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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 arrearages 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.

PICTURE OF HEALTH.—Health is characterized in an individual by the absence of all pain, suffering or affection in any part of his body; by the free and regular exercise of all his functions without any exception. They consist in having a good appetite at meal times, an easy digestion, free evacuations, without looseness or costiveness at least once in every twenty-four hours, and without heat, dryness, or burning at the passage; the free issue of water without acrimony or burning, and without a reddish sediment which is always a sign of a present or an approaching pain; quiet sleep without agitation or troublesome dreams; no taste of bile or other bad taste in the mouth upon rising in the morning; no sourness or disagreeable rising of the stomach; a clean tongue; a sweet breath; no itching, pimples or spots on the skin; no piles; no burning heat upon any part of the body; no excessive thirst when unexposed to labor or other known cause; no interruption to any natural evacuation, nor pain at their periodical return.

Where the state of the system does not harmonize with the above picture of health, it is of the greatest importance that no time be lost in sending for a doctor, or in the use of foolish remedies too often the result of speculation; instead of this course let a dose of Brandreth's Pills be taken, which will not deceive, but will at once restore health to the organ or part that requires it.

All who wish to preserve their health, all who are determined to defend their life against the encroachments of disease which might send them prematurely to the grave, will, without hesitation, have recourse to the Brandreth Pills, when the state of the system does not harmonize with the above picture of health.

Those who live in a country where contagious or other diseases prevail, should often think of this true picture of health, and observe himself with particular attention, in order to see how he stands.

Dr. Brandreth's Pills are for sale by the following Agents in this county:
Wm. Stewart, Huntingdon.
McErlane, Garber, & Co., Hollidaysburg.
A. & N. Cresswell, Petersburg.
Moore & Swoope, Alexandria.
Hartman & Smith, Manor Hill.
Thomas M. Owens, Birmingham.
A. Patterson, Williamsburg.
The above are the only authorized agents in Huntingdon county.
Sept. 11, 1844.—6m.

SUDDEN DEATH, APOPLEXY, BURSTING OF VESSELS, &c.—Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are certain to prevent the above dreadful consequences, because they purge from the body those morbid humors which, when floating in the general circulation, are the cause of a determination or rush of blood to the head, a pressure upon the brain, and other dreadful results. From two to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night, on going to bed, will in a short time so completely cleanse the body from every thing that is opposed to health that sudden death, apoplexy, bursting of blood vessels, or indeed any malady, will be in a manner impossible.

Wright's Vegetable Indian Pills also aid and improve digestion, and purify the blood and therefore give health and vigor to the whole frame, as well as drive disease of every name from the body.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are cautioned against the many spurious medicines which in order to deceive are made in outward appearance, closely to resemble the above wonderful Pills.

OBSERVE.—Purchase only of the advertised agents, or at the office of the General Depot, No. 169 Race street, Philadelphia, and be particular to ask for WRIGHT'S Indian Vegetable Pills.

The genuine medicines can be obtained at the store of Wm. Stewart, Huntingdon.

REWARD.—Strayed or stolen from the subscriber living in Huntingdon, about the first of August last, a large red and white cow, with small curved horns, a good deal of white along the back, red sides and neck, spotted legs, and 5 years old; supposed to have calved some time in the beginning of August. The above reward will be given if said cow and calf are brought to the subscriber, or for the cow only.

THOMAS C. MASSEY,
Huntingdon, Oct. 2, 1844.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Take notice, that the undersigned auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, to audit and adjust the administration account of Eliza Flenner, late Eliza Fort, surviving administratrix of the estate of Christian Fort, late of Walker township, dec'd., to which exceptions have been filed, will to that purpose attend at the office of David Blair, Esq., in Huntingdon, on Friday, the 8th day of November next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where all persons interested may attend. JACOB MILLER,
Oct. 16, 1844.—4t. Auditor.

BLANK DEEDS, of an improved form, for sale at this office.

Also **BLANK PETITIONS FOR NATURALIZATION.**

POETRY.

From the Western Literary Journal, for Nov.
Truth and Freedom.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

"He is the FREEMAN whom the TRUTH makes free,
And all are slaves beside!"—Cotter.

