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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.

POETRY.

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

After a long hiding in the Sun's rays, VENUS may be now seen in the West, a few minutes early in the evening. In compliance to her re-appearance, we copy the following lines, from an unknown pen.

To the Evening Star.

Star of the West!—thy dewy beam
Looks o'er our mingling joy and woe,
Reflected in the glassy stream;
Thou do'st not light the world below;
While the waves ripple their reply
To the low breeze's evening sigh.

Star of the West!—when Nature sleeps,
And the last glance of day is gone,
And when the balm dew-drops weeps,
Thou shin'st and sparklest there alone,
And throw'st thy ray of silver light
On the dun beard of coming night.

Star of the West!—whose glories burn,
As if to guard while we are sleeping,
Ere we retire, to thee we turn,
And gaze where thou thy watch art keeping,
Thy gentle influence o'er us shed,
And with sweet slumbers bless our bed!

And Thou! who mad'st this glorious star,
And guid'st it through its heavenly flight,
Who guard'st us whereso'er we are,
Through radiant day or gloomy night,
Oh shed around the willing heart,
The light that never can depart.

Anecdote of Old Ironsides.

The most brilliant naval action of the last war undoubtedly was that of the old American frigate Constitution, 44, commanded by Commodore Stewart, when she captured the two British corvettes, Cyane and Levant, of greatly superior force, each of them being equal to the old fashioned 32 gun frigates. The handling of the American frigate was throughout scientific and unexceptionable. By no manœuvring could either of the British vessels obtain a position to rake the Constitution. Shift their ground as they would, Old Ironsides was between them, blazing away upon both vessels at the same time. During the whole action Stewart, instead of mounting the horse-block, sat in a more exposed situation astride of the hammock nettings, the better to observe the manœuvring of his antagonist. The Cyane was the first to strike to Brother Jonathan—not an unusual thing with British vessels during that war. The first Lieutenant came in haste to the Commodore to announce the fact. "The star-board ship has struck, sir," said the officer. "I know it, sir," replied the Commodore. "The battle is just half won." "Shall I order the band to strike up Yankee Doodle, sir?" inquired the lieutenant. Here the Commodore took a huge pinch of snuff and then answered quickly "Hug me not better whip the other first, sir!" "Ay, ay, sir," replied the lieutenant, taking the hint, and went to his quarters. In a few minutes afterwards the Levant lowered the cross of Old England to the stars and stripes, and the battle was ended. The lieutenant feeling somewhat rebuked at his premature exultation upon the surrender of the first vessel, was rather shy of approaching his commander again; but Stewart, beckoning to him, said with a smile—"Don't you think the band had better strike up Yankee Doodle now, sir?" In an instant that spirit-stirring strain was floating in the breeze, played as no other than a Yankee band can play it, and the gallant crew shouted forth their cheers of victory, as no other than a Yankee crew can shout.

A NOVEL USE OF A LADY'S CORSET is chronicled in a late number of the Liverpool Mercury. A respectably dressed female was observed by one of the Custom House officers, leaving Victoria Dock, and fancying—rash man—that she was bulkier about the upper part of the body than her natural form and figure would admit, he took her to Bridewell. A search was made, when it was found that her corset stays were not whalebone as we believe, with our limited experience, ladies' stays generally are, but in place of the whalebone, there were three long pieces of foreign manufactured tobacco, (ladies twist!) weighing, altogether, about three pounds.

The lady was fined 20s. and the stays forfeited and publicly exhibited in Court to the great amusement and edification of the bachelor spectators.

Dr. John B. McFarland, member elect of the House of Representatives of the present General Assembly of Tennessee, from Henry county, died at his residence on the 17th inst.

The Husband who Played the Bachelor.

From the Knickerbocker.

