

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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## Terms.

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## TO INVALIDS.

How important it is that you commence without loss of time with BRADRETH'S PILLS. They mildly but surely remove all impurities from the blood, and no case of sickness can effect the human frame, that these celebrated Pills do not relieve as much as medicine can do. COLDS and COUGHS are more benefited by the Bradreth Pills than by Leeches and Candies. Very well, perhaps, as palliatives, but worth nothing as ERADICATORS of diseases from the human system. The Bradreth Pills cure, they do not merely relieve, they cure. Diseases, whether chronic or recent, infectious or otherwise, will certainly be cured by the use of these all-sufficient PILLS.

## CURE OF A CANCEROUS SORE.

By SING SING, January 21, 1843.

DR. BENJAMIN BRADRETH.

Owing to you a debt of gratitude that money cannot pay. I am induced to make a public acknowledgment of the benefit my wife has derived from your invaluable Pills. About three years this winter she was taken with a pain in her face, which soon became very much inflamed, and swollen, so much that we became much alarmed, and sent for the doctor. During his attendance the pain and swelling increased to an alarming degree, and in three weeks from its first commencing it became a running sore. She could get no rest at night the pain was so great. Our first doctor attended her for six months, and she received no benefit whatever, the pain growing worse and the sore larger all the time. He said if it was healed up it would be her death, but he appeared to be at a loss how to proceed, and my poor wife still continued to suffer the most terrible tortures. We therefore sought other aid, in a Botanical doctor, who said when he first saw it that he could soon cure the sore and give her ease at once. To our surprise he gave her no relief, and acknowledged that it quite baffled all his skill.

Thus we felt after having tried during one whole year the experience of two celebrated physicians in vain, in absolute despair. My poor wife's constitution rapidly failing in the prime of her years from her continued suffering. Under these circumstances we concluded that we would try your Universal Vegetable Pills, determined to fairly test their curative effects. To my wife's great comfort the first few doses afforded great relief of the pain. Within one week to the astonishment of ourselves and every one who knew the case, the swelling and the inflammation began to cease so that she felt quite easy, and would sleep comfortable, and after six weeks' use she was able to go thro' the house and again attend to the management of her family, which she had not done for nearly fourteen months. In a little over two months from the time she first commenced the use of your invaluable Pills her face was quite sound, and her health better than it had been in quite a number of years before. I send you this statement after two years test of the cure, considering it only an act of justice to you, and the public at large. We are much gratified.

Very respectfully,

TIMOTHY & ELIZA A. LITTLE.

PS.—The Botanical Doctor pronounced the sore cancerous, and finally said no good could be done, unless the whole of the flesh was cut off and the bone scraped. Thank a kind Providence, this made us resort to your Pills, which saved us from all further misery, and for which we hope to be thankful.

T. & E. A. L.

Dr. Bradreth's Pills are for sale by the following Agents in Huntingdon county.

Thomas Read, Huntingdon.

Wm. Stewart, Huntingdon.

A. & N. Crosswell, Petersburg.

Mary W. Neff, Alexandria.

Joseph Patton, Jr., Duncansville.

Hartman & Smith, Manor Hill.

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Thomas Owens, Birmingham.

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Peter Good, Jr., Canoe Creek.

John Lutz, Shirleysburg.

Observe each of Dr. Bradreth's Agents have an engraved certificate of Agency.—

Examine this and you will find the NEW LABELS upon the certificate corresponding with those on the Boxes, none other are genuine.

B. BRADRETH, M. D.

Phil'a. Office S. North 8th St.—1y.

## Proposals

Will be received up to the 25th day of December next by the Trustees of the Huntingdon Congregation of the Presbyterian Church, for building a Presbyterian Church in the borough of Huntingdon.

A plan and specifications will be exhibited by Maj. David M. Murrie, Col. John Cresswell and William Morris at any time after the 1st day of December next, to whom also bids can be directed.

JOHN KER,

JNO. G. MILES,

THOMAS FISHER,

JNO. CRESSWELL,

JNO. GLAZIER,

GEORGE TAYLOR,

THOS. P. CAMPBELL,

Trustees.

Nov. 1, 1843.

