



BY JAS. CLARK.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1848

VOL. XIII, NO. 47

FEVER & AGUE

Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Intermittent & Remittent Fevers & all the various forms of Bilious Diseases SPEEDILY & THOROUGHLY CURED by Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue.

This excellent compound is for sale by the proprietors T. READ & SON. Price \$1 50 per bottle.

What is the matter with me, Doctor? What the cause of this sallow complexion, jaundiced eye, depression of spirits, pain in the side and shoulder, weariness of body, bitter taste in the mouth? Such is the enquiry, and such the symptoms of many a sufferer! It is the liver which is diseased, and the Cholagogue is the remedy always successful in curing it. Try it, and judge for yourself. For sale by T. Read & Son, agent for the proprietor.

Better die than live, if I am to be tortured from day to day with this horrible Ague, exclaims the poor sufferer whose life has become a burden from the racking paroxysms of an intermitting, and whose confidence in human aid is destroyed by the failure of remedies to produce the promised relief. Such has been the situation of thousands who are now rejoicing in the blessings of health from the use of Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue. In no instance does it fail of effecting a speedy and permanent cure. For sale by the proprietors T. READ & SON.

How few who think aright among the thinking few.

The sentiment implied in the above exclamation is on no subject more fully exemplified than on that of health. But few give it a single thought, and fewer still reflect upon it with the observation and good sense which matters of minor consequence receive. As an illustration of the fact that Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue is a never failing remedy in Fever and Ague, good sense would surely indicate its prompt and immediate use. To be found at T. READ & SON'S, agent for the proprietor.

January 27, 1848.

Certificate. JULIA PARKINSON of Huntingdon desires to say that she has used the "India Cholagogue" for Ague and Liver complaint with entire success. She therefore recommends it to all similarly afflicted.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS. Great Reduction in Prices. DORSEY & MAGUIRE.

Have just received direct from the Eastern Cities, and are now opening a splendid assortment of NEW AND CHEAP GOODS, consisting of every variety of DRY-GOODS.

Suited to Ladies and Gentlemen's wear, including Cloths, Cassimeres, Battines, Vestings, Silks, Satins, Alpacaes, Cashmeres, De Laines, Flannels, Bombazines, Gingham, & silices. Checks, Shawls, &c. We have also a handsome assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING.

They would also invite attention to their stock of GROCERIES, Sugars—5, 6 and 8 cents per pound—Molasses, from 37 1/2 to 40 cents per gallon; and every other article usually kept in a Grocery Store, at equally low prices.

Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hardware and Cutlery, China, Glass and Queensware, Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, &c.

All of which will be sold at very reduced prices. The Ladies and Gentlemen are requested to call and examine these Goods, as they cannot fail to please all both as regards style and price.

DORSEY & MAGUIRE, In the store room formerly occupied by Jacob Miller, opposite the residence of Judge Gwin, Huntingdon.

All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. [Sept. 26.]

NOTICE. I hereby give notice to all persons interested, that the Trust account of Joshua Greenland and Caleb Swopes, Assignees of Dr. Jacob M. Cover, late of Cass township, has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of Huntingdon county, and that the same will be presented to the said Court on the second Monday of November next, for confirmation and allowance.

JAMES STEEL, Pro'ry. Oct. 17, 1848.

TENNENT'S Washington Gallery of Daguerrotypes, No. 234 North Second Street, N. W. corner of Callowhill Street, PHILADELPHIA.

THE Likenesses taken and beautifully colored at this well known establishment for one dollar, are universally conceded to be equal in every respect to any in the city. Pictures taken equally well in cloudy and clear weather. A large assortment of MEDALLIONS and LOCKETS on hand, from \$2 to \$5, including the picture.

The subscribers respectfully invite the citizens of Huntingdon County, to call and examine specimens of the latest improvements in the art of Daguerrotyping, which will be exhibited cheerfully and without charge.

T. & J. C. TENNENT. July, 4 1848.

A fresh supply of Mackerel just arrived and for sale by J. & W. SAXTON.

THE PHRENOLOGIST.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

I NEVER recollect a warmer enthusiast than Professor Leyden. When he spoke, he seemed to forget all other worldly circumstances, all other subjects, save the one engrossing topic on which he was engaged. His eye, widely dilated, saw no object save the bright imagery created by his fertile brain. His voice was impassioned. His every pulse beat high. The professor, at the time I speak of, was just two and thirty, and ranked himself as the very leader of Gall and Spurzheim's energetic disciples. On the subject of phrenology he was discoursing when I entered the dining room of the Baron Hartmann. It was a fine summer evening. Strawberries and other fruits decorated the board. The well-iced Johannisberg and the cellar-cooled Lafitte stood temptingly on a table, around which about a dozen young men, with the worthy baron and the professor, sat.

