



BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.

WHERE may be obtained the most speedy remedy for...

YOUNG MEN Especially, who have become the victims of...

DR. JOHNSTON. Office No. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET...

A CURE WARRANTED, OR NO CHARGE MADE, IN FROM ONE TWO DAYS.

DR. JOHNSTON, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons...

A CERTAIN DIS-EASE. It is a melancholy fact that thousands fall victims to this horrid distemper...

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Young men who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone...

MARRIAGE, should reflect that a sound mind and a body are necessary requisites to procure a matrimonial happiness.

CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILITY.—Dr. J. addresses young men, and all who have injured themselves by excessive and improper indulgence.

IMPURISANE.—These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth...

TO STRANGERS.—The many thousands cured at this Institution within the last ten years...

AL-SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED.—N. B. Let no false delicacy prevent you...

WEAKNESS OF THE ORGANS immediately cured, and full vigor restored.

ALL LETTERS POST PAID—REMEDIES SENT BY MAIL.

Hardware Cheaper. JOHN A. NEFF, for many years in the house of Mr. Bucher & Bro., desires to inform his friends...

Are you Insured? IF not, insure your property at once in the Cumberland Valley Mutual Insurance Company.

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

PETITION.

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Huntingdon county.

The petition of Andrew Johnston, of the Borough and county of Huntingdon, respectfully sheweth that he has lately taken that well known tavern stand in the said borough, called the Black Bear Hotel...

March 11, 1852. The subscribers citizens of the borough of Huntingdon, in the county of Huntingdon, recommend the above petitioner and certify that the Inn or tavern above mentioned is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers...

PETITION.

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the county of Huntingdon.

The petition of Samuel Steffy respectfully sheweth: That your petitioner now occupies the house heretofore kept as a public house of entertainment, situated on the road leading from Pinegrove to Lewistown...

March 11, '52. SAMUEL STEFFY. We the undersigned, citizens of Jackson township, being personally acquainted with Samuel Steffy, the above named petitioner, and also having a knowledge of the house for which the license is prayed, do hereby certify that such a house is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers...

PETITION.

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Huntingdon county.

The petition of Patrick McAtee, respectfully sheweth: That he is desirous of keeping an Inn or tavern in the house formerly kept by Michael Sessler, situated near the Canal, in the borough of Alexandria...

March 11, '52. P. McATEE. We the undersigned, citizens of Alexandria, being personally acquainted with Patrick McAtee, the above named petitioner, and also having a knowledge of the house for which the license is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers...

PETITION.

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for the county of Huntingdon.

The petition of Alexander Carmon, of the borough and county of Huntingdon, respectfully represents: That your petitioner is well provided with house room and other conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers...

March 11, '52. A. CARMON. We the undersigned, citizens of the borough of Huntingdon, in which the above Inn or tavern is proposed to be kept, do certify that such Inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers...

PETITION.

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for the county of Huntingdon at April Term, A. D., 1852.

The petition of Wesley P. Green of the borough of Birmingham in the county of Huntingdon, respectfully represents: That he continues to occupy that well known commodious Brick house, situated on the corner of market and commerce streets in the borough aforesaid, as an Inn or Tavern...

March 11, 1852. W. P. GREEN. We the undersigned citizens of the borough of Birmingham in the county of Huntingdon, do hereby certify that the above named petitioner Wesley P. Green is a person of good repute for honesty and temperance...

PETITION.

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The petition of Wesley P. Green of the borough of Birmingham in the county of Huntingdon, respectfully represents: That he continues to occupy that well known commodious Brick house, situated on the corner of market and commerce streets in the borough aforesaid, as an Inn or Tavern...

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PETITION.

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The petition of Wesley P. Green of the borough of Birmingham in the county of Huntingdon, respectfully represents: That he continues to occupy that well known commodious Brick house, situated on the corner of market and commerce streets in the borough aforesaid, as an Inn or Tavern...

PETITION.

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Huntingdon county.

The petition of John Livingston respectfully sheweth: That he intends to occupy, and desires to keep as a public house, the one now occupied by Christian Couts, in the borough of Huntingdon. He therefore prays the Court to grant him a license to keep an Inn or tavern in the house aforesaid, and he will pray, &c.