A CELEBRATED painter of Madrid, whose real name it will be more discreet not to disclose, but whom I shall call Morales, had just completed a picture for the convent of the Eccelesia. He had received, a pretty large sum for his work; and by way of a little relaxation after the long continued toil, and close attention bestowed upon it, he had assembled around a well-spread table in his studio a few choice spirits from among his fellow artists. It was a bachelor's entertainment. Not a female was to sit down with them. This mistress of the house herself, Donna Casilda, had been excluded. Morales had sent her off with the female attendant to pass the day with one of her cousins. Put the good dame, having a little of the curiosity of mother Eve in her composition, (as which of her fair daughters has not?) was very anxious to know what was to take place during her absence, and had a strong desire to find out what so many men could have to talk about, when there were no women present. Instead, therefore of remaining at the house of her cousin, she quickly returned, bringing the latter with her; and presently the twain were snugly encoined in a little closet adjoining the studio, where with eye and ear closely applied to the key-hole, they remained eagerly listening to all that passed.

"But tell us, my friend," said one of the guests, "why are we deprived of the pleasure of Senora Morales' company? Her wit, her pleasantry, and beauty, surely would not have diminished the charm of this delightful meeting."

"Thou'rt," whispered the lady to her cousin, "that is the first sensible speech I have heard."

"Fye! fye!" replied the husband, pouring out a bumper of old golden sherry, "women know nothing of the poetry of life."

"That is true, added another; women are mere matter-of-fact beings; common-place, essentially prosaic. What do they know about the arts, or the enjoyments of artists?"

"Fools!" exclaimed Casilda.

"Yes," continued Morales, "take from women love intrigues and household affairs, and they absolutely know not what to think or talk about."

"Impertinent fellow!" was the comment of the listeners.

"Why," added the painter, "they cannot comprehend one of those rich jokes, or capital pieces of humor, which the air of the studio inspires. They have no conception of them. When a woman plays us a trick it is always at the expense of our honor."

"Wretch!" This word escaped the two cousins at the same moment, and was uttered in a loud tone. But the noise of the guests, and the rattling of glasses prevented its being heard.

"Ah! master simple, and so you defy us to play you a trick without touching your honor, do you?" By our lady of Atocha, I vow, though it is now Shrove-Tuesday, that before Lent is over I will have my revenge."

Casilda set her wits to work, and you shall hear what came of it. On the following Thursday she engaged her brother to procure from the Place Cabada, where they are accustomed to sell fragments of old buildings, a door of the same dimensions as their own, which fronted on the street. She charged him to get one of an antique pattern, covered with iron work, and heavy mouldings. This she had conveyed to her house with all secrecy, and kept closely concealed until the favorable moment. She had communicated her design to her brother, and a few female friends in the neighborhood, on whose aid in carrying out her plot she relied.

On a certain evening, when Morales had returned home at a late hour from a convent, where he had just completed the painting of a chapel which the monks were to have opened at Easter, Casilda received him with much warmth, and a greater profusion of caresses than usual. It was very late when they retired to rest, for Morales must first have his supper. The night was cold and stormy. Toward midnight the dame began to utter deep groans, intermingled with piercing cries, as if racked by grievous pain. "Holy Mother!" exclaimed she, "I am dying!—my poor husband, my last hour is come; let them bring a confessor, and quickly—for I'm going, fast." She accompanied these words with grimaces, and violent contortions, which women, when the humor takes them, so well know how to perform. Her husband, in condoling tone, inquired where she felt the pain. "Blessed Virgin!" was all the answer, "get me a confessor!—the sacraments!—I can bear it no longer, it is almost over with me! At these cries, the domestic, a young girl, hastening to the assistance of her mistress, applied warm napkins to her stomach, and made her swallow drafts of hot spiced wine, and other similar remedies. But the malady yielded not. Indeed, that it did not was no wonder, in the present mood of the patient.

Poor Morales, though sore against his wife, was forced at length to quit his bed. "Ah!" cried his wife, in a piteous tone, as he slowly drew on his garments, "it is a cholera of the most dangerous nature."

