

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

The Sleeping Forest-Child.

BY MISS JEWELRY.

The man is waking in the woods,
The birds are glancing by,
And there are flowers where late were buds,
Young sleeper! ope thine eye!
The dark tree-tops wave gallantly
Against a pearly sky,
Their leaves are twinkling pleasantly—
Young sleeper, ope thine eye!

The dew is drying fast away,
(The diamonds of the dawn),
From covert now, for food and play,
Steals forth the dark-eyed fawn,
The bee is gone forth murmuring,
The rill flows through the lawn,
In silver-sounding revelry,
Oh why is thine withdrawn?

Thy laugh would drown the streamlet's voice,
Thy step outstepped its bound,
Thy glee, a throb of heart and choice,
Would scatter glee around.
I know thine music in the sky,
Bright blossoms on the ground,
Yet, yet, young sleeper, ope thine eye,
For more in thee is found.

Thy cheek is glowing in the grass
With deep exotic bloom,
And though night's seem to all that pass
Through the green forest's gloom,
A sunbeam stolen from on high;
And, by a summer doon,
Made in a human form to be
There, in that fragrant tomb.

Yet ope thine eyes—and be a thing
Of life, not yet beguiled,
Fairer than poetry may sing—
An infant undefiled!
Awake—and let me wreath thine hair—
Wild flower! with flowers as wild!
Be, to the bosom old with care,
A simple, happy child!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Body and Mind.

BY CARLEVE.

Two men I honor, and no third. First the toil-worn craftsman, that, with earthmade implement, laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's; venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked and coarse; wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, beset, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battle wert so hard. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toiled for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he may have Light, Guidance, Freedom and Immortality! These two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth. Unspeakingly touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil towardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimar in this world I know nothing than a peasant saint, could such a thing now be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

And again; it is not because of his toil that I lament for the poor; we must all toil or steal, (however we may call our stealing,) which is worse; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and a thirist, but for him also there is

food or drink; he is heavy laden and weary, but for him also the heavens send sleep, and of the deepest; in his smoky crib, a clear dewy heaven of rest envelops him, and fitful glimmerings of cloud-skirted dreams. But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge should visit him; but only in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation. Alas, while the body satids so broad and brawny, must the soul be blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated! Alas, was this, too, a breath of God; bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded! That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in a minute, as by some computation it does.

"Shall not the Judge of all earth do right?" What knowest thou, O man, of what thou seest so darkly? That little light, so indistinct to thy sight, may be rejoiced over by the angels in heaven. The single step in the right path may lead to an enduring and eternal weight of glory. Our Lord said to his disciples, "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven."

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.



"One country, one constitution, one destiny."

Huntingdon.

Wednesday morning, June 25, '45.

☞ We are compelled, by circumstances beyond our control, to put our readers off with but half a sheet this week.

Death of Ex-President Jackson.

Gen. ANDREW JACKSON—the hero of New Orleans, and ex-President of the United States—died at the Hermitage—his residence, near Nashville—on the evening of Sunday the 8th inst., in the 79th year of his age. He was born, according to his biographers, on the 15th of March 1767, in the Waxhaw settlement, S. C., near the N. C. line. He rose from comparative poverty and obscurity to the highest honors of his country.

The following extracts will be found interesting. HERMITAGE, June 8, 1845—12 o'clock, M.

My Dear Sir—In deep sorrow I address you this hasty note. At 6 o'clock this evening, Gen. Jackson departed this life. He retained his faculties to the last hour. I lament that I was denied the satisfaction of seeing him in his last moments. I was unfortunately detained in ascending the Mississippi, so that I did not reach Nashville until half-past six o'clock this evening.

Immediately procured a conveyance, came out with my family, having understood that the General's health was exceedingly precarious, and being anxious to administer if I could, some comfort, in the closing scene of his eventful life. On my way a few miles from the city, I met the family physician, who informed me that the General was no more.

