

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XIII, NO. 23.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1848.

WHOLE NO. 645.

AGUE MEDICINE!

DR. OSGOOD'S INDIA CHOLAGOUE,

for the cure of
*Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb
Ague, Intermittent & Remittent Fevers,
Liver Complaint, Jau dice, 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 CHOLAGOUE* 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, 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 *misal 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-tf.

RICH AND RACY!

FISHER, McMURTRIE & CO., avail themselves of this means of making known to their old friends and customers that they have greatly enlarged their room, and are now opening at the old and well known corner, a very large and splendid assortment of

Spring and Summer Goods,

which will be sold

20 Per Cent. Cheaper

than was ever before known in this latitude. Their stock is heavy and has been selected with great care, so that the wants of the *WHOLE PEOPLE* may be supplied. In addition to their former variety they have added a fine assortment of *HATS, CAPS, and*

Ready-Made Clothing,

which now renders their establishment a

Grand Bazar

where everything useful and ornamental may be found, and at prices which DEFY all competition! For example: They are selling at length

Dress Lawns for 12 1/2 cents per yard,

Calicoes, from 3 to 6 do. do.,

Bleached Muslin at 4 do. do.,

Good Brown Sugar at 6 1/2 cents per lb.;

best Rio Coffee at 10 cents per lb.; Molasses, 25 cents per gallon. And to cap the climax, they are able and willing to sell a FULL SUIT of Ready-made Clothing for the small sum of 2.50.

For further particulars, please call at the 'OLD LOCUST CORNER,' where the important fact will be proven that

Fisher, McMurtree & Co. have the largest,

the best and the CHEAPEST stock of

Goods ever offered for sale in Huntingdon!

[April 6, 1848.]

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.

Administrators' Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of administration have been granted to the undersigned, on the estate of James Linn, late of Springfield township, deceased. Persons knowing themselves indebted will come forward and make payment, and all those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

CASPER LINN, and
JAMES LINN,
Administrators.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of administration have been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Benjamin Strong, late of Union tp. All persons indebted will please come forward and make payment immediately, and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

ELIZA STRONG, Administrator.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

Estate of Robert Ramsey, late of Springfield township, Huntingdon county, dec'd.

LETTERS of administration having been granted to undersigned on the 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

ROBERT RAMSEY, Adm'r.
May 16, 1848.

THE TARIFF.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
May 19, 1848.

GENTLEMEN: Mr. BAYLY has utterly failed in his card of more than half a column in your paper of this morning to relieve himself from the dilemma in which he placed himself by promising, if convicted of error in the following issue, "never again to make another assertion in this House."

Here is the issue copied from Mr. BAYLY's card, and which he says is "precisely and exactly" reported:

"The gentleman from Virginia had said that we exported more agricultural products under a low than under a high tariff. Under four years of the highest tariff we had had we had exported more to Great Britain, a hundred times, than we had done for four years under a low tariff."

"Mr. BAYLY. I beg leave to take issue with the gentleman."

And your Reporter says:

"Mr. STEWART repeated the statement that our breadstuffs exported to Great Britain for four years under the tariff of '28, contrasted with the same exports for four years under the compromise bill, amounted to a hundred times larger amount under the high than under the low tariff."

Here, then, is the result taken from official reports, fully sustaining my statement:

Four years under the high tariff of 1828. Exports of breadstuffs to Great Britain.

1829,	\$1,777,124
1830,	1,606,738
1831,	5,578,592
1832,	541,787

9,504,241

Four years under the low tariff—compromise bill.

Exports of breadstuffs to Great Britain.

1835,	\$28,917
1836,	1,684
1837,	1,402
1838,	62,626

94,629

This table, with others, I handed to Mr. BAYLY in the House. He has copied it into his Card without disputing its accuracy or questioning a figure it contains. Then I submit, is not Mr. BAYLY bound to future silence? But, as he has promised to answer me, it would be unfair to hold him to his pledge.