March 11, 1852. JOHN LIVINGSTON. The undersigned, citizens of the borough of Huntingdon, being personally acquainted with John Livingston, the above 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 entertain strangers and travellers...

PETITION.

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the county of Huntingdon.

The petition of Samuel Steffy respectfully sheweth: That your petitioner now occupies the house heretofore kept as a public house of entertainment, situated on the road leading from Pinegrove to Lewistown, in the township of Jackson, in the county of Huntingdon...

March 11, '52. SAMUEL STEFFY. We the undersigned, citizens of Jackson township, being personally acquainted with Samuel Steffy, the above named petitioner, and also having a knowledge of the house for which the license is prayed, do hereby certify that such a house is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers...

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March 11, '52. P. McATEE. We the undersigned, citizens of Alexandria, being personally acquainted with Patrick McAtee, the above named petitioner, and also having a knowledge of the house for which the license is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers...

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The petition of Alexander Carmon, of the borough and county of Huntingdon, respectfully represents: That your petitioner is well provided with house room and other conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers...

March 11, '52. A. CARMON. We the undersigned, citizens of the borough of Huntingdon, in which the above Inn or tavern is proposed to be kept, do certify that such Inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers...

PETITION.

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AN ELOQUENT APPEAL.

FEMALE INFLUENCE FOR THE "MAINE LAW."

"He comes not. I have watched the moon go down, But he comes not. Once it was no so. He thinks not how the bitter tears flow. The while he holds his riot in that town. Yet he will come and chide; and I shall weep, And he shall wake my infant from its sleep. To blend its feeble wailing with my tears. I had a husband once who loved me; now, He ever wears a frown upon his brow; But yet I cannot hate. O there were hours When I would hang forever on his eyes; And time, who stole with silent swiftness by, As if he were a thief, on his path with flowers. I loved him then; he loved me too. My heart Still finds its fondness kindled if he smile. The memories of our love will ne'er depart. Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear His madness; and should sickness come and lay Its paralyzing hand upon him, then I will with kindness all my wrongs repay Until the penitent shall weep and say How injured and how faithful I have been."

WOMEN OF AMERICA!—Were this the last hour in which this soliloquy of woe, ten thousand times repeated by your suffering sex, should ever be uttered, and woman henceforth should never be dragged by a drunken husband or son to the grave, would you not consider it one of the most blessed hours on the dial of time; and could you by any act of yours hasten it onward, would you not be grateful to the God of providence that he gave you the heart and opportunity to do it?

WOMEN OF AMERICA!—The hour is come when the HYPERA Intemperance may be destroyed. The weapon is forged and put into our hand; and heaven only waits for man to strike the blow, to write upon its eternal scroll—it is finished. The Maine law is that weapon. You have heard of its provisions. The sound of its operation has reached your ears and gladdened your hearts. Now, in that noble State, no woman need fear that her husband will become a drunkard, or that the son of her love will be seathed with that which is worse than the lightning's stroke. Hundreds of wives had their intemperate, abusive, cruel husbands handed over to them sober because of the law, and their homes are happy. Thousands of children on her broad domains, in all her schools and at the fireside of parents, will not now as in the past be tempted with the drunkard's drink or caught in the venter's snare. Poorhouses and jails, those creations only for the outcast, the houseless and the vile, are scarcely needed. The Sabbath is delivered from its worst desecration, and a gospel of the grace of God may have free course and be glorified.

WOMEN OF AMERICA.—Is this nothing to you? Who have been the torn, bleeding, seathed sufferers of Intemperance?—Whose heartstring have been broken by this loathsome vice? Who has been robbed of beauty, comfort, friends, home, reason, life? Do not answers come from every hill and valley.—WOMEN. "The tears she has shed would make a river; the groans she has uttered, collected and concentrated, would be louder than the earth quake." But what, it will be asked can we do to secure the Maine law?—Much, every way; in your own houses, in the fashionable circle, among all minds, where, by your indignant frown on vice and approbation of virtue, you can bear sway. As you have helped on the terrific evil, enticed the young to drink of the cup, and sustained customs and fashions have dragged thousands to perdition, so now bring all your fascination and energy to break the chain and save a world.

