

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1848.

WHOLE NO. 646.

AGUE MEDICINE!

**DR. OSGOOD'S
INDIA CHOLAGOUE,**
for the cure of
*Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb
Ague, Intermittent & Remittent Fevers,
Liver Complaint, Jaw Disease, 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 **WELL KNOWN TO ALL** 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 bracing the **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 Cakes*, 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-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 splendid
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, Administratrix.

ADMINISTRATOR'S 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.

POETICAL

[From Scott's Weekly Paper.]
JESUS' LOVE.

BY "ANNA."

Ye little ones who roam the fields,
But to seek pleasure in each grove,
Each flower which so sweetly glides
The scene, points thee to Jesus' love.

Ye youth, whose minds expand, to see
The planets in their orbits move,
Count each star—note each meteor fleet—
Reflect! this is all Jesus' love.

Ye who in manhood's prime, with skill
Seek gold and honor, each may prove,
Tho' thou thy coffers could not fill,
The skill to act, was Jesus' love.

Ye poor and needy, who scarce live
Upon the labor ye approve,
Oft ask, why God to others give!
Deny to thee? 'Tis Jesus' love.

Ye aged ones, whose end is soon,
Who seek to know thy God above,
In darkness grope, till 'mid the gloom,
Ye hear them tell of Jesus' love.

MISCELLANEOUS

Foot-Prints of Angels.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

It was Sunday morning; and the church bells were ringing together. From all the neighboring villages came the solemn, joyful sounds, floating through the sunny air, mellow and faint and low,—all mingling into one harmonious chime, like the sound of some distant organ in heaven. Anon they ceased; and the woods, and the clouds, and the whole village, and the very air itself seemed to pray, so silent was it everywhere.

The venerable old man,—high priest and patriarch in the land,—went up the pulpit stairs, as Moses and Aaron went up Mount Hor, in the sight of all the congregation,—for the pulpit stairs were in front and very high.

Paul Flemming will never forget the sermon he heard that day,—no, not even if he should live to be as old as he who preached it. The text was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It was meant to console the pious, poor widow, who sat right before him at the foot of the pulpit stairs, all in black, and her heart breaking. He said nothing of the terrors of death, nor of the gloom of the narrow house, but looking beyond these things, as mere circumstances to which the imagination mainly gives importance, he told his hearers of the innocence of childhood upon earth, and the holiness of childhood in heaven, and how the beautiful Lord Jesus was once a little child, and now in heaven the spirits of little children walked with him, and gathered flowers in the fields of Paradise. Good old man! In the behalf of humanity, I thank thee for these benignant words! And, still more than I, the bereaved mother thanked thee; and from that hour, though she wept in secret for her child, yet

"She knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again."

After the sermon, Paul Flemming walked forth alone into the church-yard. There was no one there, save the little boy, who was fishing with a pin-hook in a grave half full of water. But a few moments afterward, through the arched gateway under the belfry came a funeral procession. At its head walked a priest in white surplice, chanting.—Peasants, old and young, followed him, with burning tapers in their hands. A young girl carried in her arms a dead child, wrapped in its little winding sheet. The grave was close under the wall, by the church door. A vase of holy water stood beside it. The sexton took the child from the girl's arm, and put it into a coffin; and, as he placed it in the grave, the girl held a cross over it, wreathed with roses, and the priest and peasants sang a funeral hymn.—When this was over, the priest sprinkled the grave with holy water; and then they all went into the church, each one stopping as he passed the grave to throw a handful of earth into it, and sprinkled it with holy water.

A few moments afterwards, the voice of the priest was heard saying mass in the church, and Flemming saw the toothless old sexton treading the fresh earth into the grave of the little child with his clouted shoes. He approached him, and asked the age of the deceased. The sexton leaned a moment on his spade, and shrugging his shoulders replied:

"Only an hour or two. It was born in the night, and died early this morning!"

"A brief existence," said Flemming. "The child seems to have been born only to be buried and have its name recorded on a wooden tomb-stone." The sexton went on with his work and made no reply. Flemming still lingered among the graves, gazing with wonder at the strange devices by which man has rendered death horrible and the grave loathsome.

