THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS
OF THE
HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, if paid IN ADVANCE, and if not paid within six months, two dollars and a half.

Every person who obtains five subscribers, and forwards price of subscription, shall be furnished with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year.

No subscription received for a less period than six months, nor any paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

☞ All communications must be addressed to the Editor, POST PAID, or they will not be attended to.

Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for every subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents per square will be charged. If no definite orders are given as to the *time* an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS.
FOR
The Huntingdon Journal.

Daniel Teague, *Orbisonia;* David Blair, Esq. *Shade Gap*; Benjamin Lease, *Shirleysburg*; Ethel Smith, Esq. *Chilcottstown*; Jas. Entriken, jr. *Coffee Run*; Hugh Madden, Esq. *Springfield*; Dr. S. S. Dewey, *Birmingham*; James Morrow, *Union Furnace*; John Sisler, *Warrior Mark*; James Davis, Esq. *West township*; D. H. Moore, Esq *Frankstown*; Eph. Galbreath, Esq. *Hollidaysburg*; Henry Neff, *Alexandria*; Aaron Burns, *Williamsburg*; A. J. Stewart, *Water Street*; Wm. Reed, Esq. *Morris township*; Solomon Hamer, *Neff's Mill*; James Dysart, *Mouth Spruce Creek*; Wm. Murray, Esq. *Graysville*; John Crum, *Manor Hill*; Jas. E. Stewart, *Sinking Valley*; L. C. Kessler, *Mill Creek*.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

IN pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, will be exposed to sale by public vendue or outcry, on the premises, on Monday the 29th day of March next, the following described real estate, late the property of Benjamin Cornelius, dec'd. to wit—A certain lot or parcel of land situate in Cromwell township, in said county, adjoining another lot of said dec'd. and the Black Log mountain; containing two acres and one quarter, more or less, with a small tannery and a two story dwelling house thereon erected.

Terms of Sale:—One half of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, and the residue in one year thereafter with interest, to be secured by the bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

By the Court,
JOHN REED, *Clerk.*

Attendance will be given at the time and place of sale by the undersigned, Administrators of the said dec'd.

JOSEPH CORNELIUS, } *Adm's.*
GEORGE CORNELIUS, }

February 10, 1841.

NOTICE.

THE business at the Juniata Rolling Mill, Huntingdon County Pa., after the 1st of January 1841, will be conducted by Samuel Hatfield, John Hatfield, and Samuel Hatfield jr., under the name of *Samuel Hatfield & Sons*; and they solicit the attenention of the public to their superior article of

Boiler Sheet, Flue and Tank Iron.
CAR AXLES
AND
BAR IRON OF ALL SIZES

made out of the best Juniata Blooms which will be furnished on as accommodating terms as heretofore, and they at the same time thankful for past patronage

Samuel Hatfield,
John Hatfield,
Samuel Hatfield jr.

Juniata Rolling Mill, Huntingdon County, Pa. Jan. 1st 1841.

ROCKDALE FOUNDRY.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform the citizens of Huntingdon and the adjoining counties, that they have repaired and newly fitted up the Rockdale Foundry, on Clover Creek, two miles from Williamsburg, where they are now prepared to execute all orders in their line, of the best materials and workmanship, and with promptness and despatch.

They will keep constantly on hand stoves of every description, such as

Cooking, Ten Plate, Parlor, Coal and Wood Stoves:

Ploughs, Anvils, Hammers, Hollow-ware, and every kind of castings necessary for forges, mills, or machinery of any description: wagon boxes of all descriptions, &c., which can be had on as good terms as they can be had at any otoer foundry in the county or state. Remember the Rockdale Foundry.

STEEVENS & KENNEDY.

January 1, 1841.

POETRY.

THE FRIGATE PENNSYLVANIA.

AIR—"*Old Rosin the Bow.*"

Since the Ship Pennsylvania has righted
And rides o'er the waves stiff and true,
We must hunt up a gallant commander
To take charge of her Harrison crew.
That the Locos have had her in keeping,
Her damaged condition will show,
But the people will put her in order,
With their gallant commander, we know.
Then freemen display your fair banner,
In harmony close up your ranks,
And place at the helm of your frigate,
The friend of the people, JOHN BANKS.

Since the Locos have had this fair vessel,
They've proved but poor sailors indeed;
They have eaten up all the provision,
And left none for a season of need.
The barnacles stick to her bottom,
The mildew has rotted her sails,
Her mainmast is sprung by the tempest,
Her mainsail is rent by the gales;
But her timbers are sound as cast iron,
For which we give Heav'n our thanks,
And she'll sail well as ever when guided
By the people's commander, JOHN BANKS.

