

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

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TERMS.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50.
No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrears are paid.
Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. 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.

MORGAN'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT.

THIS LINIMENT has fully established a character superior to any medicine ever offered for so painful a disease in this and the neighboring counties the relief it has given and the cures performed is fully known. The Medicine may be obtained at the following Stores, viz:

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JOHN J. MORGAN.
Letters to the proprietor should be sent to Brown's Mills P. O., Mifflin county, Pa. March 8, 1843.—ly.

CHAIRS! CHAIRS!!

The subscriber respectfully informs the inhabitants of Huntingdon and its vicinity, that he has opened an establishment in the borough of Lewistown, for the manufacture of Chairs, Settees, &c., of the following kinds, viz: French Chairs, Half French, Grecian, Fancy curled Maple, Black Walnut, Office, Fancy and Windsor, Boston Rocking, Spring seat Mahogany, Night Cabinets, and Studying Chairs.

SETTEES.

Mohogany, Fancy, Cushion, cane and common Settees, on an improved and fashionable plan,

Settee Bedsteads.

both elegant and useful, designed to close up, making a handsome Settee with cushion seat for the day time.

The subscriber having been for several years past engaged in the above business in the cities of New York and Providence R. I. he flatters himself that he will be able to give general satisfaction to all those who will honor him with their patronage.
All the above mentioned articles, and every thing in his line of business he will furnish in the latest style and fashion, on the most reasonable terms, and warranted to do good service.

N. B.—Chairs, Settees, &c., repaired and ornamented on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.
A constant supply of the above mentioned articles may be seen at the Warehouse, one door east of the Store of Mrs. Jane McCormick and immediately opposite the store of Patterson & Horner.

GEORGE W. SWAIN.
Lewistown, Nov. 30, 1842.

Snyder's Vegetable Concrete.

To certify that my wife was afflicted for some time with a very severe cough, with a pain in the breast, and after many other remedies had failed I was induced to procure a bottle of J. Snyder's Vegetable Concrete, and she was fully restored by the use of part of a bottle.

HUGH KELLEY,
For sale by Jacob Snyder, Holidaysburg, Jan. 18, 1843.

NOTICE.

All persons who know themselves indebted to the subscriber for subscription, advertising or job work, are requested to make payment immediately, if not sooner, as I expect to leave these "diggins" in a short time.

E. V. EVERHART,
Huntingdon, August 9, 1843.

Job Printing.

NEATLY EXECUTED
AT THIS OFFICE.

BLANK BONDS—Judgment and com-
mand—for sale at this office.

POETRY.

For the Huntingdon Journal.

To K. O.

Thou in whose breast the noble fire
Of conscious genius ever flames,
Disdainful of the kindling fire,
That maddens Envy's addled brains.
On thy wind-pinnions upward soar
Aloft, beyond the reach of those
Untaught in wisdoms richest lore,
And spurn thy base malignant foes.

Press onward for the priceless meed,
That lures thy upward wand'ring gaze,
In fearless strength exert thy speed,
To win the Poet's fadeless bays.
STANWOOD.
Yellow Springs, Sept. 1843.

The Novel-Reader.

'Twas very sweet of a summer's eve,
To hear her talk and sing
Of stars, and dews, and rocks, and caves,
And all that sort of thing.

I loved her for her mild blue eye,
And her sweet and quiet air;
But I'm very sure that I didn't see
The novel on the chair.
I longed to have a quiet wife,
For noise quite drives me frantic;
But to be a novel-reader's spouse
Is anything but romantic.

The live-long day does Laura read
In a cushioned easy-chair,
In slippersh shoes, and a dirty gown,
And tangled, uncombed hair.

The children look like beggars' brats,
And little have they of breeding;
Yet this is but one of the many ills
That flow from novel-reading.

For oh! the meals! I'm very sure
You ne'er did see such 'feeding';
For the beef is burnt, and the veal is raw,
And all from novel-reading.

The bed-room 's like a very sty,
And the kitchen seems a stable;
The lap-dogs litter the parlor 'er,
And the nursery is a hovel.

Ho! youth in search of a quiet wife,
Before to the shrine you lead her,
Take care, I pray you, take good care
That she isn't a novel reader.