It appeared that, in the height of his enthusiasm, Leyden had, to please the company, examined their heads, and with many wise looks pressed the bumps which he declared to be the unerring indications of the human character and passions. Some unfortunate wight in company, however, had evidently shocked the examiner by a demonstration of wicked propensities, for he strenuously refused, on this occasion, to pronounce upon the several organs, declaring he "might give offence," he "might be wrong," "indeed it might appear invidious; in short, after making several similar excuses, the professor sat down in meditative silence; nor could he again be brought to speak, save and except upon the general merits of the system, a subject on which he never failed to enlarge.

It is a curious fact, that I never in my life heard the subject of phrenology broached without a laugh being raised at its expense, which very naturally annoys the supporters of this theory and brings on the warmest argument. It was a discussion of this kind that probably had raised the fire which flushed the cheek of Leyden on the evening of which I speak.

The conversation had now taken a new channel. A dreadful murder had been committed in the neighborhood of the black Forest. A young girl had eloped from her parents some weeks before. The companion of her flight was supposed to be a young man who had been staying in the neighborhood; he had disappeared about the same time. She had just been found savagely murdered, while the supposed partner of her guilt had reappeared, and declared that he had with difficulty escaped from the hands of banditti, who had, without any apparent motive, seized and imprisoned him. To prove this, he showed several severe wounds which he had received in the successful struggle he had had with two of the gang in his endeavor to liberate himself. This story, however, appeared so improbable, that no belief was attached to it, and the young man was hurried to prison, there to abide his trial.

This sad story had been repeated with painful minuteness by Carl Hoffmann, a handsome young man, who had lately arrived at Baden, and whose mild and gentlemanly manners had already won for him the golden opinions of all the society assembled there. No one was more pleased with him than the old baron. It was even believed that he ranked so high in the good old man's opinion, that it was rumored he had proposed and was actually accepted by Clara Hartmann, with the full sanction of her father.

As a narrator, few could excel him. His vivid description lent life to his stories; and when he chose, (as on the present occasion) he could harrow up the nerves of even the most apathetic, by depicting horrors in their most glaring, most appalling colors.

One burst of indignation, as he concluded, bespoke how truly he had interested his auditory. A thousand execrations were heaped upon the head of the unhappy youth, who seemed plainly, incontrovertibly, from the details given by Carl, to be the perpetrator of the bloody deed. "I'll go to see his execution myself. I could enjoy the death tortures of such a wretch!" indignantly exclaimed the Prince of Olsebuch, a young Russian, as he took a pinch of snuff, and handed to his next neighbor his splendid box, which dazzled the eye by the richness of the diamonds encircling it. "If such a wretch existed on my estates, I'd have him racked."

"And well would he deserve it; a cold-hearted, cruel assassin," chimed in another.

"May he be punished in the world to come!" fervently ejaculated Carl.

"Nay, nay," said the old baron, "that is saying too much. It is true the man deserves an earthly punishment; but you are allowing your anger against a vice, my dear boy, to carry you too far." And the old noble good-naturedly patted Carl on the arm.

Thus various subjects were discussed and argued; but during the whole evening Leyden spoke not a word. At last the hour for breaking up arrived; and according to etiquette the prince moved first. Ere he did so, he requested the return of his snuff-box. The person to whom he had handed it declared that he had passed it to the next, who in his turn denied all knowledge of it, as did the rest of the company.

Every one had seen it, every one had handled it, but none could now produce it. The room was searched, the servants had not even entered the apartment, the door had never been unclosed, none had stirred from the table. The affair began to wear a serious aspect. The old baron felt his honor wounded, but still hoped it might prove to be an ill-timed pleasantry. Under this impression he rose.

"Gentlemen some person amongst you had, doubtless, concealed the box intending thereby to give our illustrious friend a fright, and, in good faith, he deserves it for thus carelessly forgetting to look after a trinket said to be worth fifty thousand florins; but, as he seems really uneasy about it, I must beg the person who has taken it instantly to return it, and confess the joke."

And the noble affected to laugh. None, however, responded, and Hartmann saw, with increased uneasiness, that he must now take up the matter more seriously. "My friends, you cannot feel offended when I offer myself as the first person to undergo the ordeal—an ordeal, I almost blush to say, we must all submit to. We must be searched! None but the guilty can feel annoyed at this proposal."

Professor Leyden started up. "By Heaven! I'd sooner die!"

Another was of the same opinion, and objected to undergoing such an operation, which, at the very least, implied a doubt.