About three hours before his departure, he conversed for some time with his family and took an affectionate leave of them, as also of his domestics. His physician represents the scene as most affecting and remarkably touching; that he departed with perfect serenity of mind, and with a full faith in the promises of salvation through a Redeemer.

I have seen the corpse since my arrival.—The visage is much as it was in life.

The funeral will take place on Tuesday next at 11 o'clock A. M. A nation will feel this loss, as a nation has received the fruits of his toils during the best years of his life.

Very truly, your friend,
SAM. HOUSTON.

Jas. K. Polk.

OFFICIAL.

Andrew Jackson is no more. He departed this life on Sunday the 8th inst., full of days and full of honors.

His country depletes his loss, and will ever cherish his memory.

Whilst a nation mourns it is proper that business should be suspended at least for one day in the Executive Departments as a tribute of respect to the illustrious dead. I accordingly direct that the Department of State, the Treasury, the War, the Navy, the Post Office Departments and the Office of the Attorney General and the Executive Mansion be instantly put in mourning, and that they be closed during the whole day to-morrow.

JAMES K. POLK.

Washington City, June 15, 1845.

General Jackson's Funeral.

The citizens of Nashville assembled in town meeting, passed resolutions of condolence in relation to the death of Gen. Jackson, requested all the houses and places of business to be closed during the day of the funeral, authorized minute guns to be fired, and resolved to attend the funeral in the simple character of citizens and friends, without any organized parade or pomp.

"The Nashville Banner of the 11th, says—'Yesterday every place of business was closed, and our

citizens for the most part, went up to the Hermitage to pay the last solemn rites to the illustrious dead. A very large concourse assembled from the town and country, and a most impressive and eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Edgar. The body was borne to the grave by the pall bearers appointed by the meeting on Tuesday, and without ostentation or parade, but in the midst of silence and tears, was placed by the side of her whom in life, he had loved so well.

Gen. Scott's Notice of the Death of Gen. Jackson.

The New York Courier says.—"Among the recent incidents connected with the death of this distinguished personage, one occurred at West Point on which every American will dwell with respect and gratification. The Military Board, over which Gen. Scott presided was in session when the intelligence was received. General Scott immediately arose, and asked that the examination might be suspended. He then observed in substance:—'Ex-President Jackson died at the Hermitage on the 8th inst. The information is not official, but sufficiently authentic to prompt the step I am about to take. An event of much moment to this nation has occurred. A great man has fallen. General Jackson is dead—a great General and a great Patriot—who had filled the highest political stations in the gift of his countrymen. He is dead. This is not the place nor am I the individual to pronounce a fit eulogy on the illustrious deceased.—National honors will doubtless be prescribed by the President of the United States, but in the mean time and in harmony with the feelings of all who hear me, and particularly with those of the authorities of this institution, I deem it proper to suspend the examination of the Cadets for the day, and to await the orders of the Executive of the United States on the subject.'"

The remarks were delivered with much dignity and feeling—with the brevity proper to the occasion—and although little was said much was expressed. The review which had been ordered was countermanded, and the flags lowered to half mast. The incident cannot fail to suggest many reflections of a most affecting character.

The Secretary of the Navy has issued an order, which concludes as follows:—"Officers of the army, the navy, and the marine corps, will wear crape on the left arm and on their swords; and the colors of the several regiments will be put in mourning for the period of six months. At the naval stations, and on public vessels in commission, the flags will be worn at half-mast for one week; and on the day after this order is received, twenty-one minute guns will be fired, beginning at 12 o'clock. At each military station, the day after the reception of this order, the national flag will be displayed at half-staff from sunrise to sunset; thirteen guns will be fired at day-break; half-hour guns during the day; and at the close of the day a general salute. The troops will be paraded at 10 o'clock, and this order read to them, on which the labors of the day shall cease.

Let the virtues of the illustrious dead retain their influence, and when energy and courage are called to trial, emulate his example.

