

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

Vol. XI, No. 61.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., August 19, 1846.

Whole No. 661

PUBLISHED BY
JAMES CLARK.

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.

V. B. PALMER, Esq., is authorized to act as Agent for this paper, to procure subscriptions and advertisements in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Boston.

OFFICES:

Philadelphia—Number 59 Pine street.
Baltimore—S. E. corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets.
New York—Number 160 Nassau street.
Boston—Number 16 State street.

STANTON'S EXTERNAL REMEDY

HUNT'S LINIMENT.

IS NOW UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE

The Infallible Remedy.

For Rheumatism, Spinal Affections, Contractions of the Muscles, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Issues, Old Ulcers, Pains in the Breast and Chest, Ague in the Breast and Face, Tooth Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Salt Rheum, Burns, Frosted Feet, and all Nervous diseases.

THE following certificate of the restoration to health and the perfect cure of a deformed and crippled child, who was thought to be beyond the reach of hope, shows that, no matter how appalling the case may be, there is a remedy in HUNT'S LINIMENT, that will conquer the most desperate cases, and that, if the disease be curable, this celebrated external remedy will do it. It has never failed in giving immediate relief if timely applied, as proved by the abundance of high and unimpeachable testimony, the particulars of which are to be found in the pamphlets which are to be had of every agent.

Ossining, June 10, 1845.

GEORGE E. STANTON, Esq.—Sir—I feel called upon by the tie of gratitude, to offer the following testimony in favor of Hunt's Liniment. My grandson, Clarke E. Evans, who is now ten years of age, has been for the last eight years a cripple, caused by falling from a chair when he was two years old, and wrenching his spine. From the time of the occurrence, we have tried every means to restore him to his natural shape, but all without avail. We took him to New York and placed him under the care of a physician of skill, and after remaining there some time, we brought him home no better than when we took him there. For several days at times he was so helpless that he could only walk by placing his hands upon his knees for support, giving him the appearance of a deformed hunchback. He was also taken to Newburg and prescribed for without any better success. At times he would be strong enough to go out doors, but after playing an hour would come in perfectly exhausted, and for several days would be again perfectly helpless. We had lost all hope of ever again seeing him restored to his natural strength or shape—but a kind Providence placed your external remedy in my hands. I have used four bottles, and I am rejoiced to say that the boy is now as straight and strong as any boy of his age. Any of my neighbors will testify to the truth of this statement. I take sincere pleasure in stating these facts for the benefit of those who are suffering under the like calamity.

Yours, respectfully,
RACHEAL SHUTE.

This is to certify, That I am personally acquainted with the subscriber, Mrs. Shute, as well as the boy alluded to, and frankly bear witness to the deformity of which he was seriously afflicted, apparently for life.—Dated Sing-Sing, June 9, 1845.

HENRY HARRIS,
Justice of the Peace.

For particulars of cures, see the certificate accompanying each bottle.

HOADLY, PHELPS & CO., 142 Water street, wholesale Agents. Orders addressed to them, or to the proprietor, Sing-Sing, will be attended to.

GEORGE E. STANTON.

Dated March 19, 1846.
For sale by Thomas Read & Son, Huntingdon, and the principal Stores and Druggists throughout the country.
July 15, 1846.

DR. H. H. NEFF,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Huntingdon, Pa.

JOHN SCOTT, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HUNTINGDON, PA.

Will attend with promptness and fidelity to all business with which he may be entrusted in Huntingdon or the adjoining counties.

His office is the one formerly occupied by James Steel, Esq., nearly opposite Jackson's Hotel.
Huntingdon March 11, 1846.

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas a Treaty between the United States of America, and her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland was concluded and signed by their Plenipotentiaries at Washington on the fifteenth day of June last, which treaty is word for word as follows:

The United States of America and her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, deeming it to be desirable for the future welfare of both countries that the state of doubt and uncertainty which has hitherto prevailed respecting the sovereignty and government of the territory on the northwest coast of America, lying westward of the Rocky or Stony mountains, should be finally terminated by an amicable compromise of the rights mutually asserted by the two parties over the said territory, have respectively named plenipotentiaries to treat and agree concerning the terms of such settlement—that is to say: the President of the United States of America has, on his part, furnished with full powers James Buchanan, Secretary of State of the United States, and her Majesty, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has, on her part, appointed the right honorable Richard Pakenham, a member of her Majesty's most honorable privy council, and her Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the United States; who after having communicated to each other their respective full powers, found in good and due form, have agreed upon and concluded the following articles:

ARTICLE I.

