

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XIII, NO. 15.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1848.

WHOLE NO. 637.

## Retailers of Merchandize.

Classification of Retailers of Merchandize in Huntingdon county, by the "Appraiser of Mercantile Taxes" for the year commencing the 1st day of May A. D. 1848, viz:

Class.	Amount
<i>Alexandria borough.</i>	
Bucher & Potter	12 50
Charles Porter	13 00
Moore & Swoope,	13 00
Henry C. Walker,	14 7 00
Michael Sissler,	14 7 00
<i>Birmingham.</i>	
James Clarke,	12 12 50
Spencer & Hammond,	14 7 00
<i>Barree township.</i>	
A. W. Graft, & Co.,*	13 15 00
John Cresswell,	13 10 00
James Gillam,	14 7 00
J. & J. Irvine & Co.,	13 10 00
<i>Cromwell township.</i>	
Blair & Madden,	13 10 00
Thos. E. Orbison, & co.,	13 10 00
Isett & Wigton,	13 10 00
David Etuire,	14 7 00
<i>Cass township.</i>	
Robert Speer,	14 7 00
James Henderson,	14 7 00
<i>Clay township.</i>	
E. B. Orbison & co.,	14 7 00
<i>Dublin township.</i>	
A. C. Blair & co.,	13 10 00
<i>Franklin township.</i>	
John S. Isett,	14 7 00
G. & J. H. Shoenberger,	12 12 50
Sherb, Stewart & co.,	12 12 50
Ingram & co.,	13 10 00
Isett & Harnish,	14 7 00
<i>Hopeville township.</i>	
James Entrekinn,*	12 18 75
<i>Brady township.</i>	
Milliken & Kessler,	12 12 50
Irvin, Green & co.,	13 10 00
W. & W. Buchanan,	14 7 00
<i>Huntingdon borough.</i>	
Fisher & McMurtrie,	12 12 50
J. & W. Saxton,	12 12 50
John N. Prowell,	12 12 50
Swoope & Africa,	14 7 00
B. E. & W. McMurtrie,	14 7 00
Thomas Read & Son,	12 12 50
William Dorris,	13 10 00
Dr. William Swoope,	13 10 00
William Stewart,*	14 10 50
T. K. Simonton,	14 7 00
George A. Steel,	14 7 00
Johnston & Long,	14 7 00
George Hartley,	14 7 00
Moses Strouse,	13 10 00
Mayer Lesberger,	14 7 00
Benjamin Snare,	14 7 00
<i>Jackson township.</i>	
Couch & Cummins,	14 7 00
Robert McBurney,	14 7 00
Mitchell & Vance,	14 7 00
<i>Morris township.</i>	
S. P. Wallace, & co.,	13 10 00
Geo. H. Steiner,	13 10 00
Irvine & Kessler,	14 7 00
<i>Porter township.</i>	
S. Hatfield & co.,	13 10 00
Jos. Green & co.,	13 10 00
<i>Petersburg borough.</i>	
A. & N. Cresswell,	13 10 00
John Porter & Son,	13 10 00
<i>Shirleysburg borough.</i>	
Allen O. Brown,	13 10 00
John Long & co.,	13 10 00
Henry Brewster,	13 10 00
John Lutz,*	14 10 50
David Fraker,	14 7 00
<i>Shirley township.</i>	
Samuel H. Bell,	13 10 00
<i>Pein township.</i>	
A. & E. Plummer,	13 10 00
<i>Springfield township.</i>	
Madden & Blair,	13 10 00
<i>Tell township.</i>	
A. C. Blair & Co.,	14 7 00
<i>Tod township.</i>	
Reuben Trexler's heirs,	13 10 00
Thomas Likely,	14 7 00
<i>Walker township.</i>	
James Campbell,*	13 15 00
Given & Orady,	13 10 00
<i>West township.</i>	
Cunningham & Myton,	13 10 00
Edwin P. Shoenberger,	13 10 00
<i>Warriorsburg township.</i>	
Benjamin F. Patton,	13 10 00
A. Stevens,	13 10 00

## SPRING MILLINERY GOODS.

John Stone & Sons, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN Silks, Ribbons and Millinery Goods, No. 45 South Second street, PHILADELPHIA.