1. So far as you can affect it, let the Maine law be the law of your house.—That law treats spirituous and intoxicating liquor as vile and worthless, dangerous and deadly in all its tendencies, and where it is exposed for sale to be drank as a beverage, devotes it to destruction. If the women of the Revolution did not so look upon tea, still they considered tea the instrument of tyranny, and its entire banishment was the law of the house. Noble Women! How did they come to the rescue of their country! Where are their daughters! As you claim their character, banish these vile drinks, these fire-waters of the pit, from your dwellings; pour them out upon the ground that the earth may swallow them up and no more be slain.

2. Let the Maine law be the law of your social parties. Can a woman in Maine, who has the least spark of patriotism in her bosom, display that in her social parties, whose sale, by the Law of her State, is crime! can any be found breasting every influence to deliver community from untold poverty, degradation, theft murder, and every iniquity? surely not. But if not there, how can they be elsewhere? The same principal calls you to the same decided stand wherever you are, in what condition so ever placed.

3. Make the Maine law the law of your holidays and annual festivities. These festivities and seasons of relaxation and intercommunication, have been the occasion

of untold amount of intemperance and woe. "Ah! many a lost young man exclaimed, "At that New-Year's call I took my first glass; by those numerous drinks I first became intoxicated; there I first lost my character and laughed at hell; from thence I rushed onward and downward, and there was no redemption. How shall woman atone for the past, but by establishing a Maine law in all these seasons of peril? She can do it. She has done it; and gained honor in the breach of fashion. Women of America! here is a precious opportunity to throw your influence into the scale of Humanity, patriotism and religion. Improve it; and let each succeeding year, as it commences, testify to the power of your self-denial and the virtue of your principles.

4. Make the Maine law the subject of thought, of reflection and conversation.—Roll it over in your mind; see what it has done for Maine; what it will yet do; what it would do for other States; what, for women; from what poverty and degradation it would save thousands on thousands; and as you muse in your hearts and the fire burns, speak out freely and boldly to all around you, and say, We must have such a law. Talk of it in the house and on the way; when you go out and when you rise up. Let no tongue be silent until it is the law of every State, and its broad shield is spread for the protection of every child, in this our fair inheritance.

5. Make the Maine law the constant subject of petition and prayers. If you cannot make laws, you can ask them of those who are bound to give them. If you cannot protect yourselves and your children from men-stealers, from murderers of fathers and murderers of mothers, you can demand protection of those who have power to bestow it. Pour in petitions, then, upon your Legislature by thousands and tens of thousands for a MAINE LAW. Do it now, in all your towns and cities and villages, and if you fail here and the rum-sellers taunt a scoff, as they will, go up higher, for "he that is higher than the highest regardeth, and there be higher than they." Long has it been the prayer of thousands of suffering women, that every drop of liquor might be poured upon the ground and every distillery and dram shop might be exterminated from the land.—These cries have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabbath. The Avenger has come. He has begun his work in Maine, and he will roll it onward and upward; and while the cry of the suffering goes up to his throne, no enemy shall hinder. A rumor reached the wilds of Maine that the life of Neal Dow, the favoured instrument in making this law, was in danger from its foes. It drove a poor woman, whose intemperate husband had become sober and a blessing under the law, to her knees.—She prayed that not a hair of his head might be injured. It was enough.

WOMEN OF AMERICA! A license law, worse than the law of Haman, has consigned your people to destruction. Thirty thousand are its annual slain. Who can tell but you are raised up for such a time as this? Go to the king. Go, and pray that governmental patronage no longer be extended to the monster evil; that the Maine law be everywhere established, and the great dragon be bound a thousand years. Pray now and petition now, and demand now, that no hapless sister shall say twenty years hence, when a better generation shall rise and do your work: "Oh! had this been done twenty years ago, and the liquor destroyed, my husband would not have died a drunkard and I and my little ones would not have been the tenants of an Almshouse. WOMEN OF AMERICA, WILL YOU DO YOUR DUTY?"

