

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1841.

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Vol. VI, No. 51.]

TERMS.

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

The Huntingdon Journal.

Daniel Teague, *Orbisonia*; David Blair, *Esq.*, *Shade Gap*; Benjamin Lease, *Shirleyburg*; Eliot Smith, *Esq.*, *Chilcotsstown*; Jas. Enriken, Jr., *Coffee Run*; Hugh Madden, *Esq.*, *Springsfield*; Dr. S. S. Dewes, *Birmingham*; James Morrow, *Union Furnace*; John Sister, *Warrior Mark*; James Davis, *Esq.*, *West township*; D. H. M., *Esq.*, *Frankstown*; Eph. Galbreath, *Esq.*, *Hollydayburg*; Henry Neff, *Alexandria*; A. von Burns, *Williamsburg*; A. J. Stewart, *Water Street*; Wm. Reed, *Esq.*, *Morris township*; Solomon Hamer, *Neff's Mills*; James, *Esq.*, *Month Spring Creek*; Wm. Murray, *Esq.*, *Grayville*; John Crum, *Manor Hill*; Jas. E. Stewart, *Sinking Valley*; L. C. Kesler, *Mill Creek*.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

WHEREAS William Pollock, of Winchester Furnace, Colmer township, Huntingdon county, has assigned all his property, real, personal and mixed, to the subscribers in trust for the benefit of his creditors. All persons knowing themselves indebted to the said William Pollock, are hereby notified and required to come forward and make payment on or before the 10th day of January next. Those neglecting this notice will find their accounts left in the hands of an officer for collection. And all persons having unsettled accounts with the said William Pollock, are desired to call with the subscribers immediately, for the purpose of making settlements. The books of said Pollock will be left at Winchester Furnace for settlement; and the subscribers will be found at that place on Thursday and Friday of each week until the time above mentioned.

DAVID BURKET, Assignee of WM. B. LEAS, of ABM. LONG, Wm. Pollock. Dec. 8, 1841.

Auditor's Notice To Creditors.

THE undersigned, appointed an Auditor by the court of common pleas of Huntingdon county to appropriate the proceeds of the sales by Joseph Shannon late sheriff of said county, of the personal property of Abraham R. Crain and Christian E. Crain and of either of them, and all so to appropriate the proceeds of the sales by the same of the joint and separate real estate of the said Abraham and Christian E. Crain, hereby appoints Monday the 27th of December 1841, at the office of Bell & Orbison in the borough of Huntingdon, for the doing of the same; when and where all persons interested are required to make their claims on the proceeds of said sales or funds before me as such Auditor, or thereafter be debarred from coming in upon the same.

JACOB MILLER. Huntingdon, December 1, 1841.

Auditor's Notice.

ALL persons interested will take notice that the undersigned Auditor, appointed by the court of common pleas of Huntingdon county, to appropriate the proceeds of the sale of the real estate of the deceased of Francis Sample, dec'd, in the hands of Joseph Shannon late Sheriff, heretofore adjudged to said devices, and to ascertain what amount if any, shall be paid to the lien creditors of said devices or their heirs, and to others, will attend for that purpose at the office of Bell & Orbison in the borough of Huntingdon on Friday the 24th of December 1841, when a d where all persons interested are required to make their claims before me as such Auditor, upon the said proceeds or funds, or be debarred from coming in upon the same.

GEO. TAYLOR. Huntingdon Dec. 1, 1841.

Auditor's Notice to Creditors.

ALL persons interested will take notice that the undersigned appointed an Auditor by the court of common pleas of Huntingdon county, to appropriate the proceeds of the real estate of John M. Closkey, in the hands of Joseph Shannon late sheriff, will attend for that purpose at the office of Bell and Orbison in the borough of Huntingdon, on Monday the 27th of December 1841; when and where all persons interested are required to make their claims before me as such Auditor, upon the said proceeds or funds, or be debarred from coming in upon the same.

JACOB MILLER. Huntingdon, Dec. 1, 1841.

DR. M. A. HENDERSON,

Having located himself in Huntingdon, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the town and vicinity. He may be found at the Office of his father, Dr. John Henderson, one door west of the new Court House.

