to send me a Valentine," said she, "I would take it as a direct insult to my common sense."

"Oh, for that," I replied, sportively, "lovers are not so silly as to address the common sense of those whose favors they desire to win."

"Whoever wins me," was her prompt answer, "must appeal to that. At no other point will I be accessible."

"And we will see." "I'll wager a new hat against a spring bonnet," said I, "that you receive a Valentine this year from a certain young man named—Never mind; don't blush so; I won't name him."

"I would discard any one who insulted me with a Valentine," replied Kate, indignantly. "Don't say that, for fear you will have cause to repent the indiscretion."

"Yes, I do say it. No man of good sense would stoop to such trifling."

"I don't know, Kate. A little trifle, now and then, is relished by the best of men."

"That's rhyme, which does not always go hand in hand with reason."

fourteenth approached, Kate frequently repeated her expressions of disgust at the silly custom of sending Valentines that had become so popular, and declared, over and over again, that such a liberty with her, would be taken as a direct insult, and resented accordingly.

Among the visiting acquaintances of Kate was a young man named Loring, for whom, I could see, she had kinder feelings than for any other male friend; but, either in consequence of a natural reserve of character, or because he was in doubt as to Kate's sentiments regarding himself, he never seemed perfectly at ease in her company, though he sought it on every proper occasion. I had him in my mind when I suggested the reception of a Valentine from a certain young man, and Kate understood me perfectly.

Well, Valentine's day came round. At dinner time, I came home as usual, and almost the first word my wife said to me was— "What do you think? Kate's received a Valentine."

"Indeed!" "It's true. It came by the Dispatch Post. I received it at the door, and sent it up to her room."

"Have you seen her since?" "No." "Of course, she's particularly indignant." "I don't know any thing about that.—It was a handsome one I infer, from the size and envelop; and had in it something hard, which I took for jewelry—a breast-pin or a bracelet."

"Were do you think it came from?" said I. "I've guessed young Loring," answered my wife.

"If he has sent it he has committed a great mistake," I replied. "How so?" "You know Kate's antipathy to Valentines."

"Young ladies often talk a great deal without really knowing what they say, and Kate is not altogether free from the fault," said my wife.

"I readily enough assented to this.—When the bell rung for dinner, Kate came down from her room. Her face was rather more sober than usual, and she did not join in the conversation with her accustomed animation. She was first to retire from the table.

"I don't think she is mortally offended," said I to my wife. "No, not if I am skilled in mental indications," was replied.

During the afternoon, two or three more love missives came; but not a word touching their reception, or the feelings produced thereby, was breathed by Kate. It was plain, however, to one with even half an eye, that she was pleased at the mark of attention, or it might be, token of love. Evening, instead of being passed as usual with the family, was spent by Kate in her room.

On the next morning, at the breakfast table, I mentioned the fact that a certain number of Valentines had passed through the post office on the day before. This was in order to introduce the subject, and call out some remark from Kate; but she remained silent on the subject, though not without indicating, by her heightened color and restless eye, that her thoughts were busy enough.

"I rather think our young lady has changed her opinions," said I, smiling, after Kate had left the table.

"Circumstances alter cases you know," replied my wife, smiling in turn.

the more intimately we knew him, we saw no impropriety in leaving the young couple alone in the parlor.

From that time, there was a marked change in my niece. She was less sprightly and more absent minded than usual.—Next her appetite failed her, and she began to grow thin and lose her color—sure signs of a heart disease. Meanwhile, Loring was a constant visitor; and whenever he came, the bracelet was displayed, evidently in token that she knew from whence it came, and wished its full acceptance to be understood. At last, I received a formal offer for the hand of Kate. Of course, I had no objections to urge. The matter was, in my mind, already fully settled.

After that, the bracelet aforesaid was always to be seen on the arm of Kate. One evening, it was about a month before her wedding-day, as I sat talking with Kate; for whom my affection had always been as tender as that of a father for his child, I took her hand, and said, as I examined the bracelet— "That is very beautiful."

"Yes, I have always admired it very much," she replied, the color growing warmer in her cheeks. "A love-token, I presume?" "And as I said this, I looked at her archly. The hue of her cheeks became still deeper.

"A Valentine?" I added. "The blood mounted to her temples. "But it was not an ordinary Valentine. It did not come from a trifler; and was not received as an insult. I thought you were not the girl, Kate, to reject a sincere offer."

Kate blushed still more deeply. "This little love-token, dear Kate, is for thee: Accept it, and keep it, and wear it for me."

As I repeated this couplet, the young girl started with surprise, and looked with inquiring earnestness in my face. "But I'm afraid, Kate," said I, with a meaning smile, and a voice half-regretful in its tone, "that you wore it less for the real than for an imaginary giver."

She did not reply, but looked at me more earnestly, while a sudden light appeared to break upon her mind. "Dear uncle," said she at length, bending towards me, "had you seen this bracelet before you saw it on my arm?" "Yes, love," was my tenderly spoken reply; and I pressed her pure forehead with my lips as I spoke.

"And you sent it?" She seemed half breathless as she awaited my reply. "Yes, dear." She covered her face suddenly with her hands and sat motionless for some moments. In a little while, I saw a tear come stealing through her fingers. My feelings were touched, for I feared lest I had done violence to hers by this little confession of the truth. But, ere I had looked for composure of mind, she withdrew her hands from her face, on which an affectionate smile shone like a rainbow amid the parting drops of a summer shower, and said, as she arose— "Henceforth, I will wear it for the real giver."