My object is not to answer Mr. BAYLY, but to disabuse the public mind, and repel the attempt of the Secretary of the Treasury to make the impression that the great increase in the exportation of breadstuffs was owing, not to the famine but the tariff of 1846—repeating over and over in his report that our exports of breadstuffs have always been greater under a low than under a high tariff—which I asserted was not only unfounded in fact, but that the reverse was true. And I now assert that our exports of breadstuffs to Great Britain—viz: England, Scotland, and Ireland—amounted to more during the four years of the "high tariff of 1828," than during the whole period from the commencement of the detailed reports in 1821 down to 1845—a quarter of a century.

I give the amounts from the official reports, carefully revised, viz: Total exports to Great Britain, under the tariff of 1828, four years, \$10,459,143. Total from 1821 to 1845, (four years off) twenty-five years, \$6,676,543. This embraces every species of breadstuffs—flour, wheat, corn, meal, rye, oats, and all other grain, including potatoes—average per annum \$685,795.

Yet, in the face of these official facts, the effort is gravely made by the Secretary of the Treasury to make the farmers believe that the tariff of 1846 and low duties had produced the great increase last year in the export of breadstuffs.

Now, let me ask the Secretary and his advocate, Mr. BAYLY, if the tariff of 1846 produced an export of more than thirty-five millions of dollars worth of breadstuffs to Great Britain, more than double as much as she took in twenty-five years before, what has brought it down this year to less than one-tenth part of the amount she took last year—to three and a half instead of thirty-five millions? And what has reduced the price of breadstuffs and provisions to little more than half what they were last year? Are these the effects of the low tariff of 1846? If it produced the increase, has it not produced the decrease also?

But Mr. BAYLY inquires "whether we had not better confine our discussions to the House." Certainly this is the

theatre I selected. The speech to which the gentleman has now promised a reply was made in the House more than four months ago, when a prompt and full reply was promised, but never given. On that occasion I pointed out errors and misstatement in the Secretary's report in regard to the effects of high and low tariffs on the revenue, imports and exports, balance of trade and other matters amounting variously to \$4,087,867, \$7,202,657, \$8,000,000, \$15,202,657, \$82,956,356, \$176,166,242, \$103,000,000, \$80,000,000, \$401,976,076, \$423,455,724—errors of fact or errors of argument, with many others of the like nature.

I said at the time these statements would not be answered, because they could not be successfully controverted, my facts being derived from official reports, and most of them from the Secretary himself specially referred to. Have not my predictions been verified? More than four months have elapsed and no reply given, though promised at the time.

Mr. BAYLY intimates that he was not aware of my speech until his attention was called to it by letters from home inquiring why it had not been answered. I certainly sent Mr. BAYLY and every other member of Congress, as well as the Secretary of the Treasury, a copy as soon as it was printed. I leave it with Mr. BAYLY to determine whether this discussion shall be further prosecuted, and if to be prosecuted when and where?

A. STEWART.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE HEADLESS WIFE.

A LEGEND OF BRETON.

A very long while before the revolution, Vannes was a town even more beautiful and much larger than at present, and instead of Monsieur le Prefet, it had a king, who was master of all! Those who told me the things I am going to repeat to you, did not acquaint me with his name, but it appeared that he was a man fearing God, and of whom they never spoke ill in the country.

He had been a widower long while, and lived happily with his daughter, who was considered the most beautiful creature in the entire world. They called her Triphyna. Those who knew her were assured that she had arrived at the age when they put people in possession of their estates without having committed a single mortal sin, and the king, her father, would have preferred rather to lose his horses, his castles, and all his farms, than to behold Triphyna discontented or unhappy.

In the meantime it came to pass that one day the ambassadors of Cornouaille were announced. They came in behalf of Comorre, a powerful prince of those times, who reigned over the country of white corn. After having offered to the latter presents of honey, thread, and a dozen young porkers, they told him that their master had been at the last fair of Vannes, disguised as a soldier, that he had seen the young princess, and that he had fallen desperately in love with her; that he would have her in marriage, cost him what it might.

