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POETRY.

Farewell.

We do not know how much we love
Until we come to leave;
An aged tree, a common flower,
Are things o'er which we grieve:
There is a pleasure in the pain,
That brings us back the past again.

We linger while we turn away,
We cling while we depart:
And memories unmarked till then,
Come crowding round the heart.
Let what will lure our onward way,
Farewell's a bitter word to say.

ORIGINAL TALE.

Composed for the Huntingdon Journal.

THE RESURRECTIONIST.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

BY J. ALFRED SHADE, M. D.

CAHPTER I.

"Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.

* * * * * * *

Tempest mounts his rushing car, and throws
His billowy mist amidst the [illegible]

* * * * * * *

We go to the place of graves where side by side
The prince lies down with the plebian slave."

The word resurrectionist is variously applied.—The Persian, Parr, and German Renovating Pills are said to be resurrectionists in their way. Some Physicians aspire to the title. Believers in the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead are called resurrectionists in contradistinction to unbelievers of this portion of theology. The various medical colleges of the country have attached to them individuals whose business it is to furnish material for the dissecting knife of the anatomist; in other words, to procure defunct bodies from graveyards, under the canopy of night to supply an opportunity of ocularly demonstrating the composition and mechanism of the human system. To this latter delectable class I once belonged. In the pursuit of my occupation I had been out in many a stormy night, and had embraced many an icy heart and was never known to quail. The demonstrator of the college and my companions unanimously regarded me as a choice, indomitable spirit. In every profession there are degrees of distinction; in this particular one, I had ascended to the topmost round of the ladder of Fame. I was usually the first who knew the whereabouts of the recent dead. In the thronged burying place it was seldom any difficulty occurred to my experienced eye in detecting the mound of the fresh corpse; and then, no stouter heart, or more muscular arm was found to disencumber it of clay, coffin and shroud, and elevate it to the earth. My companions at this juncture took charge of the liberated body, and saw it safely delivered, so that to the graveyard my business was emphatically confined. I do not think proper to intimate to any one the length of time I was engaged in this calling, nor the amount of business I transacted during that time. These are topics altogether irrelevant. I will briefly state that with the profoundest conviction of the intrinsic utility of the ressurrectionist to mankind, I have been led to discontinue the occupation. The following remarks will unfold the cause.

One cold November night "darkness was at its pulseless noon." Not a solitary star twinkled in the black concave of heaven. A sable pall was upon the face of creation. A dampness filled the atmosphere so dense, as to dim, and in many places utterly extinguish the flickering lights of the fine streets in W. Most of the city were slumbering. about one o'clock in the morning three of us, (the bravest ressurrectionists attached to the college of [illegible]) set out to visit a well known depository of the dead at a short distance. A culprit from one of the prisons had been executed and buried a few hours ago. The task of disinterring him was confided to myself by the two companions who accompanied me, while they proceeded to perform a similar duty in a different part of the enclosure. In the course of an hour we engaged to meet at the eastern entrance to the yard, where we had previously met on occasions of this kind. And thus we separated. I had scarcely reached the grave of the culprit where was the duty assigned me, before the coming of a storm in the distance was heard. The blackness of the night, grew if possible, more dismal and profound. The wind began to moan heavily through the adjoining shrubbery. The rain descended in torrents and I applied myself with rigor to the task before me. Several times I fancied I could discern the sound of voices in the vicinity. I desisted from my work, but the sound ceased, and being by no meanes superstitious I proceeded. The task I had undertaken was a formidable one. From the dampness of the preceding day, and the rain, the earth was heavy and compact, the grave was large, and my advantages of position inconsiderable, but I was not to be intimidated.

"Toil, death, and danger I defied."