"No my mistress," said the servant girl. "I know what it is that ails you; it is that bad vinegar you mixed with the salad that causes the pain. You know it served you the same way the last time you took it. Dame Castinjo then cured you. The painter, on this began to scold his wife, because experience had not made her more careful.

But she only sobbed out in half suffocated words: "Al hecho no ay remedio, what is done cannot be undone. For mercy's sake, go for mother Castinjo. She knows my constitution; she is the only one that can give me relief from the dreadful pains I suffer. For heaven's sake, bring her quickly; or there will be nothing left you but to open my grave."

"My little wife," replied the husband, in a dismal tone, "my dearest wife, mother Castinjo, you know, has removed to the other end of the city near the gate Foncarral, and we are in the quarter Lavapie; the night is very cold, and if the gutters do not deceive me, the rain is pouring in torrents. Even should I find mother Castinjo, do you think she would come to see you through this terrible storm? I remember the last time you had this complaint, she cured you with two ounces of treacle boiled in the rind of half an orange. Let me go to the apothecary's and get this for you. Compose yourself a little, and do not force me to take such a long journey, which I am sure will be of no use, and I shall only get a worse malady than yours."

At this, Casilda began again to pour forth the most bitter lamentations. "Good heavens!" see what a husband God has given me! To hear him would not one suppose that I was demanding impossibilities, that I was asking him to be buried with me; that I was claiming the sacrifice of his blood, or of half his fortune? I only ask him to go for a nurse, at the risk of wetting his shoes and his refusals. But I well know what it is you want; you wish to be a widow; you long to live over again your bachelor's life. At every cry that pain forces from me, your heart leaps with joy. Ah! I'm dying! a priest! the confessor! I am poisoned!"

Morales, really believing that his wife was at the last extremity, and fearing, if she died, that the accusations she had thrown out against him might have serious consequences, endeavored to soothe her by a few caresses, and proceeded to light a lantern, which the darkness of the night rendered very necessary. He then drew on a pair of stout boots threw a large cloak over his shoulders, pulled the cape over his head, and manfully set forth on his nocturnal expedition in search of mother Castinjo. The painter knew that the dame in question dwelt somewhere in the rue Foncarral, but of the precise location of her residence he was totally ignorant. The rain fell in torrents, and he met not a soul from the time he left the rue Lavapie, until he reached the quarter to which his steps were directed. The night was as dark as Egypt, and Morales cursed from the bottom of his heart, the day on which he married. It may readily be imagined that in such a mood he was not likely soon to find the object of his search.

But while he is groping along the streets, and getting soaked to the skin, let us return to the sick lady. No sooner did she see her husband fairly off upon his expedition, than she summoned her brother, and a few chosen friends who were lying hid in the cellar. In a twinkling they had the old street door off its hinges, and its place supplied by the one bought for the occasion, which fitted as if it had been made on purpose. Above it, they placed a huge white sign, on which was displayed in large letters the following inscription: THE HOTEL OF THE OLD: GOOD ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND HORSE. This done, a large party of friends from the neighborhood, who had been let into the secret, were speedily assembled. Castanets and guitars were put in requisition; a repast was prepared, and the merry guests began to eat, and drink, and dance, by way of celebrating the dismal expedition of the poor husband, who had gone in search of dame Castinjo.

Meanwhile, having proceeded from street to street, knocked at more than fifty doors, and roused and angered the whole neighborhood, our good painter was at length obliged to return homeward without the nurse. He was drenched to the skin and his patience was completely exhausted. On approaching his home, the sound of musical instruments, and singing, and peals of laughter burst upon his astonished ears. Thinking he had made a mistake, he raised the lantern, and discovering a different door from his own, with a sign of a hotel over it, he became completely bewildered, and began to traverse the pavement again. "It is indeed the rue de Lavapie," said he. "Here is the book store of Pedro Trappal; there is the fruiterer's shop; and this is the house of Diego le Boiteux, and then surely comes mine; for on the other side there is that of Lucas Moreno, the money changer. He recognized the doors of all his neighbors; each one was familiar; his alone was changed. 'God help me!' said he, making fifty signs of the cross, 'this indeed must be my house. It is but an hour and a half since I left it. My wife was then weeping and groaning with pain, and now they are singing and dancing. And yet we were living alone in this house. The door, it is true, needed a little repair, but I am certain it was not changed when I left home. Besides, I have never noticed a tavern in this street, and surely it is not in my house they would establish one. Am I dreaming? That cannot be. My eyes are wide open, and I hear plainly enough. The rain is pelting furiously, yet this illusion cannot be the effect of the little drop of wine I took before setting out. He began to make a closer examination, carefully passing his hand over the door, but could not find the knocker in its accustomed place. Determining to make himself heard, in hopes that as soon as he effected an entrance he would learn the cause of the mysterious transformation, he began to thump at the door with