In the temple of Juno at Elis, Sleep and his twin-brother Death were represented as children reposing in the arms of Night. On various funeral monuments of the ancients, the Genius of Death is sculptured as a beautiful youth leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude of repose, his wings folded and his feet crossed. In such peaceful and attractive forms, did the imagination of the ancient poets represent death. And these were men in whose souls the religion of Nature was like the light of stars, beautiful, but faint and cold!—Strange, that in later days, this angel of God, which leads us with a gentle hand into the "Land of the great departed into the silent Land," should have been transformed into a monstrous and terrific thing! Such is the spectral rider on the white horse—such the ghastly skeleton with scythe and hour-glass—the Reaper, whose name is Death!

One of the most popular themes of poetry and painting in the Middle ages, and continuing down even in modern times, was the Dance of Death. In almost all languages it is written,—the apparition of the grim spectre, putting a sudden stop to all business, and leading men away into the "remarkable retirement" of the grave. It is written in an ancient Spanish poem, and painted on a wooden bridge in Switzerland.

The designs of Holbein are well known. The most striking among them is that, where, from a group of children sitting round a cottage hearth, Death has taken one by the hand, and is leading it out of the door. Quietly and unresistingly goes the child, and in its countenance no grief, but wonder only; while the other children are weeping and stretching forth their hands in vain towards their departing brother. A beautiful design it is, in all to save the skeleton. Angel had better, with folded wings, and torch inverted.

And now the sun was growing high and warm. A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion, but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak,—weak as a child's.—He bowed his stubborn knees, and wept.

Oh! how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride, and unrequited love, were in those tears, through which he read on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription:

"Look not mournfully into the Past,
It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

It seemed to him, as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation, which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears; and looking into the bright morning heaven, he said:

"I will be strong!"

Men sometimes go down into tombs with painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends; and as they gaze upon them lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they were on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and they crumble and fall together, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the Past, with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard the great gate of the Past shut behind him as the Divine Poet did the gate of Paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the Holy Mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

In the life of every man, there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden changes may have been long at work within us, but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming; and from that hour forth he resolved, that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance; no longer be a child's

plaything in the hands of Fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others; but to walk confident and self-possessed; no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfillment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires; but to live in the Present wisely, alike forgetful of the Past, and careless of what the mysterious Future might bring. And from that moment he was calm and strong; he was reconciled with himself! His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribable feeling arose within him.

"Thither I will turn my wandering footsteps," and being a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth he mine a life of action and reality! I will work in my own sphere nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is life!

"Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, 'Welcome, friend!'"

"Why have I not made these sage reflections sooner? Can such a simple retreat spring only from the long and intricate process of experience? Alas! it is not till time with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of Human life, to light the fires of passion with from day to day, that Man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence; which he would fain read over again. Then come listless irresolution, and the inevitable action of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain a more noble history than the child's story with which the book began."—Hyperion.

An Editor not a Gentleman.
Marracron, of the Dayton Transcript, tells the following good one as a part of his experience. He says:

We have traveled some fifteen hundred miles within the last few days, by land and by water. The tavern keepers, steamboat captains, &c., have uniformly chalked our hats, and indignantly refused to permit us to pay our way. In short, upon the raging canal, upon the expansive lake, in the packets, hotels, and floating palaces of Lake Erie, we have had a great "free blow" and have uniformly been regarded among the "dead heads." This you will regard as very pleasant, and certainly very agreeable and advantageous way of traveling. But there was one "free blow" which came near knocking us into the middle of next week. The incident is so comical that we will relate it if the joke is at our expense.

While on board one of the splendid steamers which ply between Buffalo and Chicago, the fuz on our chun grew rather longer than was agreeable, and we repaired to the barber shop on board to have it taken off. The fellow did it up in a first rate style. After he had combed and oiled our head, brushed our clothes, and slicked us up fine, we felt gratified, pulled out a dime and proffered it to him as a reward for his services. He drew himself up with considerable pomposity.

"I understand," said he, "dat you is an Editor!"

