

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1848.

WHOLE NO. 643

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY virtue of several writs of *Venditioni Exponas*, 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 Barre, lying in Kyler's Gap, near the waters of Stone Creek, containing about 200 acres: adjoining lands of Abraham Zook, Philip Silkmitter, John McCahan and others—having thereon erected a saw mill, and a small log dwelling house and log barn.

Seized, 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's on the North, Azariah Sackets on the East, fronting on Main Street 44 feet and running back 165 feet to 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. Seized, 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 township, Huntingdon co.; all that certain hewed log house and a stone foundation, and cellar, under it, 28 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 16 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, Rawie and Hall and John Zook.

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

MATTHEW CROWNOVER, Shff. Sheriff'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 & Rawie, containing upwards of

300 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 bank 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 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 BILIE from the human system, can only explain its extraordinary agency in the speedy, thorough and permanent cure of fever and ague, and the various grades of intermittent and remittent fevers.

It is equally effectual for the cure of Liver complaint, 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 deemed necessary, as a simple trial of it by the afflicted will fully attest its virtues.

Price \$1.50 per bottle.

AGENTS.—THOS. READ & SON, Huntingdon; G. H. Steiner, Waterstreet; Moore & Swoope, Alexandria; J. Milliken & Co., Mill Creek. May 2, 1848-49.

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of administration on the estate of Alex. Gwin, 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 authenticated, without delay.

WM. P. ORBISON, Administrator.

POETICAL.

LINES TO A MOTHER.

I saw a tear-drop on a flower,
At dawn of earliest day,
The sunbeams came on field and bower,
And melted it away.

And thus thy smiling one was here,
Till angels saw its charms,
When straight descending to our sphere,
They took it to their arms.

I saw a rose-bud opening fair,
In beauty's loveliest dyes;
A zephyr came its sweets to bear
In fragrance to the skies.

And thus thy blossoming cherub smil'd,
To each a moment given;
Till virtue claimed her favorite child,
And took it up to Heaven.

I saw a rainbow sweetly bent
O'er mountain hill and plain,
It fled—I knew not where it went—
But soon it came again.

And thus shall friendship's Sundered ties,
With joy again unite,
And love advance, in kindlier skies,
To more refined delight.

[For the Journal.]

Internal Improvements--Broad Top Rail Road.

During the past session of our Legislature, an act was passed for the incorporation of a company to construct a railroad from near Drake's Ferry to Broad Top, with power to continue the same in the direction of Bedford. Books for the subscription of stock to said company are now being opened, affording an opportunity for profitable investment, and placing it in the power of our citizens generally to aid in advancing the prosperity of the county.

The importance of this enterprise cannot be overrated, when we take into consideration the great quantity as well as the superior quality of the coal thus to be reached—its proximity to the Eastern markets—and the great increase of wealth within our limits, which must necessarily result from the full development of our resources. That the work, when completed, will be profitable, there cannot possibly remain a doubt, when we look at its numerous advantages, and the great increase in the coal trade of Pennsylvania within the last few years.

If an inferior article of coal, mined under many disadvantages, and transported from ten to sixteen miles over railroad to the canal at Hollidaysburg, can reach the Eastern markets and realize a profit, most certainly a superior quality of coal, delivered on the canal some *sixty miles* nearer market, will not only find ready sale at fair prices, but from the great demand, will cause such an amount of transportation on this road as will render the stock much more profitable than any other work of the kind. That such would be the fact, it is only necessary to observe, that the Broad Top coal can also reach market in a much shorter distance than that of Queen's Run, or any other bituminous coal in the state. The road therefore, will not only pay larger dividends, but in a very few years will pay the entire cost.

That this is not an extravagant estimate, an examination of the rates of toll allowed, and the quantity of coal likely to be transported over the road, will fully demonstrate.

