



BY JAS. CLARK.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1849.

VOL. XIV, NO. 17

NEW GOODS!

The "old Locust Corner" Ahead!!

Fisher, McMurtrie & Co.,

HAVE just received a large and splendid assortment of **SPRING & SUMMER GOODS:** which they are selling, as usual, at extremely low profits. Their stock consists of a general assortment, adapted to the wants of all. Seasonable DRESS GOODS for Ladies and Gentlemen; READY-MADE CLOTHING, Bonnets, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Groceries, &c., &c. In short, the "old locust corner" continues to be the

"GRAND BAZAR."

where every thing useful and ornamental, can be had, better and cheaper, than can be procured elsewhere. Their motto is "Quick Sales and Small Profits." All who desire to supply themselves with good goods, at low prices, will give them a call. March 27, 1849.

REMOVAL!

Capt. David Hazzard, WOULD respectfully inform his old friends and customers—which includes about the entire population—that he has removed

Standing-Stone Head-Quarters to the room next door to Powell's Store, directly opposite Wallace's Washington Hotel, where he has fitted up an

OYSTER SALOON,

above ground, which can't be beat on the Juniata. The lovers of good Oysters can always be accommodated by giving him a call.

His new stand is fitted up "on purpose" (so to speak) to accommodate Ladies and gentlemen. The "old Captain" therefore hopes that his friends of both sexes will extend to him a liberal support.

CONFECTIONARIES, APPLES, NUTS, &c., &c., always on hand. March 6, 1849.

Great Centre of Attraction!!

NEFF & BROTHER

HAVE just received and are now opening at their old stand, No. 1001 Market Square, Huntingdon, Pa., the most fashionable and superb assortment of

Clocks, Watches & Jewelry

ever offered in this place. Their stock consists in part of English & Anchor Lever, Chronometer, Duplex and Lepine GOLD WATCHES. Every variety of Lever, L'Epine, Quartz and English SILVER WATCHES. Eight-Day and Thirty-hour Brass Clocks. Their Jewelry has been selected with such care in regard to Fashion, Elegance and Quality as to challenge comparison and defy competition. It embraces Diamond Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gold Rings and Pencils, Pens, Spectacles, &c., together with a general and extensive assortment of SILVER ARTICLES. They have also a well chosen supply of Perfumery, Soap and Fancy Stationery.

N. B. Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry promptly repaired and warranted. The public are politely requested to call and examine their stock.

FOR THE LADIES.

Milliner & Mantua-Maker.

The undersigned respectfully informs her friends and the Ladies of Huntingdon and vicinity that she carries on the above named business at the residence of Matthew Crowner, at the Jail, where she will receive any work in her line of business. She feels confident that the neatness as well as the durability of her work will recommend her to the patronage of the Ladies of Huntingdon. **MARTHA McCURUM.** March 27, 1849—1m.

JULES HAULE'S

Unrivalled Perfumes, Hair Oil, Tooth Paste and Powder, Soaps, Shaving Cream, &c.

The Largest, Cheapest and best assortment of the above named articles ever opened in Huntingdon, just received and for sale wholesale and retail by

NEFF & BRO.

March 20, 1849.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

Estate of MICHAEL H. DEITRICH, late of Warrior mark township, dec'd. NOTICE is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of M. H. Deitrich, late of Warrior mark twp., Hunt. co., dec'd., have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement to

JAMES THOMSON, Administrator.

Feb. 27, 1849.

Spring Millinery Goods.

John Stone & Sons,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN Silks, Ribbons and Millinery Goods, No. 45 South Second Street, above Chesnut, PHILADELPHIA.

WOULD call the attention of Merchants and Milliners visiting the city, to their large and rich assortment of

Spring Millinery Goods, Received by late arrivals from France, such as Glace Silks for casing bonnets, Fancy Bonnet and Cap Ribbons—a large and beautiful assortment of all prices; Plain Mantua and Satin Ribbons, from No. 1 to No. 12;

French and American Artificial Flowers, (in great variety); Colored and White Crapes; Fancy Laces and Nets; French Chip Hats; Face Trimmings—Quillings; Covered Whalebones—Cane; Buckrams—Willow; Bonnet Crowns and Tips; Together with every article pertaining to the Millinery trade. March 27, 1849.