From the point on the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, where the boundary laid down in existing treaties and conventions between the United States and Great Britain terminates, the line of boundary between the territories of the United States and those of her Britannic Majesty shall be continued westward along the said forty-ninth parallel of north latitude to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island; and thence southerly through the middle of the said channel, and of Fuca's straits to the Pacific Ocean: PROVIDED, HOWEVER, That the navigation of the whole of the said channel and straits south of the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude remain free and open to both parties.

ARTICLE II.

From the point at which the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude shall be found to intersect the great northern branch of the Columbia river, the navigation of the said branch shall be free and open to the Hudson Bay Company and to all British subjects trading with the same, to the point where the said branch meets the main stream of the Columbia, and thence down the said main stream to the ocean, with free access into and through the said river or rivers, it being understood that all the usual portages along the line thus described shall in like manner be free and open. In navigating the said river or rivers, British subjects, with their goods and produce, shall be treated on the same footing as citizens of the United States; it being, however, always understood that nothing in this article shall be construed as preventing, or intended to prevent the government of the United States from making any regulations respecting the navigation of the said river or rivers not inconsistent with the present treaty.

ARTICLE III.

In the future appropriation of the territory south of the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, as provided in the first article of this treaty, the possessory rights of the Hudson Bay Company, and of all British subjects who may be already in the occupation of land or other property lawfully acquired within the said territory, shall be respected.

ARTICLE IV.

The farms, lands, and other property of every description belonging to the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company on the north side of the Columbia river, shall be confirmed to the said company.—In case, however, the situation of those farms and lands should be considered by the United States to be of public and political importance, and the United States government should signify a desire to obtain possession of the whole, or of any part thereof, the property so required shall be transferred to the said government, at a proper valuation to be agreed upon by the parties.

ARTICLE V.

The present treaty shall be ratified by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof, and by her Britannic Majesty; and the ratifications shall be exchanged at London, at the expiration of six months from the date thereof, or sooner, if possible.

In witness whereof, the respective plenipotentiaries have signed the same, and have affixed thereto the seals of their arms.

Done at Washington, the fifteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

JAMES BUCHANAN, [L. S.]
RICHARD PAKENHAM, [L. S.]

And whereas, the said treaty has duly ratified on both parts, and the respective ratifications of the same were exchanged at London, on the seventeenth ultimo, by Louis McLane, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States, and Viscount Palmerston, her Britannic Majesty's principal secretary of state for foreign affairs, on the part of their respective governments:

Now, therefore, be it known, that I, JAMES K. POLK, President of the United States of America, have caused the said treaty to be made public,

to the end that the same, and every clause and article thereof may be observed and fulfilled with good faith by the United States and the citizens thereof.



In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this fifth day of August, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, and of the independence of the United States the seventy-first.

JAMES K. POLK.

By the President:

JAMES BUCHANAN,
Secretary of State.

THE COUSINS.

One of the best stories we have lately read, is entitled "THE COUSINS,—A Country Tale." It is from the chaste pen of Miss Mitford, an English authoress of considerable reputation. The whole is too long for one paper; and it is a story which it will not do to divide. The first half of the story, like the bigger portion of the first volumes of some of Scott's novels, is merely introductory to what follows. So we will sum up the prefatory part in a few words, and then give the denouement in Miss Mitford's own beautiful language.

Lawyer Moleworth was a rich landowner of Cranley, the native town of Miss Mitford. He had two daughters, to whom his pleasant house owed its chief attraction. Agnes was a beautiful woman; Jessy was a pretty girl. The fond father intended that Jessy should marry a poor relation, one Charles Woodford. Charles had been brought up by his uncle's kindness, and had recently returned into the family from a great office in London. Charles was to be the immediate partner and eventual successor to the great and flourishing business of his benefactor, whose regard seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of the orphan nephew. Agnes, who secretly entertained an affection for Charles, was destined by her father for a young baronet who had lately been much at the house.

