

"Never mind, love; Kriss will find his way here," was my answer to all objections.

"But how do you know, mother? Have you sent him word?"

"Oh, I know."

Thus I put aside their enquiries, and hurried them off to bed.

"Now go to sleep quickly," said I, after they were snugly under their warm blankets and comforts; and to-morrow morning be up bright and early."

And so I left them to their peaceful slumbers.

An hour it was, or more, ere Mr. Smith returned, with his pockets well laden. I was in the parlour, where we had placed the Christmas-tree, engaged in decorating it with rosettes, sugar toys, and the like. At this work I had been some fifteen or twenty minutes, and had, I will own, become a little nervous. My domestic had gone out, and I was alone in the house.— Once or twice, as I sat in the silent room, I imagined that I heard a movement in the one adjoining. And several times I was sure that my ear detected something like the smothered breathing of a man."

"All imagination," said I to myself.— But again and again the same sounds stirred upon the silent air.

"Could there be a robber concealed in the next room?"

The thought made me shudder. I was afraid to move from where I sat. What a relief when I heard my husband's key in the door, followed by the sound of his well known tread in the passage! My fears vanished in a moment.

As Mr. Smith stood near me, in the act of unloading his pockets, he bent close to my ear and whispered—

"Will is under the table. I caught a glance of his bright eyes, just now."

"What?"

"It's true. And the other little rogues are in the next room, peeping through the door, at this very moment."

I was silent with surprise.

"They're determined to know who Kriss Kringle is," added my husband; then speaking aloud, he said—

"Come, dear; I want to show you something up in the dining room."

I understood Mr. Smith, and arose up instantly, not so much as glancing towards the partly opened folding door.

We were hardly in the dining room before we heard the light pattering of feet, and low, smothered tittering on the stairway. Then all was still, and we descended to the parlors again, quite as much pleased with what had occurred as the little rogues were themselves.

"I declare! Really, I thought them all sound asleep an hour ago," said I, on resuming my work of decorating the Christmas tree. "Who could have believed them cunning enough for this? It's all Will's doings. He'll get through the world."

"Aye will he," returned Mr. Smith.— "Oh! if you could have seen his face as I saw it, just peering from under the table cloth, his eyes as bright as stars, and full of merriment and delight."

"Bless his heart! He's a dear little fellow? How could I help saying this?"

"And the others! You lost half the pleasure of the whole affair by not seeing them."

"We shall have a frolic with the rogues to-morrow morning. I can see the triumph on Will's face. I understand now what all their whispering meant this afternoon.— They were concocting this plan. I couldn't have believed it of them."

"Children are curious bodies," said Mr. Smith."

"I thought I heard some one in the next room," I remarked, "while you were out, and became really nervous for a while. I heard the breathing of some one near me, also; but tried to argue myself into the belief that it was only imagination."

Thus we condescended to the little incident, while we arranged the children's toys.

"I know who Kriss Kringle is! I know!" was the triumphant affirmation of one and another of the children, as we gathered at the breakfast table next morning.

"Do you, indeed?" said I, trying to look grave.

"Yes; it is papa."

"Papa, Kriss Kringle! How can that be?"

"Oh, we know! We found out!"

"Indeed?"

And we made, of course, a great wonder of this assertion. The merry elves! What a happy Christmas it was for them. Ever since, they have dated from the time when they found out who Kriss Kringle was. It is all to no purpose that we pleasantly suggest the possibility of their having dreamed of what they allege to have occurred under their actual vision; they have recorded it in their memories, and refer to it as a veritable fact.

Dear children! How little they really ask of us, to make them happy. Did we give them but a twentieth part of the time we devote to business, care and pleasure, how greatly would we promote their good, and increase the measure of their enjoyment. Not alone at Christmas time, but all the year should we remember and care for their pleasures: for, the state of innocent pleasures in children, is one which good affections are implanted, and these take root and grow, and produce fruit in after life.

WHAT PLANK ROADS DO.—The Fayetteville (N. C.) Observer, under the head of "Fortune in spite of one's self," says: "We learn that a sale took place in this county, a few days ago, amounting to about \$16,000, of lands which would not have sold for half the money until the plank roads were built through and near them. The owner never subscribed a cent to build the roads, but haggled for damages against the companies, for passing through his lands."

THE JOURNAL.



HUNTINGDON, PA.

Thursday Morning, Dec. 23, 1852.