THE FUTURE.

Years are coming—speed thou onward! When the sword shall gather rust, And the helmet, lance and falchion, Sleep in silent dust!

Earth has heard too long of battle, Heard the trumpet's voice too long; But another age advances, Seers foretold in song.

In the past the age of iron, Those who slaughtering met their kind, Have too often worn the chaplet Honor's hand has twined.

But the heroes of the future Shall be men whose hearts are strong; Men whose words and acts shall only War against the wrong.

But the sabre, in their contests Shall no part, no honor own; War's dread art shall be forgotten, Carnage all unknown.

Years are coming, when forever, War's dread banner shall be furled, And the angel, Peace, be welcomed Regent of the world!

Hail with song that glorious era, When the sword shall gather rust, And the helmet, lance and falchion, Sleep in silent dust!

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day, man lives in pleasure, wealth and pride; To-morrow, poor, of life itself denied. To-day, lays plans of many years to come; To-morrow, sinks into the silent tomb.

To-day, his food is dressed in dainty forms; To-morrow, is himself a feast for worms. To-day, he's clad in gaudy, rich array; To-morrow, shrouded for a bed of clay.

To-day, enjoys his halls, built to his mind; To-morrow, in a coffin is confined. To-day, he floats on honor's lofty wave; To-morrow, leaves his titles for a grave.

To-day, his beauteous visage we extol; To-morrow, loathsome in the sight of all. To-day, he has delusive dreams of heaven; To-morrow, cries, "Too late to be forgiven!" To-day, he lives in hopes, as light as air; To-morrow, dies in anguish and despair.

THE IRISH REBEL GIRL.

FROM HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE.

"A very original affair!" said I, laying down the Tribune of that day.

"What is that?" asked my companion.

"I refer to that scene in the trial of Smith O'Brien, when Dobbyn, the Irish detective, is proved a purger by the unexpected testimony of Mr. D'Alton. All the circumstances connected with the affair—the visit of D'Alton at the Freeman office; the hasty and successful measures instantly taken to bring him into court; and crushing power of D'Alton's testimony, and the complete unmasking of Dobbyn—would seem to mark the whole as an interference by Providence, if all these things had not so unaccountably failed, in the great result."

The gentleman to whom I said this, was a gray-headed refugee from Ireland since the great rebellion in "Ninety-Eight." He paused a few moments and then replied in a voice tremulous with age and strong feeling.

"I dare not trust myself to speak on the trial of Smith O'Brien, for it reminds me of the days of Fitzgerald and Emmett. But there is one incident of those times, which I can mention with more calmness. Your remarks suggested it. I will tell you of a providential interference, this time successful, in a trial of somewhat similar character. The actors were obscure and are now forgotten by all except the few who then stood in the court room and saw the heroism of a poor servant girl, trampling upon her own love for the sake of truth and justice in the cause of Ireland.—They never can forget it. All that I did not at that time understand in the affair, I afterwards learned by inquiry of others—so strong was the interest that humble heroine made within me."

Late on Hollowmas Eve, a young man and girl were sitting together in the servant's room of an Irish country seat. The latter was a fair and buxom lass, known far and near as "pretty Mary Donovan." She had an honest face too, where the very heart seemed looking forth, and one for whose real nobility a man might pledge his life. At this moment it was clouded with anxiety and timid love.

Very near her, sat a young man with one of those false, handsome faces that we occasionally meet, and always look upon a second time. His glossy hair was elaborately curled, and his eye hard and bright like jet, was marked with insincerity. His whole appearance was as if I have just said, handsome and false. Had the young girl whom he was so earnestly addressing, been a physiognomist, she would never have listened to his words, and as it was, her whole manner was wavering, distrustful yet tender.

"Phelim, you know that I love you, and oh! that I could trust ye too. If I could shut my eyes while you talk to me, I'd wait no longer but give ye the word at once, but whenever I look in

your eye, you seem to be talking only with your lips, and so I turn away from the face I should love to look upon."