This information threw the king and Triphyna into very great affliction, because the Count Comorre was a giant, and reckoned the most wicked man whom God had created since the time of Cain. When young, he had been accustomed to find his pleasures in every wickedness, and such was his evil disposition, that when he departed from the castle, his mother herself ran and pulled the rope of the belfry, to warn the people to be on their guard, and take care of themselves.

Later, when he had become his own master, his cruelty increased. It is said, that one morning in setting out to the chase, he tried his cross-bow upon a child who was conducting a pony to pasture, and had killed him. At another time, when he returned without having shot or taken anything, he uncoupled his dogs, and set them upon the poor people who were delayed in the country, and made the dogs worry them as if they had been wild beasts. But the most horrible of all was that he had in succession no less than four wives, who had died suddenly, without having received the last sacrament; so that it was supposed they had been killed by the knife, fire, water, or poison.

The King of Vannes told the ambassadors that his daughter was too young and her health too feeble to change her condition; but the Kirnwods replied bluntly, as it is their custom, that the Count Comorre would not believe those excuses, and that he had commanded if they were not permitted to bring the young princess away with them, to declare war against the King of Vannes.

The latter replied that they were the masters. Then the oldest of the envoys set fire to a handful of straw, which he

cast to the wind, saying that the wrath of Comorre should pass in that manner over the white corn country; after which he departed with the others.

The father of Triphyna, who was a man of courage, did not fear such a menace, and collected all the soldiers he could find, in order to defend his territory. But a few days after, he heard that the Count of Cornouaille was leading a powerful army towards Vannes, and very soon he saw him advancing, with trumpets and cannons. He then placed himself at the head of his people, and the battle could not be delayed; when St. Veltas went and found Triphyna, who was praying in her oratory.

The saint took with him the cloth which had served him as a sail to cross the sea, and the staff to which he had attached it by way of a mast, in order to gather the wind. A gale of fire was fluttering around his forehead. He announced to the young princess that the armies of Vannes and Cornouaille were at that moment about to kill each other, and asked her if she would not prevent the death of so many Christians by consenting to become the wife of Count Comorre?

"Alas! is it then the death of my joy and my repose which God demands?" cried the young girl in tears. "Why am I not a beggar? I should at least marry a mendicant of my choice. Ah! if it is the will of God, the Lord of the earth, that I marry this giant, who makes me tremble with fear, say for me, holy man, the service for the dead—the count will kill me, as he has done his other wives."

But St. Veltas said to her, "Fear nothing, Triphyna. Here is a silver ring, as white as milk, and which will serve you as a warning, for if Comorre does any thing to your detriment, it will become as black as the wing of a crow. Take courage then, and save the Bretons from death."

The young princess encouraged by the present of the ring, consented to the demand of Veltas.

The saint returned without delay to the two armies to announce to the chiefs that good news. The King of Vannes was in no hurry to give his consent to the marriage, in spite of his daughter's resolution, but Comorre made so many promises, that he at last accepted him for his son-in-law.

The marriage was celebrated with such rejoicings as were never seen in the two bishoprics. The first day they fed six thousand guests, and the next day as many poor persons, whom the new married couple served at table, notwithstanding their high and exalted rank. Afterwards they had dances, to which they invited all the musicians of Lower Brittany, and wrestling matches, when the wrestlers of Brevelay threw to the earth the Kirnwods.

In fine, when the pots were empty, and the hogsheds at the dregs, each returned to his country and Comorre took away with him his young bride, as a sparrow-hawk carries away a poor yellow ham.

During the first months, however, his love for Triphyna rendered him more gentle than could be expected from a person of his nature. The prisons of the castle remained empty, and the gibbets of justice without food for the birds. His vassals said to themselves in silence, "What has happened to our master that he no longer loves tears and blood?"

But those who knew him better made no remark.

Triphyna herself, notwithstanding the kindness of the count towards her, could not cheer herself to take any pleasure. Every day she descended to the chapel of the castle, and there she prayed upon the tombs of the four wives of Comorre, who had made him a widower, entreating God to preserve her from a violent death.