My mattock struck the coffin. A low sepulchral groan followed the stroke. Could I be deceived, was the man living, or had some phantom warrior come hither to dispute for the prize I was in quest of? I struck the lid of the mysterious chamber of the culprit again; the stroke reverberated, but subsided, and all was again quiet. I persevered in my undertaking, but never before had I labored under such an unaccountable disquietude of feeling. I had known the individual whose corpse I was about to disinter. We had been schoolmates, but were never friends, on the contrary, ever enemies. I had uniformly manifested a disapprobation of his early vices, which when matured, resulted in the perpetration of the crime of murder, and brought him in consequence to the scafford and the dishonored grave from which I was about to liberate him. And although I had given relief of this kind to many an hardened villian, while the darkness of night and the elemental war of nature was around me, and felt no fear; yet I began to wish I had not undertaken this particular enterprise single-handed and alone. At least, I hoped a speedy and successful termination of it, and hence I became in my efforts to complete the business vastly more vigorous and sedulous than usual. I exerted myself to the utmost. Soon the clay was all removed. I had applied my instrument to displace the lid of the coffin, when another stifled sob or groan was heard. Attributing this however to the treacherous wafting of a strong breeze which had been blowing for some time, with one rude endeavor I hurled aside the cover which had concealed the inanimate murderer. Immediately a clear undisputable groan fell upon the organ of my ear. I felt something jostle me. The corpse, in the habiliments of death rose upright and escaped. The clouds that had overcast the sky suddenly withdrew; the bright stars and pale moon [illegible] and I beheld distinctly as though the sun was in the meridian, indescribable, terrific serpents wheeling upon immense wings through the air, each shaping its eccentric flight towards the open grave where I had fallen through fear, and was now extended motionless and speechless. One by one the serpents reached the chamber in which I lay. They entered it and twined themselves thick around me. Anon, I felt the earth begin to tremble beneath me. Gradually it sunk, and I descended for an indefinate space of time to the centre of the globe.

CHAPTER II.

"Now, toward the gates of hell the sulphurous way
Explore."

In the centre of the globe was a boundless ocean of liquid sulphur, whose waves, huge, ponderous and turbid, were tossed by the wildest commotion. The roar of this mighty sea could be accurately compared to nothing but a continuous peal of the loudest thunder. Eternally it lifted up its giant voice, and its noise seemed to fill the universe, being to the imagination nothing but the funeral dirge of the ruined souls of earth. Rocks of the most gigantic size and terrible aspect, frowned on the borders of lone islands that were interspersed on the bosom of the omnipotent flood. The islands themselves, were barren; they bore not a single flower or trace of vegetation. They gave signs of life, but only signs. In short they appeared to be inhabited by shadows—forms without substance, whose existence however was indisputable. Here truly were

"Black spirits, but *no* white
Blue spirits, but *no* gray."

The character of these shades was that of enormous dark winged serpents, or dragons, with webbed feet and talons of prodigious dimensions. Their eyes were fiery and penetrating to the utmost and they never closed; but, continually rolled mildly in their orbits as if the entire horrors of eternal despair were fully exposed to their view. The temperature of the place was that of hell; and when I was borne off upon the pinions of one of these visible, but unnatural creatures, across the dark sea for many leagues, and placed on board of an extensive giant vessel under full sail upon this mysterious main, I felt something of relief, from the prospect however obscure, that the vessel would ultimately land amid other scenes. I was no sooner arrived upon the deck of this spacious barque, (where I encountered the culprit whose corpse had escaped me, and others with whom I was once intimate) than a serpent of the most glossy black color, and superlative elasticity twined itself round my limbs and bound me immoveable. The vessel itself was constructed of a material with which I was wholly unacquainted, but its color was black as midnight, and every object within was similar in appearance except a thousand fires which shot up from as many points of the ship, and were white as driven snow, threatening in the end to consume the vessel, massive and unwieldy as it was. The associations produced in the mind by the phenomenon of these strange fires gave ten-fold intensity to the heat which emenated from their focii. One was surrounded by what appeared to be "stainless snow," but felt at the same time a heat which the burning of eternal fire could not possibly surpass. Not only was the sensation of feeling thus tortured to the last extremity, but every sense was proportionably punished.—In addition to the heat of the circumambient atmosphere, it was also loaded with the most offensive effluvia. The vision was shocked by the ghastliest sights. The hearing was unspeakably tormented; amid the hoarse bellowings of the angry ocean, the noise of the ship's crew, (who were invisible) might be heard to reverberate along the decks fearfully. The tempestuous thunder of the stormy sea on which we were sailing was not to be compared to the tumultuous sounds within the vessel. The invisible crew it seemed trod upon some heavy crutches, for the noise of their progress through the ship was so conspicuous and peculiar, being a kind of dull, dragging, mototary sound. At various intervals the rude falling of heavy chains upon the decks met the ear, followed, or not, by wild shrieks sufficient to pierce the most obdurate heart. Sometimes when we would be riding along comparatively tranquil, an immense weight would fall with a thundering noise, as though from heaven upon the upper deck, and this would be succeeded by the terrific tramping of the crew from one apartment of the ship to another. Any interim that occurred was filled up by the incessant lashing of the great ocean against the sides of our floating prison-house. The spray of that ocean was unlike that of other oceans; it was scalding hot, and the idea of being shipwrecked in this boiling abyss I could not tolerate. A shipwreck I had always contemplated as a most formidable disaster, but to be lost on the oceans of earth and go down among the green caves and coral worlds of romance, would have been heaven to my perturbed feelings instead of plunging in this ocean of burning reality. Nevertheless from the raging of the tempest without, and the burning of the fires within the ship this misfortune constantly became more threatening. At length, I began to wish for its accomplishment, hoping that thereby my sufferings might terminate. But it never happened. The ship seemed indestructible, it rode onward—onward—onward for ages, I knew not whither; but continually my situation became more desperate, more hopeless. I would have given worlds to have died, yet no symptoms of death appeared for my relief. On the contrary my sensations were becoming infinitely more acute; my [illegible] and my misery was terrible [illegible] complete.