Have received by the late arrivals from France, (chiefly of their own importation,) a new and very rich assortment of

### Spring Millinery Goods.

To which they will constantly be making additions. They have now in Store—Silks for evening bonnets, of all prices. Fancy Bonnet and Cap Ribbons, a beautiful assortment. Plain Mantua and Satin Ribbons, all widths. French and American Artificial Flowers, in great variety. Paris Chip Hats. Crapes, Crape Lisses. Fancy Bonnet and Cap Nets. Trimming Laces, Face Trimmings. Buckrams, Willow, Crowns, Tips, &c. &c. And all articles needed for the Millinery Trade. The attention of Merchants and Milliners visiting the city is particularly requested to our stock, as it will be found far more extensive than that of any other house in our line, and the prices more moderate. march 21-1848.

JAS. PEROT, C. J. HOFFMAN, SANSON PEROT.

Perot, Hoffman & Co. Forwarding and General Commission merchants, No. 41 North Wharves and 83 North Water Street, PHILADELPHIA.

Are prepared to receive and forward Goods to all points on the Juniata, with promptness and despatch, at as low rates of freight as any other House. Plaster and salt constantly on hand, for sale at the lowest market rates. Liberal advances made on Produce. References—Dutith & Humphreys, Franklin Platt & Co., Lea, Bunker & Co., Barclay & Kennedy, Philadelphia; Robert Thompson, Thompsonstown; R. C. Gallaher, Millintown; J. & J. Milliken, F. McCoy and O. P. Duncan, Lewistown; Lloyd & Graft, Hollidaysburg; John Porter, Alexandria; Irvin, Green & Co., Mill Creek. march 21-1848.

## Spring Fashion of Hats at THE GREAT CENTRAL GUILD HAT AND CAP STORE,

No. 284 Market Street, Ninth door above Eighth Street, South side, PHILADELPHIA.

THE subscriber takes this method to return his thanks to the people of the county of Huntingdon for the very liberal share of patronage which they have extended towards him for the last few months, and would call their attention to the fact that he has now introduced his SPRING FASHION OF GENTLEMEN'S HATS, which for beauty, neatness and durability, cannot be excelled by any other establishment in this city. This stock comprises the BRAVER, NETTIE, BRUSH, RUSSIA, SILK and MOLE SKIN HATS of all styles and qualities, together with a very large assortment of CLOTH, VELVET, PLUSH, FUR and GLAZED CAPS. Country Merchants and others are respectfully invited to examine the stock, which they will find it their advantage to do before purchasing, as it is his determination, having adopted the cash system, to sell for Cash only, and at the lowest prices.

JOHN FAREIRA, Jr. 284 Market street, south side, above Eighth.

## Cheapest in the World!

Steam Refined Sugar Candies, 12 1/2 cts per pound, Wholesale.

J. RICHARDSON, No. 42 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA, takes pleasure in informing the public that he still continues to sell his very Superior Steam Refined Candy at the low price of \$12.50 per 100 pounds, and the quality is equal to any manufactured in the United States. He also offers all kinds of goods in the Confectionary and Fruit line at corresponding low prices, as quick sales and small profits are the order of the day.

Call or send your orders, and you cannot fail to be satisfied. Don't forget the number, 42 Market Street, Philadelphia. J. J. RICHARDSON. march 7-18-48.

## WEAVING & DYEING.

THE subscriber, residing two miles east of Shirleysburg, in the shop formerly occupied by David Long, wishes to inform the public that he will carry on the

### Coverlet Weaving

in all its various branches. Also—Carpeting, Girthing & Ingrain. Also, Dye every variety of shades of colour. Having served a term of six years with said Long, he assures the public that he understands the above business, and by strict attention he hopes to merit a liberal share of public patronage. For the accommodation of customers, work will be taken in at Fisher and McMurtrie's Store, Huntingdon; at Kessler's Store, Mill Creek; at Jacob Eby's, Path Valley. mh7-3m.] WM. KEEFER.

## Administrators' Notice.

Estate of Esther Clarke, late of the borough of Huntingdon, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of said dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same, to present them, duly authenticated, for settlement to

ANNIE C. CLARKE, Adm'r. ARTHUR H. CLARKE Adm'r.

## POETICAL.

### Ages of Life.

BY CAMPBELL.

