

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XIII, NO. 20.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, MAY 16, 1848.

WHOLE NO. 642.

R. C. MCGILL, Wm. GRAFIUS.

The Alexandria FOUNDRY

HAS been leased by the subscribers, who are prepared to execute castings of all descriptions in superior style (one of them being a practical moulder of long experience) and on the lowest and most accommodating terms.

Castings for Forges, Rolling Mills, Water pipes, Grist and Saw Mills, Threshing Machines, and all other kinds of machinery which may be ordered will be furnished on the shortest notice.

Stoves of various sizes will be constantly kept on hand for both wood and coal. We have lately procured a

Cooking Stove

of two different sizes, which for convenience and excellence they will warrant to surpass the celebrated "Queen of the West" and "Hawthorn" stoves, the former of which we are also prepared to supply. Also, Coal Cooking Stoves, Parlor and Chamber stoves of the most elegant patterns.

Hollow Ware,

Such as Pots, Wash Kettles, &c. Ploughs of such variety that all may be suited. Carriage and Wagon boxes from the smallest to the largest, sled and sleigh soles, and in fine any and everything in our line of business can be had immediately, or at the shortest notice.

Old metal and country produce taken in exchange. ap11-tf.] MCGILL & GRAFIUS.

Grand Exhibition!

AT THE CHEAP

CLOTHING STORE.

THE public are informed that the subscriber has just received from the East a very large and splendid assortment of **MEN'S & YOUTH'S** clothing, which he offers for sale at the very lowest prices. Among the stock will be found super fine, black, blue, brown and olive, dress and frock coats; also, alpaca, cashmere, tweed, linen and cotton frock, dress and sack coats; also, a first rate article of oil cloth coats; also every variety of pants, vests, drawers and woolen a d cotton undershirts; pleated linen breasted shirts; gingham, check and striped and plain cotton shirts; linen collars and braces; gloves, hosiery and suspenders; also, an elegant variety of cravats and stocks. Also, a general assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES,

of all sizes; new style of fancy **HATS & CAPS**, leghorn, chip &c.; umbrellas of every variety; in short, a full stock of any quality, price, order or color can be had at his stand in the corner room of "SARAS' ROW" opposite Whitaker's hotel.

N. B. The public will bear in mind that I have the largest and best assortment in Huntingdon, all of which is warranted to be well made and fashionably cut. Call and judge for yourselves before purchasing elsewhere. ap11-3m] BENJAMIN SNARE.

Five Dollars Reward.

Information is wanted by the subscriber of a **Box of Books**, directed G. Miner Hills Huntingdon, Pa., care of Funk and Miller, Harrisburg, and some other writing on the box. Said box was lost or misdirected between the 17th day of May and the beginning of June last. Any information concerning said box can be given to J. & W. Saxton, Huntingdon who will pay the reward upon the delivery of the box and books. G. HILLS, Lancaster, Pa.

may 2, 1848-3*

Executors' Notice.

Estate of Adon Lightner, late of Barre township, Huntingdon county, dec'd. NOTICE is hereby given that Letters Testamentary on the last Will and Testament of said dec'd have been granted to the undersigned. Therefore, all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same are requested to present them duly authenticated for settlement to

HENRY LIGHTNER, ADAM LIGHTNER, Jr.

ap17-6*

HERMAN STUMP,

AT STAFFORD MILLS,

6 miles above Havre de Grace,

Will at all times purchase Wheat at a price within two cents of Philadelphia Market.

Owners and Boatmen are invited to call. Plaster may be had at the Mill. april 25, 1848.

MACKEREL,

SHAD, SALMON,

HERRINGS, PORK, HAMS, SIDES,

SHOULDERS, LARD & CHEESE,

constantly on hand and for sale by

J. PALMER & CO.,

Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

Estate of John Carmon, late of Barre township, Huntingdon county, dec'd. LETTERS of administration (with the will annexed) having been granted to the undersigned on said estate, all persons having claims against the same are requested to present them for settlement, and those indebted are requested to make immediate payment to

ALEX. CARMON, Adm'r.

ap11-6t.

