



Huntingdon



Journal

VOLUME XVI.

HUNTINGDON, PA., THURSDAY, SEPT. 11, 1851.

NUMBER 35.

J. D. WILLIAMS. JOHN HAF, JR.

J. D. WILLIAMS & Co.,
Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants
Dealers in Produce and Pittsburg
Manufacturers,
No. 116, Wood Street, Pittsburg.

HAVE NOW IN STORE, and to arrive this week, the following goods, of the most recent importations, which are offered on the most reasonable terms:

- 115 cutty boxes prime Green Tea.
 - 45 half chests do do
 - 46 " Oolong and Chulan.
 - 100 bags Rio Coffee.
 - 15 " Laguyra and Java.
 - 60 boxes 8's, 5's, 1 and 1 lb lump tobacco.
 - 35 bbls. Nos. 1 and 3 Mackerel.
 - 20 1/2 and 1/4 do No. 1 do
 - 2 1/2 and 1/4 do Salmon.
 - 50 boxes scalded Herring.
 - 1300 lbs extra Madder.
 - 3 hales Cassia, 1 hale Cloves,
 - 6 bags Pepper & Alspice, 1 bbl Nutmegs,
 - 2 bbls Ground Ginger, 1 bbl ground pepper,
 - 1 bbl Ground Pimento, 10 kegs ground Mustard
 - 10 kegs ground Cassia, 10 do do Cloves,
 - 2 bbls Garrett's Snuff, 45 lbs Stearin Candles,
 - 20 bxs Star Candles, 10 do Sperm do
 - 100 doz Masons Black'g 100 lbs sup. Rice Flour,
 - 100 lbs S. F. Indigo, 20 doz Ink,
 - 150 doz Corn Brooms, 125 doz Patent Zinc
 - 50 bxs extra pure Starch, Wash Boards,
 - 25 do Saleratus, 75 bbls N. O. Molasses,
 - 15 bbls S. H. Molasses, 10 do Golden Syrup,
 - 25 do Loaf, Crushed, 550 lbs seedless Raisins,
 - 6 Powdered Sugar, 50 drums Smyrna Figs,
 - 20 bxs Bordeaux Prunes, 50 lbs Sicily Prunes,
 - 5 boxes Rock Candy, 2 boxes Genoa Citrons,
 - 10 do Cocoa & Chocolate, 5 do Castile & Almond
 - 12 doz Military Soap, Soap,
 - 1 bbl sup. Carb. Soda, 1 bbl Cream Tartar,
 - 1 case Pearl Sago, 2 cases Isinglass,
 - 2 cases Sicily & Refined 1 case Arrow Root,
 - Liquorice, 150 Bath Brick,
 - 1 bbl Flour Sulphur, 100 gross Matches,
 - 100 doz Extract of Lem- 5 doz Lemon Sugar,
 - on, Rose & Vanilla, 1 cask Sal Soda,
 - Glass, Nails, White Lead, Lard oil, &c.
- Refer to Merchants Thomas Read & Son,
" Fisher & M'Murtrie,
" Charles Miller,
" Honorable John Ker,
Huntingdon.
May 15, 1851.-1y.

HO! LOOK HERE!

Jacob Numer

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of the borough of Huntingdon, and the public generally, that he has taken the shop formerly occupied by T. Adams, where he is carrying on business as a

CABINET MAKER,

in all its branches, and he hereby solicits a share of the public patronage. By strict attention to his business (intending to be at home at all times) and care in the manufacture of articles, he thopes o please those who may become his patrons and, also, to induce a fair trade.

He makes Coffins and attends Funerals on the shortest notice.

He has a **SPLENDID HEARSE** for the accommodation of those living in the country.
Huntingdon, June 26, 1851.-3m.

PORTSTOWN Ahead!

HENRY CORNPROBST

Has just received at his "**BASIN STORE**" a tremendous stock of goods from Philadelphia, which he is enabled to sell at greatly reduced prices, in consequence of having purchased the same much lower than usual.

His stock embraces everything required to supply the wants of the community and consists in part of a most splendid variety of

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES, QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE AND GROCERIES.

