

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XIII, NO. 12.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1848.

WHOLE NO. 634.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, will be exposed to public sale, on the premises, by public vendue or outcry, on

THURSDAY, 25th March next,
A Tract of Land, late the estate of James Campbell, of Shirley township, in said county, dec'd, situate in Shirley township, in said county—adjoining Shade mountain, lands of John Meyer, Black Log mountain, and lands of Mary Ann Pollard, containing 176 acres and 75 perches and allowance, being the same tract of land sold by James Campbell, Sr., of Perry county to James Campbell, late of Shirley township, Huntingdon county, dec'd.

The said tract of land is valuable, and is improved, and affords a desirable opportunity to persons desiring to purchase a good farm. The title is indisputable.

Terms—One third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale, and the residue in two equal annual payments thereafter with interest, to be secured by the bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

By the Court, JACOB MILLER, Clerk,
Attendance given by
HANCE R. CAMPBELL, Adm'r.
Feb. 22-48.

NEW ARRIVAL

AT THE

"Huntingdon Jewellery Store."

THE undersigned has just received from Philadelphia another large lot of GOLD & SILVER WATCHES, of almost every description and quality. Also, an additional supply of Jewellery, Steel Heads, Bag clasps, Purse-rings, &c.

The subscriber has made arrangements with an extensive establishment in Philadelphia, which will enable him to keep on hand and to supply at all times the increased and increasing demands of the public, at the very lowest prices.

JAS. T. SCOTT.

Huntingdon, Feb. 22-48.

A FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber will offer at Public Sale on the 18th of March, 1848, a Small Farm situate on the Juniata river, in West township, Huntingdon county, near John Neff's Mill, and adjoining lands of John Neff, Dr. Metz, Jacob Knode and others, containing 76 acres, more or less, in a fine state of cultivation. The improvements consist of a good DWELLING HOUSE, well finished, and a Frame Stable. There is a fine young orchard of fruit trees on the premises, and a well of water near the house. Attendance will be given and terms made known on the day of sale, by

ROBT. H. WILSON.

If the above property is not sold, it will be offered for rent.

Feb. 22

Orphan's Court Sale.

IN pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, there will be sold on the premises on

THURSDAY, 25th of March next,
at 2 o'clock P. M. the following described Real Estate, late of James Conner, dec'd, viz:

A TRACT OF VALUABLE LAND,
situate in the township of West in said county of Huntingdon, on or near the waters of Shaver's Creek, a short distance from the Penn'a Canal at Petersburg, containing 108 Acres adjoining lands of Joseph Reel, Thomas Johnston, Jonathan McAtee and others—about 40 acres of cleared land thereon, and the balance excellent timber land. All of which is considered of the best quality of farm land.

The Terms are easy, viz:—One third of the purchase money to remain in the hands of the purchaser during the life of the widow of said James Conner, dec'd., with interest from the confirmation of the sale, payable annually to the said widow—the principal thereof at the death of said widow payable to the heirs and legal representatives of said deceased. One third of the balance to be paid at the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments with interest—the whole to be secured by the Judgment notes of the purchaser. By the Court,

JACOB MILLER, Clerk.

The subscriber having been appointed by the said Court, Trustee to make sale of the above valuable property, will attend on the premises at the time of sale above fixed, when and where all purchasers are invited to attend.

JOHN ARMITAGE, Trustee.

Feb. 18-48.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Jacob G. Huyett, late of Porter township, dec'd.

NOTICE is hereby given that Letters Testamentary upon the last Will and Testament of said deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment immediately; and all claims and demands against the same to be presented, duly authenticated for settlement, to DANIEL PIPER, HENRY NEFF, Executors.

Feb. 18-48.

The books and papers of said deceased are in the hands of Daniel Piper, residing in Alexandria.

Auditor's Notice.

THE undersigned, Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Huntingdon county, to appropriate the moneys in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the Real Estate of Christian Oyer, hereby gives notice to all persons interested that he will attend, for that purpose, at his office, in Huntingdon, on Saturday the 18th day of March next, at 10 o'clock A. M.