T. H. CREMER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

## POETRY.

### Love, and Home, and Native Land.

When o'er the silent deep we rove,  
More fondly than our thoughts will stray  
To those we leave—to those we love,  
Whose prayers pursue our wayry way.  
When in the lonely midnight hour  
The sailor takes his watchful stand,  
His heart then feels the holiest power  
Of love, and home, and native land.

In vain may tropic climes display  
Their glittering shores—their gorgons shells;  
Though bright birds wing their dazzling way,  
And glorious flowers adorn the dells;  
Though nature, there prolific, pours  
The treasures of her magic hand,  
The eye—but not the heart, adores:  
The heart still beats for native land.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE LADY'S SLIPPER.

By MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

'Look, Harriet,' said Charles Percy to his sister, as he entered the room where she sat sewing, 'see what a prize I have found.'

'A lady's slipper. How odd to think of a lady losing her shoe.'

'Only see how small it is, and of what perfect shape.'

'Yes, quite perfect. It was doubtless made by a great pains-taking shoemaker.'

'That is nothing—don't you see it has been worn enough to become perfectly adapted to the foot?'

'So it has. Well the owner must be a second Cinderella.'

'I wish,' said he, 'that I could get a sight of her face, that I might know if it is comparable with her foot.'

'And what then?'

'Why, I believe I should fall in love with her.'

'I don't know how your wish can be gratified, unless you advertise the slipper.'

'That won't do. In the first place it is not worth advertising, and if it were, there is no lady who would choose to come forward and claim a lost shoe.'

'It was purchased, it seems, at No. — Washington street.'

'Yes, but hundreds of ladies purchase their shoes there.'

'Few of the hundreds, however, could wear one so small as this. As you are well acquainted with the owner of the establishment, I would, were I in your place, ask him about it. If she be a customer, he will be able to inform you who she is at once.'

'I believe I will take your advice,' he replied, and the next minute he was on his way to Washington street.

'I am glad to find you alone, Mr. ———,' said he, as he entered the store. 'I have found a lady's slipper, which is so beautiful, that I have a great curiosity to ascertain the owner. Can you tell me?'

'I am not certain, but I believe it belongs to Miss Cheston.'

'No, no, that cannot be—she is old and ugly.'

'But she has a pretty foot.'

'At this moment a handsome carriage, drawn by a pair of pampered, jet-black horses, drew up before the door. A black servant alighted, and approaching the carriage window, received some orders which were given in a low, musical voice. He then entered the store, and asked Mr. ——— if he would let the lady in the carriage look at some black kid slippers.'

'What number?'

'No. 1.'

'The exact size,' said he, with a significant look at Percy, as he handed the servant the slippers.

A small hand, to which a fashionable-colored glove was exactly fitted, was reached forth to receive them. Percy endeavored to obtain a glimpse of her face, but a thick veil baffled his curiosity. A pair was soon selected, for which the servant having paid, the carriage rolled lazily away.

'The lady of the slipper,' said Percy.

'Without doubt, but I am entirely ignorant of her name.'

'I think she is not a resident of the city,' said Percy.

'I think not, and if she has ever called here before, I could not have been present.'

Percy now left the store, determining within himself to keep the carriage in his eye, till it arrived at its final place of destination. For this purpose he struck into a brisk walk, making his speed nearly equal to that of the lazy horses. In a minute or two, the carriage stopped before a stationer's shop, which enabled him to come up with it. As he walked slowly past it, he obtained another glimpse of the thick veil, but whether it contained a face handsome or ugly, remained still a most profound mystery. With a little dexterous manœuvring he was able to keep sight of the carriage without his object becoming apparent, till it drew up before an elegant mansion in Summer street. Here the lady alighted, though without throwing back her veil—Her figure was very fine, but her dress was so long that he could not come to any satisfactory conclusion about the slipper. It subsequently happened that he frequently had occasion to pass through Summer street. One morning as he was strolling leisurely along by the house, which, to him, constituted the chief point of attraction, he was overtaken by a young man of his acquaintance.

'You seem to be quite taken with the elegance of this mansion,' said he; 'are you going to build one on the same plan?'

