

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

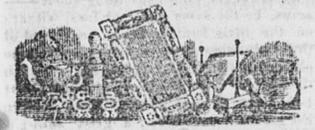
A Family Newspaper—Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

Vol. 12, No. 29.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., JULY 30, 1845.

Whole No. 4197

PETER SWOOPES (DANIEL AFRICA)
THIS WAY FOR CHEAP GOODS.



Our subscribers have just returned from Philadelphia, and are now opening a splendid assortment of

Winter and Summer Goods, at the old stand of Peter Swoopes, consisting of Cloths; Cassimers; Satinets and Flannels; all descriptions of Woollen and Summer goods; in part Silks; Lawns; Gingham; Corded Skirts; and prints of various styles; figured Muslins; Mouslin-de-lanes; and Muslins of all descriptions; Summer goods for men's and boy's wear; Shawls, Handkerchiefs; silk and cotton; Hosiery of all kinds; a splendid assortment of Sunshades; Parasols; and Paris Screens; a general assortment of Hardware;

Iron and Steel;
Hollow-ware and Saddlery;
A general assortment of Groceries;



A general assortment of Queensware; Mahogany Venetians; Lined and Fish Oil; Copal Varnish; Paints of all descriptions; and Dye Stuffs—all of which will be sold low for cash or country produce. **SWOOPES & AFRICA.**
Huntingdon, May 7, 1845.

To Purchasers—Guarantee.

The undersigned agent of the Patentee of the Stone, "The Queen of the West," understanding that the owners, or those concerned for them, in other and different parts of the country, have threatened to bring suit against all who purchase and use any of the "QUEEN OF THE WEST" now his is to inform all and every person who shall purchase and use said Stone that he will defend them from all costs and damages, from any and all suits, brought by other Patentees, or their agents, for any infringement of their patents. He gives this notice so that persons need not be under any fears because they have, while consulting their own interests and convenience, secured the superior advantages of this "Queen" not only of the West, but of the East.

ISRAEL GRAFFIUS.
July 24, 1844.

"QUEEN OF THE WEST" Cooking Stove.

For sale by I. GRAFFIUS & SON, Alexandria, Huntingdon county, Pa., cheap for cash or country produce at the market price.

The "Queen of the West" is an improvement on Huthway's celebrated Hot Air Stove. There has never yet appeared any plan of a Cooking Stove that possesses the advantages that this one has. A much less quantity of fuel is required for any amount of cooking or baking by this stove than by any other. Persons are requested to call and see how they purchase elsewhere.
July 3, 1844.

ALEXANDRIA FOUNDRY.

I. GRAFFIUS & SON,

RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Huntingdon county, and the public generally, that they continue to carry on the

Copper, Tin and Sheet-iron Business, in all its branches, in Alexandria, where they manufacture and constantly keep on hand every description of ware in their line; such as

New and Splendid Wood Stoves
22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches long.

RADIATOR STOVES.

New Cooking Stoves of all kinds and Also four sizes of Coal Stoves,

ALSO STOVE-PIPE, AND STOVE-FINISHES.

All kinds of castings done, for Forges, Saw-mills and Threshing-machines. Also WAGON BOXES, MILL GIDDINGS, AND HOLLOW WARE; all of which is done in a workmanlike manner.

Also, **Copper, Dye, Wash, Fuller, Pressing, and Tea Kettles, for sale,** wholesale and retail.

Persons favoring this establishment with their custom may depend on having their orders executed with fidelity and dispatch. Old metal, copper, brass and pewter taken in exchange. Also wheat, rye, corn and oats taken at market price.
Alexandria, July 3, 1844.

NOTICE.—The subscriber respectfully requests all persons indebted to him for work done at the old establishment, previous to the 1st of November last, to call and settle their accounts without delay.

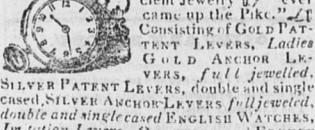
ISRAEL GRAFFIUS.
July 3, 1844.

Wanted,

A good FOUNDER, to take charge of one of the Foundries, situated five miles apart in a healthy and pleasant part of Ohio. He must come well recommended.
Apply to A. BEELER, Pittsburg.