blows loud enough to rouse the whole neighborhood. The merry-makers within pretended not to hear him. He knocked still more loudly. At length, after he had been left standing a long time under the dripping of the roof, a man with head covered by an old handkerchief, and holding a light in his hand, opened the window above the door.

"Hallo! my good man, what the devil do you want at this time of night? There is no room for you here. Go elsewhere to get a lodging."

"But I wish to enter my own house."

"My friend, it is not our custom to open our doors at this unusual hour."

"Morbled! but I tell you this is my house; and my father Diego Morales paid a round sum for it with his own deniers."

"Hark ye, my fine fellow; I know not if the wine which disturbs your noddle was Val de Pequas or Logroquo, but I'll be sworn it was capital, and the water from the gutters will not hurt you. So, go your way; cease knocking at the door, or I will let loose a mastiff, whose teeth will make a dozen but-ton holes in your hide in short order. Good night." Thus saying, he closed the window. The singing and laughter were renewed within, and the poor painter gave himself to all the devils fully persuaded that some sorcerer was playing him this cruel trick.

Meanwhile the rain continued, and flakes of falling snow came thick upon the face of Morales. The candle in his lantern had burnt out, and his patience had long since been completely exhausted. He commenced knocking anew; when presently he heard some one within the house call out: "Hallo! Antonio, unloose the dogs; bring a cudgel, and give the shoulders of this drunken fellow a taste of it; it will relieve his muddy brain a little." At this, the door was thrown open, and forth came a man with two huge dogs which might have made the joke rather a serious one, had they not been held back by their keeper.

"You cursed fellow," said the latter, "what do you mean by making this clamor? Were you not told there was no room for you here?"

"But, my good friend, this is my house, and I cannot comprehend what piece of sorcery has converted it into a tavern. This is indeed, I assure you, the very house I received as an heritage from Diego Morales, my father."

"My good man, you are certainly under a strange delusion. There are neither Morales nor waters in this neighborhood."

"I am a painter, well known in this city, and of some celebrity in this quarter. I have lived twenty years in this house. Call my wife Casilda; if she is not transformed into a landlady, she will doubtless extricate me from this labyrinth."

"How can you talk in this foolish manner? For more than six years this house has been one of the most frequented, and best known hotels in Madrid. Its master is Pedro Carasco. The landlady is Maria Perez, and I, who speak to you, am Antonio, their valet. And, now take yourself off in God's name, without any more noise, or this cudgel shall speedily restore you to your senses."

The poor painter, not knowing to what saint to turn for succor, made the best of his way by groping along through the darkness, to the house of one of his friends. It was four o'clock in this morning when he reached it. From the lamentable voice in which Morales claimed admittance, the friend thought that some serious calamity had befallen the painter, and hastened to let him in. Morales related his adventure but his friend listened to it with incredulity. He however lighted a fire to dry the well soaked garments of his guest, and having prepared for him a bed, advised him to go to sleep; for he doubted not that Morales had been making a little too free with the bottle.

In the morning, however, the painter still persisted in maintaining the truth of the story he had told on the previous evening, and his friend, curious to behold the enchanted mansion, accompanied him home. But to the utter astonishment of the mystified artist, another change had come over the spirit of his dream. The marvellous sign had disappeared, the house was secured by its accustomed portals, and every thing had resumed its former quiet and peaceful appearance.