A. W. BENEDICT, ESQ., POLITICAL ED.

V. B. PALMER

Is our authorized agent in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, to receive advertisements; and any persons in those cities wishing to advertise in our columns, will please call on him.

WANTED, at this Office, a load of sound, dry wood, either hickory, oak, or yellow pine. Will some of our subscribers bring us a load SOON?

THANKS.

We have again reason to tender our sincere thanks to numerous friends and sterling Whigs who have promptly responded to our recent calls for settlements and money. Being ourselves punctual in all our pecuniary engagements, we can appreciate that virtue in those with whom we have dealings.

New Advertisements.

In another part of to-day's paper will be found several advertisements of particular interest to the public.

Splendid Goods for the Holidays, at Gwin's, Carmon's, Saxtons', and Snare's. Varieties and Notions at Bricker's and Hartley's. Give them a call.

Our friends from the country will find every variety of Winter Clothing at Snyder's and Willoughby's, all good and cheap.

Esquire Black's stock of Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c., is extensive and of the very best quality.

Winter.

'Tis done! dread winter spreads his latest gloom And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year. How dead the vegetable kingdom lies! How dumb the tuncful! horror wide extends His desolate domain! Behold fond man! See pictured here thy life! pass some few years Thy flowing spring, thy Summers ardent strength Thy sober Autumn fading into age.

And pale concluding Winter comes at last And shuts the scene."

Winter, with its biting frosts, and pinching wants, is once more with us. Time's chariot wheels have rolled all onward another cycle toward the winter of life. Spring, Summer, and Autumn, with their freshness, their flowers and their fruits, have been with us and whispered, we are gone, and Winter "reigns o'er the conquered year."

Readers, dear readers! do you, each of you, think what are the lessons which the revolving hands upon the clock of time are teaching. Days, weeks, months, and years, are passing away, and "onward! onward! onward!" cries this eternal time keeper, "onward to your tomb." Your beating pulses are its tickings toward eternity; and it will soon strike the hour which shall summon you to the prison house of the dead.

Have you learned not to live entirely for yourselves, then you have not lived in vain. If we live not for others, we have not fulfilled our mission. When self usurps the empire of the soul, it corrodes and cankers the heart; and love that emanation of Deity expires in its dreary cells.— Learn, then, to cultivate a love for the lowly of our race,—the needy poor. The poet has said of one: "Mammou's close linked chains have bound him, Self-imposed and seldom burst."

Though heaven's waters gush around him He would pine with earth's poor thirst."

The poor would never want, if the rich attuned their hearts to the sighs of the suffering. "It is more blessed to give than it is to receive," is a soul enlarging truth; it is a rill from the Fountain of Love. Drink! Drink of its waters, and never thirst. Lose no opportunity of making warm the hearts and hearts of the children of war, then winter will have lost much of his power to pierce the abodes of poverty, and then you may

"Sustained and sooth'd By an unfeeling trust, approach thy grave Like one that draws the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Conventions—Temperance.

We invite the attention of the friends of Temperance, not only in our county, but throughout the State, to the Communication, under the head of "Conventions," in another column.

There is no project of reform, of public utility, or of progress, that can be fairly brought before the public, or successfully urged, except it be done by a well organized system; by which all interested in the measure, may make a united, harmonious, and efficient effort, to promote it. And what other plan, except Conventions, can bring together the friends of a measure; from townships, to meet in counties, and from counties to meet in States? By such meetings, well digested plans of operations are perfected, and a union of purpose and of power brought about, which enlists friends, as well as secures results.

The friends of Temperance, in our county and in our State, need such an interchange of opinion as is had at Conventions. The enquiry is now every where thrust-home on us, *What shall be done to stop the drunkenness which is now making our young men old?* Fathers must answer this question in such a way, that their answered prayers will not bring sorrow in their train; and while others are moving, it does not become the people of this county to remain silent and inactive.

What more fitting way to learn your strength, and to wield it with effect, than to assemble in a County Council; and what time more fitting than the January Court; say on Wednesday of the first week. Friends of Temperance, in the several townships, what say you? will you send on your boldest and best men to represent your wishes in such a Council?

As public Journalists, we are bound to use our endeavors to further any and all reforms, and our views on the Temperance Reformation are well known and understood.

Our Defeat—Why was it?