'I was looking at those beautiful plants,' replied Percy, stammering and changing color.

'They are indeed beautiful. The lady or ladies of the family must have a fine taste for cultivating flowers.'

Another gentleman by the name of Hanson joined them in season to hear the last remark.

'You are admiring Miss Floyd's flowers, I find,' said he.

'Floyd,' repeated Percy, eagerly, 'is Floyd the name of the lady who resides here?'

'So I have been informed.'

'Have you never seen her?'

'No, but I have seen her brother.'

'Well, what of him? How old is he—how does he look?'

'As it is impossible to answer three questions at once, I will take them in the order you put them—He is, I understand, a native of one of the Northern States, which he left at a youthful age for New Orleans, where he entered into business, and, in the course of twenty-five years' residence, amassed a splendid fortune, which he intends to enjoy in our own good city. He is, as near as I can judge, about forty-five, and is what may be called, if not handsome, remarkably good looking.'

'Sister to a man forty-five,' thought Percy.—'She may possibly, though not probably, be of the youthful age of thirty, or thirty-five, and I have been keeping her slipper in a rose-wood box, and have, every night, contemplated it with as much devotion as a Pagan would one of his little deities, besides which, I have managed to get several peeps at it during the day time!'

Just as he had finished this mental soliloquy, Mr. Floyd and lady appeared at the door of the mansion. He gave her his arm, and they descended the steps. As she now wore no veil, Percy obtained a full view of her face, which appeared as if it had been visited by the airs of fifty instead of fifteen summers, which he had fixed in his own mind as the probable age of one who could wear so small and unsymmetrical a slipper.

'I forgot to mind her foot,' said he, rousing himself from the reverie into which he had fallen, at the sight of the antiquated damsel on whom he had lavished so many thoughts in vain.

'You have deprived yourself of no great pleasure, I imagine,' said Hanson, laughing at the serious air of Percy, 'in forgetting to look at a woman's foot, who is fifty or sixty years old—but I promised to meet my friend Frazier at eleven, and it lacks only five minutes of the hour.'

The above now separated, and Percy directing his steps to Washington street, fell in with Mr. ———.

'Since I last saw you, Percy,' said he, 'I have ascertained that the name of the lady in the carriage, which stopped at my store the other day when you were present, is Floyd, and that she is the—'

At this moment, a boy whom he had sent to the post office, met him, and presented him with several letters. Glancing his eye at the postmark of one of them, 'Ah,' said he, 'here is the very letter I was wishing for. Had it failed to come, it would have been a hundred dollars damage to me, and forgetting the Floyds, he bowed to Percy, and hastened to his store in order to pursue his letter.

'I will give you the beautiful slipper,' said Percy to his sister, when he returned home, 'for I have had a sight of the owner, and she looks old enough to be our grandmother, and is so ugly—Aunt Peg, the herb-woman, is a beauty to her.'

'Thank you for your generosity,' replied Harriet, laughing.

'I have heard you tell a great deal about beauty, of late, Charles,' said his mother, 'and in such a manner as if you thought personal attractions of the first consideration. I hope when you come to choose a wife, it will not be solely for her beauty.'

'I cannot say, mother, that I should like to marry a woman who was not beautiful.'

'Yet I trust you will not let beauty blind you to faults of temper and defective education, for let me assure you, that after marriage your perceptions will be likely to undergo a great change. You will gradually become clear-sighted to the faults of your wife, while you will every day think less and less of her beauty.'

'You speak as if you thought a good tempered, well educated girl was rarely to be found. Now it appears to me that I can name a dozen, to one who is really beautiful.'

'Let me hear what you consider a good education.'

'Why such an one as every female, who has the means, can obtain at our best schools—such an one, for instance, as Margaret Boyle has, who possesses, it is said, a thorough knowledge of the solid, as well as the showy branches.'

'You seem to overlook the domestic part of a girl's education, which must be acquired at home, in the room of our best schools, yet I dare say that you would rather sit down to a good breakfast on a keen morning in January, than watch your wife while solving a problem in Euclid, or listen to her while playing the most ravishing air on the harp or piano-forte.'