For the TRUTH, then, let us battle,
Whatsoe'er fate betide!
Long the boast that we are FREEMEN;
We have made and publish wide.

He who has the truth and keeps it,
Keeps what not to him belongs,
But performs a selfish action,
That his fellow mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the Truth, and trembles
At the dangers he must brave,
Is not fit to be a Freeman—
He, at least, is but a slave.

He who hears the Truth, and places
Its high promptings under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
But can never be a MAN.

Friend, this simple lay who reads,
Be not too like either them—
But to Truth give utmost freedom,
And the tide it raises, stem.

Bold in speech, and bold in action,
Be forever!—Time will test,
Of the free-soul'd and the slavish,
Which fulfills life's mission best.

Be thou like the noble Roman—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak!—no matter what betide thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear!

Be thou like the first Apostles—
Be thou like heroic Paul,
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly!—speak it all!

Face thine enemies—accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod!
And, if thou hast TRUTH to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LOVE STORY;

AND ONE I'M INCLINED to Believe.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Late one night in June two gentlemen arrived at the Villa Hotel of the Baths of Lucca. They stepped from the low brizka in which they travelled, and leaving a servant to make arrangements for their lodging, linked arms and strolled up the road toward the banks of the Lima. The moon was chequered at the moment with the poised leaf of the tree-top, and as it passed from her face, she rose and stood alone in the steel blue of the unclouded heavens—a luminous and tremulous plate of gold. And you know how beautiful must have been the night—a June night in Italy, with a moon at the full!

A lady, with a servant following her at a little distance, passed the travellers on the bridge of the Lima. She dropped her veil and went by in silence. But the Freyherr felt the arm of his friend tremble within his own.

"Do you know her, then?" asked Von Leisten.

"By the thrill in my veins we have met before," said Clay; "but whether this involuntary sensation was pleasurable or painful, I have not yet decided. There are none I care to meet—none who can be here." He added the last few words after a moment's pause, and sadly.

They walked in silence to the base of the mountain, busy each with such coloring as the moonlight threw on their throats, but neither of them was happy.

Clay was humane and a lover of nature—a poet, that is to say—and, in a world so beautiful, could never be a prey of disgust; but he was satisfied with the common emotions of life. His heart, forever overflowing; had filled many a cup with love, but with strange tenacity he turned back forever to the first. He was weary of the beginnings of love—weary of its probations and changes. He had passed that period when inconsistency was tempting. He longed, now, for an affection that would continue into another world—holy and pure enough to pass a gate guarded by angels. And his first love—recklessly as he had thrown it away—was now the thirst of his existence.

It was two o'clock that night. The moon lay broad upon the southern balconies of the hotel, and every casement was open to its luminous and fragrant stillness. Clay and the Freyherr Von Leisten, each in his apartment; were awake, un-

willing to lose the luxury of the night. And there was one other under that roof, waking, with her eyes fixed on the moon.

As Clay leaned his head on his hand; and looked outward to the sky, his heart began to be troubled. There was a point in the path of the moon's rays where his spirit turned back. There was an influence abroad in the dissolving moonlight around him which resistlessly awakened the past—the sealed, but unforgotten past. He knew not whether it was fear or hope—pain or pleasure. He called, through the open window, to Von Leisten.

The Freyherr, like himself, and like all who have outlived the effervescence of life, was enamored of the night. A moment of unfathomable moonlight was dearer to him than hours disenchanted with the sun. He, too, had been looking outward and upward—but with no trouble at his heart.

"The night was inconceivably sweet," he said, as he entered, "and your voice called in my thought and sense from the intoxication of a revel. What would you, my friend?"

"I am restless, Von Leisten! There is some one near us whose glances cross mine on the moonlight, and agitate and perplex me. Yet there is but one on earth deep enough in the life-blood of my being to move me thus—even were she here! And she is not here!"

His voice trembled and softened, and the last word was scarcely audible on his closing lips, for the Freyherr had passed his hands over him while he spoke, and he had fallen into the trance of the spirit-world.