"Come, Morales," said his friend, tapping him on the shoulder, "confess that you had taken a drop too much last night, and were afraid to return home."

"On my honor as a man, and as an artist," replied Morales, "I have told you nothing but the truth."

"But, my dear fellow, it is no such great crime to be overcome by a cup of good wine."

Morales heeded not the remark, but commenced rapping smartly at the door, Bridget, the maid servant, half dazed, hastened to open it.

"Oh, Senor Morales," cried she, in tones of well feigned astonishment, "how could you have the heart to stay out all night in the city, carousing with your friends; and your poor wife lying here at death's door! And to go off too under pretence of finding dame Castinjo! Fye upon you! fye upon you!"

I had such an one, I warrant you I'd go to the Magistrate and soon have a divorce."

"But it is with me that he has the account to settle," cried Casilda, who now came up, looking pale and wan, as was natural after a night of dancing and dissipation. "And so, you believe I was dead, and you thought to come back and squander my dower on your bachelor parties! But you did not reckon on the good services of these kind neighbors, by whose timely aid I have been restored to life."

"My dear little wife," said Morales, soothingly, "if you will only listen to me, you will find that I am much more to be pitied than found fault with."

And here the poor artist began to relate what had happened to him. But his story was received with shouts of laughter.

"Tell that nonsense to others, Morales! Do you take us for idiots, to whom you are telling some of your humbug stories of the studio! Confess the truth, man. You have fallen in with some of your scape grace companions, with whom you have passed the night drinking and carousing. Tell the truth, and beg pardon for your fault.—That will be much better than to stand here telling these silly stories which nobody will believe."

And in truth Morales had to come to this at last. Great fallen, overwhelmed by ridicule jeered by the whole neighborhood, he was forced humbly to sue for pardon, which was only granted on the condition that he should give no more bachelor parties.

Learning and Religion.

At a late meeting in Newark (N. J.) on the subject of colleges and Seminaries in the West; the Rev. Dr. Bacon made an address of much force, upon the importance of a finished education, to a clergyman. We copy from the New York Evening Post, a few paragraphs from the Rev. Doctor's remarks:

And what would you think of Mr. McLane, our Minister to England, if he needed an interpreter to read his instructions, and had no act upon a mere translation! and how much more should God's ambassador know how to read his master's instructions in the language in which they were given? Thus God has bound the interests of learning and religion together, to keep our own "E Pluribus Unum" inviolate forever.

The roll of time develops new combinations and changes, as the kaleidoscope, with its unchangeable pebbles, when held to the sun. Empires rise, and flourish, and fall; and the poet points to their ruins, and utters the clergy, "Quot hominum ibi floruerunt." Fools desire liberty for its own sake, that they may do what they list; but wise men want it as a means to a higher end; and our great love to this Republic, that it leaves men free; is because they must be free to feel their accountability.

I do not indeed believe that we would be more free from persecution than other sinners, only that our faith demands perfect liberty of conscience for all forms of Christianity, yet all forms of religion.—We would be intolerant of none, not even of the World's Convention, that met to vote God off his throne, to put out the sun and light this universe with tapers.

"How many men did flourish there
And there is now their sepulchre."

And our only hope is that this nation is to be an exception; else, the arch of our empire comes down. We have had our birth time, and conflict and glory; if these fail, and wealth, and luxury, and sin follow, then perhaps we may expect no Gothic horde upon our borders from some unknown realm; but, if such a catastrophe ever comes on our children, it will come from a semi-civilized people full of military ardor, that can see all things but their own graves; it is as Christians and scholars that we know the worth of learning in connection with religion, that we ask you to join us in our efforts to educate and bless the West.

The Boston Traveller says—"A Vermont Merchant came to the city last week to sell his fall supply of butter—ninety tons! Pretty well for a single trader in a small town among the mountains."

