

sought, she would keep them gamed in her heart, and stifle at once with its unwonted beatings. Until she knew her love would be returned, she would not cast it abroad.

"Ellen," said Clement, after listening to a recital of her antipathies to a republican life and manners, "I believe Irene Hargrave has turned your head. You talk almost as silly as herself. It does no honor to the good sense of American girls to despise their own country, which can boast as true and noble sons as the lordly courts of Europe. I hope you will not suffer Miss Hargrave longer to fashion your opinions, for I perceive that she is exerting a very deleterious effect on your mind. And believe me, Ellen, Miss Hargrave has no real regard for you, and will cast aside all thoughts of you, when she returns to New York."

"And how can you tell that?" asked Ellen.

"Because," replied Clement, "her professed regard for you is not founded upon your merits, but upon your station in life, and such friendship is never abiding. It will change with every turn of fortune's wheel. I can see in her no good qualities for you to copy, and she has taught you to neglect and despise old and valuable friends, whose honest love is far greater worth than her cold professions of regard."

"Why," said Ellen, "I did not intend to cast aside my old friends, and shall value them when Irene is gone."

"But you must remember, Ellen, that friendship is not a thing to be cast aside and resumed at pleasure. Your former friends will not value love which they find so inconstant."

"I believe, brother, I have done wrong and will surely atone for my errors.—But I will not believe Irene insincere, till I have surer proof than your surmises. And here she is coming down the street, and two young ladies with her, friends from New York, I presume. How very fashionable they are dressed."

The young ladies passed the window, and Ellen greeted Irene with a familiar bow. But it was not returned, and she distinctly heard Irene reply to an interrogatory of the young ladies, that she was one of her simple country acquaintances, and had a brother as dull as herself.

Clement saw that Ellen was pained and left the room without remark, leaving Ellen to muse alone on the worth of Irene's friendship.

Ellen was naturally a kind and affectionate girl, but gay and thoughtless.—She had been flattered by Irene's attention, and had been induced to act contrary to the principles of her nature. But when she saw that Irene's regard for her was all assumed, her mind resumed its former feelings, and she loved her country friends better than she had ever done Irene Hargrave, and at length became so very republican in her feelings, as not to think it vulgar for rich and poor to associate together, provided they were equally sensible and well bred. She loved poor Lucy Raymond too, and Clement loved her for her self alone, and told his tale of love. And Lucy yielded to him her heart's devotion, and her after life was one bright reality of happiness.

The memory of Irene Hargrave had nearly faded from the mind of Ellen Loffland, when one morning as she was perusing a New York paper, the following paragraph, under the beautiful sentiment, "The silken tie that binds two willing hearts," met her eye.

"Married, yesterday morning, by the Rev. Dr. —, his Grace the Earl of Athelstane, to Miss Irene Hargrave, of this city. The happy pair, after a short excursion up the Hudson, will sail immediately for England, where they are to reside upon the Earl's princely estates."

"Well," exclaimed Ellen, "Irene has arrived at the pinnacle of happiness: She has married a foreign nobleman, and gone to reside in aristocratic Europe. A bright commencement has her married life, truly."

"But a sad final," replied Clement, taking a paper of more recent date from his hat, and reading the following:—

"We would warn the public against the impositions of a scoundrel calling himself, the Earl of Athelstane, who came to this city a few weeks since, and under the above title, married the daughter of one of our most wealthy and esteemed citizens. He has since decamped, with several thousand dollars of his wife's property, and it is ascertained that he is a worthless villain, and has practiced similar impositions upon several respectable young ladies in our cities. We hope this will serve to cure some of our fashionable young ladies of their mania for foreign husbands, and teach them to regard mind instead of manner, in their estimate of one's character."

THE LOAFER'S SOLILOQUY.