A. W. Benedict,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Huntingdon, Pa.—Office at his old residence in Main street, a few doors west of the old Court House. He will attend to any business entrusted to him in the several Counties of Huntingdon and adjoining counties.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY virtue of several writs of *Venditioni Expositis*, now in my hands, I will sell on the premises, in Barre township, on Saturday, the 3d day of June next, at two o'clock, P. M., at public vendue or outcry, the following described real estate, viz:

A certain tract of land situate in the township of Stone Creek, containing about 200 acres; adjoining lands of Abraham Zook, Philip Sikkitter, John McEhan and others—having thereon erected a saw mill, and a small log dwelling house and log barn.

Said, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Charles C. Ash.

ALSO:

On Tuesday, 6th day of June, on the premises in Warrior-mark Town, in the county of Huntingdon, a certain lot of ground, adjoining Lindley Hood, on the North, Azariah Sackets on the East, fronting on Main Street 44 feet and running back 165 feet to an alley on the West,—having thereon erected a two story frame house and frame stable. ALSO, a certain lot of ground, adjoining lands of William Thompson on the North-west and Richard Wells on the South-west, fronting on the great road leading to Huntingdon Furnace. Said, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Samuel Muthersbaugh.

ALSO:

On Friday, the 2nd day of June next, on the premises, in Jackson town ship, Huntingdon co.; all that certain hewed log house and a stone foundation, and cellar under it, 28 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 15 feet high to the square, situated and erected on a certain plantation or farm in the township of Jackson, in the county of Huntingdon, adjoining lands of Cornelius Davis, Josiah Ball, Rawle and Hall and John Zook.

Said, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John Mash.

MATTHEW CROWNOVER, Sheriff.

Sherrif's Office, Huntingdon, May 8, 1848.

Orphan's Court Sale.

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

FRIDAY, 2nd OF JUNE,

at 11 o'clock on said day, the following described real estate, late the property of Josiah Ball, deceased, viz:

A certain tract, piece, or parcel of land, situate in Jackson township, Huntingdon county, adjoining lands of John Barr, Hugh Alexander, Cornelius Davis, deceased, and Hall & Rawle, containing upwards of

200 ACRES.

a large quantity of which is cleared, and under a state of cultivation. There is a fine Orchard of excellent fruit, a two story dwelling house, and small barn on the same. There is also a tenant house on the premises suitable for a small family.

TERMS.—One third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale—one third in a year thereafter with interest, and the balance at the death of Nancy Ball widow of the deceased, to be secured by the judgment note 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.

MATTHEW CROWNOVER, Trustee.

May 9, 1848.

AGUE MEDICINE!

DR. OSGOOD'S

INDIA CHOLAGOGUE,

for the cure of

Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb

Ague, Intermittent & Remittent Fevers,

Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Enlargement

of the Liver, Enlargement of the Spleen,

and all the various

forms of Bilious Diseases.

This invaluable medicine was prepared from an

extensive practice of several years in a bilious

climate, and is NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL of curing

Fever and Ague, or any of the diseases above

named.

Those who are suffering from affections of this

kind, as also those who have become invalids from

their effects upon the constitution, will find the

INDIA CHOLAGOGUE a most invaluable remedy

for purifying the blood, and thoroughly cleansing

from the system the morbid effects of a bilious

climate.

The wonderful operation of the Cholagogue in

eradicating bile from the human system, can only

explain its extraordinary agency in the speedy,

through and permanent cure of fever and ague,

and the various grades of intermittent and remit-

tent fevers.

It is equally effectual for the cure of Liver com-

plaint, Jaundice, Enlargement of the Liver; also

Enlargement of the Spleen, called *Ague Cake*, and

the various forms of bilious Indigestion. These,

with the other varied affections of such climates

arising from a common miasmatic cause, are only

modifications of the same disease, and equally

controlled by the same remedy.

Certificates without number could be given of

the efficacy of this medicine in curing the above

mentioned diseases, but are not do med necessary,

as a simple trial of it by the afflicted will fully at-

test its virtues.

Price \$1.50 per bottle.

AGENTS.—THOS READ & SON, Hunting-

don; G. H. Steiner, Waterstreet; Moore & Swoppe,

Alexandria; J. Milliken & Co., Mill Creek.

May 2, 1848-tf.