From the Cincinnati Gazette

Bridal of the Mission

Clad in her silv'ry vesture, softly brimray arising
In the sweet spring-time of her earliest youth,
With spirit pure and lovely as the light
Of that most holy morn—she pledged her truth,
With purpose firm—to be what'er betide,
True to the last—the Missionary's bride.

She, who was nurtured like a tender flower!
She, whose wealth had spread her radiant wings,
For whom Affection decked her loveliest bow—
Cherished and guarded like some holy thing—
With every fibre of their life inwrought,
Whose brightest gleams were from her presence caught!

Midst all the group who sadly lingered there,
A stranger's eye might ken the mother's face!
'Twas for the bride went upward many a prayer,
And she was clasped in many a warm embrace—
And tears flowed fast—and kindly words she spoke,
While from the mother's lips no murmur broke!

And as the father mildly stoops to sister
The weeping child, who clasps her sister's hand,
He quickly turns, his rebel tears to hide—
And child no more; the little one doth stand
With dimpled arms upraised to clasp her neck
Which ne'er again her childish wreaths may deck!

'Thy brother's parting gift—loved Leonore!
And on her snowy fingers glanced a ring—
'To-night—to-night—thou wilt be floating o'er
The ocean wave—yet will thy mem'ry cling
Around my heart, as clings a tender vine—
Adieu! adieu!—my spirit goes with thine!

'Adieu! adieu!—when thou no more art nigh,
Whose hand like thine shall guide me—who control
Like thee, my harsher nature? Oh! thine eye,
With its mild, loving beams came o'er my soul,
E'en like a gush of music—or the gleams
We catch of angel faces in our dreams!

Slowly and sad the loit'ring guests depart:
The glittering robe and wreath are thrown aside—
With quiv'ring lip and wildly throbbing heart,
For the last time the mother decks the bride!
And vainly strives the lovely one to bless,
But looks the thoughts which words can ne'er ex-
press!

The breeze springs fresher—yet the mother's eye
Notes not its gladness—and the blue waves dance
To their own gladsome music, as the cry,
The signal cry floats o'er them—in that trance,
She sees not—heeds not—only knows that breast
Still to her own in deathless love is pressed!

Time tarries not!—the roscate hues of even
Steal o'er the light wave's trembling curl—
While upward, upward, midst the blue of Heaven,
The young moon floateth like a shell of pearl—
Oh! Heaven is bright—and Earth is sooty fair!
But she who made their early heaven—where?
where?

NAVAL PUN.—A gentleman inquiring of an officer why sailors generally take off their shirts on going into action, was answered that "they were unwilling to have any check to their fighting."

A gentleman seeing a lady holding an act of parliament, before her face to keep the fire off, said she was like an insolvent debtor, she was taking the benefit of the act.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LEGEND.

(From Victor Hugo's Excursions along the banks of the Rhine.)

Ages ago a wish was entertained in Aix-la-Chapelle to found a church; and, the foundations being laid, the walls raised, for six months nothing was heard on the spot but the sound of adze and hammer. But the funds of the pious having suddenly failed, the pilgrims passing through the city were appealed to by a tin basin placed before the church door. Scarcely a deceiver, was dropped into the vessel. What was to be done? The senate assembled and consulted. The workmen refused to labor, and weeds and moss already took possession of the newly laid stones, as if they were predestined to ruin! Was the design then to be abandoned? The town senate knew not what to answer!

One day, as they were sitting in deliberation, a mysterious stranger, of high and imposing aspect, made his appearance before them. "Good morning, gentlemen," quoth he. "What is the subject of debate? Is it the stoppage of your church which causes your anxiety? You know not how to complete it, eh? You want money for the endowment?" "Stranger!" replied one of the senators with indignation, "You talk too flippantly; we want half a million of gold pieces." "Here they are," replied the stranger, opening the window and pointing to a heavy laden cart stationed in the square before the town-hall, to which were yoked ten pairs of oxen, attended by twenty Moors, armed to the teeth.