I have a faint recollection of having been sober at some early period of my life before, and things looked very much as they do now. It is distressing to think how ugly sobriety makes a man look. Yesterday I thought myself an uncommon handsome young man, and now I'll be hanged if I don't look so much like a ragged old beggar that I'm actually ashamed of myself. There aren't half so many stars in the sky as there were last night, and they don't dance half so merrily as they commonly do. They say it's July, but I believe they lie, for I shiver like December. I once heard that idleness would bring a man to a morsel of bread; now I

wish it would bring me to something short to cool my burning tongue, for I haven't got a tonic, and the bars and cellars are all shut.—Wonder if Dives was half as hot in Popplet as I am, I'll do something if I don't there's no snakes. I'll go and hold up that post, for it's so drunk it can't stand still, that's certain. Where shall I sleep to-night? These're brick would do as they have many a time before; but I've no brandy to warm 'em. I think I'll go to the watch house. Hallo watch, hallo! Murder! Ah! them cursed drunkards Charles are all asleep, as usual.—The last thump wouldn't wake 'em. They have no humanity no bowels.—If it feels so bad to be sober, I wonder every body isn't drunk. How I pity the poor Temperance Society! They want to drink water and nothing else; for dogs won't drink brandy they say. That's because they're irrational brutes, and don't know what's good. Now I'm not a dog but a man, and I'll stick to brandy, I wish it would to me. I wish my throat was a mile long, so I could taste it all the way down. If I had my way they shouldn't be any stores nor dwelling houses but all bar-rooms and taverns, and I'd drink till every body else was dead, and then I'd set up a tavern myself. I do feel awful sick and if there were no water in the docks I'd go and drown myself. What a pity they ain't fill'd with something short, wouldn't I jump in? The corporation ought to see to it, Now I think of it, I'll stow myself away in this gutter and hold on the curb stone. The sides, may be, will keep me from rolling off. I do not believe the Queen of England haint got such a bed quilt as I have: it's the blue vault of Heaven. I wish it was tucked up a little closer about the edges. I say ma'am suppose you've got locked out of I have, but never mind I'll take care of you. Creep underneath the counterpane. Tsh! it's nothing but a dog, and I've thrown away my politeness. Go away dog! I'm meat for your master. 'Now the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' I feel a notion to deliver myself up to religious reflections, and I'm in a proper frame of mind for it. All good men got drunk; the Bible says so. Noah got so corned he couldn't stand, sit nor be still. Lot got boozy; and Haman's heart was merry with wine. Moses got drunk. Zoums! I believe all patriars got drunk. Quit! Quit! I tell you! What's the use of poking a fellow's ribs so? Breakfast ain't ready yet.

Watchman.—No, but the watch-house is, and the Police Court will be in the morning.

MARRIAGE BY INSTALEMENTS.—At Houghton-Spring, on Sunday week, an amusing circumstance occurred, which has yielded much merriment to the gossips of the district. A young couple presented themselves at the altar to be joined together in holy matrimony; and, in the midst of the bucking ceremony, when they were called upon to join hands, they each held out, in the nervous confusion of the critical moment, the left instead of the right hand. The recognised master of the ceremonies, the parish clerk, corrected the blunder; and the lovers, tickled by their mutual inadvertence, burst into a most uncanonical fit of laughter, which speedily infected the wedding attendants. The curate refused to complete the ceremony, and the disappointed pair left the church half married. On the following day, however, the marriage was perfected by another clergyman.—*Carliste (Eng.) Journal*

STORM AT CARLISTE, Pa.—We learn from the Phila. Nat. Gazette of Saturday last, the following account of a destructive storm which occurred at Carlisle on Thursday last is furnished by a letter on the books of the Exchange received from a gentleman of that place:—"The most awful storm that was ever known to have taken place in Carlisle occurred this afternoon. Scarcely a house in town has escaped uninjured. A number of them had their gable ends blown in, some of them have been unroofed. Stables have been blown down entirely. All the houses having windows facing to the north or west had the glass broken to pieces, and some of the window frames blown in with the glass. Trees from 8 inches to 2 feet in diameter were uprooted or broken down. The storm did not extend more than a mile from town in any direction. All the grain within that distance is totally destroyed, as it is beaten down, the greater part of it cut down by the hail that accompanied the storm. The stones of the hail were the largest, I think, that have ever been seen here by our oldest inhabitants. The full extent of the damage is not yet fully ascertained."