Poor Hartmann looked like a ghost. He glanced appealingly towards Leyden, who now rose.

"Let the door be locked," he said, in a grave voice; "let it be well secured." This was done. "Now gentlemen, you must either acknowledge the correctness of the measure I adopt, or I, the disciple of a juggling science, perish!" and he drew from his pocket a small pistol. "Nay, start not, my friends! against myself alone, I mean to use this weapon, and only in case I wrongfully accuse an individual now present. You may remember, before dinner, I phrenologically examined you all. There was little to say about you generally; but there was one amongst you in whom I could not be mistaken—one whom I wished not to have named, whose presence ever since has made me shudder. I see the gentleman to whom I allude already turn pale. Nay, attempt not to smile. I am either a villain for allowing a false theory to mislead me, or you, Carl Hoffmann, are both a robber and a murderer!"

A thunderbolt would have caused less consternation. The baron started up in a rage and agony; the prince believed the professor had suddenly gone mad, while the others looked, with searching glances, alternately at Leyden and Carl. The former had coolly resumed his chair, the latter sat pale, immovable. What could it mean?

Old Hartmann was about to speak in no gentle terms to the man who thus had insulted his future son-in-law, when waving his hand, Leyden quietly added "Search him."

The baron, in his eagerness to defend his protégé, at once flew to do so. Immediately the snuff-box fell on the table. The worthy old man sank, overcome in a chair. In the breast pocket of Carl's blouse he had found the box, which the other had, unresistingly, allowed him to draw forth.

For a few moments there was a dreadful, death like pause. The party seemed petrified, while the trembling Carl seemed to struggle with his feelings. At length, as if suddenly, awaking he started up, and incoherently pronounced—

"The hand of God is on me! I would, but cannot, fly this judgment. Professor Leyden speaks the truth! I am a robber and a murderer! Under the name of Gratz, I wooed and won the peasant maid of whom we spoke just now. In madness I espoused her. I lived together, in a few short days, of being tied for life, to one uneducated and low born—hearing that Clara Hartmann possessed unbounded wealth, and knowing

that my rustic wife alone presented an obstacle to my wedding this fair heiress, I slew her—aye, cruelly slew her!—and caused her lover to be seized, to turn the finger of suspicion towards him. Had he not fled, to-morrow he would have been stabbed. As for robbery, I can only say, I long have headed a bold band, whom even now, I'll not betray, although they'll laugh at me with scorn when they hear how foolishly I fell into the hellish net that Satan had laid for me, and call me fool for not having the power to resist temptation. That cursed box was far too brilliant. Some spell lurked in it, which drew me with a force I could not stand against, and made me rush at once upon my ruin. But why thus moralize! Let monks go and pray—it is too late for me: let common fellows suffer on the block—it is too mean a death for me. Thus I laugh at Fate—I'm never unprepared!" And ere a single arm could move to prevent him he had swallowed the contents of a small vial, which, afterwards proved to have been filled with prussic acid.

The unhappy wretch, who confessed himself to be the same who, under the assumed name of "Sand," had filled the country with terror, died in tortures too horrible to describe. The accused but innocent youth, was liberated from the jail and in three months, Clara Hartmann became the bride of the professor, whose love of phrenology had thus led to the discovery of guilt, the manifestation of innocence, and the acquisition of the prettiest girl in Germany.—Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

Bullying a Witness.

There is an attorney practising in our courts who had attained a great notoriety for bullying witnesses on the opposite side of cases when he is concerned. As it would not be polite to give his full name right out of the crowd, we will merely call him "Wyke," for short.

There was a horse case, a very common case, upon our magistrates' docket, trying before the Squire Shelbaker one day in which Wyke happened to be "ferrenst" the horse. A slow and easy witness, had been called to the stand by the plaintiff, who in a plain straight forward manner, made the other side of the case look rather blue. The plaintiff's attorney being through, Wyke commenced a regular cross-examination which was cut short in the following manner:

"Well, what do you know about a horse—you a horse doctor?" said the barbarian, in his peculiar contemptuous and overbearing manner.

"No, I don't pretend to be a horse doctor, but I know a good deal about the nater of the beast."

"That means to say that you know a horse from a jackass when you see them," said Wyke, in the same style, looking knowingly at the court, and glancing triumphantly around the crowd of spectators with a telegraphic expression, which said, "Now I've got him on the hip."

The intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor, bawled out: "Oh, ye-as-jes-so—I'd never take you for a horse!"

The Supreme Court of the United States could not have preserved its gravity through the scene that followed. Everybody was convinced that, whatever the attorney might be, the witness was a horse!—Cincinnati Dispatch.