When the Locos endeavor to sail her,
They steer'd her thro' mist and thro' fog,
They run against banks without number,
And never could show a fair log.
They forgot the good chart Constitution,
Their compass they overboard threw,
They mortgaged the ship and her cargo,
And turned off the best of the crew.
The rats fell to gnawing her timbers,
The worms fell to boaring her planks,
Her pumps were chok'd beyond working,
So the people called out for JOHN BANKS.

They've got a commander, one Porter,
A land lubber as you may be sure;
When this bungler was put in commission,
The frigate was tight and secure.
When the tempest beat down on her quarters,
To break open the stores was his plan,
Cries Davy "she's going to pieces,
Let every one save what he can."
But the people they cried out to Davy;
"You renegade, leave off your pranks,
Just hold by the mainstay one minute.
We'll bring you relief with JOHN BANKS.

He'll carry her into the harbor,
And shelter her safe from the storm,
While his bold gallant crew will careen her
In economy's dry dock reform.
New shipwrights he'll put in commission,
Her tackle and stores he'll renew,
And the skulkers will all get a starting,
With the crack of a rope's end or two.
Then freemen draw up in close order,
The pirates drive off from your flanks,
And rally for God and your country,
And the friend of the people, JOHN BANKS

Now who's for a sale in this frigate,
With BANKS as commander-in-chief,
Let us join heart and hand at the halyards,
And give our poor comrades relief.
Huzza for the old Pennsylvania,
How gallant she'll look when she sails,
And she safe will return to her station,
In spite of political gales.
And when she rounds to in the harbor,
To the bottom her chain cable clanks,
In a full flowing bowl of hard cider,
We'll drink the commander, JOHN BANKS

Salmagundi.

How to manage crying children—let them cry.

How to manage a scolding wife—lick her.

How to avoid domestic troubles—never marry.

How to save being dunned—never run in debt.

To prevent getting whipped — don't fight.

To stand high with the ladies—never visit them.

A smoky chimney may be cured—by keeping fire from it.

When you travel, don't carry much money—it looks ostentatious.

If you write to a lady, direct it to her brother or guardian—it saves postage.

Never write a note to a young lady—you might commit yourself.

Never visit school girls—it destroys the object of their going to school.

When you go gunning, always load before you shoot—you are ten times as apt to kill.

Never have any small change—you might treat.

If you owe your landlord—board it out with him.

GENERAL MILLER.

This gallant soldier, whose brilliant achievement in the late war, at the battle of Bridgewater, has wreathed his brow with imperishable laurels, was at Washington at the recent Inauguration. A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, who noted General Miller's presence at the vast throng at the Capitol, has furnished the following sketch of the incidents connected with the occasion referred to.

"I'LL TRY, SIR."

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF BRIDGEWATER.

On the 25th of July, 1814, the bloody battle of Bridgewater and Lundy's Lane took place near the banks of the Niagara. It was six o'clock, and a sultry evening, when the British forces under General Drummond advanced to meet the American columns; and a more deadly contest never raged on the soil of our beloved country than that which then commenced; the roar of the neighboring cataract lost itself in the booming of the cannon—the voices of many waters and the voices of battle sang *bass* together—and the dead slept in sweet forgetfulness upon the moon-lit hill. The first brigade under Gen Scott, with Towson's artillery and a body of cavalry, sustained the attack of the British army for an hour unaided. Gen Ripley with fresh troops now arrived, and relieved Gen Scott, while the latter with his exhausted brigade formed a reserve in the rear. The British artillery had taken post on an eminence at the head of Lundy's Lane, and were pouring forth a most deadly fire on the Americans. Gen Brown, the commander of the American forces, seeing the terrible havoc made by the enemy's cannon, concluded that it was necessary to dislodge them or retreat. It was a dreadful duty The troops that were to march up Lundy's Lane might well say their prayers and make their wills before moving. It was certain death to every second man of the forlorn hope. As the commanding General rode along the foot of the hill, in thoughtful mood, he saw the brave Col Miller advancing at the head of his newly-raised regiment for further orders. He rode up to him.—"*Will* you advance and capture that battery?" said the Gen. "I will try, sir," said the modest Colonel. The General rode on, and the regiment gallantly wheeled and moved up Lundy's Lane. At every rod the artillery on the height sent its messengers of death through the dense column; but still there were no flinching. The voice of the noble Miller, as he waved his sword before the bloody gap, was heard uttering the short and expressive orders, "Steady men—close ranks—march!" Around him the flower of his regiment fell like withered leaves of autumn; but he heeded not his loss; he was ordered to take the battery on the hill, and he intended to do it. He advanced, therefore, coolly and steadily to his object. Amidst a tremendous blaze of artillery, and at the point of the bayonet he carried the height. It was a gallant deed. I have never heard of its equal except the siege of San Sabastian. It was superior in temerity to Bonaparte's attack upon Little Gibraltar, at Toulon, because Miller had no covering for his troops in case of a retreat. It was a dead march to glory; yes, at every step the rear rank trod upon the dead and the dying, and the groans of suffering humanity mingled with the hoarse rattle of the drum.