ANOTHER recent test of the unrivalled virtue of Dr. WM. EVANS'S CAMOMILE PILLS.—Dyspepsia of ten years' standing cured.—I was afflicted with the above complaint for ten years, which incapacitated me at intervals for the period of six years, from attending to my business. I am now restored to perfect health by the frequent use of the above medicine. My symptoms were, a sense of oppression after eating, pain at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, and great debility. I am willing to give any information to the afflicted respecting the benefit I received from the use of Dr. Evans's Camomile and Aparient Pills.

J. MCKENZIE.
Stanton, Sept. 1, 1838.
The above Medicine is for sale at Jacob Miller's Store Huntingdon, Pa.

New Establishment. IMPORTANT TO Farmers.

THE undersigned begs leave respectfully to inform the farmers of Huntingdon, Bedford, and the adjoining counties, that he is manufacturing his newly improved

THRASHING MACHINES AND HORSE POWERS,

in Martinsburg, Bedford county, where he will be happy to furnish any who may want a superior article in that line. As the Horse Power is new, and materially different from any hitherto invented, and the undersigned a stranger to most of the farmers in this part of the State, he has been induced to procure a certificate from the following gentlemen who have purchased machines of him last winter, and have tried them to their own satisfaction. Their certificate will be sufficient to satisfy any reasonable person who may be disposed to doubt, that they are not mere untried experiments, but that they have been well tested here as well as in other portions of the State. The character of the gentlemen whose names are attached to the following certificate (*live that of the machine*), needs no other recommendation THAN TO BEK OWN.

N. B. No other persons are authorized to sell the above Horse Powers in this or any of the adjoining counties.

JAMES P. ROSS, Patentee.
We the undersigned, farmers and citizens of Bedford and Huntingdon counties, do hereby certify, that we have thrashed our grain during the past winter with James P. Ross's improved patent Horse Power and Threshing Machine. And in justice to the inventor, we cheerfully and unhesitatingly pronounce it in our estimation far superior to any machine for that purpose we have hitherto seen.

We would therefore recommend them to any farmers who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity of getting machines in which we as yet have been unable to discover the smallest deception.

John Stoner, David Stickey,
Isaac Bower, John Nicademes,
George Powell, Meinwell Kinkead,
George Gear, C. E. Kinkead.

VALUABLE PROPERTY For Sale.

WILL be sold at private sale, one third of the Clinton property, situated on Raystown Branch, on which is erected a Forge, a Grist Mill, and a Saw Mill, together with suitable dwelling houses. There is about

700 Acres of Land, of which about one hundred is cleared. It is supposed that the Slack Water navigation will go right past the Forge. The works are now conducted under the firm of Hopkins, Beigle & Co. Persons desirous of purchasing, will please to call upon George P. Mattern now living at Rebecca Forge Stone Creek and every satisfaction will be rendered. The terms will be made favorable.
June 26, 1839.—6t.

Executor's Notice.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the Estate of Philip Roller, late of Morris township, Huntingdon county, deceased, are requested to make payment to the subscribers immediately, and those having claims against said Estate, will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
JOSEPH ROLLER, } Executors.
JOSHUA ROLLER, }
Williamsburg, July 26th, 1839.—6t. p.

ANOTHER CASE OF DYSPEPSIA. Letter from the Hon. Abraham Mclellan, Sullivan county, East Tennessee, Member of Congress.