In two former issues, we gave our opinion as to some of the causes of the late defeat of the Whig party, which arose outside of the party itself.— When we have adverted to some of those with which we, as a party, are more immediately connected, we shall leave the whole subject, and ask our Whig friends to faint not through fear, or tire not with toil. "There is a good time coming, Boys, wait a little longer."

We love the Whig party for the spirit of freedom which pervades its ranks. Its boldest captain, and its humblest soldier, exercises a right to think and act, without having first asked the leaders or the candidates, how he shall think and act. Servile fear to a party usage, has no lodgement in the Whig party. Our party has ever maintained, that freemen who seek only the perpetuation of their much loved institutions, aim at higher ends than the spoils of office. This, the first article of our creed, has been so long obeyed and loved, that we have no doubt, that it sometimes ministers to our defeat; and did in the late election. There were many Whigs who felt that all their national pride was enlisted in the mighty Webster—his defeat disheartened them; and theirs and the country's final bereavement entirely paralysed them,—they did not recover from the blow in time to enter the contest. Our present worthy and excellent Chief Magistrate, Millard Fillmore, had an army of warm, devoted, and faithful friends, who felt that he deserved at the hands of the Whig party, the offer of its richest gift. Failing in that, they had not the heart to toil as they would have done. As honest, faithful Whigs they worked as cheerful as possible, but some of them at least, looked back and murmured for the "flesh pots" they had left. Another large portion of the Whig party are in principle, opposed to Military Chieftains, as candidates. And not a few of the ignorant and biggotted had been led to believe that General Scott was a Roman Catholic. Many of our Southern Whig brethren had adopted the belief, that Scott was in some way allied to the anti-slavery feeling of the North; neither of the two last tales having even a foundation in fact.— Here, then, may be seen the seeds of internal disease, which affected the Whig party.

Now, it must also be remembered that Whigs, after an election is over, attend to the other business of life, while our opponents, as we have said, attend to politics. They never forget to build up and strengthen their party, for they want its fat things. *If we love our principles, if we believe that those principles only, will minister to the true spirit of National Progress, and National Permanence, ought not we, as a question of party economy, take counsel by the conduct of our opponents?* The love of office will make a full blooded Loco Foco, watch night and day, summer and winter, that he may win his prize—the spoils. Should not the love of principle—of our country's prosperity—of truth itself, demand that we, as Whigs, should prove that love by the same watchful zeal, and tireless toil. The love of "plunder" binds with "cohesive power," our opponents, to their party and to their organization; and we ask in all sober earnest, can we believe even our own professions of principles, and protestations of honest purpose, when we refuse to unite our well organized strength to carry into effect our measures, or what is precisely the same thing,—the men who have been nominated on behalf of those measures?

While, then, we love the spirit of independence, and freedom of thought and action, which abides in our party, we are free to say that it would be a source of much rejoicing to us if we could see less ill mannered recrimination, and more willingness to bear each other's burdens. Arbitrary and dictatorial insolence is not independence; and can not do ought but evil.

We shall encourage all evidences of the love of right, we shall discourage all presumptions that the opinion of one man, is wiser than the organized party. Let our friends, every where, adopt this system, and set about an immediate and efficient organization. Our defeat in 1844 was more prostrating than the last, yet in 1848, we were doubly victorious. In four years we can do it again, if we will. "There is nothing impossible to him who wills it."

The Chambersburg Repository and Whig, under the editorial conduct of our esteemed friend, Col. A. K. McClure, is one among the very best family, as well as political papers, published in the interior of Pennsylvania; and we commend it to every body, as especially deserving of patronage, after the Huntingdon Journal. The Colonel has a subscription list of 2200, which makes the Whig a good advertising medium.

Why don't our Whig friends, in Huntingdon county, send in their names, and swell our list up to that, or larger? We deserve it; and we need it; and the Whig party needs it. Will not some good man in each township, make a small effort for the "Journal"? Send us in 5 or 10 new subscribers from each post office, and see how grateful we can be; and how much good you can do.

By the by, we forgot one thing! Our friend, of the Whig, names that worthy, faithful, and deserving old Whig, Hon. Thomas Carson, as the man for Speaker of the Senate. If large experience, any stern integrity, and a sound judgment, are any recommendation, then our estimable friend, Carson, is in the way of success. We have said once before, that the Whigs have cause to be proud of their Senators. The Speaker's Chair will be honored by any one of them.

Congress.

This body, of the Legislative wisdom of our nation, is once more in session, after a recess of only a few weeks. A long session expired just before the October election; nearly the whole of which was spent in President making, while the business of the people was allowed to remain untouched.