Huntingdon, Dec. 1, 1841. 3tp

ALL persons interested will take notice that the undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, to ascertain the liens against the real estate of Geo. Otenkirk dec'd in the hands of his heirs, and report the nature and amount of the same, will attend at the office of Bell & Orbison in the borough of Huntingdon for that purpose on Monday the 27th of December 1841 when and where all persons interested are required to make their claims before me on the said estate or the proceeds thereof, or be debarred from coming in upon the same.

JACOB MILLER, Auditor. Huntingdon, Dec. 1, 1841.

In the name of the real estate of Richard Sinky, late of Barree township dec'd.

THE undersigned, appointed an Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, to ascertain and report the true situation of said estate, showing who are the parties interested, and to what extent, and the nature and amount of the liens affecting the interests of the several parties, will meet at the office of Bell and Orbison, in the borough of Huntingdon, on Tuesday the 28th of December 1841, to act in the premises.

JACOB MILLER, Auditor. Dec. 1, 1841.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE

IN pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county will be exposed to sale by public vendue or otherwise on the premises, on

Saturday the 25th day of December 1841, the following described real estate, late the property of Geo. Otenkirk dec'd, to wit: "A certain Lot of ground situate in the town of Roxbury in said county, containing

One Acre,

adjoining land of P. Orlidy on the north west, and on the other side a lot of—

Terms of Sale:

One third of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, one third thereof in one year thereafter with interest, and the remaining third part, at the death of Catherine Otenkirk widow of said dec'd; the purchaser paying to the said widow, annually, during her life the lawful interest of the said third part, the whole to be secured by the bonds and mortgage of the purchaser. Certified by

JOHN REED, CLK.

Attendance will be given by the undersigned administrator. GEO. OTENKIRK.

Dec. 1, 1841.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

TEXE—"Star-Spangled Banner."

Oh, say can you see, by the "signs of the times,"

That men are reforming, themselves setting free

From all that destroys their bodies and minds,

Resolving to plant a new liberty tree,

Their condition no more

Their lament and deplore,

Their bondage is broken,

Their thraldom is o'er;

For the Temperance Banner

In triumph doth wave,

O'er the heads of the rescued,

Free sons of the brave.

In the past, dimly seen thro' the midst of their tears,

In the sorrow, and anguish, and pain, they have suffered,

The sad loss of all that to manhood is dear—

The time when none kindness or sympathy offered.

But the trial has past,

Though long did it last,

And their chains & their bondage

Far from them th'ye cast;

And the Temperance Banner

In triumph doth wave,

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Free sons of the brave.

Oh, where is the promise that Alcohol gave,

To place his poor victim 'bove sorrow and anguish;

Of all his false hopes, not one now remains,

And his many fair dreams, all, all are now banished.

His promise was air,

And false was as fair,

And again them to offer

He never will dare,

While the Temperance Banner

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Free sons of the brave.

Thus be it ever, while the reform'd shall stand,

Between his dread foe, and his heart's desolation;

Thus happy and free may the now rescued band

Bless the power that brought them again to their station.

And conquer we must,

For our cause is most just;

And this be our motto—

"In God let us trust!"

And the Temperance Banner

For ever will wave,

O'er the heads of the free,

And the homes of the brave.

An incident of the Revolution.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

The morning dawned on the unfortunate Hale's confinement, just as he had committed to paper and secured the information he had forfeited his life to obtain. He knew that he gazed on the blessed sun for the last time. He felt that in a few short hours a portion of the beautiful earth, now spread but so gloriously, would be lying a cold mass upon his bosom. He knew this, and his heart crumbled like a diseased thing within him. He thought of his parents in their bereaved loneliness, of his betrothed in her broken hearted grief, and again it expanded with sorrowing tenderness. He was as brave a man as ever confronted death, still he thought it was a fearful thing to yield up his life, its young hopes, to enter into the unknown boundlessness of eternity, with a few hours preparation. He asked for the company of a clergyman but none came, for a Bible but none was procured. He knelt down on his last prayer, and the outpouring of his soul was broken in upon by those who came to conduct him to the gallows tree. He went forth to his execution, not seeking man's applause on the very brink of eternity, by a false bravado, against nature, rushing, with his proud soul cased in pride, up to the very presence of the Most High, overcoming nature's just fears, and challenging after ages to admire the boldness with which his ambitious soul could pass the awful fate of God.—There was no such presumption in Hale's death. With a full and solemn sense of the awful event, he went to meet his death as a Christian—a soldier. His soul was bowed in humility to God, and his last words were, "Oh! that I had more lives to offer up for my country!"