Clay and Von Leisten had retired from the active passions of life together; and had met and mingled at that moment of void and thirst when each supplied the want of the other. The Freyherr was a German noble; of a character passionately poetic; and of singular acquirement in the mystic fields of knowledge. Too wealthy to need labor, and too proud to submit his thoughts or his attainments to the criticism or judgment of the world, he lavished on his own life, and on those linked to him in friendship, the strange powers he had acquired, and the prodigal overflow of his daily thought and feeling. Clay was superior, perhaps, in genius, and necessity had driven him to develop the type of his inner-soul, and leave its impress on the time; but he was inferior to Von Leisten on the power of will, and he lay in his control like a child in its mother's.

Four years they had passed together—much of it in the secluded castle of Von Leisten, busied with the occult studies to which the Freyherr was secretly devoted—but travelling down to Italy to meet the luxurious summer, and dividing their lives between the enjoyment of nature, and the ideal world they had unlocked. Von Leisten had lost, by death the human altar on which his heart could alone burn the incense of love, and Clay had flung aside in an hour of intoxicated passion the pure affection in which his happiness was sealed—and both were desolate. But in the world of the past, Von Leisten, though more irrevocably lone, was more tranquilly blest.

The Freyherr released the entranced spirit of his friend, and bade him follow back the rays of the moon to the source of his agitation.

A smile crept slowly over the sleeper's lips.

In an apartment flooded with silvery lustre of the night, reclined, in an invalid's chair, propped with pillows, a woman of singular, though most fragile beauty. Books and music lay strewn around, and a lamp, subdued to the tone of the moonlight by an orb of alabaster, burned beside her. She lay bathing her blue eyes in the round chalice of the moon. A profusion of brown ringlets fell over the white dress that enveloped her, and her oval cheek lay supported on the palm of her hand, and her bright red lips were parted. The pure yet passionate spell of that soft night possessed her.

Over her leaned the disembodied spirit of him who had once loved her—praying to God that his soul might be so purified as to mingle untarriably, unrepulsively, in hallowed harmony with her's. And

presently he felt the coming of angels towards him, breathing into the deepest abysses of his existence a tearful and purifying sadness. And with a trembling aspiration of grateful humility to his Maker, he stooped to her forehead, and with his impalpable lips impressed upon its snowy tablet a kiss.

It seemed to Eve Gore a thought of the past that brought the blood suddenly to her cheek. She started from her reclining position, and, removing the obscuring shade from her lamp, arose and crossed her hands upon her wrists and paced thoughtfully to and fro. Her lips murmured inarticulately. But the thought, painfully though it came, changed unaccountably to a melancholy sweetness, and, subduing her lamp again, she resumed her steadfast gaze upon the moon.

Earnest kneit beside her, and with his invisible brow bowed upon her hand, poured forth in the voiceless language of the soul, his memories of the past, his hope, his repentance, his pure and passionate adoration at the present hour.

And thinking she had been in a sweet dream, yet wondering at its truthfulness and power, Eve wept, silently and long. As the morning touched the East, slumber weighed upon her moistened eyelids, and kneeling by her bedside she murmured her gratitude to God for a heart relieved of a burthen long borne, and so went peacefully to her sleep. * * * * *

It was in the following year in the beginning of May. The gay world of England was congregated in London, and at the entertainments of noble houses there were many beautiful women and many marked men. The Freyherr Von Leisten, after years of absence, had appeared again, his mysterious and undeniable superiority of men and influence again yielded to, as before, and again bringing to his feet the homage and deference of the crowd he had moved among. To his inscrutable power the game of society was easy, and he walked where he would through its barriers of form.

He stood one night looking on at a dance. A lady of a noble air was near him, and both were watching the movements of the loveliest woman present, a creature of radiant health, apparently, about twenty-three, and of matchless fascination of person and manner. Von Leisten turned to the lady near him to enquire name, but his attention was arrested by the resemblance between her and the object of his admiring curiosity, and she was silent.

The Lady had bowed before he withdrew his gaze, however.