There was in those days a great assembly of Breton princes at Rennes, and Comorre was to be present. He gave Triphyna all the keys of the castle, even those of the cellar, and told her to amuse herself according to her fancy; and he departed, with a great retinue.

He did not return till the end of five months, and was in a great hurry to see Triphyna, for he had had some anxiety about her during his absence. As he did not take time to give her a warning of his return, he presented himself in her chamber when she was making a little cap for a baby, trimmed with silver lace.

On seeing the cap, Comorre grew pale, and asked what was to be its use. The countess, who believed that it would give great joy to his heart, declared that before two months they should have a child; but at that news the Lord Cornouaille drew back astonished, and after having looked at Triphyna in a terrible manner, he abruptly departed without saying anything.

The princess might have fancied that

this was some caprice which the count sometimes had, if she had not perceived, in dropping her eyes, that the silver ring had become black. She uttered a cry of terror, for she recollected the words of St. Veltas, and she understood that some great danger menaced her.

But she could not guess why, nor discover the means of escaping it. The poor lady remained all the rest of the day, and part of the night, trying to conjecture the cause of the anger of the count; at last, as her agony increased, she descended to the chapel to pray.

But behold, when she had finished her chapel, and when she was rising to depart, midnight sounded upon the clock! At that instant, she saw the four tombs of the four wives of Comorre slowly open, and the spectres came out, clothed in their shrouds.

Triphyna, half dead, would have fled, but the phantoms cried to her,

"Take care, poor lost one, Comorre is wishing to kill thee!"

"Me!" said the countess; "and what have I done to him that he wishes my death?"

"Thou hast warned him that in two months thou wilt become a mother—and he knows, thanks to the evil spirit, that his first child will kill him. He deprived us of life, when he learnt from us that which he has just heard from thee."

"Lord, is it possible I could have fallen into such cruel hands?" exclaimed Triphyna, in tears; "if it is thus, what hope remains for me, and what can I do?"

"Go, return to thy father, and the land of the white corn," answered the phantom.

"How fly?" replied the countess, "the giant dog of Comorre guards the court."

"Give him this poison, which killed me," said the first.

"And by what means can I get to the bottom of the high wall?" asked the young wife.

"Make use of this cord which strangled me," answered the second.

"But who shall direct me in the night?" resumed the princess.

"The flame which burnt me," answered the third.

"And how shall I then make such a long journey?" said Triphyna again.

"Take the staff which split my forehead," replied the remaining phantom.

The wife of Comorre took the staff, the flame, the cord, and the poison: she quieted the dog, she descended the lofty battlements; she saw clear in the night; and she took the road to Vannes, where her father resided.

Comorre, who could not find her the next day when he awoke, sent his page throughout all the chambers to discover where she was, but the page returned and said that Triphyna was not in the castle.

Then the count ascended the donjon, or middle tower, and looked toward the four winds.

Toward the side of midnight, he observed a raven croaking—toward the quarter of the rising sun, a swallow flying about—toward that of mid-day, a gull, or sea-mew, gliding along in the air—and, toward sunset, a turtle dove in rapid flight.

He immediately declared that Triphyna was in that direction, and having had his horse saddled, he went in pursuit of her.

The poor lady was not yet further than the border of the wood which surrounded Comorre's castle, but she was warned of his approach by seeing the ring turning black. Then she got upon the moor and arrived at the cabin of a shepherd, when there was no one but an old magpie in its cage.

The poor afflicted lady remained there the whole day, complaining and praying; at length, when night came, she resumed her journey by the footpaths which traversed the flax and corn fields.

Comorre, who had followed the high road, could not find her; but after travelling for two days, he came upon her track on the moor. By ill-luck, he entered the shepherd's hut, and heard the lonely magpie attempting to imitate the lamentations of his countess. "Poor Triphyna! poor Triphyna!" Comorre knew then that his wife had passed that way; he called his bloodhound, and told him to discover the track.