From the Reports of the Canal Commissioners it will be seen, that there was shipped from Hollidaysburg, in the year

1845,	19 000	Tons Coal.
1846,	25 300	" "
1847,	35 000	" "
1847,	46 000	" "

To which add about 10 000 tons, the amount of bituminous coal sent from the West Branch, and we have for the past unfavorable season, 56 000 tons from these two places alone. From the great increase in the trade thus exhibited, and the quantity now actually shipped, we may safely conclude that from the same places, there will be forwarded the present year, more than one hundred thousand tons; which quantity would be doubled could it be mined and delivered as has been observed. The Broad Top coal is not only much nearer market, but is also of such a superior quality, that not only this entire quantity would be furnished here, but this coal would also successfully compete with the Picton coal now imported in such quantities. Say then that there is transported over this road in one season one hundred thousand tons, which at the rates of toll allowed by the charter, (three cents per ton per mile, on a road say 20 miles in length) would amount to \$6000. From which deduct annual repairs, say \$10 000, leaving for the use of the road alone, *fifty thousand dollars* on the investment of \$200,000, or *twenty-five per cent. interest*.

The only question then is, whether there is sufficient quantity of coal in Broad Top to justify such an expenditure to reach it. To those acquainted

with the Coal Basin of Broad Top—the numerous veins underlying each other—their extent and quality—this is readily answered. A coal field some fifteen miles long, and from six to ten miles wide, embracing about one hundred square miles; and from the best data, containing throughout, three or four veins of different degrees of hardness, from three to *eleven feet* in thickness, peculiarly adapted to mining, cannot possibly be consumed for many years, but will continue an increasing source of wealth to the entire country.

Why then should the rich treasures of this region be permitted to lie dormant, when the amount thus concealed, if fully developed, would add more to the wealth of our country than its entire present assessed value? Certainly every one desirous of the prosperity of our county—every one desirous of making proper use of the resources nature has lavished upon us, will subscribe liberally to the work, and thus assist in raising our county to that proud eminence nature has so well qualified her to fill.

That those of small means as well as the capitalist, might be enabled to take share in the stock, without being deprived for a time of the benefit of his money, the charter makes provision for the payment of six per cent. interest on the amount paid in until the road is completed—making the investment a good one from the start, as it will assuredly continue.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

In a private letter from a distinguished lady correspondent, we find the relation of one of the most thrilling incidents we have ever met with in romance or in history; and acting upon the discretionary power our fair friend has given us, we lay the little drama before our readers, suppressing the name of its involuntary hero:

Captain H., of the English navy, had been spending a few days in London, on his return from the station. The crew of his vessel had been paid off at Deptford; and having spent with a friend the evening preceding the day fixed for his departure for Plymouth, where his family resided, he had started to return to his lodgings at an advanced hour of the night. The moon was beautifully clear, the air sharp and bracing; and thinking over his plans for the morrow, H. was walking briskly, when his attention was attracted by the sight of a female, elegantly dressed, standing at the door of a handsome house. He was passing on, however, when she came hastily up to him and addressing him as 'captain,' desired he would step in for a moment, as she had something to communicate to him. The woman was singularly beautiful, her language refined, and her dress, as I said before, extremely elegant. Sailors are not apt to be over scrupulous, and H. was not proof against temptation. He entered the house, ascended the stairs, and followed his conductress into what appeared to be, by the light of the moon that streamed in at the windows, a large and well furnished apartment. 'Pray be seated,' said she, 'I will return immediately with a light.' As she closed the door, H. thought he heard her turn the key. He took little notice of this seemingly trifling incident, but ascribed it to her fear of his leaving the room before she returned, and amused himself in the mean while by examining the contents of the apartment. Facing the windows stood a French bedstead; H. approached it, and mechanically threw open the curtains that nearly concealed it. The opera air he was humming died on his lips, and the warm blood curdled in his veins, at the sight which met his horror-struck gaze. The bright beams of the moon shone full on the body of an officer attired in his regimental, and whose throat was cut from ear to ear! The blood was fresh, and still streaming from the hideous gash, and the eyes wide open and glaring upwards. H. stood petrified for a few seconds; at length, summoning resolution, he stretched out his hand, and touched the face of the corpse; the body was still warm!—The truth flashed upon his mind—the girl had locked him in, and was gone for officers of the police to arrest him, for the deed she had doubtless herself committed. He rushed to the door, and set all the strength of a desperate man to force it open; but it resisted his efforts. What should he do! Time was flying fast, and the next moment might see him thrown into prison, and awaiting the ignominious sentence which would doom him to the death of a felon. Apparances would inevitably condemn him; and as these thoughts rose up before him, though a man of noted intrepidity, his presence of mind seemed totally to fail him in this great emergency. In a state of mind bordering on distraction, he threw open the window, and measured