A President has been made; and it would be a supportable case, that this session would be one of war; and during which, those public Servants who receive eight dollars a day, would be willing to devote their time to public duties. Some of the letter writers have given it as their opinion, that such would be the case. We know how easy it is to complain, and ensure the conduct of persons in official stations; and we know, that as a general rule, they encounter such censure in every quarter. We do not intend to be a party to any such course. If they do act, even though that

action shall not accord with our views, we shall give them the credit of seeking to fulfill their mission; but should they spend their time in making a Cabinet for President Pierce, and laboring for their peculiar pets, to get them into good offices; then we too will join the general cry.

So far, Congress makes no demonstration for good. The Tariff is kicked under the table; and protectionists, who flattered themselves with the hope that some thing would be done for them, are told now they must wait for the coming in of the new Administration. Our opinion is, they will wait. If Congress does do any thing our readers shall be "hooked up."

For the Journal. Conventions.

Messrs. Editors: As you lately informed us, through the Journal, that there was "a time for everything," doubtless there is a time for conventions. It is the natural right of all men, to meet together in order to devise the best means to secure the happiest results.

We have our Railroad conventions, our Turnpike and Bridge conventions, and our School conventions; and in short, we have conventions in order to promote every great work or reform, which requires the united efforts of men.

And now, that (as we trust) the political feuds and heart-burnings have subsided with the smoke and noise of a warmly contested election, we believe it is a fit time to set down, review the past, and devise suitable measures for the future prosperity and happiness of our country.

And being thus seated, the first enquiry suggested to the mind is; what shall we do to prevent thousands of the present and future generations from being immolated upon the gory altar of Bacchus, as hundreds of thousands have been sacrificed, and as millions of human beings have yet to fall ignominiously, if nothing can be done to stem the mighty current of intemperance which is sweeping over our land with all its devastating, and destructive consequences! The foe with which we have to contend is more powerful and insidious than the Czar of Russia, and more deadly than the Upas; the theatre of our conflict is the world, and the end of the contest must be, either the annihilation of intemperance, or a glorious grave to the friends of reform. And surely such a foe, such a field, and such an end in view, is worthy of the attention, the zeal and the best efforts, of the patriot, the philanthropist and the Christian. Now for years past all these have been employed in the contest, they saw the moral world tending to degradation, they came to the rescue, all the weapons in the armory of moral suasion have been employed. They have wiped away many a tear, healed many a bleeding and broken heart, restored peace and plenty to many a deserted hearth, and brought back many a wandering prodigal to his weeping parents. But much still remains to be done; the manufactories of alcohol are still darkening the Heavens with their smoke, they are still sending forth streams of liquid death, more destructive in their consequences than all the streams of liquid fire which have flowed from burning mountains since the creation of the world. We have still many a melancholy spectacle, penitentiaries and prisons crowded with squalled and wretched victims of intemperance, our Courts of Justice expending millions to protect the community from the assaults of the unfortunate inebriates with which we are still surrounded, and we have still five hundred thousand inebriates, as is supposed in our country.— And the enquiry still forces itself upon us. Is it not a fit time for every County in the State to hold conventions, to call upon each township to become an auxiliary, and each county to become an auxiliary to a State Society? And thus form an organization such as will make a salutary impression upon the community.

And now in conclusion, if we see you band of patriots who have borne the burden in the heat of the day, who have been fighting for the good of their country for years, and whose weapons appear to be broken and in some measure worn out and useless; still grappling with that deadly monster, whose victims have been dragged from every department of life—from the palace to the hovel. The temple of Justice, the Senate chamber, the Legislative Hall, nay! the Sacred Altar; all, all have supplied victims to glut its insatiable and replenished maw. If we see all this, either through cowardice or apathy fold our arms, and look upon the contest, a thousand times more important than that thrilling battle by which the invincible M'Donald extorted the marshalls staff from Napoleon, we may live to repent our folly and spend the coming of our lives in bitter regrets. And now Messrs. Editors, will you in view of this important subject, request each township to hold a meeting, and send up delegates to a convention to be held in your town at such a time as you may deem most prudent.