During this time, Triphyna pressed on from fear; notwithstanding her long and fatiguing journey, she had nearly reached Vannes, when her strength, however, failed her, and she felt that she could go no further; she entered a wood, laid herself down upon the grass, and brought into the world a child, marvelously beautiful, which was called at a later period, St. Trever.

As she held it in her arms, weeping over it, partly from sorrow, she perceived a falcon, with a golden collar around its neck. It perched upon a neighboring tree, and she recognized the favor-

ite of her father, the king of the country where the white corn comes from. She called it immediately by its name; the bird descended upon her knees; she gave it the mysterious ring presented to her by St. Veltas, and said to it:

"Falcon, fly to my father, and take him this ring; when he sees it, he will command his soldiers to mount their horses, and thou wilt conduct them here to save me."

The bird understood her, seized the ring, and flew like lightning towards Vannes. But nearly at the same moment, Comorre appeared upon the road with his blood-hound, which followed the track of Triphyna, and as she had parted with the ring which warned her of danger, she knew nothing of it till she recognized the voice of the tyrant, who was praising and encouraging his hound. The poor innocent felt the cold running through her bones; she had only time to envelope the babe in her mantle, and conceal it in the hollow of a tree, when Comorre entered on his war-horse the glade of the wood where she had taken shelter. On seeing Triphyna, he uttered a cry similar to that of a wild beast; he advanced toward the unfortunate lady, who had fallen upon her knees, and with a single blow of his great sword severed her head from her shoulders.

Believing himself to be rid of the mother and child, he whistled to his dog, and returned to Cornouaille.

But the falcon had arrived at the court of the King of Vannes, who was dining with St. Veltas; he flew to the table, and let fall the silver ring into his master's cup; the latter no sooner recognized it than he cried:

"Woe! woe! some misfortune has happened to my daughter, because the falcon has brought me her ring. Let them saddle the horse quickly, and thou, St. Veltas, accompany us, for I fear that she will very soon require our help."

The serving men obeyed, and the king departed with the saint and a numerous band:

They went at full gallop, following the flight of the falcon, which conducted them to the glade where they found Triphyna dead, and her infant alive. The king threw himself off his horse, and his lamentations were so loud that they made the wood ring again; but St. Veltas imposed silence upon him.

"Hold your tongue," said he, "and pray to God with me, and all may yet be repaired."

With these words, he threw himself upon his knees, and after having addressed a fervent prayer to Heaven, he said to the corpse:

"Arise!"

"The corpse obeyed:

"Take thy head, and thy child," added the saint, "and follow us to the castle of Comorre."

The corpse did as he commanded. Then the king and his troop of horse remounted, and proceeded with all speed toward Cornouaille; but, however rapidly they travelled, the headless woman was always in advance, holding her son upon her left arm, and in her right hand her pale head.

They thus arrived before the castle of the murderer, Comorre, who saw them coming, and ordered the drawbridge to be raised. St. Veltas approached the moat with the dead, and cried with a loud voice:

"Count of Cornouaille, I bring thee back thy wife—such as thy wickedness has made her—and the child, as God gave it thee. Wilt thou receive them under thy roof?"

Comorre remained silent. St. Veltas repeated the words a second time, then a third time, and as no voice answered, he took the baby from the arms of the dead, and placed him upon the ground. Then was seen a miracle, which proved the power of God—for the child walked alone to the brink of the moat; he took a handful of sand, and threw it against the castle and cried:

"The Trinity does justice!"

At that instant, the towers shook with a great noise, the walls opened, and the entire castle sank down of its own accord, burying the Count of Cornouaille, and all those who had aided him in his crimes.

St. Veltas immediately replaced the head of Triphyna upon her shoulders, laid his hands upon it, and the holy woman returned to life, to the great joy of the King of Vannes, and all those who were present.

The Baton Rouge Advocate says:—"Gen. Taylor has doffed the military cap, and taken to wear a broad-brimmed Quaker looking beaver, in which he is daily to be seen walking the streets, and commingling familiarly with the citizens. His dress, out and out, is now that of a plain country gentleman "all of the olden times."

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