The more we live, more brief appear Our life's succeeding stages, A day to childhood seems a year, And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth, Ere passion yet disorders, Seals lingering like a river smooth, Along its grassy borders.

When joys have lost their bloom and breath, And life itself is rapid, Why, as we near the falls of Death, Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange, yet who would change Time's course to slower speeding, When one by one our friends have gone, And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength Indemnifying sweetness; And those of youth a seeming length, Proportioned to their sweetness.

### Memory.

As o'er the past sad memory strays, What blissful hours I view; And as I view, I ask in vain, Sweet hours, where are you?

In the gay morning of my life, Bright were the flowers that grew Around my gleaming, gladsome path, But ah! I've plucked but few.

They shone as meteors in the sky, Or as the shooting star, That gives a momentary light, Then flies to worlds afar.

So the fair promise of my youth, So the sweet light it gave, It brightly shone above my head, Then sank beneath the wave

Of time's resistless onward course, Whose ebbing, flowing tide, As seasons alternate the same, Where hope has lived and died.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### LETTER FROM HON. JAMES COOPER.

The following letter, from Hon. James Cooper, will be read with interest: Rome, February 5, 1848.

DEAR SIR:—Pursuant to the promise I made you on leaving home, I am about to address you a few lines, which will derive most of their value from the fact that they were penned within a stone's throw of the Forum of old Rome. I have been four or five days in this city, so full of the monuments of past ages, speaking of times and things and men, all which they have outlived. The Coliseum is standing where its founder placed it, still almost entire; and hard by it, is the fountain in which the gladiators who survived the combat in which they were engaged, washed the wounds which they had received. In the midst of the modern city stands the Pantheon, in a state of preservation which is wonderful, when it is recollected that it was built several centuries before the Christian Era. The gables have been removed from the niches which they occupied, to the galleries of modern Rome, where they stand as monuments of ancient genius in the art of sculpture. The column erected to Titus for his victory over the Jews, as well as the triumphal arch through which he made his entry into Rome, is still entire with its bas relief, representing the assault upon the city of Jerusalem; and some of the trophies which he carried away with him, especially the seven candlesticks and the golden table of the sanctuary. The arch of Drusus is also still standing, as perfect as the day it was built. It spans the great Appian Way, which, like the arch, attests the solidity of the workmanship of the ancients. This Way is still in repair, and constitutes for about twenty miles the present road to Capua and Naples. Along this great road was the burial place of many of the distinguished Romans. Not far from the city, by the side of it, are the tombs of the Scipios and the Cornelii.

But a description of the ruins of Rome, such as I could give you in a letter of ordinary length, would afford you but little satisfaction. If we should both live to meet, I will some day give you a description which will be more extended and more satisfactory. I will therefore devote the balance of my sheet to a description of things that are more modern, and scarcely of less interest.

In architecture, Rome, in some respects, exceeds all the rest of the world. St. Peter's is a wonder of architectural skill. Its dimensions, as a whole, are greater than any other building in the world; but, notwithstanding this, you are not at all struck with either its extent, superficially, or its height, when approaching it. There is such a harmony in the proportion of every thing, that you are deceived in regard to the vastness of the edifice. I will mention one fact in illustration of this. On entering the church, near the altar you see a cherub on either hand, which appears to be the size of an infant, two or

three months old. As you approach you remain deceived as to the size, until you come to examine them closely, when you discover that they are gigantic marble statues, much larger than the largest sized men. In looking at the vast ceilings, you wonder how such arches ever were sprung, and almost feel that the genius and power which was sufficient for such a purpose might have built the vault of heaven itself.—Every new view of St. Peter's increases the awe with which you behold it. The men at work upon its cupola look, from the ground, like flies creeping about upon it. But you have seen better descriptions of this world renowned edifice than I can give you.