A Joke not all a Joke. The editor of the City Item tells the following story. It is so good that we hope it is not a story in two senses. Certainly it is good enough to be true:

A few nights back, a small party of ladies and gentlemen were laughing over the supposed awkwardness attending a declaration of love, when a gentleman remarked that if he ever offered himself he would do it in a collected and business-like manner.

"For instance," he continued, addressing himself to a lady present, "I would say, 'Miss S—, I have been two years looking for a wife. I am in the receipt of a thousand dollars a year from my business which is daily on the increase. Of all the ladies of my acquaintance, I admire you the most; indeed I love you, and would gladly make you my wife.'"

"You flatter me by your preference," good humoredly replied Miss S—, to the surprise of all present: "I refer you to my father!"

"Bravo!" exclaimed the gentlemen. "Well, I declare," said the ladies in chorus.

The lady and gentleman, good reader, are to be married this month.

"Pat," said a captain of a ship to an Irishman who was a passenger on board, and who sometimes used to sleep twenty-four hours in succession, "how do you contrive to sleep so long?"

"How?" said Pat, "why I pay particular attention to it."

MANAGEMENT OF LOVE AFFAIRS.

I've heard folks say that wimmin was contrary. Well, they is a leetle so; but if you manage 'em right—haul in here and let 'em out there—you can drive 'em along without whip or spur, just which way you want 'em to go.

When I lived down at Elton, there was a good many fust rate gals down there, but I didn't take a likin' to any of 'em til Squire Cummins cum down there to live. The Squire had a mighty purty darter. I said some of the gals was fust rate and a leetle more. There was many dressed finer and looked grander, but there was something jam about Nance, that they couldn't hold a candle to. If a feller seed her once he couldn't look at another gal for a week. I tuk a likin' to her rite off, and we got to be as thick as thieves. We use to go to the same meetin, and sot in the same pew. It tuk me to find sarms and him for her; and we'd swell 'em out in a manner shockin' to hardened sinners; and then we'd mosey hum together, while the gals and fellars kept a looking on as though they'd like to mix in.

I'd always stay to supper; and the way I could slick 'em with merlasses and put 'em away, was nothing to nobody. She was dreadful civil, tew; always gettin somethin nice for me. I was up to the hub in love, and was going in for it like a locomotive. Well, things went on in this way for a spell, till she had me tight enough. Then she began to show off, kinder independent like.—When I'd go to the meetin, there was no room in the pew; then she'd cum and streak it off with another chap, and leave me sucking my fingers at the door. Instead of sticking to me as she used to do, got cuttin round with all the other fellars, just as if she cared nothing about me no more—none whatever.

I got considerably riled, and thought I mite as well cum to the end of it at once; so down I went to have it out with her. There was a hull grist of fellars there. They seemed mighty quiet till I went in; then she got to talking all manner of nonsense—sed nothing to me, and darned little of that. I tried to keep my dander down, but it warn't any use—I kept moving about as if I had a pin in my trousers; I sweat as if I had been thrashing. My collar hung down as if it had been hung over my stock to dry. I couldn't stand it; so I cleared out as quickly as I could, for I seed 'twas no use to say nothing to her. I went strate to bed and thought the matter over a spell. Thinks I that gal is jest a trying of me; taint no use of our playin possum; I'll take the kink out of her; if I don't fetch her out of that high grass, use me for sausage meat.

I heard tell of a boy wunce that got to skewl late on Sunday mornin: master sez—

"You tarnal sleepin crittur, what has kept you so late?"

"Why," says the boy, "it's so everlasting slippy out, I couldn't get along, no how; every step I took forward, I went two steps backward; and couldn't have got here at all, if I hadn't turned back to go the other way."

"Now that's jest my case. I have been putting after that gal a considerable time. Now, thinks I, I'll go t' other way—she's been slitein of me, and now I'll slite her. What's sars for the goose is sars for the gander."

Well, I went no more to Nance's.—Next Sabbath day I slicked myself up, and I dew say, that when I got my fixins on, I took the shine clear off any specimen of human nater in our parts.

About meetin time, off I put to Elthum Dodes. Patience Dodge was as nice a gal as you'd see 'twixt here and yonder, any more than she wasn't just like Nance Cummins. Ephraim Mussey had used to go and see her; he was a clever fellar—but he was dreadful jelous. Well, I went to meetin with Patience, and set rite afore Nance; I didn't set my eyes on her till after meetin; she had a feller with her, who had a blazin red head, and legs like a pair of compasses; she had a face as long as a thanksgiving dinner. I know'd who she was thinking about, and it wasn't the chap with the red head nuther. Well I got to becin' Patience about a spell. Kept my eye on Nance, seed how the cat was jumpin; she didn't cut about like she did, and looked rather solemnly; she'd gin her tew eyes to kiss and make up. I kept it up till I like to have got in a mess about Patience. The crittur thought I was goin arter her for good, and got as proud as a tame turkey.