Just at this crisis a most unexpected and extraordinary event occurred. A gentleman of superb dress and manners with a noble form and intellectual countenance appeared on board. A smile of benevolence dwelt like sunshine upon his features, and his whole mein betokened the heart of an angel. He seemed to be at liberty; he spoke, and it was done; he commanded, and it was performed. Instantly my drooping hopes revived. Like a drowning man I was willing to accept support even though from a straw. And I hesitated not for a moment to connect my ultimate relief and emancipation, with the seasonable appearence of this saintly stranger in the ship. But, ah! how soon may the brightest star of hope be extinguished? Accidentally casting my eyes toward the inferior person of my imagined saviour, I observed a huge nausevous *tail* projecting from beneath his nether garments. Immediately the truth flashed upon me, he was "the devil in a fashionable garb;" and upon extending my observations I discovered the cloven foot, which confirmed my worst suspicions. In true nautical style, the devil summoned all hands upon deck—discoursed to them awhile in the dialect of the lower regions, as I suppose, for I understood nothing of the conference, only, that "His Satannic Majesty had come on board for the purpose of piloting us into the bottomless pit, on the confines of which we were then playing. On this announcement he placed himself at the ship's helm. Immediately the roaring of the mammoth ocean ceased; all became as calm as it had before been tumultuous.—And we sailed on. The scenery as we progressed, gradually grew more dark and appalling; the rocks more frowning and terrible; the islands more destitute; the sea more black; the air more oppressive. Finally the current of the sea was observed to assume the circular motion of a whirlpool. Our ship began to reel. About this time confused sounds of "weeping and wailing from beneath came floating upon the dark sea. The smell of sulphur filled the air. Our ship revolved gradually faster and faster, going still onward in the immense vortex which entangled us. Eventually it made one decided plunge and it sunk.

CHAPTER III,

"Follow, on fancy's magic pinions follow."

The vessel had no sooner sunk than I regained my liberty, exchanging superlative misery for unbounded joy. In other language I was, as I supposed, in *heaven*. The sweetest eolian music fell upon my ear. The most fragrant odors were wafted to my sense. Delicious fountains of limpid water bubbled up before me, gathering into rills, which eventually rolled into magnificient rivers, upon whose bright bosoms and from an infinitude of other points, were continually reflected the most glorious combinations of effulgent light. The air was transparent and balmy, imparting the most ecstatic sensations to the inhaler. The softest flowers and most venerable forests adorned the landscape, which was unsurpassingly verdant. Birds of the most brilliant hue, and heavenly song gave an air of magic to the scene. Wherever the eye roamed it was regaled by the choicest and most luxurious fruits, which grew in princely splendor and profusion upon majestic trees, beneath whose spreading branches innumerable bright forms luxuriated at large. The inhabitants were all of angelic appearance.