GEORGE BANCROFT,
Acting Secretary of War, and
Secretary of the Navy.

☞ The Commissioners of this county are making commendable exertions to have the outstanding State taxes collected in time to be paid into the State Treasury before the middle of July.

☞ We frequently receive eastern letters and papers by the western mail. The fault is, we are told, with the Postmaster at Lewistown, who puts these letters and papers into a mail-bag which is not opened till it gets to Hollidaysburg. It is hoped these vexatious errors will not be permitted to occur any longer.

☞ A public meeting was held in the old Court House in this place, last week, on the subject of the death of Gen. Jackson. The proceedings were not handed to us, and we hope, therefore, that no demagogue will find fault with us for not publishing them.

☞ Late from Mexico.
Gen. Santa Anna has been banished by the newly constituted authorities of Mexico—the decree prescribes an absence of ten years.

It is stated that all anticipations of war between the United States and Mexico have subsided.

☞ A Locofoco Joke.
A friend informs us that on Thursday night, Gov. SHERK stopped a moment on the wharf, at this place, to shake hands with his Democratic friends. When about stepping on board again, MARY GATES, who is almost a "GENERAL" in the loco ranks, and was hail fellow well met with the Governor, slapped his Excellency on the shoulder as he bid him good-bye, saying rather knowingly as he did so—now old fellow, take care and keep your d—d big foot off "that flag!"

A salute of 21 guns was fired on Capitol Hill today in honor of the death of General Jackson, but no bells tolled. It is somewhat singular that the Locofocos should fire cannon for joy at political victories, on the election of Shunk and Polk, and the success of Locofocoism in other states, and should take the same method to express their sorrow at the death of the great head of their party.—*Pa. Telegraph.*

Senate of Pennsylvania.

Eleven members of the Senate are to be chosen in this state at the next October election. The vacancies to be filled occur by the expiration of the following Senators:

Locofocos.	Whigs.
Enue, (Phila. county.)	Crabb, (Phila. City.)
Bailey, (Chester.)	Kline, (Lebanon.)
Champneys, (Lancaster.)	Craig, (Washington.)
Horton, (Northumberland.)	
Eyer, (Union.)	
Wilcox, (Jefferson, &c.)	
Hill, (Westmoreland.)	
Black, (Greene.)	

The districts required to elect this fall are as follows:

1 district, Philadelphia city,	1
2 " do county,	1
4 " Chester and Delaware,	1
7 " Lancaster and Lebanon,	2
14 " Northumberland and Dauphin,	1
15 " Mifflin, Juniata and Union,	1
21 " Westmoreland and Somerset,	1
22 " Fayette and Greene,	1
23 " Washington,	1
28 " Warren, Jefferson, Clarion, &c.,	1

☞ Suicide.—Mr. Wm. Van Buskirk, of Cumberland, Md., shot himself with a rifle week before last. He left the following note:

"Let no man presume to censure an act which does him no harm, and which he is not capable of understanding."

Mr. B. was Secretary of State under Gov. Thomas. He was about 50 years of age, and was a man of some ability, and of a warm and generous disposition.

☞ Which is the British Party?
The Boston Atlas quotes the following paragraphs from a letter written by Senator M. DUFFIE, of South Carolina, to the British Free trade Union:

"As a representative of the great exporting interest of these States, I habitually look upon the prosperity of Manchester with as much interest and gratification as I do upon that of Charleston or New York, and even more than I do upon that of Boston, which I am constrained to regard as the fruits of an unjust and oppressive system of legalized plunder, which confiscates at least one-fifth of the annual income of the cotton planters to sustain a mercenary, noxious aristocracy of pampered and bloated monopolists."

This Locofoco Senator openly avows that he looks with much more interest and gratification upon the prosperity of Manchester than he does upon that of Boston. A patriotic sentiment truly!