Many of the galleries of Rome are filled with paintings and sculpture of the great old masters. At the capitol are two or three of the most renowned works of art, extant in the world. The *Belvudere Appollo*, a statue by Phidias, is the second, if not the first, statue in the world. In the judgment of most persons, the *Venus de Medici*, at Florence, by Cleomenes or Praxiteles, (it is not ascertained which,) is regarded as the *chef d'oeuvre* of sculpture. This is my opinion, though I pretend to but little skill in such matters. But without entering into the controversy which amateurs wage on the subject, it is enough to say, that it is astonishing how the chisel should ever have imparted to the shapeless block of marble, such perfection of form, such inimitable expression and life-like appearance as these statues possess. In looking at the *Venus*, in the Ducal Gallery, at Florence, you can almost fancy that you see her breathe, that you see her becoming animated with thought and life. Another of the great wonders of art at Rome, is the *Dying Gladiator*, executed likewise in marble. Here again you stand, astonished at the power which genius possesses to make even the cold stone speak. In the countenance of the dying gladiator, you see depicted the unshaken courage which carried him through the combat; but you see likewise the bitter grief which rings his heart, as his last thoughts turn upon his wife and children, who are far away in the forests of the north, from which he was himself torn by his cruel conquerors. I cannot now particularize all the works of excellence of this sort which Rome contains. She is regarded as the richest city in the world in statuary; while Florence is regarded the richest in Paintings. At Florence are collected the master pieces of the most eminent painters that ever lived. There Raphael, the greatest of them all, is represented by his *Madona Della Seggiola*; Titian by his *Madeline*; Guido by his *Lucretia*; Carlo Dolce by his *Madeline*; Andrea Del Sarto by his *Holy Family*; Domenichino by his *Annunciation*; Sasa Ferato by his *Virgin*, &c., &c. Previously to my visit to Florence, I cared but little about paintings; but when I saw the *Madona Della Seggiola* of Raphael, and the *Madelines* of Titian and Carlo Dolce, I found there was a latent spark of enthusiasm in my heart which only wanted kindling to become a flame.

You know that I am not able to expend money upon the fine arts; but I could not leave Florence without purchasing copies of the great masterpieces of Raphael, Carlo Dolce, Guercino, Sasa Ferato, &c. I have shipped them to Boston, where they will probably arrive before I leave Italy. I shall remain at Rome until after the Carnival, which will be the middle of March. I will then proceed to Milan, Venice, and across to Trieste, and go thence to Paris by the way of Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, Göttingen, &c. I will probably remain in Paris until the middle of May, when I will cross over to England, pay a short visit to Ireland and Scotland, and embark for my own country about the last of May. I need not assure you that I will be rejoiced to take my friends, who have always been so kind to me, by the hand once more. I have seen Pope Pius; he is a good man, disposed to do everything he can for the happiness of his people. But he has many difficulties in his way. The nobility and clergy are opposed to reform. But Italy is all alive with the spirit of freedom, which cannot be repressed. I was in Naples during the revolution, and saw all the war, which resulted in the grant of a constitution by the King to the people.

Your friend, truly, JAMES COOPER.

Hon. Geo. Smyser, Gettysburg, Pa.

### A Gentle Reproof.

One day Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine codfish, and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking it was prescribed, the good woman well knew that, whether she boiled it or made it into chowder, her

husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it several different ways.—She also, with some difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with frowning, fault finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet anything you have spoiled it for my eating. (Taking off the cover.) I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing.—You know better—I never loved fried fish—why did you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some, also."

So saying she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of a cod, nicely boiled, was neatly deposited in a dish, a sight of which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish, this, exclaimed he. "Boiled fish, chips and porridge. If you had not been one of the most stupid of women kind, you would have made it in a chowder."

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you—there is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed," grumbled the discontented husband. "I dare say it is an unpalatable, wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large BULL FROG, of portentous dimensions, and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length. Zachariah sprung from his chair not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right, and that he was wrong; and declared that she should never have occasion to read him such another lesson; and he was as good as his word.

### The Course of Love.

The course of true love never did run smooth, said Master Shakspeare several years ago, and in his day it was the truth. But the truth now is, that the course of true love runs just about as it pleases. Witness the two examples following:

The staid and demure citizens of our little sister city across the river, Brooklyne, have been in a high state of excitement for some days past, in consequence of one of those strange occurrences which makes us sometimes exclaim, that fact is stranger than fiction. One of the wealthiest and most fashionable men of that city had been appointed guardian for his niece, an heiress to a very large amount of property, and a most beautiful and accomplished girl.