"Well! what of it?" said we.

"We neber charged editors nofin," said he.

"But, my wooly friend, said we, there are a good many editors traveling now a-days, and such liberality on your part will prove a ruinous business."

"Oh neber mind," said he, "we make it all off de Gemman."

We contentedly sloped.

A Hint to Girls.

We have always considered it an unerring sign of innate vulgarity, when we hear ladies take particular pains to impress us with an idea of their ignorance of all domestic matters, save sewing or weaving a net to incase their delicate hands. Ladies by some curious kind of hocus pocus have got it into their heads that the best way to catch a husband is to show how profoundly capable they are of doing nothing for his comfort. Frightning a piano into fits, or murdering the king's French, may be a good bait for certain kinds of fish, but they must be of that kind usually found in very shallow waters. The surest way to secure a good husband is to cultivate those accomplishments which make a good wife.

An American quaker said to a gunner during the revolutionary war—"Friend, I counsel no bloodshed but if it be thy design to hit the little man in the blue jacket, point thine engine three inches lower."

Education.

God made man to possess knowledge and wisdom—and his mind is adapted to instruction. And well hath one remarked, that "in education, there is a Divine Alchymy, which turns all the baser parts of man's nature into gold."

Not alone from books are men educated. Man is a being of imitative powers. He learns from example—copying from the views and acts of others. And the character of man is often determined by this means—hence we may say a man's knowledge is not certainly known until we ascertain the relations he has sustained—the advantages enjoyed—and the influences exerted upon him. His wisdom will be ascertained from seeing him in active life. The time he may have devoted to the study of books will not determine how much he knows, or what are his qualifications for usefulness—for one man with less study will acquire more than another with more study.

Who should be educated? All the people—because all have minds. The Creator designed it. The capacities of the mind are evidence of this. Mind is the great treasury of our being.—Correct knowledge stores it with valuable coin, with true wealth. Its deposits are always safe, and its issues are taken at par in the relations of life. But let the mind of man be dark with ignorance, and he will soon ruin the credit of humanity. An ignorant intellectual being is scarcely a counterfeited man.

Let the people be educated—there is no intellectual soil to be spared in the world—none where it is safe to permit the noxious weeds of ignorance and vice to grow. All make parts of the grand whole—each sustains a relation to the other—the interests of all are mutual. Each is, consequently, of too much importance in relation to the whole, to remain without cultivation.

"Look," says Theophilus Fisk, "at the boy in the gutter! hatless, shoeless, and almost naked! Yet he is a part of our sovereignty! Should he not receive a sovereign's education? Should he not be prepared for the throne our institutions give him? There is a gem in every human mind—let the diamond be polished!"

Mind is the nation's wealth, too. Educating it is putting our wealth to good use. The State had better pay for educating the people than to build prisons. Nineteen twentieths of the paupers and criminals in our country, were they to go back to childhood, for the causes of their present condition, would say, "we received our first lessons in crime, while lying in idleness—out of school, in company with idle and vicious companions."

We believe that if the States were to feed, clothe and educate the poor of our country, they would in fifteen or twenty years, double the money thus expended. That is, if, as should be the case, some employment, forming habits of industry and love of labor were connected with their intellectual pursuits. Every scholar, would earn enough to pay a large proportion of the expense of his education, besides being directed in the way of industry, and rendered valuable in society.

The genius of our happy government seems to require this, and the day cannot be far distant when it will be done. We are to be great and powerful, as we are wise and good.

DESCRIPTION OF A BAD ROAD.—"Stranger, which is the road to B—village?" "There's two roads," replied the fellow.

"Well, which is the best?" "Aint much difference; both on 'em very bad. Take which you will, afore you've got half way you'll wish you'd tuck t'other."

"Mamma," said little Ellen, "how shall I make this frock?—for I really dont know."

So it seems, (see its seems,) my dear," replied the punning parent.

Q. Which is the fastest runner, Jas. K. Polk or Gen. Worth? Answer—Polk; because Worth could not catch Santa Anna and Polk passed him.