When the conqueror, with his remnant of a regiment, trod upon the heights at the head of Lunday's Lane, and turned the cannon upon the astonished enemy, a death struggle ensued between the American an British armies. "These guns will decide the battle; they must be regained, or the army of Britain will be cut to pieces, and if regained, the Americans will be conquered." Such were the thots of each General. Now come the iron gripe of war. A terrible conflict raged upon the height, and when the morning sun arose upon Bridgewater, 1,600 soldiers, friends and foes, lay sleeping in gory death upon the hill side in Lundy's Lane. Surely, the battle of Bridgewater will never be forgotten by the patriot, the historian, or the poet; and while the laurels of a SCOTT and a RIPLEY are green and unfading, let us not forget that the gallant MILLER is alive, and that his country owes him a debt of gratitude which she can never repay. She however can say with her children when asked to aid him, as the hero said at Bridgewater to his commander when called upon to render him service, "I will try, sir." LET HER TRY, for the sake of her honor, and may the day never dawn when the heroes of Lundy's Lane shall be forgotten by an American citizen. *We* glory in the services of the brave. May the laurel circle the victor's brow in life, and at last hang upon a broken column over a deathless tomb! Reader, the hero of Lundy's Lane is beside you!

Wealth of the Esterhazys.

Every body knows, we presume, that the Esterhazy family is the richest and most ostentatious in Europe, or probably in the world. The splendid dresses worn by the present Prince, at the coronation of Queen Victoria and on the other show occasions in London, have been described by the London papers with a lavishness of eulogium such as can be found elsewhere only in the Arabian Nights Entertainments. His *Highness* is represented as one blaze of diamonds, from cap to shoe tie. The following account of his treasure house will be read with considerable interest and some envy;—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

"The great lion' of Forchenstein is of course the Schatz Kammer; and thither we accordingly repaired, attended by the treasurer-keeper, the commandant, and four of the grenadiers on duty at the castle."

"The vaulted gallery containing these family treasures, of which the costly diamonds worn by their highnesses in England on occasions of ceremony form a part it is partly hewn in the rock, Like that extraordinary and uncounted hoard in the Serai Bournou at Constantinople known as the treasurer of the Pre Adamite Sultans, this of Frankno is imperatively destined to be increased by each successive representative of the race, while none are permitted to substract a particle from its value, and thus the mighty mass grows on from century to century, until at length it buries in inaction the ransom of an empire.

"Above the law arch of the iron-plated door of the Schatz-Kammer is inscribed the ingenious epigraph *Hic sermo de prater is presentibus, atque futuris*; and the threshold once passed, the stranger stands amid such a wilderness of wealth as he can never assuredly have previous conceived.

"The long gallery is lined on either hand by glass cases, and within these are heaped gold and silver plates; jewelled vessels of every variety of form and material; rich stuffs embroidered with colored gems and pearls, masses of opal, amethysts, and tapaz in the matrix; weapons, armour, and horse-gear literally blazing with precious stones; and in short, every variety of treasures which the profusion and ingenuity of man can collect together. Nor is the intrinsic value of many of the objects their greatest actual attraction for there are in numerous instances well authenticated relics of the great and brave of by-gone years; and to those who loved to linger over the past, there is even a more powerful charm in such remains than in the most costly article of *virtu* ever collected together.

"Among the confusion of splendor by which we were surrounded, we particularly remarked a clock two hundred years old, formed of beaten silver, and literally encrusted with jewels and intaglii; four large drinking cups of carved ivory, so minutely wrought that they appeared to be composed of lace, an amber cup and tankard, both ornamented with a procession of Bacchantes, in exquisite workman ship; a work box of seed pearl and turquoise; a champaigne pail, of silver gilt, studded with precious stones, and bearing date 1698; a table and two arm chairs of chased silver, made in 1667, for the use of the Palatine Esterhazy and his wife; an elephant's tusk, carved from end to end with a religious procession of the Hindoos in minute workmanship, a string of rings, principally *rococo*, many of them containing gems of extraordinary size and beauty, and about 100 in number—and a christening mantle of rose-colored silk, trimmed with split straw, one of the most curious and beautiful productions imaginable.

