

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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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.
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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.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Rates of Discount in Philadelphia.

Banks in Philadelphia.	
Bank of North America	par
Bank of the Northern Liberties	par
Bank of Penn Township	par
Commercial Bank of Penn'a.	par
Farmers' & Mechanics' bank	par
Kensington bank	par
Schuylkill bank	par
Mechanics' bank	par
Philadelphia bank	par
South-west bank	par
Western bank	par
Moyamensing bank	par
Manufacturers' and Mechanics' bank	par
Bank of Pennsylvania	par
City and County	10
Bank of the United States	22

Country Banks.

Bank of Chester co.	Westchester	par
Bank of Delaware co.	Chester	par
Bank of Germantown	Germantown	par
Bank of Montgomery co.	Norristown	par
Doylstown bank	Doylstown	par
Easton bank	Easton	par
Farmers' bk of Bucks co.	Bristol	par
Bank of Northumberland	Northumberland	par
Honesdale bank	Honesdale	14
Farmers' bk of Lanc.	Lancaster	14
Lancaster bank	Lancaster	14
Lancaster county bank	Lancaster	14
Bank of Pittsburg	Pittsburg	14
Merchants' & Manuf. bk.	Pittsburg	14
Exchange bank	Pittsburg	14
Do. do. branch of	Holidaysburg	14
Col'a bk & bridge co.	Columbia	14
Franklin bank	Washington	14
Mongahela bk of B.	Brownstown	14
Farmers' bk of Reading	Reading	14
Lebanon bank	Lebanon	1
Bank of Middletown	Middletown	1
Carlisle bank	Carlisle	1
Eric bank	Eric	1
Bank of Chambersburg	Chambersburg	1
Bank of Gettysburg	Gettysburg	1
York bank	York	1
Harrisburg bank	Harrisburg	1
Miners' bk of Pottsville	Pottsville	14
Bank of Susquehanna co.	Montrose	14
Farmers' & Drovers' bk	Waynesborough	3
Bank of Lewistown	Lewistown	2
Wyoming bank	Wilkesbarre	2
Northampton bank	Allentown	no sale
Berks county bank	Reading	no sale
West Branch bank	Williamsport	7
Towanda bank	Towanda	no sale

Rates of Relief Notes.

Northern Liberties, Delaware County, Farmers' Bank of Bucks, Germantown	par
All others	2

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
Huntingdon, Pennsylvania.

CHRISTIAN COUTS.

WOULD most respectfully inform the citizens of this county, the public generally, and his old friends and customers in particular, that he has leased for a term of years, that large and commodious building on the West end of the Diamond, in the borough of Huntingdon, formerly kept by Andrew H. Hirst, which he has opened and furnished as a Public House, where every attention that will minister to the comfort and convenience of guests will always be found.

His Table

will at all times be abundantly supplied with the best to be had in the country.

His Bar

will be furnished with the best of Liquors, and

HIS STEALING

is the very best in the borough, and will always be attended by the most trustworthy, attentive and experienced ostlers.

Mr. Coats pledges himself to make every exertion to render the "Franklin House" a home to all who may favor him with a call. Thankful to his old customers for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance of their custom.

Boards, by the year, month, or week, will be taken on reasonable terms.

Huntingdon, Nov. 8, 1843.

CHAIRS! CHAIRS!!

The subscriber is now prepared to furnish every description of CHAIRS, from the plain kitchen to the most splendid and fashionable one for the parlor. Also the

LUXURIOUS AND EASY CHAIR FOR THE INVALID,

in which the feeble and afflicted invalid, though unable to walk even with the aid of crutches, may with ease move himself from room to room, through the garden and in the street, with great rapidity.

Those who are about going to house-keeping, will find it to their advantage to give him a call, whilst the Student and Gentleman of leisure are sure to find in his newly invented *Revolving Chair*, that comfort which no other article of the kind is capable of affording. Country merchants and shippers can be supplied with any quantity at short notice.

ABRAHAM McDONOUGH,
No. 115 South Second street, two doors below Dock, Philadelphia.