A miser having heard a very eloquent charity sermon, exclaimed—"This sermon so strongly proves the duty of alms, that I have almost a mind to beg."

MANS FRIENDS.—Man has three friends in this world—how do they conduct themselves in the hour of death, when God summons him before his tribunal? Money his best friend leaves him first, and goes not with him. His relations and friends accompany him to the threshold of the grave, and then return to their homes. The third, which he often forgets during his life, are his good works. They alone accompany him to the throne of the Judge—they go before—speak, and obtain mercy and pardon for him.

Burning of 47 Women.

The infernal rites at the death of an Indian Prince are thus described in an extract of a letter from Tanquebar, in the East Indies, written by a Danish Missionary. They dug without the walls of the city, where that Prince, who died at the age of eighty, made his residence, a pit, which they filled with wood, ranged and piled up as for a bon fire. The corpse of the deceased, richly habited and adorned was brought forth in great pomp and laid on the pile; after which the Bramins (heathen priests) kindled the fire with an abundance of superstitious ceremonies. The wives and concubines of the deceased, who, according to the law or custom of the country, ought to die with him, appeared there at the same time, and walked several times round the funeral pile. They were in number forty-seven, all finely decked with jewels, and adorned with flowers. The favored wife or concubine carried the pinard of the defunct prince, which she delivered up to his successor, and made a short speech, exhorting him to use it with moderation, so as never to let it light on any but the guilty. Then she boldly turned her face towards the pile, and, after invoking her gods, leaped into the midst of the flames. The second was the sister of a prince named Tandaman, who was present at these horrid rites. She gave him the jewels she wore, and the prince, in receiving them embraced her most tenderly, and poured out a flood of tears; but the princess without betraying the least concern, looked attentively, with a steady countenance on the pile and on the spectators, and crying with a loud voice, "Chiva, Chiva!" which is the name of one of their gods, she jumped as cheerfully into the flames as the first did.

The others followed her close; some of them appeared resolute enough, but others looked wild and dejected. There was one in particular, who being more dismayed than her companions, ran to embrace one of the spectators, who was a Christian, praying him to save her; but this was not in his power to do, and the poor wretch was immediately tumbled headlong into the fire.

However intrepid most of these unhappy victims appeared before jumping into the pit, the note was vastly altered when in the midst of the flames. There they shrieked hideously, tumbling one over another, striving to reach the edge of the pit, and get out of it; but they were kept in by throwing heaps of billets and faggots upon them, as well to knock them on the head as to increase the fire. When they were consumed, the Bramins drew near to the smoking pile and performed abundance of ridiculous ceremonies over the ashes of the poor wretches. The next day they gathered up in fine linen, carried them to a place near the Isle of Ramesuren, where they cast them into the sea. After which, the pit was filled up, and a temple since erected on the spot, where sacrifices are offered up in honor of the prince and his wives, who from thenceforth are numbered among the goddesses.

THE RIGHT OF MAN TO THE POSSESSION OF HIMSELF.—It is mean to steal; it is very mean to covet that which justly belongs to our neighbor; and we punish the thief because he has made a forcible breach of that tenure which is intended to secure to every man the possession of his own. But in all this, we punish as much in sorrow as in anger; and unless the act is particularly wanton or aggravated in its character, we never entirely lay aside our regret that a man has exposed himself to merited punishment. And when some poor wretch, driven by his wants or by the necessities of a suffering family, has taken by stealth, that of which he stood in perishing want, we allow our sympathies scope and while we admit the necessity of the administration of justice we invoke the gentle ministration of mercy, and smother our indignation in sorrow and pity.

But when a man, the creature of God, endowed with reason, gifted with an insatiable longing after liberty, and dying with want at his deprivation, takes his freedom in his own hands and steals and runs away with himself, no words can express the rage and indignation with which the crime is regarded by those who have adopted the blasphemous dogma that man may make merchandise of man, and their bodies and souls may be bought and sold like chattles.

An exchange says, Miller, the end of the world man, is lying desperately ill. Desperately ill or desperately well he has been lying desperately this long time.

Louis Philippe left his umbrella at Paris. We suppose he had no use for it when the reign was over.