One of the senators, having accompanied the mysterious stranger down stairs, took one of the sacks from the cart, and returned to empty it before the senate, when it proved to be really full of gold! All present opened their eyes with amazement; and, turning towards the stranger with growing respect, demanded his name. "I am the owner of yonder gold. What would you have more?" replied he. "My residence is in the Black Forest, near the like of Wildsee, not far from the ruins of Heidenstadt, the city of the pagans. I possess a gold mine and a silver mine, and during the night amuse myself with counting over heaps of carbuncles. My tastes are simple, but, being of a melancholy disposition, I pass my days in watching, in the deep and transparent waters of the lake, the gambols of the tritons and the growth of the *polygonum amphibium*." Thus much in answer to your questions. I have un-
bosomed myself as much as I intend, make the most of it! Yonder is your million of gold pieces; take them or let them alone.

"We accept them," replied the senate, "and will hasten to finish our church."
"There is one condition to the bargain," observed the stranger. "Take the gold and finish your church. But I demand in exchange the soul of the first individual who crosses its threshold on the day of dedication."
"You are the devil, then?" shouted the horrified senators.

"And you—asses!" was the rejoinder of Satan. The burgo-masters of the senate now began to quake and tremble, and make the sign of the cross. But Satan, who was in a jocular mood, laughed outright at their panic as he gaily chinked his gold; so that they took courage and began to negotiate.

"Satan must know what he is about," said they, "or he would not retain his situation as devil."
"After all, it is a bad bargain for me," retorted his Satanic Majesty in his turn. "You will have your million, or your church to show for it; I only a wretched soul! And whose, pray? The first that comes to hand, the soul of a chance customer, some canting hypocrite, probably, who, in his dissembled zeal is the first to enter, and who would, therefore, under any circumstances, have fallen to my share! I must observe, by the way, gentlemen, that the plan of your church is admirable! Who has been your architect? Tell him, with my compliments, that I perfectly approve of his groined aisles; and that the pointed arches are in good taste. The shaping of the door is not altogether to my fancy, but it may be modified. The staircase leading to the vaults will be a fine thing in its way; and it would be a thousand pities that what is so well begun should stop short for want of funds.—What say you, gentlemen? Is it a deal? My million of money for a single soul; ay or no?"

So spake the tempter. "After all," observed the senators, "we may think ourselves lucky to be let off so easily. He might have taken a fancy to half a dozen souls of ours, which, let us hope, are at present safe from his clutches. Nay, he might have levied a tax of souls upon the whole population!"
The bargain, therefore, was finally struck, and the million of gold paid into their treasury. Satan vanished from their view through an aperture, which emitted the sulphurous blue flame usual on such occasions; and two years afterwards the church was completed. Meanwhile, though the senators had, of course, sworn to observe the profoundest secrecy concerning all that had happened, every man of them, the very first evening, divulged the whole story of his wife, according to a law, ex-senatorial, indeed, but not the less binding. The secret, therefore, being generally known, thanks to the wives of the senators, prior to the completion of the church, no one dared to set foot in it!

Here, therefore, was a new dilemma; the church of Aix was built, and now no one would enter. It was not a church, but a desert; and consequently, of no mortal use to mortal soul.

Again the senate assembled, but to little purpose. They appeal to the Bishop of Tongres to no result; then to the canons of the chapter, but equally without avail.

"What you require is a mere trifle, my lords," observed a monk belonging to the order whom they next took into consultation. You have undertaken to surrender the first soul that enters the new church. But it was not definitely stipulated what sort of soul it was to be. Satan is a fool to allow himself to be overreached. This morning my lords after a hard chase, a fine wolf was taken in the valley of Borette. Drive this ferocious beast into the church, and Satan must needs be satisfied. It is his own fault if he chose to make so loose a bargain."

"Bravo!" exclaimed his auditors; "the monk has more brains in his head than the whole collective wisdom of the senate!" Next day, at dawn, the bells of the new church rung cheerfully for the angels. "How is this?" said the burghers of the city: "Is this the day of dedication? and pray who do they expect will be fool-hardy enough to hazard the adventure?" "No! I!—No! I!—No! I!" was heard on all sides; as the senate and chapter advanced gravely towards the chief entrance.