Naturally I was entirely enamoured; but, the brightness and glory of paradise began already to vanish from my vision. The harps of the celestial world ceased their music. The air became less elastic and pure. The flowers faded. The fruits withered. The beautiful songsters of the groves took flight. I lost sight of heaven; its peerless inhabitants, and magnificent splendors.

And now I became sensible to the last scene.—Awakening from a profound slumber I found myself in the halls of the old medical college of G. The demonstrator of anatomy and another Physician were by the side of a bed on which I was extended. On inquiring hastily of my situation, the Physician informed me that I had been labouring under an attack of Delirium Tremens, or *Mania-a-Potu*; but was now considered out of immediate danger. My comrade resurrectionists who accompanied me on the eventful night of my story, punctual to our engagement, met at the appointed time and place, but missing me there, suspected some disaster had befallen me, inasmuch as I had been observed in the course of the previous evening to indulge unusually free of the bottle, for the purpose of bracing the nerves, as my phrase was. Immediately they explored their way to the grave of the culprit, whom I had undertaken to disinter. Here they found me supine upon the corpse, where I had fallen when on the eve of completing my task.—The fit was on me; it lasted, with remissions and exacerbations, three hours, during which period my morbid intellect elaborated the foregoing fancies, which if they had been realities could not possibly have affected me more.

My attendant Physician providentially was a Washingtonian, and saw fit in the treatment of the case to immerse me in a cold bath, which had the effect of inducing sleep to visit my eyelids, and established my wandering senses. I deem it appropriate to pronounce it providential that my Physician immerged me in the bath, for, about this time I presume it must have been, my disordered sensorium persuaded me I was plunging into the bottomless pit. Heaven knows hew near to this [illegible] I was, and how near all drunkards are, for it was drunkenness brought me to experi- [illegible] am warranted in asserting, with [illegible] effect in others. Assuredly, if Delirium Tremens was the only misfortune that followed the use of intoxicating drink, it alone, should be sufficient to deter mankind from the baleful practice. I am happy to affirm that one attack of this formidable affection has constituted me a thorough Washingtonian, and the most contented of men. I am no longer a resurrectionist, because I am anxious to avoid a mode of life replete with potent temptations to a dereliction from duty. May no unfortunate inebcrate follow my example in waiting so terrific a visitation from heaven as Mania-a-Potu to induce them to abstain from strong drink, but at once and forever pledge themselves in the name of Virtue to sober habits.

* * * * * * *

Such is an experimental statement, (with the necessary improvements and additions) as received from the lips of a Baltimore Washingtonian.

RED LION HOTEL.

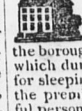
No. 200 *MARKET STREET,*
(Above 6th Street)
Philadelphia.
BOARDING $1.00 PER DAY.

THE subscriber, thankful for the liberal support of his friends and the public generally, respectfully informs them that he still continues at the old established house, where he will be pleased to accommodate all those who favor him with their patronage.

CHRISTIAN BROWER.

Dec. 14, 1842.—tf.

TEMPERANCE HOUSE.



THE subscriber occupying the large three story brick dwelling house at the south east corner of Allegheny and Smith streets, in the borough of Huntingdon, the third story of which during the last summer has been fitted for sleeping rooms; having a large stable on the premises, and having employed a careful person to attend to it and take care of horses, &c., informs the public that she is prepared to accommodate such of her friends and such strangers and travellers as may desire accommodation. She respectfully solicits a share of public patronage, and hopes the friends of Temperance will give her a call.

ESTHER CLARKE.

Huntingdon March 1, 1843.

Potts, Linn & Harris,

Wholesale Druggists and Apothecaries,
No 213½ MARKET ST. PHIL'A.

N. B. The Harris in the above firm, is Dr. John Harris, Known in Huntingdon and Centre counties. Having been long engaged in the Drug business in the country, he trusts he will be the better prepared to meet the wants of country druggists, storekeepers and Physicians,

September 27, 1843.—pd.