May 31, 1843.---1 yr.

COME THIS WAY!



EXTENSIVE Carriage Manufactory

HENRY SMITH

MOST respectfully informs the citizens of the borough and county of Huntingdon, the public generally, and his old friends and customers in particular, that he still continues the

Coach Making Business

in all its various branches, at his old stand, in Main street in the borough of Huntingdon, nearly opposite the Journal printing office, where he has constantly on hand every description of

Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs & Dearborns,

which he will sell low for cash or on reasonable terms.

All kinds of work in his line made to order, on the shortest notice, in a

WORKMANLIKE MANNER

And all kinds of repairing done with neatness and despatch.

Country produce will be taken in exchange or work.

Any persons wishing to purchase are respectfully invited to call and examine and judge for themselves.

Huntingdon Nov. 29, 1843.

SMOKERS, THIS WAY!

SEAGARS!

Cheap for Cash.

The subscriber has just received a large and well assorted lot of cigars, which he offers for sale at the following prices.

Cuba segars in boxes containing 150 each, \$1 25 per box.

Half Spanish in boxes containing 150 each, 50 cents per box.

Half Spanish per thousand, \$2 75

Common do. \$1 50 and \$1 00

The above prices are so low that the subscriber can sell for cash only.

T. K. SIMONTON.

Huntingdon, Oct. 11.---1 yr.

B. HAWKINS.

BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Huntingdon and its vicinity, that he has commenced the business of light and heavy wagon making, and every kind of vehicle repairing. Having years since traded in England, he is prepared to furnish either the English or American style of wagons, and hopes by diligence and attention to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B. Shop near to Mr. J. Honck's blacksmith shop.

Huntingdon, April 19, 1843.---1 yr.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office at Alexandria, Pa., on the 1st of January, 1844, which if not taken out within three months, will be sent to the General Post Office as dead letters.

Brook Davis. Irvin James.

Rishon John. Johnston Thomas.

Batts John R. 2. Kaufman Reuben B.

Baker John. Kyde Henry.

Cresswell Nicholas. Kinports Gideon.

Dewalt Peter. Miller Mister.

Deen John P. Miller Samuel D.

Drenkle Henry S. M'Donald John.

Davis Elizabeth. McClure Andrew.

Furl John. Neff Isaac M.

Gardner James. Porter John.

Green Miles S. Sitzer William.

Householder Michael. Walker John Esq.

Hamer Samuel. Wistar William.

Herrincane Jacob. Young Geo. B.

JOHN GEMMILL, P. M.

Alexandria Jan. 1, 1844.

TAILORING.

JACOB SNYDER

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Huntingdon, and the public in general, that he continues the

Tailoring Business,

at the shop lately occupied by Wm. Fahs, now deceased, in Main street, in the borough of Huntingdon, in the brick house immediately opposite the store of Thomas Read, where he is fully prepared and ready to accommodate all, who may favor him with a call.

He receives, regularly, from New York, Scott's New York, Paris and London

FASHIONS;

and he is determined to employ none but the best and most experienced workmen, and he guarantees to execute all orders in his line in the most fashionable and workmanlike manner, or according to the wishes and orders of customers.

By strict attention to business, he hopes to obtain a share of public patronage.

Jan. 17, 1844.

ISAAC FISHER

ATTORNEY AT LAW

HAS removed to Huntingdon, with the intention of making it the place of his future residence, and will attend to such legal business as may be entrusted to him.

Dec. 20, 1843.

A. K. CORNYN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

Office in Main Street, two doors East of Mrs. McConnell's Temperance House.

POETRY.

CLAY SONG.

BY A BALTIMORE WHIG.

Tune—"Hurrah, hurrah."

Come boys, come boys, let's have a song,

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

So pitch your voices deep and strong,

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

We'll sing to Harry of the West,

The Statesmen freemen all love best,

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Now shout boys, shout for Harry Clay!

Hurrah, &c.

Now breaks the gloom which round us lay,

Hurrah, &c.

Our country's hope he is now boys,

His name fills sorrow's breast with joys,

Hurrah, &c.