"I understand ye, Mary Donovan," said Phelim bitterly, "and because the face I was born with don't suit ye, you think I am trying to cheat. Its no use to fool around any longer. I'll go to the mountains and join the fighting boys to-morrow."

"Not because I send you there!" exclaimed Mary hastily. "Dear Phelim forgive me, and I'll never vex ye again."

A glow, not of shame, passed over his face, as he saw the effect of his words in the first sign of triumph, and he persevered so cleverly that in a few moments they were betrothed, and he had won the first ripe kiss from her dainty lips. Then followed the interchange of love tokens, usual among the Irish peasantry. They could only exchange locks of hair for they had nothing else to give.

"Write on the paper around it the date of the blessed night, Phelim, and it will be twice as precious to me."

So he did, and Mary placed it carefully next to her heart.

Then they began to talk of more serious matters. Both were poor, but hopeful and ready to wait for some sudden turn of good fortune, which they fondly dreamed might come at any time. This discussion of ways and means, and all impracticable projects carried them far into the night, so far indeed, that Phelim, lover though he really was, yawned sleepily as he took his candle saying:

"Good night, Mary dear, and don't forget Hollowmas Eve."

"Ah Phelim," she replied, "I'll remember it long enough for us both."

So she did.

The next day brought tidings to the inmates of—hall, that a large body of peasants had risen during the past night, and committed excesses, too common in those times of apprehension and resistance. Nor did they end with that night's work. What is known in the history as the "Rebellion of Ninety-Eight" speedily broke out, and for months kept the land in the most fearful agitation. At last, the rebellion was crushed, and then commenced the trials of those leaders who had been captured. All crowded to the court to see their first men brought to trial and condemned, almost invariably, to death.

One of these leaders was of great notoriety in the vicinity of—hall, and when his case was called from the docket, every man, woman and child, flocked to the place of trial—some to sympathize with the aged patriot, some to exult over his fall, and very many to see the man, whose name had been held up as a word of equal terror to refractory children and full grown men.

"Mary," said her lover, as he saw her arrayed in rustic finery, "surely you're not going to the court to-day?"

"Indeed I am," she replied, "I will go and give the poor prisoner a blessing with my eye, since I can do nothing else for him. Why should I stay away when a man is to be tried for his life, because he loved us too well?—Surely we must go and say to him by our presence, that we are with him in our Irish hearts."

"Its no place for women, I tell ye," exclaimed Phelim, with sudden violence, and then coaxingly. "Indeed you must not go. Stay at home and think of what I'm telling ye, that I've got fifty golden guineas, and we can be married next week, or as soon as ye'll only say the word."

"Fifty guineas in real gold! Who gave them to ye—was it the master or—"

"Hush. Hear the master's own voice calling me now, so I must go! Stay at home Mary or I'll not forgive ye."

"I don't understand ye Phelim, and I will go to the court," said Mary to herself. "Fifty guineas of bright and heavy gold—blessings on the giver!"

In opening the case the prosecuting attorney was observed to look anxiously around the court, as if in search of some particular face. Each time he was disappointed, and at last was obliged to announce, that in the absence of its principal witness, the Crown, would first resort to other evidence. And meager enough was that evidence to all in the crowded court. Everything manifestedly depended upon the principal witness, the informer, and without his speedy appearance, the prisoner would doubtless be entitled to an acquittal. At last the crown officer finished his other evidence, and again peered anxiously around the court. This time his face lighted with satisfaction.

"Phelim Reenee."

"Phelim!" cried a faint smothered voice upon the opposite side of the room.

"Silence there in the court!" shouted the Sheriff angrily.

But there was no silence in Mary Donovan's heart.

"I see it now—those fifty golden guineas! Ah, they have made Phelim Reenee an Informer, but they shall never make me his wife."