All of which will be sold 20 per cent. lower than similar articles can be had for in Huntingdon.

Persons who have any regard for economy should give him a call, when he will take great pleasure in convincing them that his store is the place to save money. His stock of

FISH, SALT, &c.

is very large, and as he has all his goods brought on in his own boats, it is reasonable to suppose that he can sell lower than anybody else.

I am sincerely grateful to the community for the very liberal share of patronage I have heretofore received, and trust that my great reduction in prices will be the means of having it continued and greatly increased.

HENRY CORNPROBST.
May 29, 1851.-1f.

FITS, FITS, FITS.

JOHN A. KING.

Begs leave to return his sincere thanks, for the very liberal patronage he has heretofore received, and at the same time informs a generous public, that he still continues the

TAILORING BUSINESS,

at the old stand of Jacob Snyder, where he will be pleased to have his friends call and leave their measures.

Every garment is warranted to fit neatly, and shall be well made.
Hunt., July, 1851.

GRAND COMBINATION OF THE Useful, Beautiful and Ornamental!!

EDMUND SNARE

BEGS LEAVE to inform the people of Huntingdon, and the rest of mankind, that he has bought, brought and opened the richest, largest and cheapest, assortment of

WATCHES & JEWELRY

ever beheld in this meridian. In addition to his unprecedented stock of Watches and Jewelry he is just opening a most excellent variety of miscellaneous BOOKS, as well as School Books and STATIONARY, which he is determined shall be sold lower than ever sold in Huntingdon.

Call in and see if this statement is not correct. Store formerly occupied by Neff & Miller.

Old Gold and Silver wanted.
April 24, 1851.

TO PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.

THE undersigned begs leave to call the attention of Printers and Publishers, to the fact that he continues to manufacture all kinds of BOOK, NEWSPAPER, JOB and FANCY TYPE at his old stand, N. W. Corner of Third & Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, at his usual low prices for cash. He has just introduced a large quantity of new style

JOB & FANCY TYPE, all of which are made of the best metal; and for beauty of finish and durability, cannot be surpassed by any other foundry in the Union. His long experience in the different branches of the trade as well as in the mixing of metals, will, he flatters himself, enable him to make a better article and at a much less price than any of his competitors.

He keeps constantly on hand a large variety of Cases, Chases, Composing Sticks, Imposing-stones, Common and Brass Galleys, Stands, Bodkins, Brass Rules, Leads, Printing Presses, Furniture, and all other articles required in a Printing Office.

Old Type taken in exchange for new at nine cents per pound.

Printers are requested to call and examine his specimens before purchasing elsewhere. All orders thankfully received and promptly attended to, at his Philadelphia Type Foundry, corner of Third and Chestnut streets.

Old Type taken in exchange for new at nine cents per pound.

July 3, 1851.-1y.

L. PELOUZE.

H. K. NEFF, M. D.,

HAVING located himself in WARRIORSMARK, in this county, would respectfully offer his professional services to the citizens of that place and the country adjacent.

REFERENCES:

- J. B. Liden, M. D. Gen. A. P. Wilson,
- M. A. Henderson, " Wm. P. Orbison, Esq.,
- J. H. Dursey, " Hon. James Gwin,
- M. Stewart, " John Scott, Esq.,
- Hon. George Taylor.

Huntingdon, Pa.
Jacob M. Gemmill, M. D., Alexandria.
John McCulloch, " Petersburg, Va.
ap17'51.-1f.

Splendid Stock of New and Cheap Watches, Clocks, & Jewelry,

At Philadelphia Prices.

J. T. Scott has just received from Philadelphia and is now opening a new and very large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, 8 day and thirty hour Clocks, Jewelry, and a great variety of other articles, which he is enabled to sell at rates much lower than usual. "Quick sales and small profits" is his motto, the proof of which will be found on examining his excellent assortment.

April 10th '51.-1f

R. A. MILLER, SURGEON DENTIST.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

N. B. All operations Warranted.

COSTUME HALL

"This True is the place to purchase Spring and Summer Clothing, cheaper than you can buy in the city of Philadelphia."

JACOB SNYDER,

The Proprietor of "Costume Hall," has just arrived from the East with the largest assortment of Spring and Summer Clothing, suitable for men and boys, ever offered to the good citizens of Huntingdon county.