The wolf was now produced; and, at a given signal, its cage door and the church gates flew open at the same moment. On discerning the empty aisles, in he rushed. Satan was already on the spot, his jaws distended and his eyes voluptuously closed with expectation of a feast. Imagine his rage, on discovering his prey to be of the brute creation. With a hideous howl he spread his hairy wings, flapping about the arches of the edifice with the roar of a tempest; and finally, on making his exit from the building, bestowed a kick of his hoof upon the brazen gate, by which it was rent in twain from top to bottom, as seen to the present day.

"It is in memory of this event," said the old women of Aix, "that the brazen effigy of a wolf was placed on the left of the entrance; while the pine apple to the right is intended to represent the soul so magically gobbled up by the evil one."

BISHOP GEORGE AND THE YOUNG PREACHER.

An aged traveller, worn and weary, was gently urging his tired beast, just as the sun was drooping behind the range of hills that bound the horizon of the rich and picturesque country, in the vicinity of Springfield, Ohio. It was a sultry August evening and he had journeyed a distance of thirty-five miles since morning, his pulse throbbing under the influence of a burning sun. At Fairfield he had been hospitably entertained by one who had recognized the veteran of the cross, and who had ministered to him for his Master's sake of the benefits himself had received from the hand which fedeth young lions when they lack; and he had travelled on refreshed in spirits. But many a weary mile he had journeyed over since then, and now as the evening shades darkened around, he felt the burden of age and toil heavy upon him, and he desired the pleasant retreat he had pictured to himself when the day's pilgrimage should have been accomplished.

It was not long before the old man checked his tired animal at the door of the anxiously looked-for haven of rest. A middle aged woman was at hand, to whom he mildly applied for accommodation for himself and horse.

"I don't know," said she, coldly, after scrutinizing for some time the appearance of the traveller—which was not the most promising, "that we can take you old man. You seem tired, however, and I'll see if the minister of the circuit, who is here to-night, will let you lodge with him."

The young circuit preacher soon made his appearance, and consequently swaggering up to the old man, examined him for some moments inquisitively, then asking a few pertinent questions—and finally after adjusting his hair half a dozen times feeling his smooth shaven chin, consented that the stranger should share his bed for the night, and turning upon his heel entered the house.

The traveller, aged and weary as he was, dismounted and led his faithful animal to the stable,—where, with his own hands he rubbed him down, watered him, and gave him his food, and then entered the inhospitable mansion where he expected so much kindness. A Methodist resided in the house, and as the circuit preacher was to be there, great preparations were made to entertain him, and a number of Methodist young ladies of the neighborhood had been invited, so that quite a party met the eyes of the stranger as he entered—no one taking the slightest notice of him, as he wearily sought a vacant chair in the corner out of direct observation, but where he could note all that was going on. And his anxious eye showed he was no careless observer of what was transpiring around him.

The young minister played his part with all the frivolity and foolishness of a city beau, and nothing like religion escaped his lips. Now he was chattering and bandying senseless compliments with a young lady, and now engaged with another in trifling repartee, who were anxious to seem interesting in his eyes.

The stranger after an hour, during which no refreshment had been prepared for him, asked to be shown to his room, to which he retired unnoticed—grieved and shocked at the conduct of the family and the minister. Taking from his saddle-bags a well worn bible, he seated himself in the chair, and was soon buried in thoughts, holy and elevating, and had food to eat which those who passed by him in pity and scorn dreamed not of. Hour after hour passed away, and no one came to invite the old,

worn down traveller to partake of the luxurious supper which was served below.

Toward eleven o'clock the minister came up stairs, and, without pause or prayer, hastily threw off his clothes and got into the very middle of a small bed, which was the resting place of the old man as well as himself. After a while the aged stranger rose up, and after partially disrobing himself, knelt down and remained for many minutes in fervent prayer. The earnest breathing out of his soul soon arrested the attention of the young preacher, who began to feel some few reproofs of conscience for his neglect of his duty. The old man now rose from his knees; and, after slowly undressing himself, got into bed, or rather upon the edge of the bed, for the young preacher had taken possession of the centre and would not voluntarily move an inch. In this uncomfortable position the stranger lay some time in silence. At length the young preacher made a remark to which the old man replied in a style and manner that arrested his attention. On this he moved over an inch or two and made more room.