'Undoubtedly, but I should not expect the labour of preparing my breakfast to devolve on my wife.'

'No, but it might sometimes so happen as to make it necessary for her to superintend its preparation, which she could not do properly, without some practical knowledge of the culinary art.'

'According to your idea, mother, I know of but just one girl in the world, who has a good education, and that is my pretty sister here; I therefore see nothing for me, but to remain a bachelor.'

'Harriet, who had silently listened to the foregoing conversation, now took the opportunity to inform her brother that, during his absence, Mrs. Leavitt had sent an invitation for them all to attend a select party that evening, and that her mother and she had concluded to accept, if he would go with them.

'Oh, I shall go, of course,' he replied, 'for the Leavitts are great favorites of mine.'

When Mrs. Percy and her son and daughter arrived at Mrs. Leavitt's, most of the company had already assembled. They had been there only a few minutes, when Mr. and Miss Floyd, were announced.

'Look, Mr. Percy,' said Margaret Boyle, 'and see what you think of Grace Floyd, the lady from New Orleans.'

'Oh, I have seen her already, and she looks more like a Fury than a Grace,' added he mentally, at the moment turning to answer the question of another lady.

'Mr. Percy, who can those strangers be?' said the lady who had just claimed his attention.

He followed the direction of her eyes, and beheld Mr. Floyd, with a young and exceedingly lovely girl leaning on his arm.

Her dark, lustrous eyes, with their long, drooping lashes would of themselves almost atone for the absence of all other beauty, but her complexion was of that clear and delicate kind which frequently accompanies dark eyes, and very dark hair, and her small rosy mouth was full of the sweetest expression. Her form, which was slight and perfectly symmetrical, was attired in an elegant and simple dress, and the hem of her robe rested on the instep of the smallest and most beautiful foot in the world.—Percy was so absorbed in the contemplation of the lovely vision so unexpectedly presented to his view, that he forgot to answer his fair interrogator, till she repeated her question. He sought an early opportunity to be introduced to her, and before the evening was half spent, was completely enthralled by the fair enchantress. Mrs. Percy, too, was so won by her amiable and unassuming manners, that she could not help secretly fearing that even her cool judgment might be imperceptibly biased, especially when she took into view the unequalled loveliness of her person. As for Harriet, her admiration of her was only second to her brother.

From that evening Percy and Grace Floyd frequently met, and he soon had the felicity of feeling assured that he was the most favored of the votaries that knelt at her shrine. Mrs. Percy watched the progress of the affair with considerable anxiety, as no gifts or attainments could, in her mind, atone for the absence of that domestic knowledge, which, although not apparent to every eye, must be the fountain head whence emanates those streams of comfort which make home the one green spot in the desert of life. It was most probable, that deprived of her mother in her infancy, nurtured in the enervating climate, and surrounded by every luxury which whim could suggest, or money procure, that should any caprice of fortune deprive her of wealth, she would be utterly helpless and miserable. She did not conceal these reflections from her son, but when did a young man of twenty-five, deeply enamored with a beautiful and fascinating woman, permit the caution of maturer years to weigh against the vivid and glowing picture of happiness, painted by his own imagination? In six weeks from the evening he first saw her, he was the accepted lover of Grace Floyd, and in a few weeks more they were wedded.

Never did a young couple enter upon the most serious and important era of life under happier auspices. Percy inherited an ample fortune, independent of his mother and his lovely bride, who received from her father as a marriage dowry, fifty thousand dollars, and would, if she survived him, be the sole heiress of his immense wealth, he having already secured to his sister, Miss Persis Floyd, an annuity of one thousand dollars a year.

As Percy had recently engaged in extensive, and what were deemed very profitable speculations, Grace wished him to increase his capital by the addition of her dowry, but this, though sanguine of success, he positively refused, and by the advice of Mr. Floyd, who had, after his return from New Orleans, disposed of the greater part of his property in the same manner, it was invested in bank stock.