But in the affairs of love, as of all others, (says Miss Mitford) man is born to disappointments.—"L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose," is never truer than in the great matter of matrimony. So found poor Mr. Moleworth, who—Jessy having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at that of two and twenty—offered his pretty daughter, and the lucrative partnership to his penniless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connection very respectfully, but very firmly, declined. The young man was very much distressed and agitated; he had the highest respect for Miss Jessy, but he could not marry her—he loved another! And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his incensed partner, who left him in unimpaired wrath and increased perplexity.

This interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference was ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who happily unconscious of all that occurred, were amusing themselves in their splendid conservatory—a scene always becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessy was flitting about like a butterfly among the fragrant orange trees and bright geraniums; Agnes was standing under a superb fuchsia that hung over a large marble basin—her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of the Grecian art.—Jessy was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert they had attended the evening before at the county town.

I hate concerts, said the pretty little flirt. "To sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving or speaking to any body, or any body's getting near enough to speak to you! Oh, how tiresome it is!

I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you, said Agnes, a little archly; his presence would perhaps, have mitigated the evil. But the barricade was too complete; he was forced to retreat, without accomplishing his object.

Yes, I assure you, he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when we were coming out. And then the music! I pursued Jessy; the noise that they called music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except my guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet.

Do you call that music? asked Agnes, laughing. And yet, continued she, it is most truly so, with his rich Pasta like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you, who do not greatly love poetry for its own sake, it is, doubtless, a pleasure most resembling in kind that of hearing the most thrilling melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer or Sophocles in the original Greek. Charles Woodford's reading is music.

It is music which neither of you are likely to hear again, interrupted Mr. Moleworth, advancing suddenly towards them; for he has been ungrateful, and I have discarded him.

Agnes stood as if petrified. Ungrateful! oh, father!

You can't have discarded him, to be sure, papa, said Jessy, always good natured; poor Charles! what can he have done?

Refused your hand, my child, said the angry parent; refused to be my partner and son-in-law,

and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say to him now?

Why, really, papa, replied Jessy, I am much more obliged to him for refusing my hand, than to you for offering it. I like Charles well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all: so if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there is no great harm done. And off the gipsy ran; declaring that she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute.

The father and his favorite daughter remained in the conservatory.

That heart is untouched, however, said Mr. Moleworth, looking after her with a smile.

Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly, replied Agnes; but has he really refused my sister?

Absolutely.

And does he love another?

He says so, and I believe him.

Is he loved again?

That he did not say.

Did he tell you the name of the lady?

Yes.

Do you know her?

Yes.

Is she worthy of him?

Most worthy.

Has he any hope of gaining her affections? Oh! he must! he must! What woman could refuse him?

"He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way; and much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honorable part of Charles Woodford's conduct, that he intends to leave his affection unsuspected by his object.

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared trying to occupy herself with collecting the blossoms of a cape jessamine and watering a favorite geranium; but it would not do. The subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her motions, and the varying expressions of her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

"Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow so much, but although you have never in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and know, I cannot tell how, all that your too kind partiality towards me, has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, dearest father, doubly mistaken me; first in thinking me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next in imagining that I desired such splendor. You mean to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions to your wealthy and titled neighbor. And with little change of person these arrangements may still for the most part hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and your heir, for he loves Jessy, and Jessy loves him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and adopted son, for nothing has chanced that need diminish your affection or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with such a destiny. And let me live on with you, dear father! single and unwedded, with no thought but to contribute to your comfort, and to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me, stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and myself, dear father! Let me live always with you and for you—always your own poor Agnes? And blushing at the earnestness which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose waters reflected the fair image, as if she had really been the Grecian statue to which, whilst he listened, her fond father's fancy had compared her. Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman he loves.

Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess who she may be?

Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?

You may see her—at least you may see her reflection in the water, at this very moment; for he has had the infinite presumption, the admirable taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes?

Father!

And now, mine own sweetest, do you still wish to live with me single?

Oh, father! father!

Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?

Father, dear father!

Choose, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling so around me, but speak.

Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together!

And so it was settled. And a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr. Moleworth than he had done for himself. Jessy with her prettiness, and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to be vain of—the very thing to visit for a day, but Agnes, and the cousin whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and the happiness of his home.

An elderly gentleman travelling in a stage coach, was amused by the constant fire of words kept up between two ladies. One of them at last kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache? when he answered with a great deal of naivete—"No, madam, I have been married for twenty-eight years."

Counsel to Young Men.

BY THE REV. DR. NORT.

Truth and justice are immutable and eternal principles—always sacred and always applicable. In no circumstance however urgent, no crisis, however awful, can there be an aberration from the one, or a dereliction of the other, without sin. With respect to every thing else, be accommodating; but here be unyielding and invincible. Rather carry your integrity to the dungeon or the scaffold, than receive in exchange for it liberty and life.—Should you ever be called upon to make your election between these extremes, do not hesitate. It is better prematurely to be sent to heaven in honor, than, having lingered on the earth, at last to sink to ruin and infamy. In every situation a dishonest man is detestable, and a liar is much more so.

Truth is one of the fairest attributes of the Deity. It is the boundary which separates vice from virtue; the line which divides heaven from hell. It is the chain which binds the man of integrity to the throne of God; and like the God to whose throne it binds him till this chain is dissolved his word may be relied on.—Suspended on this your reputation, your life is safe. But against the malice of a liar there is no security. He can be bound by nothing. His soul is already repulsed to an immeasurable distance from that Deity, a sense of whose presence is the security of virtue. He has sundered the last of those moral ligaments which bind a mortal to his duty. And having done so, through the extended reason of fraud and falsehood, without a bond to check or a limit to confine him, he ranges—the dreaded enemy of innocence—whose lips pollute even truth itself as it passes through them, and whose breath blasts and soils, and poisons as it touches.

Employment.

The following just sentiment was uttered by Daniel Webster in a late speech in the Senate of the United States. It should be had in everlasting remembrance. N. Y. Mir.

"Sir, I say it is employment that makes the people happy. Sir this great truth ought never to be forgotten: it ought to be placed upon the title-page of every book on political economy intended for America, and such countries as America. It ought to be placed in every farmer's almanac. It ought to head the columns of every farmer's magazine and mechanic's magazine. It should be proclaimed every where, notwithstanding what we hear of the usefulness—and I admit the high usefulness—of cheap food—notwithstanding that, the great truth should be proclaimed every where, should be made into a proverb, if it could—that WHERE THERE IS WORK FOR THE HANDS AND THE MEN THERE WILL BE WORK FOR THEIR TEETH. Where there is employment, there will be bread. And in a country like our own, above all others, will this truth hold good—a country like ours, where with a great deal of spirit and activity among the masses, if they can find employment, there is always great willingness for labor. If they can obtain fair compensation for their labor, they will have good houses—good clothing—good food, and the means of educating their families; and if they have good houses, and good clothing, and good food, and means of educating their children, from their labor, that labor will be cheerful, and they will be a contented, and a happy people."

The Moon in Lord Rosse's Telescope.

Dr. Scoresby, of Ireland, whose admirable discourses on Astronomy have been arranged after the examination of the stellar system through the magnificent instrument of Lord Rosse, remarks, in a recent lecture, that, with regard to the lunar orb, every object on the moon's surface is now distinctly to be seen; and he had no doubt that under very favorable circumstances it would be so with objects sixty feet in height. On its surface were craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks, and masses of stone almost innumerable. He had no doubt whatever that if such a building as he was then in were upon the surface of the moon, it would be rendered distinctly visible by these instruments. But there were no signs of habitations such as ours; no vestiges of architectural remains, to show that the moon is, or ever was, inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presented no appearances which could lead to the supposition that it contained any thing like the green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours.—There was no water visible; not a sea, or a river, or even the measure of a reservoir for supplying town or factory: all seemed desolate. Hence would arise the reflection in the mind of the Christian philosopher, why had this devastation been?—*Boston Transcript.*

Clerical Wit.—A distinguished clergyman, a few weeks since, being requested, in one of our churches, to open the services with prayer, but not having been invited to preach, declined, saying that "if his friend was going to do the mowing, he might whet his own scythe!"