the distance to the ground. The room was situated in the second story, and death seemed inevitable if he adopted that mode of escape; still death and what was far worse, disgrace, awaited him if he remained, and goaded by this dreadful idea, he sprang into the street below. Strange to say, he alighted on his feet totally unharmed. Scarce pausing to congratulate himself on his good fortune, he dashed forward with the speed of a deer, and never stopped to take breath until he reached his lodgings. On the following day he started for Plymouth, vowing to observe more prudence in future, ere he accepted the invitations of unknown women.—Some days after, he read in the London papers an account of the murder, and the testimony of the girl, accusing a man of doing the deed, who probably had made his escape during her absence. The sequel of the affair never came to his ears, as he again left England a short time after; but he kept his own counsel, and never mentioned his narrow escape for some years when he related it to a relation of mine from whom I in turn had the story.—*Home Journal.*

ALCOHOL A PRISONER AT THE BAR.

On Friday evening, Mr. Jabez Inwards, agent of the National Temperance Society, delivered the first part of his celebrated lecture, entitled, 'Alcohol a prisoner at the Bar,' at the Southampton Polytechnic Institution, which was crowded on the occasion by a highly respectable audience, who paid the most marked attention to the evidence adduced against the prisoner. The indictment preferred against him contained the following charges, viz: that he was a thief, a deceiver, a traitor and a murderer. It was proved that as a thief he has robbed England of its moral glory, in as much as at the present time we are considered to be the most drunken country in the world. He has stolen, and is stealing, money from the pocket, health from the body, and peace from the mind. In many instances he has taken hope from the soul, and hastened it down to eternal woe. As a deceiver, he is mighty in his influence; in all ages he has led the people astray: he has deceived Kings, warriors, bishops, and clergymen, of all denominations; he has deceived merchants and tradesmen; he deceives also, the moderate drinkers, who foolishly believe that Alcohol imparts strength. As a traitor, he marches through this country with six hundred thousand drunkards at his heels, and is continually carrying on a warfare against the good order and peace of society. He arms his victims with the implements of rebellion; they fill the air with vile imprecations, and impart an influence which is destructive to thousands. As a murderer, the evidence was very clear. A great many of the murders committed in this country are committed under his influence. He fills the soul with desperate designs, and madly leads his victims on, until they are guilty of the foul deed of murdering their fellow-men. He was also proved to be a murderer, in as much as many are slain by his own direct fiery influence upon the physical system. This is but a brief outline of the indictment, after which the following witnesses were called to speak against the prisoner at the bar:—1st. *The Bible*, the evidence of which went to prove that Alcohol was an enemy of man. Noah's intemperance was cited against him, and the influence he possessed in causing the prophets and the priests to err. The names by which he is known in the Bible, are 'a mocker, a serpent, an adder, &c., and the command of the Bible is, 'Look not upon the wine when it is red.' Ministers were then called upon to give evidence. Their declaration against the prisoner were of an appalling nature. They spoke of the mighty doings at home and abroad—how he curses the people by land and by sea—how he retards the progress of the Gospel, and how even many ministers have fallen by his power. *The Christian Professor* was then called upon, who stated that Alcohol caused thirty thousand Christian Professors to backslide from the Church every year—that some of those who were once his Christian friends were now the inmates of the public house, and were singing the songs of Bacchus. *History* was then called upon, and gave evidence to the following effect:—That Alcohol in all countries and all climates, had been an enemy to man. He told us of Alexander the Great, who killed Clitus, his best friend, under its influence, and how that great man died at the age of 33 in consequence of Alcohol. It told us of the intemperance in ancient Greece and Rome, and came down to the later period, faithfully assuring the jury that the prisoner is a continued foe to man. *History* told of Shakespeare's being injured by it; of Byron's intemperance; of poor Burns, who was reduced to poverty; and