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demand "if she were neither the wife nor sister of the handsome spy, what else could she be unless it were a sweet-heart?"

The blood flushed into the cheek of the insulted girl, like a sudden sunset, but without answering him, she turned to General Howe, and said—"I expected at least to be secure; but as I find myself mistaken, I request an answer to my petition, and liberty to withdraw."

Howe cast on the young and impertinent stranger a look of stern anger, and then turning to Sarah, he said with smooth suavity of manner so common to the man of the world, and difficult to contend against, so artfully does it charm away opposition.

"Young lady, I regret that it is not in my power to grant your request. The remains you seek, have been disposed of according to law in such cases and must not be disturbed, I should be extremely happy to gratify you, but in this as I have said, it is entirely out of my power."

Sarah was about to speak again, but with a bow of dismissal, he requested the young officer who had handed her a chair to conduct her to the boat in which she came. Sarah shrunk from the offered arm of her conductor, though much her trembling limbs needed support, and walked silently to the shore, and just as she was stepping into the boat, he drew close to her side, and whispered—"be in that little cove yonder at midnight and I will help you to the possession of the body you are so desirous to obtain." Sarah, with a stifled cry of joy, seized his hand.

"And will you indeed help me?—God bless you!"

"Restrain yourself, we shall be observed; sail out of sight of the camp, and at midnight come as I have directed to the cove—the grave is near by—you can see the tree," he hesitated, but too late, Sarah's eyes had fallen on that fatal oak, standing bleak and alone, spreading its huge branches against the sky, like the congregated arms of giant executioners. A remnant of rope dangled from one of its guarded limbs. Sarah gave one piercing look, and her heart seemed for a moment in the clench of a vulture; and then with a shuddering grasp of horror she sprang into the boat and shut out the fearful sight with her locked hands.

The same moon that had witnessed the parting of Hale and his betrothed, now shown upon her as she sat by the side of his old father in the boat that lay upon her oars in the cove, rocking to the swell of the rising tide, and drifting by degrees towards the shore.

The watchers were anxiously looking for the appearance of the generous Englishman within hearing of the sentinel stationed near the grave. His heavy measured tread, at length ceased; and the sound of some voices came from where he was standing. There was a silence for a few minutes, a cracking of the brush wood that skirted the cove, and then the young officer stood on the beach within a few paces of them.

"Quick, pull on shore"—he called out in a suppressed voice—"I have got rid of the sentinel for half an hour—quick or we shall not have time."

Two or three strokes of the oar brought the boat to his feet. The old man arose, the very picture of stern grief—the moonlight displaying the still lineaments of his pale face as he gasped, with both of his, the large white hands extended to assist him on shore. The boatman followed, and Sarah was left alone.

It was a fearful half hour to that poor girl, the waves moaning like unquiet spirits about her, and the dreadful sounds of shoveling of earth and muffled voices coming from the distance. She dared not look after the three as they went toward the grave, for her heart sickened at the thought of again looking at the gallows tree with its horrid appendage.

A suspension of sounds caused Sarah to raise her face from the folds of her shawl where she had buried it; no living being was in sight. But the shadow of the bloody oak had crept along the water like a vast pall endowed with vitality, till its extreme lay upon the edge of the boat; and was insidiously moving towards her. With a cry of terror, and shuddering all over as if the unearthly dew of another world was upon her, the poor girl snatched again she looked up, and the three who had disinterred the dead appeared, bearing him over the bright grass, wrapped in a cloak of the Englishman, the feet supported by the generous officer, and the gray hairs of the father streaming over the bosom of his lifeless son. Noisless they came to the shore. There the old man left his burden in the arms of the officer, while he took his seat in the boat; and then his quivering arms were extended, and the body of Nathaniel shrouded in his military winding sheet, was laid across the lap of his father, while his head rested on the chilled bosom of his betrothed wife.