"How far have you come to-day, old gentleman?"
'Thirty-five miles.'
'From where?'
'From Springfield.'
'Ah, indeed! You must be tired after so long a journey for one of your age.'
'Yes, this poor body is much worn down by long and constant travelling, and I feel that the journey of to-day has exhausted me much.'

The young minister moved over a little.
'Then you do not belong to Springfield?'
'No—I have no abiding place.'

'How?'
'I have no continuing city. My home is beyond this vale of tears.'

Another move of the minister.
'How far have you travelled on your present journey?'
'From Philadelphia! (In evident surprise.)—The Methodist General Conference was in session there a short time since. Had it broken up when you left?'

'It adjourned the day before I started.'
'Ah, indeed!—moving still further over towards the front side of the bed, and allowing the stranger better accommodation. 'Had Bishop George left when you came out?'

'Yes—he started the same time I did—we left in company.'
'Indeed!'

'How did the Bishop look—he is getting quite old now and feeble, is he not?'

'He carries his age tolerably well. But his labor is an hard one, and he begins to show signs of failing strength.'

'He is expected this way in a week or two—How glad I shall be to shake hands with the veteran of the cross! But you say you left in company with the good old man—how far did you come together?'

'We travelled alone for a long distance.'
'You travelled alone with the Bishop?'

'Yes; we have been intimate for years.'
'You intimate with Bishop George?'

'Yes; why not?'

'Bless me! Why did I not know that! But may I be so bold as to inquire your name?'

After a moment's hesitation, the stranger replied—
'George.'

'George! George! Not Bishop George?'

'They call me 'Bishop George,' meekly replied the old man.

'Why—why—bless me Bishop George,' exclaimed the now abashed preacher, springing from the bed. 'You have had no supper! I will immediately call up the family. Why did not you tell us who you were?'

'Stop—stop, my friend,' said the Bishop gravely, 'I want no supper here, and should not eat any if it were got for me. If an old man, toil worn and weary, fainting with travelling through all the long summer day, was not considered worthy of a meal by this family, who profess to have set up the altar of God in their house, Bishop George is surely not. He is at best but a man, and has no claim beyond common humanity.'

A night of severe mortification the young minister never experienced. The Bishop kindly admonished him, and warned him of the great necessity there was of adorning the doctrines of Christ, by following him sincerely and humbly. Gently but earnestly he endeavored to win him back from his wanderings of heart, and directed him to trust more in God and less in his own strength.

In the morning the Bishop prayed with him long and fervently before he left the chamber, and was glad to see his heart melted in contrition. Soon after the Bishop descended and was met by the heads of the family with a thousand sincere apologies.—He mildly silenced them and asked to have his horse brought out. The horse was accordingly soon in readiness, and the Bishop taking up his saddle-bags was preparing to depart.

'But surely, Bishop,' urged the distressed matron, 'you will not thus leave us! Wait a few minutes; breakfast is on the table.'
'No, sister L—, I cannot breakfast here. You did not consider a poor toil-worn traveller worthy of a meal, and your Bishop has no claim but such as humanity urges.'

And thus he departed, leaving the family in confusion and sorrow. He did not act thus from re-

sentment, for such an emotion did not rise in his heart, but he desired to teach them a lesson such as they would not easily forget.

Six months from this time the Ohio Annual Conference met at Cincinnati, and the young minister was to present himself for ordination as a deacon—and Bishop George was to be the presiding Bishop.

On the first day of the assembling of the conference, our minister's heart sunk within him as he saw the venerable Bishop take his seat. So great was his grief and agitation, that he was obliged to leave the room. In the evening, as the Bishop was seated alone in his chamber, the Rev. Mr. — was announced, and he requested him to be shown up. He grasped the young man with a cordiality which he did not expect, for he had made careful inquiries, and found that since they had met before a great change had been wrought in him. He was now as humble and pious as he was before worldly minded. As a father would have received a disobedient but repentant child, so did this good man receive his erring but contrite brother. They mingled their tears together, while the young preacher wept as a child upon the bosom of his spiritual father. At the session he was ordained, and he is now one of the most pious and useful ministers in the Ohio Conference.