☞ Pittsburg says:
The Pittsburg Gazette says:

In the city there is a very active movement among house-building mechanics, and the main strength of the force in it is concentrated, of course, upon the burnt district, which for all the world looks like a hive of bees constructing their cells. A number of warehouses and shops are finished out and out, and are occupied. As fast as they can be completed they are taken up; while hundreds are patiently waiting their turn to take possession of the buildings partially up. By fall the principal streets will be thronged as of old, but they will look vastly better than previous to the fire.

One new hotel is nearly completed, and the Monongahela House and Merchants' Hotel are under way. But we must stop—it would take half a column merely to enumerate all the new buildings. Other parts of the city are also sharing in the general improvement, and many new houses are being built to accommodate our growing trade. The last was very trifling in the amount of loss—we do not mean compared with the great fire, but small in itself.

The editor of the Iowa Standard starts off with the following axiom:

"Editors are but men after all."
That's true, brother, very true. From Louisiana to Maine, and from the Atlantic to the Lakes, it is just as you say, they are men "after all."—But it is their own fault that they are after all.—They are after their political opponents, and drive them furiously; and when the spoils of victory are thought of, the editor generally finds himself after all the rest, and of course, too late. Some of the craft do, indeed, appear to be "after all" in another sense; they are after all the spoils, all the fun, and all the honor, but "after all" they do not get them, and see, "after all," that they took the wrong course for either.—*Id.*

The new State of Florida has made a fair beginning of its Locofoco career, slavery annexation and free trade. Returns, as published in the Savannah Georgian, represent the vote in the Legislature to be:

Senate,	Locos.	Whigs.
	12	5
House of Representatives,	30	11

Loco majority on joint ballot 26. Mosely is elected Governor over Call, Whig, by about 600 majority; and Levy, Loco, is elected to Congress by about 800 majority.

We caution duellists not to go to Delaware to fight. The Wilmington Journal puts some very home-questions: "How would they like to mount wrists and necks fastened in holes in a board, and thus stand an hour; and after that be fastened by iron clasps to a whipping post and receive thirty-nine lashes on their bare backs, each stroke starting the blood.—All the duels they may fight hereafter, would not wash out the disgrace which such punishment would fix upon them. Besides to kill a man in a duel in Delaware is murder, and if the criminal be caught he will probably be hung. So take care, you men of honor."

For the "Journal."

Fourth of July 1776.

"Does there a man with soul so dead" as to refuse rendering homage to the memories of those whose valor and whose blood consecrated the liberty we now enjoy? Lives there a man so insensible to gratitude that his heart will not prompt him to hail with joyous acclaim the return of that day of days which beheld the proud Eagle of young America released from the thralldom of the British Lion, and soaring up to Heaven, unfurled to the breeze the gorgious banner of Freedom on whose bright folds were inscribed the noble sentiment that ever emanated from a human heart—*LIBERTY OR GIVE US DEATH!*" No man, we are confident, who has inherited a single spark of the patriotism that glowed in the souls of his revolutionary ancestors will answer in the affirmative. Then why is it that we of Huntingdon exhibit so much apathy at the approach of the great National Sabbath! Why is it that when the thunders of the Anniversary cannon of neighboring towns shall be reverberating amongst our hills and the joyous huzzas of the congregated children of the free are rending the atmosphere of Heaven that we—grateful people—are likely to be found competing with Liberty in a ball alley, exhibiting our *amor patriae* by cultivating intimacies with an ale barrel or rationally engaged in demonstrating that we are capable of enjoying freedom by heaving embracing that sweet Siren known in this latitude by the euphonious sobriquet of "mountain dew." *O tempora! O mores!* This ought not so to be. Gratitude should induce us to show to the world that we appreciate a liberty which was purchased with the blood of its thousands slain at Bunker hill, Monmouth and Yorktown? Patriotism should teach us to guard their works with the same fidelity a miser would his gold, and cherish them with all the fondness of a Mother for an only child and thus secure for our posterity the blessing of living where

"The star spangled banner in glory doth wave,
O'er a land of the free and not of the slave."