He does not wish to offend his friends by offering to give them any article of Clothing they may desire, but he will sell so cheap that it will amount to the same thing in the end.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.

JOHN LIVINGSTON

Takes this method of announcing to his friends, and the public generally, that he has leased the long established and well known stand, lately occupied by Col. Johnston, and flatters himself he is prepared to accommodate all who may honor him with a call, in the most satisfactory manner.

HIS TABLE will always be furnished with the choicest viands the market will afford, and

HIS STABLING is as good as can be found in the borough.

Huntingdon, April 31, '51.-1f.

Town Lots for Sale.

The subscriber has several town lots, situate in the most pleasant part of West Huntingdon, (the ground formerly used by him as a Brick Yard) which he will dispose of on very reasonable terms.

E. C. SUMMERS.
Huntingdon, May 15, 1851.-1f.

FANCY Articles in endless variety at E. Snare's Store.

NOTICE.

AMAN & MARKS inform the public that they still continue to make coffins at the old stand formerly occupied by Thomas Burchinell in the rear of the Sons of Temperance Hall, fronting on Washington Street, and attend funerals either in town or country. They keep a splendid Hearse for the accommodation of their customers.

July 17, 1851.-1f

NOTICE

All persons having unsettled accounts with the late firm of Dorsey & Maguire are respectfully requested to call and have the same satisfactorily arranged, as they are determined to have the accounts settled without respect to persons.

Huntingdon July 31, 1851.

NOVELS AND SCHOOL BOOKS for sale at May 22, '51.

Ed. Snare's.

LADIES Gold Pens and Pencils at the Cheap Corner Jewelry Store.

FANCY A beautiful assortment at various prices. Also, Card Cases, Boquet Holders, fancy Envelopes, Note Paper, and other articles expressly for the Ladies, for sale at

Scott's Cheap Jewelry Store.

10 Half Barrels Herring for sale by J. & W. Saxon.

May 29, '51.

BROTHER COME BACK.

BY F. R. HULBERT.

Brother, come back—thy truant steps retracing,
To childhood's home, to hearts and lips of love
And grief and sorrow from our breasts effacing,
How sweetly all our former joys we'll prove.
Brother, come back!

Brother, come back—the scenes of early gladness,
Still glow in beauty as in days gone past,
There is no change except a tinge of sadness,
Which thy long absence over all has cast.
Brother, come back!

Brother, come back—fond eyes for these are weeping,
And arms are ready to enclasp thy form,
Affection's torch its brightest flame is keeping
To light thy presence, and thy breast to warm;
Brother, come back!

Brother, come back—Oh could we reach unto thee,
We'd draw thee homeward in the heart's embrace;
But thought and memory can alone pursue thee;
An ocean rolls between us and thy face;
Brother, come back!

Brother, come back—once more our fireside blessing;
Once more restoring all we lost with thee;
And in thine eyes, thy tones and thy caressing,
How happy all our little band shall be;
Brother, come back!

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I have seen the infant, sinking down like a stricken flower to the grave; the strong man fiercely breathing out his soul upon the field of battle; the miserable convict standing upon the scaffold, with a deep curse upon his lips. I have viewed death in all its forms of darkness and vengeance, with a fearless eye, but I never could look on woman—young and lovely woman—fading away from the earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountain of life turned to tears and dust. Death is always terrible but when a form of angel-beauty is passing off to the silent land of the sleepers, the heart feels that something lovely is ceasing from existence, and broods with a sense of utter desolation over the lonely thoughts that come up like spectres from the grave to haunt our midnight musings.

A few years since, I took up my residence for a short time in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival, I became acquainted with a lovely girl, apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her pure heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wing of death upon her brow. I first saw her in the presence of the mirthful. She was indeed a creature to be worshipped; her brow was garlanded with the young year's sweetest flowers; her young locks were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom, and she moved through the crowd with such a floating and unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer almost looked to see her fade away into the air, like the creation of some unpleasant dream. She seemed cheerful and even gay, yet I saw that her gayety was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile which told that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear; and her eyelids at times closed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting up from the heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of life and purity.