One day Ephe came cum down to our place lookin as rathy as a millishy officer on a trainin day.

"Look here," sez he, "Seth Stokes!" as loud as a small clap of thunder; I'll be darned."

"Hello!" sez I; what's broke?"

"Why?" sez he "I cum down to hev satisfaction about Patience Dodge. Here I've been courtin ever since last year."

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and she she was jest as good as mine, till you cum agoin arter her, and now I cant touch with a forty foot pole."

"Why," sez I, "what on arth are you talkin' about? I aint got nothin to do with your gal; but s'pose I had, there aint nothin for you to get wofly about. If the gal has takin a likin to me, 'taint my fault; and if we've takin a liken to each other 'taint your fault; but I 'aint so almighty taken with her, and you may get her all for me; so you had'n't ought to get savage about nothin."

"Well," sez he, rather cooled down, "I'm the unluckiest thing in creation. I want t'other day to a place where there was an old woman died with the bot, or some such a disease, and they were selling out her things. Well, there was a thunderin big chist of drawers, full of all sorts of truck; so I bought it and thought I had made a spec, but when I cum to look at them there warn't nothin in it worth a cent, except an old silver thimble, and that was rusted up so that I sold it for less than I gave it. Well when the chap that bought it took it hum he heard somethin rattle—broke the old chist, and found lots of gold in it, in a false bottom I hadn't seen. Now if I'd took that chist hum, I'd never found that money; or if I did, they'd all been counterfit, and I'd been tuck up for pasin on 'em. Well, I jest told Patience about it, and she up and called me a darned fool."

"Well," sez I, "Ephe, that is hard—but never mind that—jest go on—you can get her; and if you do get her, you can file the rough edges off as you please."

That tickled him, it did; and away he went a little better pleased.

Now, thinks I, its to look arter Nance—Next day down I went. Nance was all alone. I axed her if the Squire was in. She said he warn't.

"Cause," sez I, "(makin bleev I wanted him)," our celt sprained his foot, and I cum to see if the squire won't lend me his old mare to go to town."

She said she guessed he would—better sit down till he comes in.

Down I set; she looked sort o' strange and me heart felt queer all around the edges.—Arter awhile sez I:

"Air you goin down to Betsy Martins quiltn?"

Sed she, "I don't know for sartin; are you goin?"

Sed I "I reconed I would."

Sed she, "I s'pose you'd take Patience Dodge?"

Sed I "I mout and then agin I mout not."

Sed she, "I heard you're goin to get married."

Sed I "should'nt wonder a bit—Patience is a nice gal."

I looked at her; I seed the tears comin.

Sed I, "maybe she'll ax you to be her bridesmaid."

She riz rite up, she did, her face as red as a boiled beet. "Seth Stokes!" sez she—and she couldn't say any more, she was so full.—

"Fout you be bridesmaid?" sez I.

"No" sed she and she bursted rite out.

Well, then sez I, "if you wont be bridesmaid, will you be the bride?"

She looked up at me—I swan to man I never seed anything so awful poety! I took rite hold of her hand—

"Yes or no," sez I rite off."

"Yes," sez she.

"That's your sort," sez I, and gave her a hug and a buss.

I sooth fixed matters with the squire. We soon hitched traxes to trot in double harness for life, and I never had cause to repent my bargain.

At Churubusco, a young man of the Emerald Isle was shot in the head; on the arrival of the surgeon of the army, he was asked by a friend if the wound was dangerous, and answered that it was, as he could see the brains. "Ah! by my soul," replied the son of the Emerald Isle, "please send a little to my father, for he often told me I never had any."

NEW ORLEANS COURT.—A woman had a man arraigned for coming into her house, and putting her in fear of some outrage. "Besides," said she, "he called me out of my name. 'But that's a civil action, ma'am," said the counsel for the defendant. "No! it's not a civil action" cried the indignant lady, "and nobody but a lawyer would say so!"

"What is your opinion of our new minister?" said Mrs. Prattle to Mrs. Parrington. "Oh," said the good lady, "he's nothing but an ignorant ramus. Last Sunday he preached on the parody of the probable son, and he said it was not true, but only brought in to hallowate a doctrine. Now, did you ever! Any body can see from the infernal evidence, that it is most true. A pretty way to preach the gospel indeed! I aint goin to sit any longer under the dropping of such a sanctuary as that."