It must, we think, be obvious to every perceptive mind that the love for our glorious institutions is strengthened and the speed of the giant independence accelerated by these annual meetings of the people to celebrate an event which made a nation free. This end is not attained by merely reading the "Declaration" but it gives to the Orator of the day an opportunity of reviving in the minds of his auditory a recollection of the momentous circumstances under which the instrument was formed; the terrific dangers amidst which its sacred truths were promulgated and the sufferings that were endured by that gallant band of heroes who went forth, sword in hand, to perish for it or perish with it. Their sacrifices in maintaining its truths on many an ensanguined field of battle, should render it hallowed to every heart in which gratitude has a habitation or freedom a throne. Although the hand that pen'd it is cold and the tongues that so eloquently advocated it are silent, yet the sublime truths which it contains still survive and are ever cherished in the hearts of those who dwell in lands where the melodious voice of Liberty is suppressed by Tyrants interposing with the rope of the hangman or the axe of the guillotine, least it should swell into thunder tones, and like the Simoon's blast, sweep their rotten Kingdoms into dust. Will we not then continue to celebrate the great Nation, at Jubilee of American Independence, and with hearts thrilling with gratitude for the glorious heritage "bequeathed from bleeding sire to son" exclaim in the language of a noble souled American:

"They are gone—mighty men—they sleep in their fame,
Shall we ever forget them! Oh never! no never!
Let our sons learn from us, to embalm each great name,
And the anthem send down "INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!"

HUNTINGDON, June 21, 1845.

VIATOR.

☞ Hymenial Record.
"Here the girls and here the widow
Always cast their earliest glance,
And, with smileless face, consider
If they, too, won't stand a chance
To make some clever fellow noble
In bliss, and often too—in trouble."

MARRIED: On Tuesday the 10th inst., by the Rev. David McKinney, Mr. JAMES L. GWIN, to Miss LILLY ANN SCOTT, both of Allegheny township.

On Tuesday the 10th inst. by the Rev. W. S. Emery, Mr. GEORGE W. PATTON, to Miss MARY BURKETT, daughter of Mr. Peter Burket all of Huntingdon county.

On Saturday before last, by the Rev. Jacob Martin, Mr. ZACHARIA BOOCKS of Johnstown to Miss MARIAH CLOSSIN of Hollidaysburg.

☞ Obituary Record.
From DEATH no age nor no condition saves,
As goes the freeman, so departs the slave,
The chieftain's palace and the peasant's bower,
Alike are ravished by his haughty power.

On Wednesday the 11th inst., in this borough, JACOB SALLADE, late Surveyor General of this Commonwealth, aged about 56 years.

Gen. Sallade was esteemed by all who knew him as a generous, kind hearted and worthy man. His death was sudden & unexpected, is sincerely mourned by a large circle of relatives and friends.—*Harrisburg Intelligence.*

LIST OF RETAILERS

Of Merchandise, Liquors, &c., as returned by the Constables of the several townships to the county of Huntingdon at January Sessions, 1845, and classifications thereof by the Commissioners of the said county and Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas, viz:

The undersigned, Treasurer of said county of Huntingdon, in accordance with the several acts of Assembly, publishes the following list of Retailers of Foreign Merchandise, within the said county for the current year, as classified and returned to him by the Associate Judges and Commissioners of the county. Any person doing business, whose name is not in the following list, as well as those who are bound to pay any fractional part of a license, are requested to have their names registered agreeably to law, without delay.

Such as are designated by a [] have taken out their licenses, and those who have not are required to do so, on or before the fourth Sabbath, (and 28th day) of June without respect to persons, against all delinquents.

Those marked thus [] sell liquors.