The informer felt the moist, yet flashing eye of Mary Donovan, burning into his brain, and he shivered with terror, but the voice of the prosecuting attorney soon restored self possession, and he coolly testified as follows:

He had disguised himself, and joined the rebels in their great meeting on the night of their first rising. He had especially marked the prisoner at the bar, as the seeming leader, and the one under whose direction the whole body acted. He heard this prisoner utter words and saw him do acts of treason on that night. This was the substance of his testimony, and so clear, full and direct was it through, that every one saw that the prisoner's life was hanging on the words from this informer of everything, and found that he had done full justice to his testimony.

The first question on the cross examination was in regard to the time of this affair. Phelim appeared somewhat uneasy, and replied in a very low tone.

"Louder!" cried one of the judges. "It was the night before the rising—Hallowmas Eve!"

"No! it was not on Hallowmas Eve!" exclaimed Mary Donovan, rising with an uncontrollable impulse. "Phelim! you are not even an informer—you are perjured!"

There was dead silence for one instant, and then the prisoner's counsel spoke sharply.

"What's this? Let that girl come to the witness stand."

Pale, but not trembling, she took the place where Phelim had just stood.

"You say it was not on Hallowmas Eve—tell all you know."

She fixed her eyes on her lover, and kept them there steadily until she had finished.—No one questioned or interrupted her in the course of her broken testimony.

"Never would I be standing in this place, your Honors, if the false oath and black word had't come from the lips of Phelim Reenee. Never would I open my mouth to condemn the man I love best, if he himself had not compelled me to do it."

"This man was once my lover, before he sold his country, and me too with it. And the very night that he spoke his false words to me without check, was this same Hallowmas Eve, when he swears he was up the mountains disguised as one of the band of that prisoner at the bar."

"We talked till two in the night—do ye deny it? Look then at this, which I take from my bosom for the last time—this lock of your hair, wrapped in a paper—and you've written on that paper, these words with yer own hand."

Phelim Reenee

to

Mary Donovan,

11 o'clock, Hallowmas Eve.

Take the paper and the hair, Sir, t'will never come into my hand again.

"Isn't the shaking of that guilty man as good proof of my oath? Ah, Phelim, I see now where the fifty guineas came from, but did ye think at the time what ye gave in exchange for that bribe!"

"This is all that I know, and oh! it is too much for me to say! for it strikes down the man I love. Phelim, why did you do all this? An hour ago, and worlds wouldn't have tempted ye to exchange places with that man at the bar, but now there's nothing ye wouldn't give to be this prisoner yourself. Ye'll be despised and cut off from among men, but never can even ye feel more misery than I shall find in all my weary life, for I loved you, Phelim, and you have broken my heart."

The old gentleman stopped here, but his eyes were eloquent as he mused.

"Well!" said I inquiringly, "in the course of a long life," he continued, "I have often heard the outpouring of true genius, but never did I see such eloquence, as there was in the eye of that servant girl, when she faced her lover and made him a criminal. Even the hard-hearted Judges were softened by the sight."

"What became of her?"

"Ah! this is a true incident, and you must not expect the ending of a novel. The prisoner was acquitted of his crime: Reenee suffered the penalty of his crime, while Mary Donovan retired again to her service, forgotten and unknown. Had Ireland then attained her independence, you would have long since seen her name written in the annals of that desperate strife, and not have heard of her now, only through a chance story by an aged wanderer from his own unhappy land."

The Infidel and his Dying Child.

The following passage has a touching interest. It is extracted from Mrs. McLutosh's "Charms and Counter Charms." Euston Hastings, the father, is an infidel.

The child's disease was scarlet fever. Ten days and nights of ever-deepening gloom had passed, and in the silent night, having insisted that Evelyn, who had herself shown symptoms of illness through the day, should retire to bed, Euston Hastings sat alone watching with tightening heart the disturbed sleep of the little Eve. It was near midnight when that troubled sleep was broken. The child turned from side to side uneasily, and looked somewhat wildly around her.

"What is the matter with my darling?" asked the father in tones of melting tenderness.

"Where's mamma!—Eve wants mamma to say, 'Our Father!'"

Euston Hastings had often contemplated the beautiful picture of his child kneeling with clasped hands beside her mother, to lisp her evening prayer, or, since her illness forbade her rising from her bed, of Evelyn kneeling beside it, taking these clasped hands in hers, and listening to Eve's softly murmured words. Well he knew, therefore, what was meant by Eve's simple phrase, "To say our Father."