GEO. TAYLOR, Auditor.

Feb. 11-1848.

Lumber! Lumber!

ALL kinds of Lumber may be had at Thomas Maize's Saw Mill, situate on Meshannon's Creek, twenty miles from mouth of Spruce Creek, and five miles this side of Philipsburg. All descriptions of stuff, used for railroads, buildings, &c., such as Spruce, Ash, Pine, Locust and White Oak, saved to order and furnished at the shortest notice

THOS. MAIZE.

UMBRELLAS, Parasols, Parasollettes, AND WALKING CANE UMBRELLAS.

WM. H. RICHARDSON,
STEAM FACTORY,
No. 104 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Merchants are respectfully informed that I continue to Manufacture all the above goods by the aid of steam, notwithstanding the great opposition of parties opposed to the introduction of expensive improvements. My assortment is complete, and prices so low, as to give entire satisfaction.

As there is an Umbrella Store next door of nearly the same name, it is important you should remember

WM. H. RICHARDSON,
Steam Factory, and PATENTEE of the WALKING CANE UMBRELLA,
Sign of the Lady and Eagle,
No. 104 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Attention is requested to the celebrated WALKING CANE UMBRELLA, a neat and beautiful article, combining all the advantages of a CANE and UMBRELLA.

WILLIAM T. WALTERS, CHARLES HARVEY,
WALTERS & HARVEY,
(Late Hazlehurst & Walters)

PRODUCE AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Nos. 15 and 16, Spear's Wharf,
BALTIMORE.

Liberal Cash advances made on consignments of all kinds of Produce.
Baltimore, Feb. 8-1848.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

BY order of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county the sale of the following property will take place on Thursday, the 23d March next, viz: All that certain tract, piece or parcel of land lying and being situate in Tod township, Huntingdon county, containing 250 acres more or less, adjoining lands of Samuel McLain, dec'd, and Joseph Martin, on which J. Houck resides. There is a good DWELLING HOUSE and BARN on the premises. Also, a first rate Orchard of bearing FRUIT TREES.

There are also four good Springs of water thereon. There are about hundred acres of land cleared, twenty-five of first rate meadow, and about one hundred that can be made into meadow, all of which is in one body.

Terms—One third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest and approved security.

Sale to commence at ten o'clock of said day, when attendance will be given by

SAMUEL HOUCK.

Jan. 18, 1848-48.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE At Orphan's Court Sale.

IN pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon County, will be exposed to sale on the premises, in Clay township, Huntingdon county, on Wednesday the 22d day of March next, the following property, late the estate of Thomas Bradley, dec'd, viz:

A Certain Tract of Land,
situate in the said township of Clay, adjoining lands of George Hudson, Esq., and of Jonathan Miller, containing

One Hundred Acres,
more or less, with about seventy-five acres cleared thereon, six of which is the best quality of meadow. There is also a first rate ORCHARD of the best assorted fruit trees on the premises.

The improvements are a good TWO STORY DWELLING HOUSE and Double Barn. There is also a never-failing spring of water near to the Dwelling House.

The land is in a good state of cultivation, and affords all the advantages for any one wishing a good and eligible farm.

Terms—One third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale, one third in one year, and the balance in two years.

DANIEL TEAGUE, Adm'r
of Thomas Bradley, dec'd.

Feb. 9-1848.

PRIVATE SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale a tract of land situated in Tyrone township, Blair county, three miles from Tyrone Forges, containing One hundred and ten Acres, the principal part Limestone Land, in a high state of cultivation, with water in all the fields except one; a Fountain Pump at the barn, and running water at the house. The improvements are—Two Dwelling Houses, a good Bank Barn and Stable, a Cabinet Makers' Shop, Wagon House, Carriage House, Cider Mill, and other out-buildings, all substantial and in good repair. Also, a new Draw Kila for burning Lime.