It was not long before Percy found that what he had mistaken for gold and precious gems, were only bubbles. They burst, and he was left penniless.—He had, a short time before his marriage, purchased one of the most elegant houses in the city, which was furnished throughout in a style of unrivalled magnificence. They had been fortunate in their choice of servants, and every thing moved on with the regularity of clock-work. When Percy became assured that the last dollar of his property had floated away on the dreamy sea of speculation, he shut himself up in his counting-room, and brooded over his situation in bitterness of spirit. It was true that his wife's fifty thousand dollars remained untouched, but it would be necessary for them to curtail their expenses in every respect. The house must be sold, a great part of the costly furniture sacrificed, and Grace, whose personal and mental charms had rendered her the brightest star in the very highest circle of fashion, must descend from her sphere. In the midst of these reflections and their attendant train of bitter fancies, some one rapped at the door. He unlocked it, and Mr. Floyd, his father-in-law, stood before him. Percy started back, for he was so pale as to appear almost ghastly.

Mr. Floyd spoke first.

'I am,' said he, 'a ruined man. The bank where

I had placed my own and my daughter's property, has failed.'

'Then, my dear sir, we can shake hands together,' and he briefly explained what had happened to himself. 'But the worst of all,' said he in conclusion, 'is to come yet. Poor Grace, she will be overwhelmed with affliction.'

'I should not wonder,' said Mr. Floyd, 'if she does not bear it better than either of us. Like the rock smitten by the rod of the prophet, the wealth of many a woman's heart gushes forth most freely beneath the stroke of adversity. Believe me, Charles, Grace has many sterling qualities, which, as yet, you have dreamed not of.'

While his thoughts thus fondly and proudly turned to his daughter, the color came back to his cheeks, and his eyes were lit up with animation.

'The sooner she knows what has happened, the better, I suppose,' said Percy, taking up his hat.—'Will you go with me, sir?'

They proceeded to the house together. They paused at the threshold, for harp-notes, which were yielded to a light and skilful touch, mingled with a rich, liquid voice, stole from an inner apartment.

'Tears started to Percy's eyes, as he said in a low whisper, 'How can I turn her song of joy into mourning?'

'It will not do for us to linger here,' said Mr. Floyd, and taking him by the arm, he drew him towards the room.

Grace rose at their entrance, her face beaming with one of her own bright smiles. Percy grasped her hand convulsively, and the blood forsook his lips.

'You are ill, Charles,' said she, turning pale herself. 'Do tell me what the matter is?'

'I cannot—do you—and he looked imploringly towards Mr. Floyd.

A few words sufficed to make his daughter comprehend what had happened.

'I am glad it is nothing worse,' said she, calmly. 'I feared—I can hardly tell what I feared—but your appearance, Charles, greatly shocked me.'

'But have you not one tear to give to our fallen fortunes?' said Percy, with a brightened countenance.

'Not now,' she replied, 'I know not why, but all this does not make me feel half as miserable as I should imagine it would, or, perhaps, as it ought.'

'Thank heaven,' said Percy, fervently, 'the load is removed that was bearing down my energies, and crushing me to the dust. And now sing us one of your favorite airs, and we will leave you, for I find that we do not only need no comforters ourselves, but that you are fully equal to the task of comforting others.'

It was apparent to her, that their mode of life must be thoroughly and immediately changed, and when they were about to withdraw, she was on the point of observing to her husband, that with his concurrence, she would dismiss the female servants that very afternoon, but upon second thought, as she felt almost sure that he would insist on her retaining a part, she thought it best to make no allusion to the subject. Fortunately, the last dividend received from the bank, remained untouched. Having requested their attendance in the parlor, she explained to them the necessity of parting with them, paid them their wages, and gave each a recommendation, which was well merited. As good servants are scarce, all, in the course of the ensuing day, had provided themselves with places, except one. 'This was a girl of fourteen, and when after tea, the others dispersed to their different situations, that they might be ready to enter upon their new duties in the morning, she sought her mistress.

'Margaret,' said Grace, 'why are you not away with the rest?'

'I had rather remain, if you please,' replied the girl.

'Are you unable to find a place that pleases you?'

'I have not tried to find one.'

'That is wrong. As I told you yesterday, I have no longer the means of paying you.'

'I don't wish for any pay. All I ask, is to be permitted to remain with you, and I will do all that I can to assist you.'