Days and weeks passed on, and that sweet girl gave me her confidence, and I became to her a brother. She was wasting away by disease. The smile upon her lip was fainter, the purple veins upon her cheek grew visible, and the cadence of her voice became daily more weak and tremulous. On a quiet evening in the depth of June, I wandered out with her in the open air. It was then that she first told me the tale of passion, and of the blight that had come down like mildew upon her life. Love had been the portion of her existence. Its tendrils had been twined around her heart in its earliest years; and when they were rent away, they left a

wound which flowed till all the springs of her soul were blood.

"I am passing away," she said, "and it should be so. The winds have passed over my life, and the bright buds of hope, and the sweet blossoms of passion are scattered down, and lie withering in the dust, or rotting away upon the chill waters of memory. And yet I cannot go down among the tombs without a tear. It is hard to leave the friends who love me; it is very hard to bid farewell to these scenes, with which I have held communion from childhood; and which, from day to day have caught the color of my life, and sympathized with its joys and sorrows.—That little grove, where I have so often strayed with my buried love, and where at times, and even now, the sweet tones of his voice seem to come stealing around me, till the whole air becomes one intense and mournful melody—that pensive star, which we used to watch in its early rising, and on which my fancy still can picture his form looking down upon me, and beckoning me to his own bright home—every flower, and tree, and rivulet, on which the memory of early love has set its undying seal, have become dear to me—and I cannot without a sigh close my eyes upon them forever."

I have lately heard that the beautiful girl of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream—gently as the sighing of the breeze, that lingers for a time around a bed of roses, and then dies, "as 'twere from very sweetness."

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast off by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied?—Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that stars, which hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it, that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth.—There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us, like islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like visions will stay in our presence forever.

Bright creature of my dreams; in that realm I shall see thee again. Even now thy lost image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of the many stars, that image comes floating upon the beam that lingers around my pillow, and stand before me in its pale loveliness, till its own quiet spirit sinks like a spell from heaven upon my thought and the grief of years is turned to blessedness and peace.

Personal Appearance of Socrates.

Seldom has the appearance of a great man been so faithfully preserved. In the pictures of the School of Athens we look on the faces of the other philosophers, and detect them only by their likeness to some ideal model which the painter has imagined to himself. But the Socrates of Raphael is the true historical Socrates of Xenophon and Aristophanes. Could we transport ourselves back to the Athenian market place during the Peloponnesian war, we should at once recognise one familiar figure, standing with uplifted finger and animated gesture, amidst a group of handsome youths or aged sophists, eager to hear to learn, and to refute. We should see the Silence features of that memorable countenance—the flat nose, the thick lips, the prominent eyes—the mark of a thousand jests from friends and foes. We should laugh at the protuberance of the Falstaff stomach which no necessary hardships' no voluntary exercise could bring

down. We should perceive the strong built frame, the development of health and strength, which never sickened in the winter campaign of Potidea, nor yet in the long and stifling heats of the blockade of Athens: which could enter alike into the jovial revelry of religious festivities of Xenophon an Plato, or sustain the austerities, the scanty clothing, the bare feet, and the coarse fare of his ordinary life.—The strong common sense, the humor, the courage of the man, were conspicuous on his very first appearance.—And every one knows the story of the physiognomist who detected in his features the traces of that fiery temper which for the most part he kept under severe control, but which, when it did break loose, is described by those who witnessed it as absolutely terrific, o'erleaping both in act and language every barrier of the ordinary decorum of Grecian manners.—Quarterly Review.

THINK.—Thought engenders thought.—Place one idea upon paper, another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself and use other people's thoughts, giving them utterance only, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come out in lumps, homely and shapeless: but no matter; time and perseverance will arrange and polish them. Learn to think, and you will learn to write: the more you think, the better you will express your ideas.

EDUCATION.—Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's nod of approbation, or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadows; with birds nests admired, but not touched; with creeping ants and almost imperceptible emmets; with humming bees and glass bee-hives: with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue and to the centre of all good—to God himself.

The expanding mind of man, as it goes out in the investigation of nature, and the laws that every one preside in her ordinary domain, comes back, bringing with it the conviction that nature's author is a being of goodness.