There is also on this farm an Orchard of Two Hundred Apple Trees nearly all of the very best grafted fruit.

The Central Railroad will pass within three miles of the above property

JAMES E. STEWART.
Nov. 30, 1847-6m.

John W. Thompson,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WILLIAMSBURG, PA.,

Will attend to all legal business entrusted to him in Blair and Huntingdon counties.—Communications from a distance will receive the most prompt attention.

Feb. 6m.

THE REFEREE CASE. AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S STORY.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

The outlines of the following sketch were related to me, by an aged and honored member of a large family connexion; a man who possesses an almost inexhaustible fund of legendary lore, and whose most interesting anecdotes and most comic tales are but recollections of past scenes of which he can say, in the language of *Aeneas*, "quorum magna pars fui."

"Many years ago," said Mr. E—, "I happened to be one of the referees in a case which excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed. The plaintiff, who was captain of a merchant ship which traded principally with England and the West Indies, had married quite early in life with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to have been extremely beautiful, and no less lovely in character. After living with her in the most uninterrupted harmony for five years, during which time two daughters were added to his family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage, and when his youngest child was but three weeks old, sailed once more to the West Indies. His wife who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of her children and the hope of his return. But month after month passed away and he came not, nor did any letters, those insufficient but welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude. Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received of the absent husband; and, after long hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean.

Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her affliction, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment, in order to support her helpless children. Her needle was her only resource, and for ten years she labored early and late for the miserable pittance, which is ever grudgingly bestowed on the humble seamstress. A merchant of New York, in moderate but prospering circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and pleased with her gentle manners no less than her extreme beauty, endeavored to improve their acquaintance with friendship. After some months he offered her his hand, and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant, she found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries, such as she had never before possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage that wealth and affection could procure.—Fifteen years passed away; the daughters married, and by their step-father were furnished with every comfort, requisite in their new avocation of housekeepers. But they had scarcely quitted their roof, when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days' sickness, and from that time until the period of which I speak, the widower had resided with the youngest daughter.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of thirty years, during which time no tidings had been received from him, the first husband returned as suddenly as he had departed. He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period of time on the ocean, with only transient visits on shore while taking in or discharging cargo; having been careful, also, never to come home nearer than New Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards his family, no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation. There were strange rumors of slave-trading and piracy afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture rather than truth. Whatever might have been his motives for such conduct, he was certainly any thing but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claims. He had returned wealthy, and one of those mean reptiles of the law who are always to be found crawling about the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the second husband, assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife, whom death had already released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws was so manifest, that it was at length agreed by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

"It was on a bright and beautiful af-

ternoon in spring, that we first met to hear this singular case. The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the court room, and shed a halo around the long grey locks and broad forehead of the defendant; while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into still bolder relief, by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of his adversary. The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and had we not been better informed about the matter, our hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household goods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth. The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory. I had never before seen him, and shall certainly never forget my surprise at his appearance. Small in person but remarkably well-formed, with an eye as quick and brilliant as an eagle's, and a brow furrowed by care far more than time, he seemed a very different being from the arch-traitor and murderer I had been accustomed to consider him. His voice was one of the finest I ever heard, and the skill with which he modulated it, the variety of its tones, and the melody of its cadences, were inimitable. But there was one peculiarity about him, that reminded me of the depths of darkness which lay beneath that fair surface. You will smile when I tell you, that the only thing I disliked was his step. He glided rather than walked; his foot had that quiet, stealthy movement, which involuntarily makes one think of treachery, and in the course of a long life I have never met with a frank and honorable man to whom such was habitual.

Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin fingers to one of the pages directed the referees to read it while he retired for a moment to bring in the principal witness. We had scarcely finished the section which fully decided the matter in our minds, when Burr re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words, apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raising her veil, disclosed to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect as well as if it had happened yesterday, how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked in a cold, quiet tone—

"Do you know this lady?"

Answer—"I do."