Large Farms. The Cincinnati Gazette states that J. Davis, of Ross county Ohio, cultivates 1,800 acres of Indian corn and that he has, this winter; a corn-crib filled, which is three miles long, ten feet high, and six feet wide.—H. L. Ellsworth of Ia., cultivates 12,000 acres in corn, which would require a crib twenty miles long, six feet wide; and ten feet in height. He is desirous of selling thirty small farms of 1,000 acres each. So says the Lafayette (Ia.) Journal.

The people of this country pay enormous sums of money for the foreign made silks which they wear. It is stated in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine for February, that the amount of silks passed in consumption at the port of New York alone, for the twelve months ending December last, was \$23,486,456. What the amounts may have been at other ports we can only conjecture, as no returns have been published. We will assume them to be \$3,000,000; and this gives us the enormous amount of \$26,486 456 for one year's cost of foreign silks.

Why are the young ladies of this place like a bonnet half trimmed? Because, they are in want of the beaux.

AN IRISH LETTER.

Copy of a letter written during the rebellion, by Sir Patrick —, an Irish member of Parliament to his friend in London:

"MY DEAR SIR:—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are (thank God) killed and dispersed.

We are in a pretty muss—can get nothing to eat, nor wine to drink, except whiskey, and when we sit down to dinner we keep both hands armed. While I write this, I hold a sword in each hand, and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet.

At present there are such goings on that everything is at a stand still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I did not receive it till this morning. Indeed, scarcely a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the coach with the mails from Dublin was robbed near this town—the bags had judiciously been left behind for fear of accident, and by good luck there was nothing in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take.

Last Thursday, notice was given that a gang of rebels were advancing under the French standard, but they had no colors, nor any drums, except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and children ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little; and we were far too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face; but at it they went, and by the time that half of our little party were killed we began to be alive again. Fortunately the rebels had no guns except pistols, cutlasses and pikes, and as we had plenty of guns and ammunition we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some of them who were drowned in an adjacent bog; and in a very short time nothing was to be heard but silence.—Their uniforms were different colors, but all green.

After the action we went to rummaging a sort of camp which they left behind them. All we found was a few pikes, without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of French commissions filled up with Irish names. Troops are stationed all round the country which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add that I am in great haste.

Yours truly, PATRICK. P. S. If you do not receive this, of course it must have been miscarried; therefore, I beg you will write and let me know."

HOW A COAT WAS IDENTIFIED. In a Justice's Court, in this city, a case was recently decided in a most novel way. A coat was in dispute, and the evidence was directed and positive for both claimants; the parties were Irish, and full of grit, "ready to spend all they had rather than give up the beat."

The affair had been carefully examined and the Court was "in a quandary," not knowing who had the best claim on the garment. However, a moment before His Honor was to sum up the evidence, Patrick Power, one of the claimants, made the following proposition for settling the affair. Said Patrick:—"Timothy Maguire, now ye say that coat belongs to yerself intirely; I say it is me own. Now mind ye, Timothy, the both of us will take the coat an' look it all over and the man that finds his name on it shall be the owner."

"Done," said Timothy. "An," ye'll stick to the bargain?" said Patrick. "To be sure," answered Timothy, and "Yes" rejoined counsel on both sides. "Thin Look at it," said Patrick, as he passed the coat into the hands of Timothy, who vainly searched every part of it for his name, and passed it back to Patrick, boastingly saying, "An' now let us say if ye can find'n the likes iv yer own name upon the garment."

"Ye'll stick to the 'greement,'" said Patrick, eagerly grasping the coat. "Upon the honor iv a man," replied Timothy. "Thin howld on a bit," said Patrick, as he drew his knife and opened a corner in the collar of his coat, taking therefrom two very small peas, exclaiming as he held them out in his hand:—"There d'ye see that?"

"Yes; but what iv that," said Timothy. "A devil a dale it has do to wit it—it is me name to be sure—pa for Patrick and pa for Powers, he Jabers!" He got the coat—he did.—Bost. Bee.

If a fat hog comes to five dollars, what will a lean one come to? Answer—To a bucket of slop.