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of administration on the estate of

J. Alex. Owen, Esq., late of the borough of

Huntingdon, dec'd, having been granted to the

undersigned, he hereby gives notice to all persons

indebted to said dec'd, to come forward and make

payment, and to all persons having demands

against the same to present them properly authen-

ticated, without delay. WM. P. ORRISON,

Administrator.

april 23-6t.]

POETICAL.

The Child and the Angels.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The Sabbath sun was setting low,
Amidst the clouds of even,
"Our Father"—breathed a voice below—
"Father who art in heaven!"

Beyond the earth—beyond the cloud—
Those infant words were given;
"Our Father," angels sang aloud—
"Father who art in heaven!"

"Thy kingdom come"—still from the ground
That childlike voice did pray;
"Thy kingdom come"—God's hosts resound
Far up the starry way.

"Thy will be done"—with little tongue,
That lisping love implores,
"Thy will be done"—the angelic throng—
Sing from the ethereal shores.

"For ever"—still those lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer;
"For ever"—floats in music sweet—
High 'midst the angels there!

Thine be the glory evermore,
From Thee may man ne'er sever,
But every Christian land adore—
Jehovah!—God!—for ever!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Affairs in England and Ireland.

(Foreign Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.)
London, April 21 1848.

Revolutionary Europe is, for the moment, comparatively quiet. After the hurricane, that so unceremoniously leveled thrones and changed empires, there is a temporary calm, but every day produces some event of deep interest.

In England and Ireland no revolution has, as yet, happened; the people are however, silently at work, and their labor will, by and by produce a change. You will not come to this conclusion by reading the English Journals. During a residence of eight years in London I have never been so utterly astonished at the ignorance of the British journalists as to the present social state of Great Britain. They represent everything in the brightest colors, and would make it appear that England never stood firmer—that the government was never so strong as it is now. Foreign countries are greatly deceived by the English journals.

In England and Ireland there is a strong power at work, in the hearts and hands of the people, that will soon show itself in deeds, not words.—Yet the journals boast of the strength of the government and the throne.

In England and in Ireland the people—that is the middle and working classes—are treated with contempt by the Government and its organs, and the people not only know it, but feel it, and they have resolved to talk and petition no longer. They are now at work; they are arming, and a day will soon come when they will show their weapons and use them unless the Government, alarmed at this powerful opposition, grants great reform. But the Government distinctly says, that it will not do so. It will neither listen to the voice of the people of England, nor to the cry of Repeal in Ireland. The result will be a Revolution, an outbreak in Ireland, when hundreds will be hot down, but thousands will take their places. Riots will follow in England, and in London 200,000 poor and suffering men will rise up and demand their rights, or overthrow the Government. I speak not of O'Connor's nor O'Connell's—of Chartists nor Repealers. The people of all creeds will accomplish all. Therefore do not place confidence in the triumphant tone of the Government organs, for they are totally blind to passing events immediately before them.

Parliament has adjourned till the 1st of May, and it would be difficult to discover any measure of general advantage to the country that has been carried out during the session thus far elapsed. Many fine promises were made but none have been fulfilled, and it is the same throughout every session. This is the cause of the present dissatisfaction, not only among the much abused Chartists, but among the middle classes. One subject in which our country is interested deserves attention. It was stated in the beginning of the session that the Navigation Law, would be considered at an early day and yet up to the present time nothing whatever has been done. The *Morning Chronicle*, alluding to a remarkable correspondence" that had taken place between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Bancroft, on this subject remarks that "in a liberal and enlightened spirit the American Government had proposed the mutual removal of existing restrictions on international commerce, which, in their opinion, had done no good to either country, and to abrogate which would, they considered, at once set free dormant commercial wealth, without injuring any one."—The advantages of closing with such an overture was sufficiently obvious, and it failed not to meet a warm

response from Lord Palmerston. Yet, exclaims the *Chronicle*, nothing whatever has been done!

It is the same with all measures of utility. They are either kept in the back ground, or, if brought forward, they are discussed for a short time, and then postponed to the end of the session and lost. This, then, is the great reason why parliamentary reform is so loudly called for. The people are unrepresented in Parliament.