of Sheridan, whose once glorious sun shone brightly, but who fell a victim to the prisoner, Alcohol. *The Physician* then proved that Alcohol was a poison which sprang out of vegetable death; that it was an enemy to the physical system. And at last the *Poor Drunkard* gave evidence against the destroyer; this was a very solemn part of the meeting, and the attention was profound. He spoke of his fathers embrace and his mothers care, and referred to the time when his character was unsullied, and his hopes bright; but Alcohol met him in the days of his youth, and for a time he was strictly moderate, but at length he fell, and in that fall he separated himself from all that was good; he had ruined his children, and broke the heart of his wife. He stood before them as a representative of 60,000 of his miserable fellow sufferers—and he solemnly charged all his disease and wretchedness to Alcohol—the prisoner at the bar. This closed the evidence for the prosecution, with which the first lecture terminated.—*London Examiner.*

Death's Visit to the Village.

They say that people live longer in the country than in the town, and perhaps they may a few short years; but he not deceived, by the sayings of my country friends, for the word of the Eternal is gone forth: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." Ps. xc. 10. Neither town nor country can prevent the visits of Death.

Death came up the village. It was in the spring; the fresh leaves were budding forth, and the snow drops were peeping out of the ground. He went into the thatched cottage, by the ash tree, where sat old Rodger Gough, in his arm chair, with his brow wrinkled and his hair white as flax. Roger was taken with the cramp in the stomach, and soon ceased to breathe. "What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death? shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave?" Ps. lxxxix. 48.

The wheelwright's wife sat with her baby, her first born in her lap. It smiled as it lay asleep, and breathed softly. The mother went on mending stockings, every now and then casting a fond look at her little treasure. That day a week its gentle spirit departed, leaving its fond parents half heart-broken. How uncertain is human life! "It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." James iv. 14.

Death went down the village in the summer. The heavens were bright with sunbeams, and the earth seemed to smile—the gardens were in their glory, and merry haymakers were busy in the fields. The sexton's son had long been ailing, and all agreed that he could never struggle through the winter. The red tinge on his cheek was not of a healthy hue; consumption had marked him for the grave. He had taken to his bed for a fortnight, when his head fell back gently on his pillow, and he went off like an infant going to sleep. "As for man his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more!" Ps. cii. 15, 16.

Butcher Hancock was the strongest man in the parish; but he was no match for death. His chest was broad, and his arms were sinewy and strong, and his frame bulky and well knit together.—"As hearty as Hancock's," was a common adage. No matter; sickness soon robs the stoutest of his strength, and pulls down the tallest man to the ground. The fever fastened upon him so that one hour he raged with heat and thirst, and the next his teeth chattered with the cold. His neighbors carried him to the grave. "Lord make me know my end, and the measure of my days, what is it; that I may know how frail I am. Behold thou hast made my days as a hand breadth; and mine age as a nothing before thee; verily, man at his best state is altogether vanity." Ps. xxxix. 4, 5.