Printing Free Press and Holl'days—Extra Remedy please copy to amount of one dollar and fifty cents each, and charge and send papers to advertiser.

Jewelry! Jewelry!! Jewelry!!!



JUST received, at risk of the most magnificent Jewelry ever came up the Pike. Consisting of GOLD PATENT LEVERS, Ladies GOLD ANCHOR LEVERS, full jewelled, SILVER PATENT LEVERS, double and single cased, SILVER ANCHOR LEVERS, full jewelled, double and single cased ENGLISH WATCHES, in Italian Levers, QUARTER and FRENCH WATCHES, &c. &c. Also

Gold Fob Chains, and Seals, of the most fashionable patterns. Gold Pencils, Spectacles, Guard Chains, Key's, Bracelets set with topaz, Malldons, Finger Rings, Bar Rings, Breast Pins, set with topaz, amethyst, &c. &c. Miniature Cases, Silk Purces, Coral Beads, Pocket Books, Musical Boxes, Mathematically Instruments, Silver Spectacles, Table Spoons, Tea and Salt Spoons, Sugar Tongs, Lowlands patent Silver Pencils, Razors of the finest quality, HENRY CLAY penknives, a superior article, Steel Pens, Sox Classes, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Platina Points, &c. &c. All the above articles will be sold cheaper than ever heretofore.

Clock and Watch repairing done as usual, very cheap for cash.

A large assortment of eight day and thirty hour Clocks will be sold very cheap.

All watches sold will be warranted for one year, and a written guarantee given, that if not found equal to warranty it will (during that period) be put in order without expense, or if injured, will be exchanged for any other watch of equal value. The warranty considered void, should the watch, with which this is given, be put into the hands of another watch maker.

D. BUOY.
Huntingdon, April 10, 1844.

Rockdale Foundry.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Huntingdon and the adjoining counties, that he still continues to carry on business at the Rockdale Foundry, on Clover Creek, two miles from Williamsburg, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, of the best materials and workmanship, and with promptness and dispatch. He will keep constantly on hand stoves of every description, such as

Cooking, Ten Plate,

PARLOR, COAL, ROTARY, and WOOD STOVES;

LIVINGSTON FLOUGHS, Anvils, hammers, Hollow Ware, and every kind of castings necessary for forges, mills or machinery of any description; wagon boxes of all descriptions, &c., which can be had on as good terms as they can be had at any other foundry in the county or State.

Remember the Rockdale Foundry.

Old metal taken in exchange for any castings.

WILLIAM KENNEDY.

Mr. K. has recently purchased the patent right of a cooking stove for Huntingdon county—the stove will be set up by him and warranted to the purchaser to be as good as any in the State—orders furnished.

July 17, 1844.—*tf.*

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, directly 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 dispatch.

Country produce will be taken in exchange for work.

Any persons wishing to purchase are respectfully invited to call and examine and take for the same.

Huntingdon Nov. 29, 1843.

Estate of Elizabeth Shaw, late of Morris township, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of said deceased have been granted to the subscribers. All persons therefore indebted to the estate of said deceased, are requested to make immediate payment, and all having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement, to

JOHN KELLER, Ex'r.

April 30, 1845.—6t

CAUTION

We the subscribers, hereby caution all persons against purchasing, or in any way taking a note given by us to George Smith, of Henderson township, Huntingdon county, dated on or about the 19th day of February last, for three hundred and fifty-five dollars, payable in bloms, in Huntingdon, one hundred days after date—the said judgment note having been obtained from us by fraud and without consideration, and will therefore not be paid, and the law will not compel us to pay it.

SAMUEL FICKES, JOHN FICKES,

March 26, 1845.—3t.

BLANK BONDS—Judgment and common—*for sale* at this office.

THEODORE H. CREMER.

FORMS.

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.

POETRY.

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

SUMMER.

BY WILLIS GARLORD CLARK.

"Far thro' the chambers of the peaceful skies,
Where the high fount of Summer's brightness lies!"

The Spring's gay promise melted into thee,
Fair Summer! and thy gentle reign is here;
The emerald robes are on each leafy tree;
In the blue sky thy voice is rich and clear;
And the free brooks have songs to bless thy reign,
They leap in music midst thy bright domain.

The gales, that wander from the clouded west,
Are burdened with the breath of countless fields;
They tremble with incense from the green earth's breast.