The evidence of the girl's attachment touched one of those tender chords, which had refused to thrill beneath the stern touch of misfortune, and when she had withdrawn, a few tears, which had more of joy than grief in them, gushed from her eyes.

Percy retired that night with feelings which were by no means enviable. Thoughts of all his mother had said to him, relative to the domestic education of a wife, obtruded themselves upon his mind.—He could not even hope that Grace had any theoretical, much less practical knowledge of the household tasks, on which, in the morning, she would be obliged to attempt to enter. His only comfort was, that she herself, did not appear to shrink from the prospect before her, but had, from the first, maintained a uniform cheerfulness of spirits. It was long before he fell asleep, and when he did, the discomforts of an ill-arranged table, of muddy coffee, heavy, half-baked bread, with other articles to compare, formed the staple of his dreams. When he rose, instead of remaining in the house, as was his custom, to read the morning papers while breakfast was preparing, he hastened to his wife's room to see if Harriet would come and assist his mother.

'Why, she left town day before yesterday,' replied his mother in answer to his question. 'She has gone to spend a few days with her friend, Lucy Wayland. Hepsy, too, has taken the opportunity of her absence, to visit her mother, so that I have no one except Kathleen, the Irish girl, who, as yet, knows nothing about cookery.'

Percy felt very miserable as he bent his steps homeward. Not that he cared, for once, to sit down to an ill-cooked meal, but he knew Grace was ambitious and sensitive, and he dreaded to witness her mortification.

'I have just been looking out, to see if you were coming,' said she, with a smile. 'It is seven o'clock, and breakfast is quite ready.'

'Why, who learnt you to make coffee?' said he, with surprise, as he received a cup of the clear, fragrant beverage, from her hand.

'Aunt Persis,' said she, quietly replied.

'And did she learn you to make biscuit, too?' he inquired, breaking one open. 'Why, this is not only as white, but as light as a handful of snow-flakes.'

'Yes, I am indebted to Aunt Persis for the art of making coffee, bread, cooking a steak, together with several other important matters, appertaining to house-keeping. But the credit of preparing this breakfast does not all belong to me. I found Margaret an able and willing assistant.'

It was one of the proudest moments of Percy's life, when, hearing footsteps, he looked round and beheld his mother.

'Grace is worthy to be your daughter,' said he, directing her attention to the break-fast-table, 'and we shall be most happy to share with you the meal, which I doubt not, you came with the benevolent intention to help to prepare.'

Mrs. Percy made no reply, but before seating herself at the table, she took her daughter-in-law's hand with a look that was sufficiently expressive.—In a little more than a week, Percy having disposed of his house in the city, hired a neat cottage a few miles distant. A plot of ground in front, which was enclosed by a simple paling, was clothed with a thick, soft verdure, amid which nestled violets and other wild flowers, that some former occupant, with a just taste, had transplanted from their native soil. A sweet-briar, which reached quite to the eaves, shaded one of the perior windows, and a veteran lilac-bush, which lent its support to a honeysuckle, formed a leafy curtain for another.

As Grace and Harriet were arranging the simple furniture of a small apartment, which the former had named her boudoir, Percy entered, and placed upon the table a rose-wood box.

'What a pretty box,' said Grace, 'I don't remember of ever seeing it before.'

'Lift the lid,' said Percy.

She obeyed, and beheld a little black slipper.

'Why, this looks like the very one I once lost,' said she.

'It is undoubtedly the same,' he replied, 'and I found it some weeks before I found you.'

'Do tell me, Grace,' said Harriet, 'how you came to meet with so odd an accident as to lose your shoe?'

'Why, there happened to be a sudden shower one day, when I was absent from home, and Aunt Persis sent the carriage and a pair of thick shoes. The slipper, which, with its mate, I rolled in a handkerchief, happened to slip out during its passage from my friend's house to the carriage.'

'And Charles, who was destined to be its finder,' said Harriet, 'was so taken with its beauty, that, slightly altering the old fashioned game of Hunt the slipper, his chief amusement was to hunt the lady of the slipper till his efforts were successful.'

'I hope he will never have cause to regret his success,' replied Grace, 'for I am sure I shall not.'