Trial List for November Term 1845.

FIRST WEEK.	
C. Garber's Ex'rs v Spering, Good et al	
Shaype & Carman v John Stewart	
Samuel Royer v John Ferrisworth	
Martin Gates v Robert Moore	
John McComb v C. A. Newingham	
Edward O'Hare v S. Royer et al	
Wm. McNite v Stains et al	
A. D. Leonard v Lytle & Patterson	
J. P. McDowell v Alex. Ennis	
E. Shemaster v Alexander Gwin	
John Brewster v Robert Kyle	
Todd and Lemmon v G. W. Patterson	
Andrew H. Hirst v Benjamin Johnston	
James Parsons v John Rouse	
D. W. Hulings v Isaac Rogers & Co	
Thomas Roy Dygart v Geo. S. Hoover	
Jacob Taylor Adm'r v John Lytle	
P. Frazier Smith v William Pollock	
Com'th Penn'a v Johnstone Moore	

SECOND WEEK.	
John & James Wilson v J. Cresswell's heirs	
Hezekiah Crownover v William Pollock	
Julius McGunigal v Geo. Mong's Ex'rs	
Alexander Johnston v Charles O'Friel	
John Dickey's Adm'r v A. P. Wilson Esq.	
Michael C. Garber v John F. Lowry	
A. Johnston for Royer v R. Lowry's Adm'r	
Joseph Parsons v Alexander Scott	
James Martins Adm'r v J. Dougherty (Ink'r)	
Geo. B. Matthews v John Marks	
James Dysart v Hugh Seeds et al	
C. H. Leas & Co. v Jacob Drake et al	
James Entekin v G. Smith's Adm'r	

Com'th Penn'a Miller (Lycoming) v Wm. Price et al	
Leonard Kimball v D. Goodfellow	
Higgins & Co. for use v John McCahan	
Ludwick Lingafelter v Israel Graffius	
John D. Davis & Co v Xarius Left	
Williams et al v Dugherty (tr'p)	
David Robeson v Moses Robeson	
Ewing for Gutes v James Ewing	
J. Potts for use v J. G. Lightner et al	
Same v Same	
Com'th Penn'a v S. Frampton et al	
Kimmerling et al v Lowry, Royer et al	
John Potts for use v Lightner, Carothers et al & Pennock's Ex-ecutor's T. Tenants.	

LIST OF JURORS FOR NOVEMBER TERM, 1845.

GRAND JURORS.		
William Armstrong, Farmer,	Voet township.	
Jacob Bungeamer, do.	Cass	
Humphrey Chilcote, do.	Union	
Thomas Crissman, do.	Tyrone	
William Crostley, do.	Cass	
James E. DeFebaugh, Silversmith	Woodberry tp.	
Samuel Ewing, Cordwainer	West	
Robert Hamilton, Jr. Farmer	Allegheny	
John Harper, Carpenter	Barree	
David Hewitt, Wagonmaker	Blair	
Jonathan Hamilton, Farmer	Antes	
Joseph Jones, Gentleman	Frankstown	
Miles Lewis, Merchant	West	
Abner Lloyd, Farmer	Porter	
Adam McKee, do.	Frankstown	
John Myerly, do.	Union	
Alex. McFarland, do.	Allegheny	
James K. Phillabar, Carpenter	Henderson	
Isaac Feightal, Farmer	Hopewell	
John Snyder, do.	Fell	
Michael Sharr, do.	Cromwell	
Samuel Smith, do.	Grocer	
James Thompson, Jus. Peace	Warriorsmk	
Robert Wray, Farmer	Henderson	

TRAVERSE JURORS.—FIRST WEEK.