Then cast his banner to the wind,

Hurrah, &c.

For midst its folds in freedom twin'd,

Hurrah, &c.

We'll hail it, boys, with joyous cries,

Which ne'er shall cease till Freedom dies.

Hurrah, &c.

Come round his standard, round, boys, round,

Hurrah, &c.

And greet it with thrice welcome sound,

Hurrah, &c.

It calls us, boys, to stand but firm,

And Looson soon their backs must turn.

Hurrah, &c.

With Harry, boys, upon our shield,

Hurrah, &c.

United we will clear the field,

Hurrah, &c.

And though we fight with nought but Clay,

The Locos must and shall give way.

Hurrah, &c.

He'll lead us on triumphantly,

Hurrah, &c.

And seal our cause with victory,

Hurrah, &c.

Then to the white house, boys, we'll go,

And tell old Chapman, *crow! crow! crow!*

Hurrah, &c.

Then CLAY our President shall be,

Hurrah, &c.

He'll ne'er turn traitor, NO, not he,

Hurrah, &c.

Then shout, boys, shout, Hurrah, Hurrah!

For Ashland's Farmer HENRY CLAY.

Hurrah, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LAST OF THE MOYSTONS.

Oh what a look!

Oh what a rueful steadfast look methought

He fixed upon my face!—My dying hour

Must pass ere I forget it—*Old Play.*

The following narrative of crime and retribution, strange as the declaration may appear, is strictly true, and many now in existence know it to be so.

It is given in the words of the miserable writer, who left this written memorial of his guilt and sufferings in the hands of his executor, who had been his tutor and was his only friend; by this gentleman it was communicated to the Rev. author of a work which it is impossible to read without delight and edification. "The Living and the Dead." No confidence is violated by the disclosure, as it was intended for the world. The name of Moyston is, for obvious reasons, a substituted one.

Surrounded with every blessing which existence can afford—possessing prospects of a brilliant, nay, almost unrivalled nature—few entered this chequered scene of being with greater advantages than myself. It is true that the lapse of a few short years made me an unconscious orphan. But by a kind and watchful guardian and his sister, who had been my mother's early friends, their place was most affectionately supplied; and of such a brother as I possessed few could boast. He was eighteen months older than myself, and though in our pursuits and tastes, and turns of thought, an essential difference was perceptible, we were warmly and devoutly attached. Alone in the world, we clung to each other with an intensity of affection which orphans only can feel. I will describe him—though it cost me a bitter pang. More moderate, more reflecting, more refined and highly cultivated than myself, with a mind slightly tinged with melancholy, and deeply but unaffectedly impressed by the great truths of religion, he exhibited a character remarkable for mental energy, when excited, but which took rare and sparing interest in ordinary occurrences. But in spite of an air of pensive gravity and reserve, unusual in one so happily circumstanced, there were few who were more generally and deservedly beloved than the young Sir Walter Moyston, of Mountfield.

My brother was about twenty, and I had just quitted Oxford, when an addition was made to our neighborhood in the person of a Mrs. De Courcay. She was a widow of a very gallant officer; and the bravery of her husband, and the circumstance of his loss reducing her from comfort and independence to the lowest retirement and the scantiest pittance, added to her own noble descent and very superior manners, excited a very powerful interest in her favor, and she was generally courted on her appearance amongst us. Yet, amidst all, she was a cold, calculating, mercenary being—an adept in intrigue, and a heartless manœuverer.

In a word, she was a woman of the world, and could contrive, at will, to make vice appear virtue, and art seem innocence. She was accompanied by her daughter, whom to see and love—to love against