WASHINGTON, July 22, 1838.
Sir.—Since I have been in this city, I have used some of your Dyspeptic medicine with infinite benefit and satisfaction, and believe it to be a most valuable remedy. One of my constituents, Dr. A. Carden, of Campbell co. Tennessee, writes me to send him some, which I did, and he has employed it very successfully in his practice, and says it is invaluable. Mr. Johnson, your agent at this place, thinks you would probably like an agent in East Tennessee. If so, I would recommend Dr. A. Carden as a proper person to officiate for the sale of your celebrated medicine. Should you consent, I am willing to act for you, and to send the medicine by water to the office of Robert King & Sons, Knoxville, Tennessee, or by land to Graham & Brothers, Hazewell, East Tennessee. Write me in a few days. I have no doubt but if you had agents in several counties in East Tennessee, a great deal of your medicine would be sold. I am going to the some of it home with me for my own use, and that of my friends, and should wish to hear from you whether you would like an agent in Blountsville, Sullivan county, East Tennessee. I could get some of the merchants to act for you, as I live near there. Yours, respectfully,
A. MCLELLAN, of Tennessee.

To Dr. Wm. Evans,
P. S.—My address is Blountsville, East Tennessee.
The above Medicine is for sale at Jacob Miller's Store Huntingdon, Pa.



THE JOURNAL.

One country, one constitution, one destiny.

Huntingdon, June 26, 1839.

Democratic Antimasonic CANDIDATES.

FOR PRESIDENT
GEN. WM. H. HARRISON
FOR VICE PRESIDENT
DANIEL WEBSTER.

Electoral Ticket.

JOHN A. SHULZE, Sen't'l
JOSEPH RITNER, Electors
1st District, LEVIE PASSMORE,
2d do CADWALLADER EVANS,
3d do CHARLES WATERS,
4th do JON. GILLINGHAM,
5th do AMOS ELLMAKER,
6th do JOHN K. ZELIN,
7th do DAVID POTT,
8th do ROBERT STINSON,
9th do WILLIAM S. HINDEU,
10th do J. JENKINS ROSS,
11th do PETER FILBERT,
12th do JOSEPH H. SPAYD,
13th do JOHN HARPER,
14th do WILLIAM MELVAINE,
15th do JOHN DICKSON,
16th do JOHN M'KEEHAN,
17th do JOHN REED,
18th do NATHAN BEACH,
19th do NER MIDDLESWARTH,
20th do GEORGE WALKER,
21st do BERNARD CONNELL,
22nd do GEN. JOSEPH MARKLE,
23rd do JUSICE G. FORDYCE,
24th do JOSEPH HENDERSON,
25th do HARMAR DENNY,
JOSEPH BUFFINGTON,
JAMES MONTGOMERY,
JOHN DICK.

FLAG OF THE PEOPLE!

A single term for the Presidency, and the office administered for the whole PEOPLE, and not for a PARTY.

A sound, uniform and convenient National CURRENCY, adapted to the wants of the whole COUNTRY, instead of the SHILL PLASTERS brought about by our present RULERS.

ECONOMY, RETRENCHMENT, and REFORM in the administration of public affairs. Tired of Experiments and Experimenters, Republican gratitude will reward unobtrusive merit, by elevating the subaltern of WASHINGTON and the disciple of JEFFERSON, and thus resuming the safe and beaten track of our Fathers.—L. Gazette.

Fourth of July Celebration.

Ladies and Gentlemen! desirous of participating in the celebration of the coming anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, are respectfully requested to attend a dinner, to be prepared in the Borough of Alexandria, on the 4th of July, at one o'clock P. M.—an address will be delivered on the occasion.

JOHN PORTER,
Pres't. Com. of Arrangement.

Expenses of the Canal.