Chair and Cabinet Making.

THOMAS ADAMS,

Respectfully informs the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity, that he has commenced the above businesses in all their various branches, in the shop occupied by him the last year as a chair shop, opposite George Jackson's hotel.

All kinds of work made to order on the the shortest notice, warrented to be good and will be given in exchange for all kinds of country produce, and very cheap for cash,

Coffins made on sight.

June 7, 1842.

For Consumption of the Lungs.

Affections of the Liver, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pains or Weakness of the Breast or Lungs, Chronic Coughs, Pleurisy, Hemorrhage of the Lungs, and all affectious of the Pulmonary Organs

Nature's own Prescription.

A compound Balsamic preparation of the *Prunus Virginiana* of 'Wild Cherry Bark,' combined with the *Extract of Tar*, prepared by a chemical process, approved and recommended by the most distinguished physicians, and universally acknowledged the most valuable medicine ever discovered.

No Quackery!! No Deception.

In setting forth the virtues of this truly great medicine, we have no desire to deceive those who are laboring under the affliction, nor do we wish to eulogize it more than it deserves. Yet we look around and see the vast amount of suffering and distress occasioned by many of the diseases in which this medicine has proved so highly successful, we feel that we cannot urge its claims too strongly, or say too much in its favor.

Various remedies it is true have been offered and puffed into notice for the cure of diseases of the Lungs, and some have no doubt been found very useful, but all that have yet been discovered, it is admitted by physicians and all others who have witnessed its effects, that none haye proved as successful as this. Such, indeed, are the

Surprising Virtues

Of this Balsam, that even in the advanced stages of *Consumption*, after all the most esteemed remedies of physicians have failed to effect any change, the use of this medicine has been productive of the most astonishing relief, and actually effected cures after all hopes of recovery had been dis- [illegible] *Catarrhal Consumption*, [illegible] *neglected* COLDS, it has been used with undeviating success, and hundreds acknowledge they owe the restoration of their health to this invaluable medicine alone, in that form of consumption so prevalent amongst delicate young females, commonly termed debility, or

"*Going into a Decline,*"

A complaint with which thousands are lingering, it has also proved highly successful, and not only possesses the power of checking the progress of this alarming complaint, but also strengthens and invigorates the system more effectually than any medicines we have ever possessed.

Besides its suprising efficacy in consumption, it is equally efficacious in Liver Complaint, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all affections of the Lungs, and has cured many of the most obstinate cases, after every other remedy had failed. ☞ For particulars see Dr. Wistor's treaties on consumption, to be had of the agents.

WHILE LIFE REMAINS WE STILL HAVE SOME HOPE.

A SURPRISING CURE.---Among the many singular cures which this medicine has effected, there is perhaps none in which its powers are so fully shown as in the case of Mrs. Austin.

This lady has been consumptive for several years, and during the greater part of this time had received the best medical attention, and tried all the most valuable remedies, yet nothing could be found to arrest its progress. She became subject to violent fits of coughing, expectorated large quantities of matter occasionally tinged with blood, and step by step this fearful disease continued its course, until all hopes of a recovery was despaired of. While in this distressing situation, lingering upon the very verge of the grave, she commenced the use of this Balsam, which, to use her own expression, operated almost like a charm. In a few days she expectorated freely, the cough was gradually suppressed, and every day appeared to add fresh vigor to her looks, and now, in the place of that emaciated form withering to decay, she is seen mingling in society, in better health than she has enjoyed for years.

DISINTERESTED TESTIMONY.----Having witnessed the surprising efficacy of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, in the case of Mrs. Austin, I cheerfully acknowledge the above statement to be true and correct.

J. C. WALTERS, M. D.

LIVER COMPLAINT.---Mrs. Eliza Thompson was afflicted with this complaint for nearly five years, during which time she was under the most skilful physicians—had tried Mercury, Botanic and Homœpathic remedies, and every thing that offered her any hopes of relief. She had dull, wandering pains in her side, sometimes in the shoulder and small of the back, a hacking cough, frequent pains in the breast, and had been unable to sleep on her right side for three years. By the use of this Balsam she was cured in a few weeks, and remains well to this day.