Burr—"Will you swear to that?"

Answer—"I will; to the best of my knowledge and belief she is my daughter."

Burr—"Can you swear to her identity?"

Answer—"I can."

Burr—"What is her age?"

Answer—"She was thirty years of age on the twentieth day of April."

Burr—"When did you last see her?"

Answer—"At her own house a fortnight since?"

Burr—"When did you last see her previous to that meeting?"

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was, "On the fourteenth day of May, 17—"

"When she was just three weeks old," added Burr. "Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such, I think, she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea and returned only to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will paint the slow progress of her heart-sickness, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and, finally, the overwhelming agony which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself indeed a widow? Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife, and the bitterest scorn for the mean, pitiful wretch, who could thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish? We need not inquire into his motives for acting so base a part. Whether it was love of gain, licentiousness, or selfish indifference, it matters not; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern men. Let us ask the witness—she who now stands before us with the frank, fearless brow of a true-heart-

ed woman—let us ask her which of those two has been to her a father.

"Turning to the lady, in a tone whose sweetness in strange contrast with the scornful accent that had just characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollections of her early life. A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face as she replied,

"My first recollections are of a small, ill-furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother.—She used to carry out every Saturday evening the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following one. Saving that wearisome visit to her employer, and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She often spoke of our father, and of his anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she wept because we were so poor, for it sometimes happened that our only supper was a bit of dry bread, and she was accustomed to see by the light of the chips which she kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not afford to purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother contracted a second marriage, and the change to us was like a sudden entrance into Paradise. We found a home and a father." She paused.

"Would you excite my own child against me?" cried the plaintiff as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent.

"The eyes of the witness flashed fire as he spoke. "You are not my father," exclaimed she vehemently. "The law may deem you such, but I disclaim you utterly. What! call you my father!—you, who basely left your wife to toil, and your children to beggary? Never! never! Behold there my father," pointing to the agitated defendant, "there is the man who watched over my infancy—who was the sharer of my childish sports, and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is he who claims my affection, and shares my home; there is my father. For yonder selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties; let him seek elsewhere for the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare insult the ashes of my mother by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children!"

"She drew her veil hastily around her as she spoke, and giving her hand to Burr, moved as if to withdraw.

"Gentlemen," said Burr, "I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you; the voice of truth you have just heard from woman's pure lips; it is for you to decide according to the requisitions of nature and the decrees of justice."

"I need scarcely add that our decision was such as to overwhelm the plaintiff with well-merited shame."—*Brooklyn, L. I.*

Pat's Dream.

We have laughed heartily over the recital of a real Hibernian dream. Two sons of the green and glorious Isle met a day or two since, and thus colloquised:

"Good morning, Pat."

"Good morning, Dennis."

DENNIS—"How is it wid ye, Pat! ye seem in a quandary."

PAT—"Bedad, but it's right ye are, widout knowing it, for I'm in that same. It's a provoking drama, I've had."

DEN—"A drama, Patrick! was it a good or a bad one?"

PAT—"Bad luck, but it was a little of both; I dreamed I was with the Pope, who was as great a gentleman as any b'ye in the district; and he asked me would I drink? Thinks I, wid a duck swim; and seeing the Innishowin and the lemons, and the sugar on the side-board I tould him I didn't care if I tuk a wee drop of punch! Could or hot? asked the Pope. Hot, Your howliness, I replied; and he that he stepped down to the kitchen for bilin' wather, but before he got back I wuk straight up! and it's now distreshin me that I did not take my punch could."

"METHINKS," said Miss Smix, "I should not much fancy to marry a man who smoked segars. Still, I look with leniency upon single men who indulge thus, because, poor fellows, they think that's comfort. If I were in a marrying mood (and I hope I never shall be) I should ask my admirer, would he smoke against my wishes after marriage? Of course he would say, 'I will not!' If I were younger than I am now, I expect I would annex—with the Wil-not proviso!"