On one or two occasions we have alluded to the increased expense of taking care of the public works, under Porter's administration. We find in the Lewis-town Gazette the following account of the actual difference. We desire the people to read it carefully, and see what they think of the conduct of this Dog-keeping power which now reigns. Two years ago, and they incessantly prated about the expense of the public works. They called on the people to drive the plunderers away from the public crib—aye, but why did they?—was it not because they desired to get it, satisfied that their professions of honesty would blind the eyes of the people, until they could plunder with impunity? We felt confident that they would reform no thing—it is emphatically the PLUNDER PARTY; "to the victors belong the spoils" is their motto, and they make spoils of all the money they can get into their hands. Thus \$380,000 was borrowed last summer, to carry on the repairs between this and Hollidaysburg—and an interest of 4 per cent. Early in the winter a law was passed to borrow the same amount as a permanent loan to pay the above sum. The Girard Bank gave them the money, and up to this time we believe, it has never been paid, so that the State is now paying nine per cent. for money, and simply because the powers at Harrisburg desire to keep the money in their hands, at the expense of the State, and to the oppression of the poor and needy laborer. They are the plunder party, and we ask the people to remember how they scolded about increased expenses. If you cannot recollect we must hunt over their old files and give their own words. Compare now the expenses of the two administrations. If

we are wrong we can be corrected by a certified statement from the Auditor General's Office.

Under the administration of Ritner, the expenses per day were
One Supervisor \$2 50
Four Foremen 1 50 6 00
Four Horses 62 2 50
Nine laborers 90 8 10

Expenses per day \$19 10
Which being multiplied by thirty gives the monthly cost of \$573 00

Under Porter's administration the expenses are

Two Supervisors 2 50 \$5 00
Six Foremen 1 50 9 00
Six Horses 62 3 75
Thirty laborers 90 27 00

Expenses per day \$44 75

Which multiplied by thirty gives \$1342.50, or more than twice as much as it cost under Ritner, being an increase of expenses in a year of nine thousand one hundred and twenty-four dollars, merely on that small portion of the canal under one supervisor during Ritner's administration. And added to the whole is the expense of a Superintendent.

This too is the conduct of the new reform administration, retrenchment in expenses—economy in conducting—and a decrease of officers, were to be the leading traits of this reform party. How has it terminated? Look at the yearly expense of about 40 miles of canal, and ask yourselves where was the economy.

1838, \$6,876 00
1839, 16,111 00

Showing an increase of \$9,234 00.

He ask the honest who have been duped to remember these things.

Thomas Levers.

Some weeks since we published a statement relative to the appointment of this worthy subject, or pensioned slave of the British Queen. He, or his friends admit that he now receives the price of his servitude, under that Government. Instead of condemning such a disgraceful preference, many of the Loco Foco papers laud the existing State administration, for passing by the claims of honest, independent freemen, to pick up this imported not transported aristocrat, to lord it over our native citizens.

There is however really some hope that such barefaced corruption will not always escape exposure; we find their own friends awaking from their lethargy, and holding language like the following. The extract below is from the "Venango Democrat," edited by J. W. Shugert; and he tells the tale of wrong in words that burn, and we should like to know how Jenny Clark, and his guilty compeers relish a dish served up with such seasoning by one of their own friends. We are now and have been long since satisfied, that the canal board cared nothing for the wishes of the people, but would rather trample upon their petitions than answer them. But to Shugert's story, read it!

"Some of the Democratic papers of the interior are weekly filled with replies to attacks made upon Thomas Levers, a broken down English Aristocrat, who has been appointed to office by the present Board of Canal Commissioners, on the Portage Rail Road. It is a hard thing this, for the democracy, to support and defend the subjects of John Bull, particularly a fellow like Levers, who was distinguished in the days of his prosperity for his haughty and overbearing disposition; who then treated honest Americans as if they were an inferior order of men, and who is a Tory at heart. Why tory foreigners are placed in office in preference to honest republican citizens is a matter to us unaccountable. It is outrageous, and the men who countenance such things should have the mark of Cain set upon them.

We are acquainted with hundreds of worthy republicans—republicans by birth, in heart, and in practice, who would have done honor to any station in the gift of the Canal Commissioners, whose claims have scarce received a passing notice; yet here is a mendicant British grandee, a lieutenant of the British army, a man without an American feeling, preferred before the sons of the soil, who are ever ready to shed their last drop of blood in its defence."

Election of Canal Commissioners.