They went out upon the waters—the

living and the dead, when old Hale raised his gray head and spoke to the young lady. "Sarah, in our mourning for the dead, we must not forget the duty we owe to our country. Let us search for the papers we are to carry to Washington." Then with his old quivering hands he unfolded the cloak, and found the papers containing the information purchased at so great a sacrifice secured in the vest. In taking them out of the bosom, the corpse was laid bare. The moonlight poured full upon his broad white front, and there just over the pulseless heart, Sarah with a cry of agony saw that long-bright ringlet of her own hair.

The Personal Character and Habits of Washington.

The following are recollections of Washington, derived from repeated opportunities during the three last years of his public life. He was over six feet in stature, of strong, bony, muscular frame, without fullness of covering, well formed and straight. He was a man of most extraordinary strength. In his house his action was calm, deliberate, and dignified, without pretension to gracefulness or peculiar manner, but merely natural, and such as one would think it would be in such a man. When walking in the street his movements had not the soldierly air which might be expected. His habitual notions had been formed long before he took command of the American armies, in the war of the interior, and in the surveying of wilderness lands, in employments in which grace and elegance were not likely to be acquired.

At the age of sixty-five, time had done nothing towards bending him out of his natural erectness. His deportment was invariably grave, it was sobriety that stopped short of sadness. His presence inspired a veneration a feeling of awe, rarely experienced in the presence of any man. His mode of speaking was slow and deliberate not as though he was in search of fine words, but that he might utter those only adapted to his purpose. It was the usage of all persons in good society, to attend Mrs Washington's levee on Friday evenings. He was always present. The young ladies used to throng around him in conversation. There were some of the well remembered belles of that day who imagined themselves to be favorites with him. As these were the only opportunities they had of conversing with him they were disposed to use them.

One would think that a gentleman and a gallant soldier, if he could ever laugh, or dress his countenance in smiles, would do so when surrounded by young and admiring beauties. But this was never so; the countenance of Washington never softened or changed its habitual gravity.

One who had always lived in his family said his manner in public life, and in the seclusion of most retired life, was always the same. Being asked whether Washington could laugh, this person said that this was a rare occurrence, but that one instance was remembered, when he laughed most heartily at her narration of an incident in which she was a party concerned, and in which he applauded her agency. The late Gen Cobb, who was long a member of his family during the war—and who enjoyed a laugh as much as any one man could,—said that he never saw Washington laugh excepting when Col Scammel—if this was the person—came to dine at head quarters. Scammel had a fund of ludicrous anecdotes, and a manner of telling them which relaxed even the gravity of the Commander-in-Chief.

Gen Cobb also said that the forms of proceedings at head quarters were exact and precise, orderly and punctual. At the appointed moment, Washington appeared at the breakfast table. He expected to find all the members of his family—Cobb, Hamilton, and Humphreys were among them—awaiting him. He came dressed for the day, and brought with him the letters and despatches of the preceding day, with short memoranda of the answers to be made—also the substance of orders to be issued. When breakfast was over, these papers were distributed among his aids to be put into form.

Soon after, he mounted his horse to visit his troops, and expected to find, on his return before noon, all the papers prepared for his inspection and signature.—There was no familiarity in his presence; it was all sobriety and business. His mode of life was abstemious and temperate. He had a decided preference for certain sorts of food, probably from early associations. Throughout the war, as it was understood in his military family, he gave a part of every day to private prayer and devotion.

While he lived in Philadelphia, as President, he rose at four in the morning, and the general rule of his house was, that the fires should be covered, and the lights extinguished, at a certain hour—whether this was nine or ten, is not recollected.

At three o'clock, or at any time within a quarter of an hour afterward, the visiter was conducted to his dining room, from which all seats had been removed for the time. On entering, he saw the tall manly figure of Washington, clad in black velvet, his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a silk bag, yellow gloves on his hands holding a cocked hat with a cockade in it, and the edge adorned with a black feather about an inch wide. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword, with a finely wrought and polished steel hilt, which appeared at the left hip, the coat wore over the blade, and appearing from under the folds behind. The scabbard was white polished leather.

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