"The collection of jewelled weapons, shields and war trappings was most amazing,—and derived an added interest in most cases from an accompanying certificate of identification. Thus we handled the ruby-hilted swords wielded by the unfortunate Louis at Mohacs—the pocket knife of the Emperor Sigismund—the celebrated pearl bridal vest of the Palatine Paul Esterhazy, upon whose ground of rose-colored damask is wrought a pattern of seed pearls, the centre of every flower being formed by long links of the precious beads, which hang loose, and are strung so closely together as almost to conceal the material of the garment; the ruby-studded saddle cloth of the Vizir Mustapha, made captive by an Esterhazy on a hard fought field; the coral rosary of Stephen Bathoria; the golds brocaded vest of Mathias Corvinus, and that of John Sobiesky, also of rich brocade, a beautiful specimen of the needle work of the seventeenth century.

"But it were endless to attempt an enumeration of the costly contents of the Schatz-Kammer of Forchenstein; suffice it that after having lingered among its treasures until both our eyes and our senses ached, we proceeded to the armory, were weapons and accoutrements for one cavalry and one infantry regiment, each 1,200, are always in readiness. Everything was in admirable order; and from thence we progressed to the arsenal, where in addition to the amunition, and the beautiful brass guns intended for the protection of the fortress in time of need we found the banners of Sobiesky, Matthias Carvinus, and Bethlem Gabor, a glorious drapery of departed greatness!

"Much curiosity exists in England with regard to the actual amount of the revenues of the Prince Esterhazy, whose very name suffices to excite interest: as far as my information goes, it may be relied upon; but it must be remembered that positive accuracy on so intricate a subject is almost impossible in a country like that of which I write. Prince Esterhazy, possesses, in addition to his three palaces in Vienna, and his dominions in Bohemia, one-thirteenth part of the whole kingdom of Hungary. He has thirty-six estates, each containing from ten to twenty-four villages; which together with 100 square English miles of forest, make collectively nearly 1,200 square miles, and Hungary covering a surface of 17,000, proves the position. Nor is this gigantic and overwhelming land property his only source of revenue; the number of his peasants, (here called subjects,) amounting to 360, 000, with all their liabilities, which I have explained at length elsewhere, and a constant capital of 220,000 sheep, producing yearly 4,000 cwt. of wool, (most of which is of superior quality,) remaining to be superadded; and yet, nevertheless, this colossal heritage, exceeding in extent the Grand Duchy of Modena, as well as several petty German states, does not carry his actual revenue to a higher aggregate than one and a half millions of florins, (£150,000) thus making the annual proceeds of the land average only 6d an acre."

From the New York Sun.

Romance of Real Life.

We have, aforetime, recorded many romantic and affecting incidents which have become history through the medium of the inquisitions held by the Coroner of this city; and perhaps a majority of these investigations, if they could be sifted to the bottom, would develope connected circumstances out of the dull and ordinary course of every day life. But cases of loafers found floating in our docks, have more of the disgusting than of the romantic in their compositions. The case which forms the burthen of the following veritable narrative of facts, however, is a striking exception to that general rule. The story became known to the Sunday News, and is told in the following manner in the last number of that journal.

"Married, on Tuesday, by the Rev. William Ash, Thomas Mowitt to Charlotte Conroy, both of this city."

The above marriage was consummated in this city on last Tuesday week, and thereby hangs a tale which may be worth the attention of the lovers of the marvellous. Mr. Mowitt is a respectable boss shoemaker, who keeps several men employed, and among the rest was one named John Pelsing, who had ingratiated himself so much in his favor by his faithfulness, industry and sobriety, that he took him in partnership about three years since, and had no cause to regret his kindness. From that period Mr. Mowitt and Mr. Pelsing were constant friends and companions, and boarded in the same house until about twelve months since, when one day they were subpœned for a coroner's inquest which was about to be held on the body of a man that had been taken out of the Maiden Lane dock. The deceased had all the appearance of having been a regular dock loafer, and it was the opinion of all present that he had fallen into the slip while in a state of intoxication; but the verdict—which was given in a few minutes—was merely "found drowned."