Our readers will see in another column that the Senate passed a bill to elect the Canal Commissioners. Not, however, until the Loco Focos had done all they knew how, to oppose it. In the House, its fate was different. The Loco Foco Democrats have a majority in that body. These rowing lovers of the dear people, reign triumphant. These brawling opposers of the aristocracy can count more noses there. In fact, the rowdies, drunkards, dog-keepers, thieves and purjurers, created, made, and now rule that dignified body. They, with all their Democracy—

with all their love of the dear people—

with all their hatred for aristocracy,—they have voted down, by a strict party vote, the law, to elect the Canal Commissioners. They have refused to let their dear people have a voice in choosing their own officers. They have virtually said, that they are incapable to select competent men—else too honest and liable to be imposed upon by the falsehoods, and violated oaths of knavish politicians, (which the result of last fall's election, would seem to prove was reasonable.)

But, be that as it may. These democrats! heaven save the mark! vote against the right and capacity of the people to choose their own servants. They have declared that one man was a better judge than all the Farmers, Mechanics & Laborers in the state. This is their democracy. It is all talk when they are called upon to act, they violate every precept preached—and prove themselves the rankest kind of aristocrats. Every honest Farmer will see, and feel it, if he patiently submits to such insults! Are not the people the best judges of what they desire? and is not the right of the people to select their own officers, one of the plainest principles of democracy?—and are they not aristocrats who refuse to let them exercise that right? Let the honest and industrious bear in mind, the fact, that these tools of David R. Porter, refuse to let the people elect their own officers, because they wish him to use his power and patronage on the canal, to keep honest Davy in; this is the secret. We really hope that the people will vote for no man this fall for assembly, who will not pledge himself to support the passage of a law to elect Canal Commissioners. Do so and we doubt not these open mouthed democrats will pledge themselves; but their pledges like their oaths are broken without remorse. If the people would preserve their rights, let them look to it. Those that cry out most about democracy, always have the least of it.

Editorial Summary.

New words seem to be very easily coined in these days of Rohan potatoes and morus multicaulis. We see that some of the papers talk of "Henries"—we suppose that is where some fellow in feather breeches is busy hatching chickens;—and one of the Boston Tailors has a "Pantaloony"—we have in our town a "cocoonery"—and they have had a "Doggerly" all winter at Harrisburg.

It is said that the pain arising from the sting of a wasp can be almost instantly removed by the application of an onion.

The Lewistown Republican says Dr. Dyott is a Whig. Now we cannot imagine the cause why our friend Cunningham should perpetrate so palpable an error, unless he thought there might be some rivalry as to who of the worthies ought to be Governor—Dyott or the present incumbent—both having shown their abilities in the same way. The truth is, Dyott is and has been for many years, a notorious advocate of Jackson, Van Buren, Porter and Loco Focoism,—and is of the right stamp—an English Tory and Aristocrat, who willingly plunders those that trust him, and purjures himself to pay his debts. Birds of a feather, &c.

JESTING ABOUT FACTS.—Charley Pray, and Tom McElwee have got a little at logger heads, and have been amusing themselves and the House by calling each other d—d l—rs, beasts and blackguards—we are glad to hear them speak the truth for once.

Lauriat the Aeronaut, made an ascension in his balloon at Chelsea, and the Boston Transcript says he was near losing his life. The cords of his balloon broke and he was driven out into the bay, sometimes rising a hundred feet in the air, and again taking a cold bath in the water. Several vessels tried to render him assistance. He was rescued by a small boat just as the last cord broke from his car, and was left in the water while his balloon soared away.

The Florida war is said to be ended, since the announcement of the treaty by Gen. McComb. We do not believe it—rumor says that the tomahawk and torch of the savage, is still dealing death and desolation among the inhabitants.

Mob law is still rife in Mississippi.—The sheriff of Warren county, shot a man by the name of Folks, in the arm and side who with his rifle, was endeavoring to hinder the sheriff from making a levy. The cap on the rifle burst; and the Sheriff escaped unhurt.