That up to heaven its grateful odor yields;
Bearing sweet hymns of praise from many a bird,
By nature's aspect into rapture stirred!

In such a scene the sun-illumined heart
Bounds like a prisoner in his narrow cell,
When through its bars the morning-glories dart,
And forest anthems in his hovering swell—
And, like the heaving of the vocal sea,
His panting bosom labors to be free.

Thus, gazing on thy void and sapphire sky,
O Summer! in my inmost soul arise,
Uplifted thoughts to which the woods reply,
And the bland air with its soft melodies:
Till basking in some vision's glorious ray,
I long for eagle's plumes to flee away.

I long to cast this cumbersome clay aside,
And the impure, unholy thoughts that cling
To the sad bosom, torn with care and pride;
I would soar upward, on unfettered wing,
Far thro' the chambers of the peaceful skies,
Where the high fount of Summer's brightness lies!

PILGRIM SONG.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

Over the mountain wave, see where they come;
Stem-cloud and windy wind welcome them home;
Yet, where the sounding pale howls to the sea,
There their song peals along, deep toned and free;

"Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come;
Where the free dare to be—this is our home!"

England hath sunny dales, dearly they bloom;
Scotia hath heather-hills, sweet their perfume;
Yet thro' the wilderness cheerful we stray,
Native land, native land—home far away!

"Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come;
Where the free dare to be—this is our home!"

Where the free dare to be—this is our home!"

Dim grew the forest path: onward they trod;
Firm beat their noble hearts, trusting in God;
Gay men and blushing maids, high rose their song,
Hear it sweep, clear and deep, ever along!

"Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come;
Where the free dare to be—this is our home!"

Not theirs the glory-wreath, torn by the blast;
Green were their holy graves, heavenward they past!
Green be their mossy graves! ours be their fame,
While their song peals along, ever the same!

"Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come;
Where the free dare to be—this is our home!"

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

BY MRS. REMANS.

Child, amid the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away,
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ye that follow me, slay!

Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy harvest work to leave,
Pray I—ere yet the dark hour be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Travellers, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;

Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun,
Woman'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain;

Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

A FINE THOUGHT.—Could we open the secret history of those who have risen to eminence—could we survey their lofty purposes, their well digested plans, the skill and energy which they employed; could we behold the obstacles they surmounted, we might better understand the true import of that appropriate adage, "Every man in the hand of Providence, is the architect of his own fortune."

"Ah! Kate, you are found out at last, as you have been," said one of her companions to her, "You are engaged to George Alcott; you need not curl your lip, for you can't deceive me any longer—I had it from my own sister."

Now if there was any one whom Kate wished to

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine.

WOMEN AND LOVE.

BY ELLEN ARBON.

"Look—there goes George Alcott, striding along like a pair of stilts; his arms, as usual, swinging up and down, as those of a windmill," said Kate Edmonds, as she sat at the window with her eldest sister.

Agnes was the very opposite of the witty Kate, and she could scarcely comprehend how her sister could speak thus; for she knew Kate loved George Alcott if she loved any one. But Kate had a reputation for wit, which she had won by saying sarcastic things of her acquaintance; and, moreover she enjoyed a secret pleasure in concealing her real opinions. To use her own phrase: "it was nice to quiz folks!"

"How can you speak thus, Kate?" said her sister, "Mr. Alcott, though tall, is not ungraceful, and, I'm afraid, if you were to be criticised as severely as you criticise him, even your immaculate self would suffer."

"He dare not try it," said Kate, pouting her pretty lip.

"He would not," replied Agnes with emphasis. "Really, dear Kate, you do yourself justice, by the sarcastic things you say: people think you much worse tempered than you are."

"And what if they do? I'm sure I am perfectly indifferent to their opinion."

"So you may be now, but you'll find by and by, that these opinions have value.—Beside you do not usually mean what you say. I know that George Alcott is your favorite—nay! you cannot deceive me—you need not point and shake your head—"

"Well, then—what if he is? Does not that give me an especial right to abuse him? It is one of the privileges of our sex to make fun of those we like best."

"Ah! Kate that is a fatal apprehension. If you would think twice you would see how foolish a thing you had said; for if you abuse him before those who know your real opinion, they will laugh at your vain attempt to blind them, while if you make fun of him before strangers, you lower him in their estimation."