Bending to kiss me, she left a tear on my cheek, and then glided from the room. On her wedding night, Kate wore her Valentine bracelet; and I am weak enough to believe—if the sentiment may be called a weakness—that she prized it even more highly than if Loring himself had been the giver.—Arthur's Home Gazette.

ANOTHER SIGN STORY.—During the great Miller excitement, when people got more zeal than common sense into their heads, and were ready at all times to seize upon the smallest mite and magnify it to a mountain, or something larger, an old lady came into Boston from the country, to see the winding up of all things terrestrial.—Being fruitful of religious zeal, she could see no good in anything but Millerism, and as she, in company with another lady, was talking about the conflagration of this wicked world, she exclaimed in as loud, unworldly a tone as any mortal would wish to hear—"Oh, Lord! What are we all coming to! Only look over on that ere sign where it says—Perishing souls and unbelievers made and repaired here!" The sign read thus: "Parasols and umbrellas made and repaired here." Nothing could induce the old lady to remain longer in a city so given to Satan, and, shaking the dust from her old shoes, she "out" for the country as fast as "the old mare" would carry her.

A Yankee, who went to the milder country some time ago, and who was asked on coming back, how he liked Great Britain? "Well," he said, "England is a very nice country, exceedingly fertile, well cultivated very populous, and very wealthy, but," said Yankee, "I never liked to take a morning walk after breakfast, because the country is so small that I was always afraid of walking off the edge."

Your Babies, not my Babies.

About thirty-five years ago, there resided in the town of Hebron, in this county, a certain Dr. T., who became very much enamored of a beautiful young lady who resided in the same town. In due course of time they were engaged to be married. The doctor was a strong and decided Presbyterian, and his lady-love was as strong and decided a Baptist. They were sitting together one evening, talking of their approaching nuptials, when the doctor remarked: "I am thinking, my dear, of two events which I shall number among the happiest of my life."

"And pray, what may they be, Dr?" inquired the lady. "One is the hour when I shall call you wife, for the first time."

"And the other, if you please?" "It is, when we shall present our first-born for baptism."

"What, sprinkled?" "Yes, my dear, sprinkled!" "Never shall a child of mine be sprinkled!" "Every child of mine shall be sprinkled."

"They shall be, ha!" "Yes, my love." "Well, sir, I can tell you, then, that your babies won't be my babies. So, good night, sir."

The lady left the room, and the doctor left the house. The sequel to this true story was, that Dr. never married, and the lady is an old maid.—Sandy Hill Herald.

CURIOUS THEORY RELATIVE TO THE DELUGE, NOBODY DROWNED AFTER ALL.—A Clergyman of Cincinnati, the Rev. Mr. Stuart, has broached a somewhat novel hypothesis respecting the scriptural account of the deluge. He insists that the ark is intended to represent the church established by Noah and his posterity, into which it was incorporated every principle of doctrine and duty necessary for the salvation of man at that day. To enter the ark was to be confirmed in the life of religion which it represented. The flood of waters he considers the emblem of an inundation of evil and impiety, and refers to various passages in Daniel, Isaiah, Jeremiah, & the New Testament, for the purpose of showing that the encroachments of fallacious reasoning and false reasoning and false principles are not only compared in the scriptures to floods of waters, but are actually called floods and the overflowing of rivers. This, he argues, is the real import of the flood in the time of Noah.—The perishing of the millions by the deluge, is to be understood, he says, in a spiritual sense, as the perishing of souls by the overwhelming influence of sin. In a lecture upon the subject, delivered by Mr. Stuart, he advances many plausible arguments in support of his theory. A literal flood like that described by Moses, the revered gentleman says could have taken place. Men of science reject as an absurdity the idea of a universal deluge having occurred since the creation of man. Geology utterly confute this supposition.—The learned Dr. Buckland, the orthodox Dr. Hitechoek, and many others equally worthy, have abandoned it, and none stand out for the literal flood except a stubborn few who make the omnipotence of God the scape-goat of physical impossibilities. These are Mr. Stuart's views as we find them reported in a Cincinnati paper, and we give them as somewhat startling innovations upon the general belief, without expressing any opinion as to their soundness.

A young man lately came to his death in Hull, (England,) through putting talloo on a pimple that was on his face—mortification ensued, which ended in his death, although the affected part was cut away. The use of talloo, for such purposes, is mostly dangerous, as arsenic is much used by the talloo chandlers for the purpose of improving the appearance of the candles.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.—A delegation of forty jackasses arrived in our borough yesterday afternoon. They took up their lodgings for the evening in the lot adjoining the livery stable. We were unable to ascertain whether they are on their way to Harrisburg or Washington.—Lycoming Democrat.

A rapper in New England, of the Andrew Jackson Davis school, professes to have had a recent communication from the spirit of Eaban Allen, in which he stated that he and Tom Paine were stopping at a hotel kept by John Bunyan.

Dr. Arch says the best cure for hysteric is to discharge the servant girl. In his opinion there is nothing like "flying around" to keep the nervous system from becoming unstrung. Some women think they want a physician, he says, when they only need a scrubbing.