H. C. B.

We see that some of our exchanges are in favor of our fellow-townsmen, Isaac Huges Esq., for the office of State Treasurer. As the Democracy have things entirely their own way just now, we can not expect to be of much service in the way of a recommendation, but for a real, thorough-going Loco Foco, and nevertheless an amiable, kind hearted gentleman, we will back him against all the office-hunters between this and Harrisburg. Besides, he has the brains and the capacity to fill the post with credit, and this some old-fashioned people still think an important consideration.—Somerset Herald.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—shut the door.

Splinters and Shavings.

DYING—1852.

Pay your debts.

COMING—the Holidays.

Don't sleep in Church.

Love knowledge, for it is power.

Nothing dries sooner than a tear.

IN SESSION—the Holidaysburg Court.

Despise illness as you would a thief.

ABSENT—most of our lawyers, at Holidaysburg.

Every madman thinks all men mad but himself.

Avoid loud laughing and talking in the streets.

SPEED—the mails from Cincinnati now reach us in 30 hours.

A full grown Buffalo weighs over two thousand pounds.

A Telegraph office has been established at Shippensburg, Pa.

The sale of spirituous liquors has been prohibited in Buenos Ayres.

The fear of being thought poor, has doomed thousands to a life of poverty.

Good Sleighting in the northern part of New York and the Eastern States.

The French government has prohibited the employing of children about theatres.

RELIGIOUS—Divine service may be expected in the Episcopal Church, on Friday evening.

The Whig majority on joint ballot in the Massachusetts Legislature, will be twenty three.

There was a great freshet at Columbia, Georgia, some time since, which did immense damage.

The editor of the Leabnon Courier saw a white black bird last week, and survived to record the fact.

A bill is before the Ohio Legislature to prohibit the circulation of foreign bank bills within the State.

A CHANGE—A. J. Greer, Esq., has retired from the Union Star, and is succeeded by Messrs. Merrill & Smith.

The next State Agricultural Fair will be held on the 27th, 28th, and 29th, and 30th days of September, 1853.

The Whigs of Pittsburg have nominated Robert M. Riddle, Esq., one of the best men in the city, for Mayor.

Another new planet has been discovered between Mars and Jupiter, by Mr. Hind of Regent's Park, London.

The Chinese jugglers now performing in New Orleans, are said to be the most wonderful ever seen in this country.

Capital punishment has been revived in Tuscany, by the present Duke, grandson of the great Leopold who first abolished it.

Love never reasons but profusely gives like a thoughtless prodigal, its all. And trembles then, lest it has done too little.

Austria refused to be represented in the Wellington general ceremonies on account of the treatment of Gen. Haynau by the English.

The authorities of Parma have passed a decree to exterminate all the Carrier Pigeons, to prevent their being used to spread political heresies.

Wild Geese are daily brought to Cincinnati from the northern lakes, and ducks are so abundant that they are sold by the string like fish.

Twelve Railroads enter Chicago, all of which will be completed in less than three years, and will measure nearly eight hundred miles in length.

Business men in the cities are suffering for the want of small change; Change of all kinds seems scarce in this region; except change of weather.

A DIFFERENCE—in many parts of the county, where there was good sleighting last year as early as the middle of November, the fields now afford tolerable pasture.

The Commitments to the Philadelphia county prison have for some time past, averaged twenty four per day! This is, truly, the "age of progress"—in vice.

The Bradford Argus, totally destroyed by fire a few weeks ago, has arisen like the Phoenix from its ashes, and in a full new dress, presents a beautiful appearance.

OMISSION—we neglected last week, to notice the improved appearance of the Philadelphia News which has donned a full new suit, and is now a beautiful sheet.

The Spirit Rappings are creating some sensation in Harrisburg. It already finds willing votaries there as elsewhere, and soon shall we hear of its victims as well as votaries.

JUST SO—the New York Mirror says, very properly, that any man who will buy his nomination or his election to Congress, will sell his vote to the highest bidder when he gets there.

It is said by Mr. Kinney, one of the editors of the Newark Daily advertiser, that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is producing mischievous effects against the United States all over Europe.

FOREIGN—the British press is jubilant with joy at the election of Mr. Pierce, while the Democrats of France are equally delighted with the Coronation of Napoleon III. The rest of Europe is quiet.

PITTSBURG PROGRESS—there are now seven daily railroad passenger trains leaving Pittsburg, East and West. It is only sixteen months since the first railroad car commenced its trips from that city.

A State Temperance Convention will meet in Albany on the second Wednesday in January, and a Women's Temperance Convention on the following day and evening. In Ohio and several other States similar demonstrations are in progress, or prospect.