hope, against reason—to love with all the jealousy and despondency of a youthful heart—with all the intensity and devotion of a first affection—was very speedily mine. I say to love against hope, against reason, for I discovered but too soon that Adela's beauty, her innocence, her misfortunes, and the air of cheerful resignation with which she submitted to their pressure, had made a powerful and permanent impression on my brother's heart. I saw that I had no chance. And yet Adela's return to her lover's passion was cold and faint in the extreme. "Living in his immediate neighborhood—hearing, hour by hour, of his unbounded benevolence, his unaffected piety, his humility, his disinterestedness—she respected, she esteemed—but no, she never loved him. To her mother, his wealth, his rank, his generous, easy temper, were irresistible. Mrs. De Courcay smiled upon his suit. I was a bankrupt in affection from that very hour! For the first time I now felt that I was a younger brother—for the first time my heart swelled with envy and animosity towards the unsuspecting Walter—for the first time I regarded, with feelings of satisfaction, his slender form and sickly habit, treasured up the passing indications of delicacy of constitution, and calculated, yea, actually calculated whether it was not possible I might survive him. And then better feelings would return, and I would oppose to those baneful, but evanescent emotions, my own purity of intention and rectitude of heart!

Preparations for the marriage were in progress. Instructions had been issued for the settlements—and the ceremony stood fixed for the day on which my brother should attain his majority. The feelings of my mind strangely harmonized with the season of the year. It was far advanced in autumn, the trees were almost stripped of their foliage, the dew lay thick upon the grass, the landscape was entirely shrouded with vapor, excepting where a solitary sunbeam seemed to struggle with the mist—the woods were silent, and not a single sign of life enlivened the monotony of the scene, save where the dusky livery of a huge old fir was contrasted by the brilliant berries of the mountain ash. It was nature in her sepulchre.

My brother challenged me to walk, on a morning cheerless and gloomy as that which I have been describing; I was sure the invitation contemplated some particular object. Nor was I mistaken. He announced to me, in form, his intended marriage—spoke to me most confidentially, most unreservedly—unfolded all his plans for the present, his prospects for the future—apprised me in the most delicate terms of the obstacles which he had to surmount—right to make to a younger brother's portion—and again and again assured me that neither time nor circumstances could effect the slightest diminution in his love.

Engaged in earnest conversation, we had reached a ravine in the grounds. It was a spot sad and solitary, but wild and picturesque in the extreme. Ivy mantled its sides in some places, and in others oaks and holly-bushes, whose roots found nourishment in the crevices of the rock, excluding the light of the day and half concealed the torrent which foamed below. The weeping willow and the mournful cypress waved over the waters. At a little distance lower down the stream—now brawling and foaming in its current, now whirling in deep and circular eddies—was joined by a sluggish and slumbering rivulet, and became a very considerable sheet of water. Its depth even at the side, was upwards of fifteen feet.

Heedlessly loitering on the brink, and pointing to some recent improvements, my brother faltered and fell into the flood. The slightest motion on my part would have saved him—the least effort, without incurring any danger to myself, would have been sufficient to avert his fate—the very sapling which lay on the grass beside me, had it been guided to his grasp, would have drawn him to the brink. I stood motionless! The feelings of a fiend rushed upon me and prevailed. Twice he rose and struggled manfully with the torrent. I saw his face all black with agony. I caught his eyes fixed full upon me with an expression of anxiety, of entreaty, of reproach, and despair, which impending dissolution only could convey. A convulsive cry escaped him. It was repeated in a deeper, wilder tone. A sudden plunge was heard, there was stillness around me—it was the stillness of death.

I returned to the house by a long and circuitous route, and immediately on reaching it gave the alarm. His body was found an hour afterwards. I did not see it. I was pressed to do so, but replied—they were the only words of truth that passed my lips for many years—that "my feelings would not allow me."

Within two years Adela was mine.

I had now realized the widest wish of my heart. Sin I had committed—aggravated—hienous—overwhelming. I had earned, fairly earned its wages. Fortune was mine. Rank was mine. The being I had so long and so hopelessly loved was mine.—There was no living creature to dispute my will or control my wishes. Perhaps it may be asked, was I happy! Happy! From the very day my brother died, I never knew the meaning of the term. Soon, very soon, retribution overtook me. The Almighty visited me early with his chastisement. I was passionately fond of children. There were other reasons which rendered me earnest and importune in this petition. I was the last of my race. The name of Moyston so nobly descended—the title of no recent creation—would die with me. The extensive domains would, in that case, enrich a family who had already aggrandized themselves at our expense, and whose very mention was hateful to me. For these

powerful reasons, independent of my passionate attachment to infancy. I was anxious beyond description for a living, representative. Years rolled on. I was childless!