"Mamma is asleep," he said; "when she awakes we will call her."

"No, no, papa; Eve asleep, then."

"I will call her at once, then, darling," and he would have moved, but the little hand was laid on him to arrest him.

"No—don't wake poor mamma; papa, say 'Our Father' for Eve."

"Will Eve say it to Papa? Speak, then, my darling," he said, finding that though the hands were clasped and the sweet eyes devoutly closed, Eve remained silent.

"No—Eve too sick, papa—Eve can't talk so much—papa, kneel down and say, 'Our Father, like mamma did last night—won't you, papa?'"

Euston Hastings could not resist that pleading voice; and kneeling, he laid his hand over the clasped ones of his child, and for the first time since he had murmured it with childish earnestness in his mother's ear, his lips gave utterance to that hallowed form of prayer which was given to man by a Divine Teacher. At such an hour, under such circumstances, it could not be uttered carelessly; and Euston Hastings understood its solemn import—its recognition of God's sovereignty—its surrender of all things to Him. He understood it, we say—but he trembled at it. His infidelity was annihilated; but he believed as the unreconciled believe, and his heart stood still with fear awhile. "Thy will be done on earth even as it is in heaven," fell slowly from his lips.

Soothed by his compliance, Eve became still, and seemed to sleep, but only for a few minutes. Suddenly, in a louder voice than had been heard within that room for days, she exclaimed—"Papa, papa, see there, up there, papa!"

Her eyes were fixed upward, on the ceiling, as if she seemed to Euston Hastings, for to him nothing else was visible, while a smile of joy played on her lips, and her arms were stretched upwards as to some celestial visitant.

"Eve coming!" she cried again, "Take Eve!"

"Will Eve leave papa?" cried Euston Hastings, while unconsciously he passed his arm over her, as if dreading that she would really be borne from him.

With eyes still fixed upward, and extending her last strength in an effort to rise from the bed, Eve murmured in broken tones—"Papa, come too—mamma—little brother—dear papa—"

The last word could have been distinguished only by the intensely listening ear of love. It ended in a sigh; and Euston Hastings felt even while he still clasped her cherub form, and gazed upon her sweetly smiling face, that his Eve had indeed left him forever. That she had ceased to exist, with the remembrance of that last scene full in his mind, he could not believe. Henceforth heaven with its angels, the ministering spirits of the Most High, was a reality; it was the habitation of his Eve; and his own heart bent longingly to see it. His proud, stern, unbending nature had been taught to tremble at the decree of "Him who ruleth over the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth." The Being and Nature upon which he had hitherto speculated as grand abstractions, became at once unspeakably interesting facts. Would He contend with him in wrath? Would He snatch from him one by one the blessings of his life, crushing the impious heart which had reviled His attributes, and denied his existence—or was He indeed "so long suffering," so "plenteous in mercy," that He would prove even to him that His might was the might of a Saviour?

Such were his thoughts, as with still concentrated agony he turned from the grave of his cherished child to watch the bedside of the suffering Evelyn. She had taken the terrible disease from her little Eve, and lay for many days insensible to her own danger or her husband's agony. But God was merciful and her husband and father received her back as from the grave. The heart which judgment had aroused, mercy melted. A consciousness of his own unworthiness of God's mercy—a fear that he could not be heard—checked the cry which anguish would have extorted from Euston Hastings; and the first real utterance from his heart to heaven was in the language of thanksgiving.

How to raise good Potatoes.

My object in writing, at this time, is to give to you my method of growing potatoes free from the rot. I have practised it two seasons with entire success, and have now six hundred bushels of fine Mercer potatoes in my cellar, and all free from the disease.