Some of the leading organs have recently changed their tone and call for reforms. The *Tory Morning Herald* says, "The people of England are positively pining for a vigorous and manly Government." "We believe that gradual and wholesome reforms are demanded by the condition of Society in which we find ourselves, and cannot be safely put off."

The Chartists in every part of the kingdom are holding meetings and urging the importance of arming at once. News has reached London to-day from Scotland, stating that the Chartists are openly arming—that in Aberdeen they have formed a "National Guard," and that the gun manufacturers of Birmingham have agreed to supply the Chartists with any quantity of guns and bayonets at 12s. 6d. each, or about three dollars! As this day is "Good Friday," the opportunity is taken to hold simultaneous meetings throughout Great Britain, and Monday next "monster meetings" will be held by the Chartists in all the large towns.

The National Convention of Chartists in London has adjourned for a short period. The interval will be occupied in organizing a "National Guard" and collecting funds for purchasing muskets! The people of Ireland are arming and arming rapidly, while loyal speeches are made to Lord Clarendon, and he answers them through the Newspapers. The *London Morning Herald* says that his long letters are "very silly," and that he ought to be allowed to exercise his discretion at the present critical moment for "the Irish are arming fast, are determined to rebel, and the Government that looks on as guilty as the leaders who incite."

In every tavern drilling and firing at targets is the order of the day. The Government has already arrested several parties and intends to arrest every person who either fires at a target or attends drills. But this measure will not now do any good. "It is too late!"—The whole people have got their formidable pikes and are ready to use them the moment the word is given for the barricades!

The O'Connell's are becoming very unpopular, because they do not fraternize with the confederates. At a recent meeting they threatened to emigrate to America, and there reside in humble retirement, and be free from British domination. They were resolved to do this if blood were shed in Ireland by the people. John O'Connell said that if they followed "rash, hot headed enthusiasts," he would go to America, and he would not leave his father's ashes behind him! If he went those ashes should go with him!

The number of confederates rapidly increases, and the speeches of the leaders are just as violent as ever.

Adams and Napoleon—A Contrast.

BY WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Only two years after the birth of John Quincy Adams, there appeared on an Island in the Mediterranean Sea, a Human Spirit newly born, endowed with equal genius, without the regulating qualities of Justice and Benevolence which Adams possessed in such an eminent degree. A like career opened to both: Born like Adams, a subject of a King—the child of moral genius skies like him, became in early life a patriot and a citizen of a new and great Republic. Like Adams he lent his service to the State in precious youth, and in its hour of need, and won its confidence. But unlike Adams he could not wait the dull delays of slow and laborious, but sure advancement. He sought power by the hasty road that leads through fields of carnage, and he became like Adams, a supreme Magistrate, a Consul.

But there were other Consuls. He was not content. He thrust them aside and was Consul alone. Consular power was too short. He fought new battles, and was consul for life. But Power, confessedly derived from the People, must be exercised in obedience to their will, and must be resigned to them again at least in death. He was not content. He desolated Europe afresh, subverted the Republic, imprisoned the Patriarch who presided over Rome's comprehensive See, and obliged him to pour on his head the sacred oil that made the persons of kings divine, and their right to

reign indefeasible; he was an Emperor. But he saw around him a mother, brothers and sisters not ennobled whose humble state reminded him and the world that he was born a Plebeian and he had no heir to wait impatient for the imperial crown. He scourged the earth again Fortune smiled on him even in his wild extravagance. He bestowed Kingdoms and Principalities on his kindred—put away the devoted wife of his youthful days and another, daughter of Habsburgs imperial house, joyfully accepted his proud alliance. Olspring gladdened his anxious sight, a diadem was placed on his brow, and it received the homage of prince even in its cradle. Now he was indeed a Monarch—a legitimate Monarch—a monarch by divine appointment—the first of an endless succession of monarchs. But there were other Monarchs who held sway in the earth. He was not content. He would reign with his kindred alone. He gathered new and greater armies from his own land—from subjugated lands. He called forth the young and brave, one from every household—from the Pyrenees to the Zuyder Zee—from Jaura to the Ocean. He marshalled them into long and majestic columns and went forth to seize that universal Dominion which seemed within his grasp. But Ambition had tempted fortune too far. The nations of the earth resisted, rebelled, pursued, surrounded him, the pageant was ended. The Crown fell from his presumptuous head. The wife who had wedded him in his pride, forsook him in the hour when fear came upon him. His child was ravished from his sight. His kinsmen were degraded to their first estate, and he was no longer Emperor, nor Consul, nor General, nor even a citizen, but an exile and a prisoner, on a lonely island, in the midst of the wild Atlantic. Discontent attended him there. The wayward man fretted out a few long years of his yet unbroken manhood looking off at the earliest dawn and in the evening's latest twilight, toward that distant world that had only just eluded his grasp.