"I think we have met before!" she said; "but at the next instant a slight flush of displeasure came to her cheek, and she seemed regretting that she had spoken.

"Pardon me!" said Von Leisten, "but if the question be not rude—do you remember where?"

She hesitated a moment.

"I have recalled it since I have spoken," she continued, "but, as the remembrance of the person who accompanied you always gives me pain, I would have willingly unsaid it. One evening of last year, crossing the bridge of the Lima—you were walking with Mr. Clay. Pardon me—but though I left Lucca with my daughter on the following morning, and saw you no more, the association, or your appearance, had imprinted the circumstance on my mind."

"And is that Eve Gore?" said Von Leisten musingly, gazing on the beautiful creature now gliding with light step to her mother's side.

But the Freyherr's heart was gone to his friend.

As the burst of the waltz broke in upon the closing of the quadrille, he offered his hand to the fair girl, and as they moved round with the entrancing music, he murmured in her ear, "He who came to you in the moonlight of Italy will be with you again, if you are alone, at the rising of to-night's late moon. Believe the voice that then speaks to you?"

It was with implacable determination that Mrs. Gore refused, to the entreaties of Von Leisten, a renewal of Clay's acquaintance with her daughter. Resentment for the apparent recklessness with

which he had once sacrificed her maiden love for an unawful passion—scornful unbelief of any change of its character—distrust of the future tendency of the powers of his genius—all mingled together in a hostility against persuasion. She had expressed this with all the positiveness of language when her daughter entered the room. It was the morning after the ball, and she had risen late. But though subdued and pensive in her air, Von Leisten saw at a glance that she was happy.

"Can you bring him to me?" said Eve, letting her hand remain in Von Leisten's, and bending her deep blue eyes inquiringly on his.

And with no argument but tears and caresses, and an unexplained assurance of her conviction of the repentant purity and love of him to whom her heart was once given, the confiding and strong-hearted girl bent, at last, the stern will that forbade her happiness. Her mother unclasped the slight arms from her neck, and gave her hand in silent consent to Von Leisten.

The Freyherr stood a moment with his eyes fixed on the ground. The color fled from his cheeks, and his brow moistened. "I have called him!" said he. "He will be here!"

An hour elapsed, and Clay entered the house. He had risen from a bed of sickness, and came, pale in terror—for the spirit-summons was powerful. But Von Leisten welcomed him at the door with a smile, and withdrew the mother from the room; and left Ernest alone with his future bride—the first union save in spirit, after years of separation.

Patrick McNoggin's Letter.

The following letter is taken from the Danvers (Mass.) Whig; which introduces it with the following remarks:

IMPORTANT LETTER!!!—We make no apology for presenting the following letter to our readers, and only say it was not stolen and was not "picked up in the mud." If Patrick will call upon us, we will explain the manner in which we came by it to his entire satisfaction.

Letter from Patrick McNoggin in Danvers, America—to Michael O'Flanagan, Kilmore, Ireland.

MICHAEL'S DEARY:—The top o' the morning to you Michael, and can't you pick up your little bit things, and be after coming over to this blessed country; and bring Swaney, and Bridget, and the twins, and Patrick, and little Michael, and the other twins, and the baby, and the rest of 'em? And if you'll be after coming, you can live on the best of paraties, that can be had for the diggin, and then you can have coffee and paraties in the morning, and paraties and tay at night, and mate and paraties for dinner seven days in the week besides Fridays, when you know the Praste won't let us have any mate. Its a land o'liberty, Michael, and we want the sons of the Grane Isle to come over and help us to make a President—and whats that Patrick? says you. I'll tell you Michael. It's the man that rules the Yankees, and gives the offices to the Irishmen. I want you to come this blessed month, and help us choose Jimmy O'Poke for President; and he's as gude an Irishman as any of us, only he wasn't born in his own native country. It's he that was spaker of the House, when they wouldn't let him spake at all.