ELIZA THOMPSON.

Woodstown, Sept. 4, 1842.

Dear Sir:—Although your valuable medicine has already found hundreds of powerful advocates, it still may be gratifying to you to receive a communication from any one that has been relieved by it. Such, sir is truly my case. I have been a victim of that terrible disease consumption, for many months, and have suffered so much, that I had become almost weary of my life. Hearing your Balsam so highly praised, I began taking a few weeks back, and can assure you that it has relieved me more than any thing I have ever used before, and I confidently believe it will cure me effectually. Please give the bearer the worth of the enclosed, and oblige

Yours Respectfully,
JOHN PEARSON.

Chester county, Sept 6, 1841.

Friend Wistar:—It gives me much pleasure to inform thee that my wife's health has improved very much since she has been using thy Balsam of Wild Cherry, and we think there is no doubt it will cure her. She has taken the two bottles I purchased from thee a short time since, and her cough is much better, she also sleeps well at night, and says she has found nothing to give her so much relief. Thee will please give the bearer two bottles more for

Thy Friend,
EDWARD HOLMES.

☞ Read the following from Dr. Jacob Hoffman, a physician of extensive practice in Huntingdon county:

Dear Sir:—I procured one bottle of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, from Thomas Read, Esq. of this place, and tried it in a case of obstinate Asthma on a child of Paul Schweble, in which many other remedies had been tried without any relief. The Balsam gave sudden relief, and in my opinion the child is effectuelly cured by its use.

Yours, &c.
JACOB HOFFMAN, M. D.

Dec. 23, 1841.

Dear Sir:—Your Balsam of Wild Cherry has effected some astonishing cures here.—One of which is an old lady, Mrs. Russel, who has been suffering for a long time with shortness of breathing, and general weakness, until she was finally obliged to keep her bed. After various other remedies had been resorted to in vain, she commenced using your Balsam, and after taking two bottles was so far recovered as to be able to attend to all the duties of her house, and on taking two bottles more was entirely cured.

Respectfully &c.,
JOHN S. C. MARTIN.

Pottsville, Pa.

CAUTION.—As there is a spurious mixture called Syrup of Wild Cherry, purchasers should be particular to ask for *Dr. Wistar's Balsam*, and observe his signature on the bottle.

Prepared for the proprietor, and sold at wholesale by Williams & Co., Chemists, No. 21 Minor street, Philadelphia, sold also in almost every town in the United States.

Price one dollar per bottle.

For sale by *Thomas Read*, Huntingdon, and *James Orr*, Hollidaysburg.

[illegible] 1842.

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.

Mohgany, 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 Wareroom, one door east of the Store of Mrs. Jane M'Cormick and immediately opposite the store of Patterson & Horner.

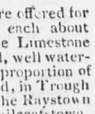
GEORGE W. SWAIN.

Lewistown, Nov. 30, 1842.

FARMS FOR SALE,

IN HUNTINGDON CO. PA.

SIX FARMS are offered for sale, containing each about 250 Acres, of fine Limestone and Chocolate Land, well watered and improved, with a due proportion of wood, situate on the State Road, in Trough Creek Valley, six miles from the Raystown branch of the Juniata and Chilcoatstown, about 7 from the Tub-mill Gap, 13 from Campbell's Lock on the State Canal, and 20 from M'Connellsburg and the town of Huntingdon.—They are surrounded by a respectable and thriving population, established more than 50 years since; and are near to several iron works, which, independent of other sources, afford markets for the produce of this fertile and beautiful valley.



For information, apply to Mr. James Entrekin, Jr., Coffee-Run P. O. Huntingdon co. Pa., or Mr. William Houck, Broad-top P. O. Huntingdon co. Pa., who will show the premises.

JOHN HARE POWEL,
Aug. 16, 1843.—3mo. Philadelphia.

Estate of Matthew Gilleland,

Late of West township, Huntingdon county, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given, that letters testamentary upon the said estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same are requested to present them duly authenticated for settlement, to

WM. MONTGOMERY, Ex'r.
Sept. 13, 1843—6t West tp.