His heart corroded. Death came not unlooked for, though it came even then unwelcome. He was stretched on his bed within the fort which constituted his prison. A few last unfaithful friends stood around with the guards who rejoiced that the hour of relief from long and wearied watching was at hand. As his strength wasted away, delirium stirred up the brain from its long and englorious inactivity. The patient for Ambition returned. He was again a Lieutenant, a General, a Consul, an Emperor of France. He filled again the throne of Charlemagne. His kindred pressed around him, again reinvested with the pompous pageantry of Royalty. The daughter of the long line of Kings again stood proudly by his side, and the sunny face of his child shone out from beneath the diadem that encircled its flowing locks. The Marshals of the Empire awaited his command. The legions of the Old Guard were in the field, and their scarred faces rejuvenated, and their ranks, thinned in many battles, replenished Russia, Prussia, Austria, Denmark and England, gathered their mighty hosts to give him battle. Once more he mounted his impatient charger and rushed forth to conquest.

He waved his sword aloft and cried "TERE D'ARMEE." The feverish vision broke, the mockery was ended. The silver cord was loosed, and the warrior fell back upon his bed a lifeless corpse. This was the END OF EARTH. THE COSMICAN WAS NOT CONTENT.

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hot foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French revolution. Pursued by the blood-hounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power. Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was going a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his bread by daily labor.

"Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of his hotel—"I am bound to cross the water, and would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment and then replied:

"There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether an American or an Englishman I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who in his life was Bishop, Prince and Prime Minister—ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of the dimly lighted room, sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes looking

from beneath the downcast brows, gazing in Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching impression. His face was striking in its outline; the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will.

His form, vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated he was a fugitive and under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind feeling offices.

He poured forth his history in elegant French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or hope. You are an American? Give me then, I beseech you, a letter of your's so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner—the scenes of Paris have filled me with such horror, that a life of labor would be a Paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends. A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends.

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber, his head still downcast, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning:

"I am the only man born in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say—I have not one friend—not one—in all America!"

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of that look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you," he cried, as the strange man retreated towards the next room. "Your name?"

"My name,—with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"My name is *Benedict Arnold*."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank into a chair, gasping the words—"Arnold the Traitor!"

Thus you see he wandered over the earth, another Cain with a murderer's mark upon his brow.—Even in the secluded room at that time at Havre, his crime found him out, and forced him to tell his name—that name the synonyme of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud; from whose darkness but a few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history.

The manner of his death is not distinctly known. But we cannot doubt that he died utterly friendless—that his cold brow was not moistened with one farewell tear.—That remorse pursued him to the grave whispering John André! in his ears, and that the memory of his course of glory gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring forever, "True to your country, what might you have been G. Arnold the traitor?"

Who shall depict the closing scene of this wild drama! With a trembling hand and hushed breath we drop the curtain and turn away from the death bed of Benedict Arnold.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

The following beautiful Arabian legend we copy from the "Voice of Jacob":—

The site occupied by the temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field possessed in common by two brothers. One of them was married and had several children; the other was unmarried. They lived together however, cultivating, in the greatest harmony possible, the property they had inherited from their father.

The harvest season had arrived. The two brothers bound up their sheaves, made two equal stacks of them and left them on the field.—During the night the unmarried brother was struck with an excellent thought. My Brother, said he to himself has a wife and children to support; it is not just that my share of the harvest should be as large as his. Upon this he arose, and took from his stack several sheaves; which he added to those of his brother; and this he did with as much secrecy as if he had been committing an evil action in order that his brotherly offering might not be refused. On the same night the other brother awoke and said to his wife, "My brother lives alone, without a companion; he has no one to assist him in his labor, nor to reward him for his