CLASS.	A. Patterson	CLASS.
Elias Baker	13 Joseph R Hewit	113
D H Royer & Co	13 Matthew Orady	114
William Walker	14 Philip Metz	115
Joseph Patton	14 Wm	116
Samuel Confare	14 John Wait	117
Antes	14 Miles Lewis	118
Benjamin P Bell	14 Walker	119
Graham M Canant	13 James Campbell	113
Robert Campbell & Co	14 Simon Ake	114
Barre	13 Harrismark	115
John W Myton	13 Benjamin F Patton	116
J A Bell & Brother	13 Abneleg Stephens	117
John R Hunter	13 Samuel Miller	118
James M'Guire	13 Alexandria borough	119
Blair	13 John Porter	113
A Knox & Son	13 Gemmill & Porter	113
Wm Anderson & co	13 Moore & Swoope	113
Daniel M'Connell	14 Michael Sissler	114
Peter O'Hagan	14 Brimingham	114
Cromwell	13 James Clarke	113
Thomas E Orison	13 Stewart & Owens	112
Andrew J Wigton	14 Gaysport	114
Cass	14 Robert Lytle, Sen.	114
Robert Speer	14 Lloyd & Graff	112
Jacob M Cover	14 James Flowers	112
James Henderson	14 Samuel Smith	114
Dubin	14 Redman & Hartsock	114
Alexander C Blair	13 Huntingdon	113
Frankston	13 Harrison & Auperly	114
James Andron	13 Stevens, Snyder & co	113
Michael Wolf	13 C & H Newingham	114
Samuel Henry	14 James Saxton Jr.	112
John Sweney	14 Jacob Miller	114
Franklin	14 Geo A Steel	113
Martin Gates	13 Thomas Read & Son	113
Geo K Shoenberger	13 Jones & Rothrock	114
S & R B Wigton	13 William Dorris	113
Shorb, Stewart & co	12 Swoope & Africa	114
John S Lett	14 B E & W M'urtree	112
Hopewell	13 Fisher & M'urtree	112
James Enriken Jr	12 William Couch	114
John B Given	12 William Stewart	113
Huston	12 Mark Goodman	114
Dr P Shoenberger	12 John N Drowell	113
Henderson	13 Hollidaysburg	113
Millikens & Kesler	13 Lloyd & Graff	112
Morris	13 Geo W Patterson	113
Geo W Patterson	14 James Gardner	113
Henry S Spang	13 G Bingham & co.	113
Walter Graham	13 Joseph Deiser	114
Moore & Steiner	13 Augustus Black	114
Hugh M'Neal	13 David Hamner	114
Porter	14 John Gourley	114
S M Green & co	13 Henry L Patterson	112
Thomas Patterson	14 Thomas B Moore	112
Samuel Hatfield	14 Henry Leamer	113
Springfield	13 Michael Boushlong	113
Blair & Madden	13 A M Cormick & co	113
William Madden	14 Joseph Dysart	113
Snyder	13 Robert Williams	113
John Kratzer	13 Gilbert L. Lloyd	113
Lyon, Shorb & co (BE)	13 Geo Bingham & co	114
Same (T F)	12 Peter M Nally	114
Shirley	14 William Hall	114
J M & S H Bell	13 David Goodfellow	113
Tad	14 George Port	114
Reuben Trexler	13 J E M'Gir	114
Amos Clark	14 R W Christy	114
Tyrene	14 William Forbes	114
John Maguire	14 Petersburg	114
Joseph Morrow	14 A & N Crosswell	114
Tussey & Patton	13 Stevens & Patton	113
Woodberry	13 Shirleysburg	113
Jonathan Pocht	14 Henry Brewster	113
Smith & Wampler	13 David Fraker	114
Schmucker & Roye	13 B & G Leas	113
Good & M'Alister	13 John Lutz	114
Royer & Hoover	13	113

GEORGE TAYLOR,
Treasurer of Huntingdon County.

Treasurer's Office, Huntingdon, June 11, 1845.

☞ Notice.
All persons indebted to the subscriber for costs or fees due him as sheriff of Huntingdon county, are hereby notified to make immediate payment of the same to James Steel Prothonotary, or to the subscriber residing near Frankstown. This course has