EDITORIAL WEALTH.—The conductor of a newspaper, somewhere, expresses it as his deliberate opinion, that "there is not an editor in the country who owns three shirts!"

THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD.—The universe burns with Deity. All nature seems vocal to declare a Great First Cause. The mighty sun as he pursues his never ending course, proclaims the greatness of an Invisible Being. The pale and silvery beams of the sister orb, as she scatters the gloom of night, seems to woo men to acknowledge this great truth. The countless hosts of stars, as they gem the heavens, like diamonds set in the coronet of darkness, all declare that their lamps were lit at the shrine of Divinity. The hoarse voices of the angry billows in their ceaseless rise and fall, murmur that they evidence the fact. The bone and muscle of every beast of the field, the waving of the wing of every bird of the air—the beauty of the smallest insect which floats in the breeze, attest the solemn truth. Every tree, every plant, every flower, alike witness the same fact. Every thing is indelibly stamped with the impress of Deity.

AN EXPENSIVE KISS.—The Bangor correspondent of the Boston Courier gives quite a facetious and graphic sketch of "love making in a stage coach. It seems that an armoured bachelor, some time since chanced to be thrown into the company of a "country lassie" in the Bangor and Exeter coach. The bachelor, imagining that the "omnipotent eye of public opinion" could not, in such a place, be upon him commenced taking such liberties with her as he fancied would be agreeable—such as kissing, hugging, &c. To his surprise and discomfort he was repulsed repeatedly until the attention of the driver was arrested. The girl or her father soon after commenced a civil action for damages for assault. This was tried before the District court, at its late term, holden in Bangor, a few weeks since. The defendant endeavored to show that his attentions were invited by the young lady, until the attention of the driver was attracted and his curiosity prompted him to look into the coach, when she undertook to play "the prude."—The jury which had a number of old bachelors upon it, could not be made believe that the young lady did thus demean her sex and rendered a verdict of \$3000 against the defendant. The correspondent adds "this is the way public opinion protects women from insult in this country." And knowing this, how seldom is it that a man, in his senses, dares, by a look, word, or gesture of intentional impertinence, to assail her. The "extract" of \$3000 will probably damp his ardor.

THE FOLLOWING ADVICE was imparted to the late ex-president Adams by his mother, in 1778, in a letter to him while he was in Europe.

"Great learning and superior abilities should you ever possess them, will be of little value unless virtue, honor, integrity, and truth, are cherished by you. Adhere to the rules and principles early instilled in your mind, and remember that you are responsible to your God.—Dear as you are to me, I would much rather prefer that you would find a grave in the ocean which you have crossed, than see you an immortal, graceless child."

A PERTINENT INQUIRY.—"May I not hope, sir," said Mr. John A. Rockwell, of Connecticut, in announcing the death of Senator Huntingdon, in the House of Representatives, "that these signals of our mortality may check somewhat the turbulence of angry passions, and lead us all to the adoption of such a course in the discussion and decision of the important questions before us, as will stand the test of that tribunal before which some of our number will probably appear during the session upon which we have entered."

THE PORTLAND ADVERTISER pungently observes, that the late speech of Mr. Stewart, of Pennsylvania, is "a complete and triumphant refutation of the long and visionary report of Mr. Walker, although Mr. Stewart didn't faint after making it."

GOOD ADVICE.—Don't pry into the secret affairs of others. It is none of your business how your neighbor gets along, and what his income or expectation may be, unless his arrangement affects you.—What right have you to say a word and protrude your advice? It is no mark of good taste, good breeding, nor good manners, to pry into the affairs of others. Remember this.

PRESIDENT POLK, meeting with a volunteer who had lost a limb at Churubusco, congratulated him very eloquently upon the glory he had acquired. "Glorious you were!" said the patriot—"I only wish I had my arm."

RENNING FOR AN OFFICE.—"Hallo there what's your hurry! where are you going?" "Going, I'm running for an office." "Running for an office! what office?" "Why a lawyer's office." "Blast it! I'm sued!"