Death crossed the village in autumn. The orchard trees were bending beneath their load, the sickle was at work among the wheat, and the scythe was sweeping down the barley. Never was known a more abundant year. The loaded teams were seen in all directions, and the gleams were picking up the shattered ears from the stubble. Farmer Blount was a wealthy man. He was in the field with the reapers when he suddenly fell to the ground. Some said he was suddenly struck by the sun, and others that it was a fit of apoplexy, but whatever it was, Farmer Blount never spoke after. You may perhaps have seen his tomb by the stone wall of the church-yard with the iron palisades round it. Truly may each of us say, "There is but a step between me and death." 1. Sam. xxi. 3.

Widow Edwards lived in the shed at the back of the pond. It was a wretched habitation; but the poor cannot choose their dwelling places. The aged widow had wrestled hard with poverty; her bits and creeps were few and far between. Her son, who ought to have been a staff for her old age to rest on, was at sea.—He was roving and thoughtless, but there is a heartache in store for him on account of his aged mother. Death found the widow alone, lying on straw. "No one was at hand to comfort her, or to close her eyes." "Watch, therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." Matt. xxiv. 42.

Death went round the village in the winter. The icicles were a foot long, hanging from the pent house in the carpenter's yard; and the snow lay here and there in heaps, for it had been shoveled away from in front of the cottages. Not a stone's throw from the finger post at the end of the village, dwelt Abel Froome, the clerk's father. For years he had been afflicted, but his mind was stayed upon Christ the Rock of ages, and he lived to think of eternal things. He had lived to a good old age, and as a shock of corn fully ripe for harvest, he was ready to be gathered into the garner of God. While his days were numbering his heart applied unto wisdom; and he knew Him whom to know is eternal life. Death found him sitting up in his bed with his Bible in his aged hands, and the last words that faltered from his lips were, "Lord now lettest thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Luke ii. 26, 30. Thus died Abel Froome. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Ps. xxxvii. 37.

The habitation of Harry Tonks was in a wretched plight when Death crossed the threshold. Harry was an infidel, and scoffed at holy things. His days were mostly spent in idleness, and his nights in poaching, and tipping at the Fighting Cocks. Often had Harry defied death at a distance, as a bugbear; but when he came in reality, he trembled like a child. Pain racked him, and poverty distressed him; but that was not all, for his conscience was at work within him, and his mind was disturbed. "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?" Prov. xviii. 14. It was a horrid sight to see Harry clenching his hands, tearing his clothes and gnashing his teeth in anguish, and quite as bad to hear the curses he uttered in despair. He died as the wicked die—without joy, without hope.—"Driven from the light into darkness, and chased out of the world." Job xvii. 18. "Read your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God; for he is merciful and slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of evil." Joel ii. 13.

If death thus goes up and down, and across and around the village, and at all seasons of the year; and if he takes the old and the young, the feeble and the strong, the rich and the poor, the righteous and the wicked, how long will he pass by thee? Is it thy prayer—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Num. xvii. 10. Is Christ thy hope, thy trust, thy salvation? If so, thou mayst indeed rejoice, and say with exultation, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." Ps. xxii. 4.—*Old Humphrey's thoughts for the Thoughtful.*

IN THE TATER PATCH.—On a certain occasion, at a certain dramatic temple, where the writer formed one of the enlightened audience, a farce was in course of representation, and had just reached a scene where a lover enters seeking, almost distracted, his lady love, who had just concealed herself a moment before—in full view of the audience—in the 'garden,' behind some canvass representations of bushes.

"Where, oh, Heavens! where has my lovely Julia fled?" exclaimed the actor in despairing accents, looking around every where but to the right place.

A Yankee in the pit who had hitherto been all attention, now exhibited symptoms of impatience, and, as the actor repeated his impassioned inquiry, he was answered by our excited Yankee with—

"Right behind yer, you darned fool, in the tater patch!"

The effect of this can be better imagined than described—the applause was tremendous.

A great man will not trample upon a worm, nor sneak to an Emperor.

[A factory proprietor posted up the following notice:

"I will admit no segars nor good looking men within these walls. One sets a flame behind the cotton, and the other among the gals."