Robert Alexander, Cordwainer	Woodberry tp.
George Bell, Jr. Farmer	Barree
Joseph Banks, Mason	Tod
George Bowman, Farmer	Shirley
W. William Bell, Distiller	Barree
Thomas Bell, Carpenter	do.
Allen O. Brown, Merchant	Shirley
Peter Burket, Tanner	Warriorsmk
Benjamin Baker, Carpenter	Tod
Davis Brooks, Farmer	Tyrone
Robert Barr, Miller	Barree
Alex. Campbell, Manager	Henderson
Samuel Coen, Farmer	Barree
William Clymans, Constable	Dubin
John Clark, Tailor	Shirley
George Colegate, Blacksmith	Cromwell
John Ebberts, Farmer	Franklin
Alex. Brazier, do.	Blair
James Forrest, do.	Barree
John Funk, do.	Allegheny
Jas. Faulkender, do.	Cromwell
M. C. Garber, Gentleman	Blair
Michael Garsch, Farmer	Warriorsmk
Thomas Gorsuch, do.	Springfield
Jacob G. Huyet, do.	Porter
John Hileman, do.	Frankstown
A. L. Holliday, Clerk	Blair
Solomon Hagner, Miller	Snyder
Nicholas Hewitt, Gentleman	Blair
Thomas Johnston, Innkeeper	Frankstown
Daniel Keech, Mason	do.
John W. King, Tailor	Barree
George Kopp, Gunsmith	Frankstown
Joseph Law, Farmer	Cass
James Livingston, Innkeeper	Barree
John Livingston, Farmer	do.
Jonathan Lias, Sr. do.	Tod
Benjamin C. Lytle, Tailor	Snyder
Allen McGlathery, Farmer	Antes
James McCrum, do.	Barree
Wm. McMurtrie, Merchant	Henderson
John Maguire, do.	Tyrone
James McEvoy, Clerk	Franklin
William McDivit, Farmer	West
Joshua McCord, Saddler	Blair
John K. McCahan, Miller	Warriorsmk
James A. McCahan, Farmer	Blair
Peter Myers, Tailor	Springfield
John Porter, Merchant	Porter
William Pheasant, Farmer	Union
Alex. Post, Constable	Henderson
Peter Shaver, Farmer	Shirley
John Steever, do.	Cass
James Smith, Blacksmith	Blair
John C. Stewart, Foreman	Porter
Wm. L. Snyder, Hatter	Henderson
William Stevens, Plasterer	Warriorsmk
Isaac Snyder, Farmer	Tod
James Wilson, do.	Tyrone
George Wilson, do.	Tell

TRAVERSE JURORS.—SECOND WEEK.

David Black, Carpenter	Henderson tp.
William Bell, Farmer	Allegheny
Daniel Brud, do.	Frankstown
David Caldwell, Tanner	Blair
Joseph Cornelius, Farmer	Cromwell
John Ferrisworth, do.	Snyder
Hugh Fergus, do.	Morris
John Gemmill, Merchant	Porter
John Geissinger, Farmer	Hopewell
Jacob Heffner, do.	do.
George Hyle, do.	Morris
Anderson Harvey, Founder	Franklin
Adam Hoffman, Chairmaker	Walker
G. W. Hampson, Farmer	Union
Adams Houck, do.	Tod
Jos. Hugenugler, Cordwainer	Tyrone
Maize S. Harrison, Tinner	Shirley
Wm. Hoffman, Carpenter	Henderson
Abraham Heggie, Farmer	Tell
John Kough, do.	Allegheny
Charles E. Kinkead, do.	Morris
A. W. Kinney, Gentleman	Woodberry
David Long, Farmer	Springfield
Robert Lytle, Sen. Merchant	Blair
James Logan, Blacksmith	Tyrone
John Neving, Innkeeper	Warriorsmk
Isaac Poit, Founder	Hopewell
John H. Stuffer, Farmer	Allegheny
William Smith, (of Hugh) Farmer	Barree
John M. Tussey, Farmer	Morris
Daniel Ulley, Carpenter	Blair
William Walker, do.	Porter
B. B. Willet, Merchant	Frankstown
William Wilson, Farmer	Tyrone
Jesse Yocum, do.	Henderson
William B. Zeigler, Tinner	