The jury being dismissed, Mr. M. turned round to look for his friend and fellow juror, who had been at his side till that moment, but he was gone; and he thought he saw him running at almost full speed up Maiden Lane. This struck him as being curious; and it also reminded him of another curious fact, (at least curious as taken in connection with his sudden flight,) namely, that when Mr. Pelsing had first glanced at the face of the corpse, he started, and turned deadly pale. Mr. M. then proceeded to his boarding house, and thence to his store to look for his partner, but he was to be found at neither; nor did he return that night; nor the next; nor the next; and two months passed away without bringing any intelligence of him; during that time Mr. Mowitt had fully made up his miad that there was some mysterious connection between his friend and the man that was found drowned, an that, in consequence thereof, Mr. Pelsing had in all probability made away with himself.

Well, so matters rested until a certain day in last June, when a lady called at Mr. Mowitt's store, and asked for Mr. Pelsing. She was told the particulars of his story. "And has'nt he been here since," she inquired. "Not since," replied Mr. Mowitt. "I know he has," said the lady. "He has not, I assure you, at least to my knowledge," answered Mr. Mowitt. "But I am positive," said the lady. "What proof have you of it," inquired the shoemaker, "The best in the world," returned the stranger, for I am here, and I and Mr. Pelsing are one and the same person. And strange as it may appear, such was the actual fact.

Well, the question then was, whether Mr. Pelsing was a gentleman, or a lady, and it turned out that she was a lady, and more than that, her name wasn't John Pelsing at all, but Charlotte Conroy, and furthermore, that she was the *widow of the man that had been found drowned!*—She then stated that her husband who was a shoemaker in Philadelphia, and to whom she had been married for about two years, had treated her very badly, the consequence of which was that she picked up his trade by stealth, and when she thought she was sufficiently perfect, equipped herself in men's clothes, and ran off to this city to be more safely out of the reach of her lord and master. Here, as we have seen, she got into the employment and remained in the confidence of Mr. Mowitt until the time of the coroner's inquest, immediately after which she proceeded to Philadelphia, where she learned that her husband (who had become a wandering loafer,) had, on the hint of some friend, set out for New York about a week before, to look for her; but where, instead of an injured wife, he found a watery grave.

The upshot of this romantic affair was, that Mr Mowitt requested Mrs. C. to make his house her home: that after a while he found that he liked her yet better as Mrs. C., than as Mr. Pelsing; that by virtue thereof, he proposed a renewal of their terms of partnership, which was accepted; and that on last Tuesday week Mr, Mowitt and the late Mr John Pelsing became husband and wife.

This is the first instance we believe on record wherein a wife performed the office of coroner's juryman on the body of her own husband, or wherein a young man was married to his own master. The lady by the way, is very good looking, and still on the safe side of thirty.

The Stratagem.

"I really don't know which I love best," said Jane Manvers to her friend Marian Westell, as she returned from a splendid party where she was 'the admired of all admirers,' "William Stanton or Frederick English. Out of a host of admirers that my fortune, now that I am an heiress, has brought to my feet, I have selected them. They are neither rich—both are filled with sentiments of honor as far as expressions and general conduct go. Both love me. Neither have expressed it in strong terms—but either only wait for the necessary encouragement, I am sure, to pop the question. To either, my fortune would be an advantage. They may—it is an ungenerous thought—but I cannot help entertaining it, love my fortune, and not me. Do you know, Marian, I have strong thoughts of putting their love to the test?"

"How can you do it?"

"I have thought of a way. You may remember that I had a cousin who was supposed to be lost at sea, and the property which had made a poor, unnoticed girl so much courted, was to be his, if he were living."

"Yes, but you have had the fully authenticated proofs of his decease."

"I know it, but the world does not, nor can my two favored lovers be acquainted with the fact. I therefore propose my state in the papers that my cousin is not dead as was supposed. To give up for the time my splendid establishment, and to retire into comparative poverty. It is said that Kings and heiresses rarely hear the truth from the flatterers by whom they are surrounded. This will at least test my friends. What think you of my plan?"

"Excellent—try it, by all means."

The idea was acted upon, and it was curious to see how Jane's admirers dropped off one by one. Her two lovers waited upon her at first in her retirement, and Jane was more puzzled than ever which to choose. Frederick English's visits in a short time became more like angel's—that is, few and far between—while William Stanton's were constant.

Upon one of them he said, "My dear Miss Manvers, I have known you long. In the days of your prosperity—surrounded as you were by many lovers who were affluent, I did not dare to disclose to you a position which I had felt from the moment I knew you, and which has grown and strengthened with my acquaintance. Now that you are poor, like myself, the diffidence which had else hermetically sealed my lips from divulging my heart's passion, is removed, I am not affluent, but I can support you with respectability at least, and if you will ac