Now, when you come over here Michael, my honey, and the big-bellied man from the Custom House tells you to hurrah for Young Hakery, he manes Jimmy O'Poke, that's the son of Zakiel O'Poke, his grand-father. But after all, Jimmy aint the son of his own father, he's the darlin child of Ould Hakery Jackson, and Ould Hakery's mother, you know, was an Irishman. I tell you Mike, this is a great country, where you can dig on the rail-road in summer, and live in the Workhouse all winter, for nothing at all, and no rint to pay.

The Americans have got a great ugly thing here, they call the Tariff, but what it is, it puzzles the likes o' me to tell ye. They say it's a great fence across the harbors, and all round America, to keep off everything the Yankees can make their-

selves. So you see, Michael, it makes the Americans have all their own work to do, and, what is worst of all, they get all the money for doin' it. Now Mike, that's what I calls chating. It makes 'em live in their nate houses, and wear their good clothes, and ate their coffee and tay, and drink their mate and paraties, and go to their heretick churches—and aint that downright chating all the good Catholics in Kilmore.

Now Michael ye're a nice cobbler, and no mither's son in Kilmore can bate you in making a brogue, or tapping a shoe—and, supposin you wants to make fifty brogues, for me and Rory O'Scroogin, and the rest of us that's diggin on the Danvers railroad. Don't ye just go to Kilkenny, and buy your leather of Tommy M'Hide, the tanner, and don't ye git Benny McBlubber to carry it? And don't you go to Dooblin and git your lasts, and your tools, and your pegs, and your lining skins, and binding skins?—And don't you cut out your brogues, and then git Billy Doon and Sawney O'Tool that's glad to get tence a day, to make 'em up? And then, don't you git M'Adze, the carpenter, to make a nate box to put 'em in, and don't you mark it on the top in this way:

To
Patrick McNoggin
this side up,
FROM KILMORE, IRELAND, TO
PATRICK IN AMERICA,
50 Brogues Danvers:
from Michael O'Flanagan.

And then Michael, don't you send it to me, and I and Rory, and the rest of us git our brogues for 50 cents, instead of giving Mither Manning, and Mr. Dane, the Yankee brogue makers, a Dollar?—No we don't Michael. And why? says you. Wait a bit and I'll tell you, says I. This great lubberly Tariff sticks up his fence in Boston harbor, and stops your nice box of brogues, and tells Patrick M'Noggin, (and that's me) and Rory, and the rest of us, "you can't have your brogues until you pay Uncle Sam enough money to make 'em cost more than Mither Manning's and Mither Dane's Yankee brogues do."

Now I ask you, Michael, aint that chating you? And don't it chate Billy Doon, and Sawney o'Toole, that made the brogues? And doesn't it chate Tommy M'Hide, the Tanner, and Benny M'Bubler, the Currier? And isn't it chating the Dooblin folks that made the lasts, and the tools; and the pegs? And aint it chating the farmer that sells the paraties, and the carpenter, M'Adze, who made the box, and the Praste you confess to, and the Dochter that cured Sawney O'Toole's ninth child of the typhus fever.

I say, Mike, don't you in Ireland, and England, and Germany, and France, and all about there, want good houses and mate and tay, as well as the Yankees?—And aint the men that makes brogues in Kilmore every bit as good as Mither Manning, and Mither Dane, and the men that's doin' their work? And can't them live in mud houses, and ate paraties without any salt, as well as Billy Doon and Sawney O'Toole? Then come over and vote for Young Hakery, that's for the Republic of the Tariff. Repale! is the word in America, as well as Ould Ireland.

From Yours,
PATRICK M'NOGGIN.

P. S. I'm done now, Michael, and send this by the good stamer Hibernia, and hope you'll get it before she gets there.—The Yankees are going to have another kind of a stamer, that aint no stamer at all, but it sends letters by thunder and lightning, so Michael, can't I send you a letter before it is writ, and get an answer before I send it. PATRICK.

Powder Mill Explosion.

One of the mills belonging to the Hazard Powder Company, in Enfield, Mass., containing about six hundred pounds of powder, was blown up on the 16th inst.—There were three men in the mill at the time, viz; Nelson McClester, Gilbert M. Durfee and William Prickett, who were so badly injured that death was the consequence.

Millerism is rampant again in New York, Boston and Philadelphia.