"Fshaw! Now you would play the logician," said Kate, jumping up and running to the door. "You know sister mine, when you begin to lecture I begin to move—so good bye, my dear little preacher, and with these words the gay girl skipped down the entry."

Kate was always the careless, rattling creature we have described her. Gifted with high animal spirits, a good heart, warm impulses, and considerable brilliancy of mind, she might have made an almost faultless being; but for the unhappy faculty she had inherited, of turning into ridicule every person and thing she met with. Scarcely the members of her own family escaped her witty tongue. We have seen that even her favored lover suffered under its lash. Indeed, as if to take revenge for having lost her heart, Kate was especially severe on him who had won it. The fact is, she was so fond of mystifying—or quizzing—as she called it—that she made it a point to say things of George which no lady could be suspected of saying against the man she loved.

"Dear Kate," said Agnes again to her, a few days after the preceding conversation, "you really must curb your propensity to satire. Did you notice how George colored last evening, when you made such fun of him to his face; and after his back was turned, you say things of him that will certainly offend him, if they ever come to his ears."

"Let him get offended then," said Kate tossing her head. "He is too sensitive and ought to be cured."

"Yet you would not care a flesh wound by irritating it where most sensitive would you?"

"Oh! logic again. Why, really, sis, you are quite an Aristotle. But you ought to know, by this time, that I am a true woman and can't be reasoned with."

"If she will, she will, You may depend on't, If she won't she won't— And there's an end on't!"

"So, my sweet sister, keep your syllogisms for some one else and leave me to abuse George Alcott, otherwise I will take to quizzing you, and every body else most unmercifully. The fact is, he serves as a sort of safety valve to me—as long as I can have him to ridicule, you are all safe—but, forbid this, and there will be a general explosion in which every one will suffer."

Kate accordingly went on as she had begun. She was beautiful and accomplished, and had flatterers without number, so that she could do many things with impunity that would not have been overlooked in girls less admired. She received many as to her true sentiments for George Alcott. Her lover cared little for this; but he really was annoyed at the severe things which often came to his ears as having been said of him by Kate. He was too proud to retrace, but he showed by his manner how much he was hurt. At such times, by a few concessions, Kate would restore him to good humor; but, perhaps, on the very next day, she would commit her old fault again.

"Ah! Kate, you are found out at last, as you have been," said one of her companions to her, "You are engaged to George Alcott; you need not curl your lip, for you can't deceive me any longer—I had it from my own sister."

Now if there was any one whom Kate wished to

conceal her engagement from, it was this gossiping girl, who had often annoyed her excessively by trying to pry into her affairs. She knew if Caroline Wharton once became acquainted with her engagement, the news would be a common topic before night. Thinking only of this, Kate, without exactly denying her engagement, began to ridicule George Alcott, and did it so bitterly and so effectually that Miss Wharton was convinced she had been misinformed.

"I know it is not true," said the gossip, on that very evening, in a large circle of listeners. "You should have heard what fun Kate made of George Alcott, how she mimicked his voice, and quizzed his bow, and imitated his way of shutting his eyes, just like a mole, as she said—you know he is shortsighted. And now only to think that no later than this morning, Mr. Alcott's own sister told me they were engaged—how could she be so regardless of the truth—but then, you know, the Alcotts, would all give their little fingers to bring about the match."

Just at that instant, unperceived by the speaker, George Alcott himself unexpectedly entered the room. His face became livid when he heard his mistress' abuse of himself thus freely commented on—but he actually trembled with passion when Caroline Wharton proceeded to charge his sister with a wanton falsehood. His first impulse was to break into the group, to defend his sister's fame, and then to renounce forever all claims to Kate's hand. But after a moment's reflection, he felt he could not control himself sufficiently for this; and, aware that violence of tone or gesture would only make him a laughing stock, he turned on his heel and left the apartment.