POLITICAL.

The Locofoco Conference Convention—trouble in the Wigwag—Kickapoo again triumphant.

On Friday, the 8th inst., the Locofoco Conference were appointed by the different counties composing the seventeenth Congressional district, met in this place for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress. Owing to the quantity of material, and the diversity of feeling which existed with regard to fitness and availability considerable difficulty was anticipated by the *cut* ones, in making a selection that would ally and conciliate all the conflicting interests, which threatened to rupture the union, and disturb the harmony of the Locofoco party, not only of this district, but of the whole Commonwealth.

The Centre county conference were instructed to go for Judge Smyth of that county. Those from Juniata county were instructed in favor of the Hon. Amos Gustine, the late representative in Congress from the district composed of the counties of Cumberland, Perry and Juniata. From Huntingdon county two sets of delegates appeared, both claiming to be the exclusive representatives of the incorruptible democracy of that county; one set elected by the anti-Porter faction, by a county meeting, instructed in favor of Dr. J. M. Gemmill, and the other by the Porter faction, or seceders as they are termed. These latter, we believe were instructed in favor of Gen. A. P. Wilson, but as his chance was utterly hopeless, they were willing to go for any other good Locofoco who understood *gugin*. The Millia county conference, were not fettered with instructions and if they had been, we have no doubt, they could have disposed of them with all the ease and facility that some of the others did.

Prior to the meeting of the conference it was supposed on all hands that either Mr. Gustine or Dr. Gemmill would receive the nomination. General McCulloch had been named as a candidate, it is true, but the position he occupied last winter at Harrisburg as the devoted friend of the Governor and his Canal Commissioners, taken in connection with the fact, that he could not secure more than three delegates favorable to him in the Centre county convention, rendered his prospects in the eyes of the people altogether hopeless. A close observer of the signs of the times, however, could discern certain indications in the political zodiac showing which way the wind was about to blow. It was evident that a strong effort was making to secure his nomination regardless of, and in defiance to the known and expressed will of a large portion of the party in Huntingdon, Centre and Juniata counties. This was rendered the more certain by the arrival of one of the Canal Commissioners in our place, who exercises his influence when necessary in arranging and controlling the Locofoco nominations in this county, a day or two before the conference met, together with the General himself, who remained on the ground, like a brave and prudent commander, until the battle was fought and won. The Huntingdon conference stuck to Gemmill like men of war until the fifteenth ballot, when two of the Centre men, careless no doubt, fell in with them, which gave Gemmill seven votes, a majority of the whole. The Doctor's nomination, had the effect of opening his friends eyes to the numerous disadvantages under which he would be obliged to run, and strange as it may appear, a motion was made and carried, to reconsider the vote nominating him, his *professing friends* instead of indignantly withdrawing from the convention, as they ought to have done, tamely submitting to this high handed and outrageous attempt to frustrate the will of the majority by strangling their own legitimate offering.

It was now 12 or 1 o'clock at night, and the Juniata conference, ratified no doubt, that it was the intention of the majority to nominate McCulloch, notwithstanding their anxiety to blindfold their constituents as to their design, retired from the convention in disgust. After some arrangements had been effected, the better to secure the success of their scheme, one of the Huntingdon conferees was despatched to prevail upon them to come back, and succeeded in doing so, by assuring them that he would vote for their man if they would resume their seats in the convention. He fulfilled his promise, voting for Gustine on the first ballot after their return. On the next ballot, however, he went for McCulloch, who received a majority, and was declared to be duly nominated. The convention adjourned about three o'clock on Saturday morning. Thus terminated the deliberations of the *masked* Kickapoo Congressional Conference Convention of the 8th inst. In order that our readers may see the feeling with which the nomination has been received in the different sections of the district we have to the exclusion of other matter given copious extracts from some of the Democratic papers of Huntingdon and Juniata counties. It will be seen that however acceptable it may be to the office holders, the honest portion of the party denounce and repudiate it.—*Mifflin County Gazette.*