My method is to plow the ground late in the fall or early in the spring, harrow it smoothly before planting time, then haul out say fifteen tons rotted manure, spread it broadcast, then take two horses and a plow, and back up two full furrows, the furrows just meeting in the backing; leave a strip one foot wide, and back up two more; and so continue till you have completed the lot. Then turn about and split these double furrows open with a single furrow, then commence dropping your potatoes (pieces of cut potatoes, containing at least four eyes) in the furrow, six inches apart. After the lot is dropped, take your horses and plow, and throw two good furrows, one round of the team to a row, just meeting on the top; dress off the top, clearing the row of stones, clods, &c.; then sow broadcast five bushels common salt over the ground immediately after planting; cultivate well till the plants are in blossom, and you will have a good crop; never cultivate potatoes when in blossom.

When the crop is ready to gather, clear the ground, take your horses and plow, turn a furrow from each side of the row; let a boy pick up the scattering potatoes; then turn out the row, and pick up the potatoes; then hoe down the ridge; lastly harrow over the ground, pick up the remaining potatoes, and the work is finished. The agriculturist must at once observe that, by this process, he gets a broad loose bed for the potatoes to grow in, also double depth of soil; then you are certain of good dry potatoes. I would here observe that potato ground is the very best for producing a good crop of wheat; and I would advise farmers to grow a greater surplus of this most valuable root. If there is no market, store them; and feed them to your horses, cattle and hogs; feed them in your stable through the winter; give your stock good bedding; clean out your stables once a week; make a large manure heap as possible; and you will not be troubled with the potato disease, nor that worse malady arising from always taking out of the meal tub and never returning any; you will thus come to the bottom.—Ohio Cultivator.

Law Latin.

The Legislature of New York has determined to expunge all "law latin" from legal proceedings. The effect of this movement was seen in the Court of Common Pleas, in New York city by the recital of a recent act of the Assembly, which says: "Where a defendant is about to leave the State whereby the rights of the plaintiff may be impaired, an order of 'No Go' may be granted, and this shall be a substitute for the writ heretofore known as the writ of *ne erret*." This new legal expression "No Go" called up such a ludicrous association of ideas from the vulgar signification hitherto attached to it, that the whole Bar burst into laughter.

Anecdote of Gen. Jackson.

In conversing with a young gentleman from Tennessee the other day, who with Gen. Jackson was something of a favorite, he related to us the following anecdote of the late Ex-President, which we presume our friend will pardon us for publishing.

Towards the latter part of his life, General Jackson became a member of the Christian Church. The clergyman who performed the ceremonies on the occasion of his admission, feeling some doubts as to the sincerity of the old General's repentance questioned him rather closely concerning his spiritual condition.

"Have you forgiven your enemies?" asked the minister.

"I have," answered the General.

"Have you forgiven Henry Clay?"

"Yes."

"And have you pardoned Suba Smith the author of Major Downing's letters?"

"No (raising his hickory,) by the Eternal and I never will!" responded the old hero with characteristic pith.

INJURY TO THE CROPS.—The Charleston Courier, of the 22d, says gentlemen from upper Georgia, give the most gloomy accounts of the effects of the recent storm in that section of country. In Bibb and Cass counties, the wheat which was quite forward and much of it headed was almost entirely destroyed, as was also the cotton, and the crops of potatoes, both sweet and Irish. What renders the prospect for a cotton crop more desperate, is the fact that there was a general complaint of a want of seed for replanting. The trees of the forest too, instead of presenting their usual full foliage of dark green, wore an autumnal aspect, and the variegated colors of pale green, yellow and red, as is usually the case in the fall, after a heavy frost when they are about to fall.

In Florida, our informant was told, considerable snow fell, previous to which the ground was frozen, in many places an inch in depth. He remarked in passing through the country, that the frost appeared to have prevailed in streaks, as in some fields, a portion of the crop was cut off, while in other parts of the same field, little or no injury was done, although there were no undulations in the ground, the whole presenting a similar surface.

"Will you have a Daily Sun?" said a news boy to Mrs. Partington.

"Will I have a daily sun? Why you little scapgrace! How dare you insinuate against a lone woman from home? No, indeed, I guess I won't have a daily sun. My dear poor man used to complain awfully when I presented him with a yearly sun. A daily sun, indeed! Be gone, you little upstart imp!"—and the old lady called for the old turkey-fan to keep her from swooning.