The guardian has lately at intervals, received anonymous letters, in different handwritings, intimating in a delicate way, that the sooner he discharged from his service a coachman whom he had in his employ, the more it would be to the peace of his family, and ultimately to his benefit. At first he paid no attention to these letters, but so many of them were directed to him, that, lest the misgivings of his friends, for the tone of the letters showed that they were his friends, might turn out true, and be realized, he determined upon discharging his coachman and hiring another in his place.

He accordingly called him into his study, inquired how much he was in his debt, and being informed of the amount, he paid it and told him he did not wish his services any longer. The announcement took the coachman by surprise.—He regretted very much being discharged, hoped and believed he had done his duty faithfully, and would continue to exert himself to give satisfaction, if the gentleman would continue him in his employ. The gentleman was well pleased with his coachman, had no fault to find with him, but he desired to make

a change and could not think of keeping him any longer.

The coachman, seeing that his employer was determined on discharging him, made no further effort to alter his determination, but said he hoped his employer would allow him to take his wife with him. He said he certainly had no objection, and it was a strange request to ask from him. It was the first time, however, that he heard he was married. "Oh yes," replied the coachman, "I have been married these six months to your niece."

The uncle was horror struck—he raved and he pranced more like a maniac than a sane man. Finally, he got cool—made inquiries in relation to the matter, and from the lips of his own niece learned the truth of his coachman's story.

The above is related in a recent letter of the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer. The following—if not quite so romantic, a little more extraordinary—is from the New York Tribune.

A gentleman residing in a Southern State, was a regular correspondent of a certain periodical in New York, which periodical was chiefly edited by the daughter of the proprietor. In process of time the gentleman and lady alluded to became pretty well acquainted with each other, and corresponded in a friendly manner. The former, to make a long story short, fell in love with the as yet unseen lady, and offered her his hand in marriage. After mature deliberation, the love was accepted. His next step was to visit New York where he kept himself out of the way of his intended wife; though both were making arrangements for their union. The day was fixed, also the hour, and the friends of the lady were assembled in her father's mansion, and she was ready to become a bride. At this stage of the proceedings a gentleman made his appearance, heralded by his card. He was recognized as the future son-in-law and husband, and was warmly welcomed by all present, the lady in the meanwhile standing among her friends completely veiled. The clergyman now stepped forward, and the marriage ceremony was performed; then it was that the husband first fixed his eyes upon the eyes and countenance of his wife.

### I'm too Busy.

A MERCHANT sat at his office desk; various letters were spread before him; his whole being was absorbed in the intricacies of his business.

A zealous friend of mankind entered the office. "I want to interest you a little in a new effort for the temperance cause," said the good man.

The merchant cut him off by replying: "Sir you must excuse me, but really I'm too busy to attend to that subject now."

"But, sir, temperance is on the increase among us," said his friend.

"Is it! I'm sorry, but I'm too busy at present to do anything."

"When shall I call again, sir?"

"I cannot tell, I'm very busy. I'm busy every day. Excuse me, sir. I wish you a good morning." Then bowing the intruder out of the office, he resumed the study of his papers.

The merchant had frequently repulsed the friends of humanity in this manner. No matter what was their object, he was always too busy to listen to their claims. He had even told his minister that he was too busy for anything but to make money.

But one morning a disagreeable stranger stepped very softly to his side, laying a cold moist hand upon his brow, and saying "go home with me."

The merchant laid down his pen; his head grew dizzy; his stomach felt faint and sick; he left the counting room; went home and retired to his bed chamber.

His unwelcome visitor had followed him, and now took his place by the bed side, whispering ever and anon, "you must go with me."

A cold child settled on the merchant's heart; dim spectres of ships, notes, houses and lands, flitted before his excited mind. Still his pulse beat slower, his heart moved heavily, thick films gathered over his eyes, and his tongue refused to speak! Then the merchant knew that the name of his visitor was Death!

All other claimants on his attention, except the friends of Mammon, had always found a quick dismissal in the magic phrase, "I'm too busy." Humanity, Mercy, Religion, had alike begged his influence, means and attention in vain. But when death came, the excuse was powerless; he was compelled to have leisure to die.

Let us beware how we make ourselves too busy to secure life's great end. When the excuse rises to our lips, and we are about to say we are too busy to do good, let us remember we cannot be too busy to die.