Conscience gradually resumed her sway. The figure of my drowning brother pursued me like a shadow. Night and day, at home and abroad, in society and solitude, his image stood before me. My health began to show symptoms of decay. Medical science was resorted to. My attendants pronounced me nervous—hypocondriacal—recommended change of air, of scene—hurried me off to Brighton, to Cheltenham—and prescribed "tonic medicine and nutritious diet!"

Pshaw! I despised their prognostics. I laughed to scorn their self-sufficient ignorance, and the confidence with which they boasted of their ability to cure. My malady was beyond their art, and I knew it. My symptoms were a wounded conscience—my sufferings arose from the anguish of remorse—my feverish days and restless nights had their origin in those bitter feelings of self-reproach, which like the vulture of Prometheus, preyed unceasing upon my vitals, and were but too lively an emblem of the worm that never dies.

After a melancholy sojourn at Malvern, Harrogate, Buxton, and half a dozen other places sacred to folly and fashion, I returned to Mountfield, with a decided increase of malady. It had now reached such a height that I was unable to encounter a human eye. Sleep forsook me. That clear, sweet, soft voice forever rung in my ears. I heard it above the swell of the pealing organ—above the waves of the ocean, as they rolled in thunder on the shore—in the silence of midnight—in the glare of noonday—in the song—in the dance; go where I would, still an invisible monitor sounded in my ears, "Henry, dear Henry, save me!"

I endeavored to soothe my wounded spirits by acts of unbounded charity. I would fain have bribed Heaven by acts of the most extensive benevolence. To the needy, the suffering, the aged, and the deceased, I dispensed my wealth liberally, largely. Alas! light where it would, it seemed followed by a curse! The objects of my bounty proved unworthy or ungrateful, or impostors or importunate. Few, very few, appeared on examination, deserving or necessitous. And the blessings which these invoked on my head seemed, to my distempered imagination, expressions of the bitterest derision, and the heartfelt aspirations which they uttered, "that I might never know what sorrow was," seemed the exultation of a fiend that mocked at my calamity, and laughed as my despair.

Months I had continued in this feverish state of being, when an incident occurred which diverted the current of my thoughts, and had afterwards a very material influence upon my destiny. In one of my solitary rambles through the Park, I found a little boy, cold, hungry, almost destitute of clothing, watching, with the most affectionate solicitude, and weeping over a dying mother. She was a soldier's wife, who, having lost her husband, was returning to her native village, when disease and want had arrested her progress. She was indeed hastening to her final home. Her little companion—I may say comforter—was a manly looking boy of five years old, with a face which had, without exception, the finest, the softest, sweetest expression I ever saw.—He was sitting by her side with a look of childish, helpless anguish, and the tone in which his little clear voice murmured, "Don't cry, mother, don't cry," as he wiped the damps of death from her brow, touched a heart cold, churlish, and insensible as mine.

She was carefully removed to the house. Every remedy that expense could suggest, every comfort that wealth could procure, was afforded her. It availed but little. Death would not be cheated of his prey, and his approach became hourly more perceptible. The little mourner watched every turn of her disorder with a glistening eye and quivering lip, sat hour after hour with his little hands clasped in her's; and when the last struggle came on, and we forcibly excluded him from the chamber, he fixed himself on the step outside the door, inquiring in faltering accents of all who entered or acquitted the apartment, and as each reply became more and more hopeless than the former, wept in silence. When we told him of his poor mother's death, he refused food. No delicacy we could offer could tempt his appetite. He sat by the coffin in his childish sorrow, and mourned as one that would not be comforted.

Our limits here oblige us to give the substance of some pages of the narrative instead of following the original. The friendless orphan of the widow is reared with the fondest care, and the holy work of charity for a time beguiles the sufferings of the unhappy man; the youth, however, is removed for the purpose of education, and they return