The editor of the "State Journal" is delighted with our Representative, elect, and declares, with much satisfaction, that the "Colonel is designated the 'handsome member,' by the ladies of Harrisburg." The compliment is certainly merited, and we are pleased to see it extensively copied by our exchanges.

Think nothing a trifle, though it small appear; Sande make the mountain, moments make the year.

And trifle life. Your care to trifles give, Else you may die ere you have learned to live.

From the New York Tribune.

Nativity of the American Population.

One of the most interesting results of the Census is the classification of inhabitants, according to the countries of their birth. We are thus enabled to discover for the first time of what our nation is composed. The investigations under this head have resulted in showing that of the free inhabitants of the United States, 17,736,792 are natives of its soil, and that 2,210,828 were born in foreign countries, while the nativity of 39,227 could not be determined. It is shown that 1,964,518 of the whole number of foreign born inhabitants were residents of the free States, and 245,310 of the Slave States. It is seen that the persons of foreign birth from 11.06 per cent. of the whole free population.— The countries from which have been derived the largest portions of these additions to our population; appear in the following statement:

Natives of Ireland in U. S. in 1850	961,719
Natives of Germany	573,225
" England	278,675
" British America	147,000
" Scotland	70,550
" France	54,069
" Wales	29,868
All other countries	95,022

Total 2,210,828

The proportion in which the several countries above named have contributed to the aggregate emigrant population, is shown in the subjoined statement:

Ireland 43.4 per cent.	Scotland 3.17 per cent.
Germany 25.9 " "	France 2.44 " "
England 12.6 " "	Wales 1.34 " "
B. Amer 6.68 " "	Miscel's 4.47 " "

This view of the living immigrant population is important, as serving to correct many extravagant notions concerning it, which have attained extensive currency.

Another interesting branch of this inquiry is that which concerns the inter-migration of our native citizens among the States. The tables presenting a view of this movement will be most useful and valuable in tracing the progress of different portions of the country. The facts developed will show how far one region has impressed its own characteristic and peculiar customs on others. It is found that out of 17,736,792 free inhabitants, 4,112,433 have emigrated and settled beyond the States of their birth. Three hundred and thirty-five thousand natives of Virginia, equal to twenty-six per cent. of the whole, have found homes outside of her own borders, South Carolina has sent forth 163,000, which is 36 per cent. of all native citizens of that State, living in the United States at the date of the Census and the very remarkable proportion of 59 per cent. of the number remaining in the State of their nativity.

North Carolina has lost 261,575 free inhabitants, equal to 21 per cent. by emigration. Among the Northern States, Vermont and Connecticut have contributed most largely the settlement of other parts of the country. Their proportion, about 25 per cent. of their native citizens, would exceed perhaps that of either of the Southern States already mentioned, were the number of slaves in latter admitted as an element of the calculation. But the roving tendency of our people is incident to the peculiar condition of their country, and each succeeding Census will prove that it is diminishing. When the fertile plains of the West shall have been filled up the inhabitants of each State will become comparatively stationary, and our countrymen will exhibit the same attachment to the homes of their childhood, the want of which is sometimes cited as an unfavorable trait in our national character.

No. 4. A Western Editor says that no medicine has ever performed such wonderful cures as Dr. J. W. Cooper's INDIAN VEGETABLE COLIC OR CONSUMPTIVE SYRUP, which is prepared by C. P. Hewes, in West Chester. It cures almost every case of CONSUMPTION and NEVER fails in curing any cough, no matter how long it may have been standing, nor any Rheumatic Drops, prepared by the same person, are worth all other Rheumatism medicines put together; they never have been known to fail in this country.

T. Read & Son, Huntingdon; G. W. Brechman, McVetters; and J. M. Belford, Millintown; are agents for the sale of Dr. J. W. Cooper's medicines, and of whom the genuine can be obtained.

The Stomach prepares the elements of the bile and the blood; and if it does the work feebly and imperfectly, liver disease is the certain result. As soon, therefore, as any affection of the liver is perceived, we may be sure that the digestive organs are out of order. The first thing to be done, is to administer a specific which will act directly upon the stomach—the manspurg of the animal machinery. For this purpose we can recommend HOOGLAND'S German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Acting as an alterative and a tonic, it strengthens the digestion, changes the condition of the blood and thereby gives regularity to the bowels.

December 2, 1852.

THE MARKETS.

HUNTINGDON, Dec. 22	
---------------------	--