CASE OF ROBBERY.—On Friday morning, the vicinity of 4th and Walnut st., Phila. was thrown into considerable excitement, in consequence of a report that Mr. John Barncastle, Bootmaker, at the southwest corner of the above streets, had been gagged in his store, and robbed of about \$400. Yesterday morning at 8 o'clock a female servant of Mrs. Boyer, who occupies the dwelling part of the premises, heard a groan while in the cellar, and was the first to push the store door open, which had been nearly closed. She found Mr. Barncastle in a setting position with his hands tied under his legs, and a piece of stick in his mouth, which appeared to have acted as a gag. He was insensible, but under the efforts of a physician, he recovered sufficiently to make a statement, which was to the effect that a man purchased a pair of boots of him on Thursday afternoon, and said he would call for them when the Theatre was out. About half past 10 o'clock, he returned to the store with two men, and while he Barncastle was stooping down to unbutton the strap of the pants of his customer, the men caught hold of him, and a scuffle ensuing, he was beaten and left in a state of insensibility. He discovered subsequently that he had been robbed of about \$400. The gag was a piece of stick about 2 1/2 inches in length, and from the fact that several persons could eject it with out difficulty from between the teeth, some doubts were expressed as to its ability of preventing Mr. B. from giving an alarm.

A GLIMPSE OF WATERLOO.—The cuirassiers now transferred their favors to some other quarter, leaving us at liberty to contemplate the havoc they have made; and the duke of Wellington riding by, again addressed their general with "Well, Halkett, how do you get on?" The general replied, "My Lord, we are dreadfully cut up: can you not relieve us for a little while?" "Impossible," said the duke.—"Very well, my lord," said the general, "we'll stand till the last man falls!" The next time the cuirassiers made their appearance in our front the Life Guards boldly rode out to meet them, and in point of numbers they seemed pretty well matched. The French waited with the utmost coolness to receive them, opening their ranks to allow them to ride in. As they were so close, and we had nothing to do at the time, we had a fine opportunity of seeing them, and were much pleased to find the Life Guards a match for them; and we wonder that they had not been led against them earlier in the day. It was a fair fight, and the French were fairly beaten and driven off. I noticed one of the Guards, who was attacked by two cuirassiers at the same time. He bravely maintained the unequal conflict for a minute or two, when he disposed of one of them by a deadly thrust in the throat. His combat with the other one lasted about five minutes, when the Guardsman struck his opponent a slashing back handed stroke, sent his helmet some distance, with the head inside it. The horse galloped away the headless rider sitting erect on the saddle, the blood spouting out of the arteries like so many fountains.—*Recollections of Military Service.*

To Wine Drinkers.

It is not generally known that wine baths are quite common in France, nevertheless, such is the case. The Duke of Clarence is not the only gentleman who has enjoyed an immersion in Malmsey. Punch has tried it with the very best Sherry. Only imagine; Punch—the veritable English Punch—swimming in French wine and kicking, and ploughing, and laughing, until the tears ran down his cheeks, and never thinking of the expense—a five franc piece!

What! a five franc piece for a tub full of wine? *Vive la France!*

Gently—gently. At least fifty others bathed in the same wine—after Punch. The keeper of the bague had a preference for Punch, and gave Punch the first dip. After him came fifty others—making in all fifty five franc pieces. A good price for the tub.

The wine was then thrown out.
"Not at all. Not so by any means."
"What then?"
"Bottled! Bottled, of course."
"Bottled! And for what purpose?"
"Why for drink, to be sure."
"Drink! Who would drink such stuff!"
"Why, the English do—the Yankees do! The latter import it in large quantities. It is a great favorite in Yankee land."

REGULARLY USED UP.—A poor editor cut west thus makes his exit:

"Dear readers, with this number ceases the existence of the 'Olio!' Our number is full and complete, and we are a 'busted establishment.' We shall gather up our coat and boots, shove off our whiskers, don a few interesting specimens of 'patrons' that will pay—in promises, and then we are going to go to some other field of operation. It may not be more extended, but it cannot be less."

The American Bible Society last year put in circulation half a million of Bibles and Testaments.