Once in his own room, however, he became calmer. Yet this indignation against Kate did not decrease, for this last insult was the drop that made the cup run over. He felt that he had borne much from her—more, indeed, than a high spirited man ought—but his love, which amounted to idolatry, had constantly invented excuses for her hitherto—Now, however, the long accumulating conviction that, with such a woman he never could be happy, forced itself irresistibly upon him. "No, I must be loved by one, who will never make a jest of me I shall cease to respect her if she can mock me," he said. "Henceforth, Kate, though once so dear, you must be only distant acquaintances—Even if I could forgive you the injury to me, I cannot overlook the insult to my sister."

He did not write to Kate that evening, but he waited until the next day in order that he might not be hasty; when, being more than ever assured of the necessity of the course of conduct, he penned her a long letter in which after telling her how much her habit of ridiculing him, and those he loved annoyed him during their long acquaintance, he concluded by narrating this last instance of her fatal practice, and the manner in which it had come to his ears.

"After having acted thus," he said, "I am convinced that you do not love me, at least not as I must be loved by the woman who is to be my wife. My feelings for you have always been such that I could not have turned you into ridicule. But all that is over. I am firmly convinced that I could not be happy with a satirical wife. Farewell."

George Alcott was true to his word; and about two years afterwards united himself to an amiable, engaging young lady, of sound common sense and useful acquirements. Kate is still unmarried and will probably remain so.

Young Men Help Yourselves.—Providence, we are told, helps them who help themselves.—A true proverb, and worthy to be stamped on every heart. Passing on through life, you will find many a stream that will cross your path—but don't stop in the forest, and you will soon make a bridge and be safe on the opposite side. To-day you are opposed in your project. Don't stop—don't go back—meet the oppressor—persevere and you will conquer—Providence will assist you. You have fallen in business—come out from under the load-stool of dependency and try again. Zounds! if you don't help yourself and persevere you will do nothing, and be punched at by every beggar and every pauper on crutches, who passes along. Your friends have died—bury them—but don't linger in the churchyard mourning because they are gone and you may go next. Up with you—wipe off your tears, and go to work and be happy—tis the only way.

In fine, help yourselves in all places—at all times, and Providence will assist you, smile on you and make life a scene of active enjoyment and real pleasure.

Love.—There is a love that is stronger than death, and deeper than life; for whose sake sacrifice is light—ay, even unfeigned. It is a love which, born of the pure and fresh feelings of youth, grows with your growth and strengthens with your strength—a love which would give sweetness to a palace and glory to a cottage—a love prepared to suffer, to endure, and yet suffice unto its own happiness—tried by time, by doubt, even by despair, yet living on—the heart's dearest hope, and life's dearest tie.

An editor somewhere in the west has become so hollow from depending on the printing business alone for bread, that he proposes to sell himself to some gentleman to be used as a stovepipe.

Did you ever see an Irish Jew or a dead Jackass?

THE TASK;
Or, how to win a Mistress.

An affecting Story of the Mountain of the Lovers.

BY LIGHT HUNT.

Not many years ago we read in a book the story of a lover who strove to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart, to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest.

Lut, as far as it is a good lady bill, in the summer, time—It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man burdened to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes: they commuted with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows looking at his mistress, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback; apart and sullen; repining that he had subjected his daughter even to the shadow of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson.

The young man, (the son of a small land proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though not to nobility) stood respectful looking but confident, rejoicing at his feat: he thought he should win his mistress, though at a cost of a noble pain, considering who he was to carry. If he did it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure he contemplated with such transports as is known only to real lovers; for none other know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how dispensing with formality ennobles and makes greater the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his valor and strength. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain.—She fixed her eyes now on the crowd which she beheld not, and now on her father's ends, which she doubled up towards her with a pretty pretence, the only pretence she ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother stepped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding the fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, air, put an end to this mummery;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if to encourage his mistress they mount the hill, they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway; and seems refusing something, then ascends at a quick rate; and now, being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators gave a shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his guntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the about the lover resumes his way. Slow, but not feeble, is his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way between the middle and top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers, but does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered.—They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seems to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort, the lady lifts up her arms as if to lighten him. See, he is almost at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now he is all but on the top, he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers! A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level, he staggers, but it is forward.—Yes every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him. See; at last he is on the top, and down he falls with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won! He has won! Now he has a right to caress his mistress; and she is caressing him, for neither of them get up.—If he has faint it is in joy, and it is in her arms.

"Part them!" said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close together; they kneel down; they bend their heads; they bow their faces upon them