Of riches, as of every thing else, the hope is more than the enjoyment; while we consider them as the means to be used at some future time for the attainment of felicity, ardour after them secures us from weariness of ourselves; but no sooner do we sit down to enjoy our acquisitions, than we find them insufficient to fill up the vacuities of life.

Cato, the censor, in distributing rich presents amongst his soldiers, observed, that it was much better for many of the Romans to return home with silver than a few with gold. So every enlightened philanthropist, looking upon all mankind as his brethren, will not, by an undue preference of a partial few, cut himself off from the power of doing good to many.

More Locofoco Economy.

In 1845 the Locofocos had a large majority in the House of Representatives.—That year the expenses of the House as per Auditor General's Report, page 33, were \$125,413 68

In 1847 the Whigs had a large majority in the House and the expenses (page 30) were \$42,084 73

Difference in Whig favor, \$83,328 95

Which party practises Economy? In 1842 the Locofocos of the House spent within a small fraction of enough to pay the expenses for three sessions under Whig rule!!!—Harrisburg American.

Let Tax Payers Remember.

That on the 30th of Nov'r, 1848, the Public Debt amounted to \$40,848,598 54

That on the 30th of Nov'r, 1850, the Public Debt, including the Inclined Plane Loan, amounted to 40,310,304 54

Total decrease in Gov. Johnston's two years, \$538,293 67

The amount of debt given above, as owing on the 30th of November, 1850, includes the loan of \$400,000 to avoid the Inclined Plane at the Schuylkill. So that, notwithstanding a loan of \$400,000 made for this important and necessary work—and notwithstanding an appropriation of \$150,000 to the completion of the North Branch Canal, Governor Johnston, in the first two years of his administration, paid FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS of the Public Debt!

If this loan had not been made, Governor Johnston would have reduced the Public Debt in his first two years, NINE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS. As it is, he has paid \$150,000 to the North Branch Canal—he counts the loan of \$400,000 in the amount of debt now existing, and yet that amount is less than when he took office by five hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars!—Under the previous administration, these items of expense did not exist. But Governor Johnston has paid these now items and yet cancelled over HALF-A-MILLION of the State indebtedness!! This is an important fact for the tax payer to remember.—Harrisburg American.

The Hour is Coming.

We are rapidly approaching the fulfillment of our prediction, says the New York Leader, that the vaunted prosperity of our country will be shortly dissipated by the incoming of a tedious revulsion unexampled since the days of 1837. The financial aspect of the past week has been gloomy in the extreme. Money, hitherto freely obtained at 6 per cent per annum, has risen in Wall street to one per cent per month, and scarce at that! Heavy failures have taken place in every section of the country, and many more threatened; in a word, the finger of faith exhibits the approach of dark times! We are no croakers, but perceive the fore-shadows of coming events; still men are loath to attribute these fatal results to the true cause, over importation of foreign merchandise. We have slept in over security; we have run in debt to foreign countries; we have drained the land of California's product, and the hour of judgement has approached. Can we meet it? Such is the question of the week and with an universal response: "it is possible." Listen, for we speak words of prophecy, we bid you prepare for the coming hour of trial and preach reformation for the future.—We are convinced that naught will save our country from absolute prostration, from pecuniary ruin, save the passage of a Protective Tariff. This measure, the only means of national salvation, will be submitted to the next Congress by force of necessity, and we will see whether the Servants of the People will legislate for the good of ourselves or for that of the British manufacturer and capitalist.

The Results of Whig and Locofoco Rule Compared.

J. R. Snowden in his letter says that in 1842 "our financial difficulties were such that although a loan was authorized to pay the interest in August, 1842, there were no bidders for the loan and the interest was consequently not paid."—This was in 1842, when the Locofocos had all branches of the government in their hands. In 1850, under a Whig Governor, the State credit is firm, the interest is promptly paid and in par funds, the State can borrow money at a premium, and the State debt is being gradually lessened!—Look on these two pictures and say do you wish to give power to the party who brought our State so low that for several years she could not pay the interest on the debt, and could not even borrow money when she wished? or to the Whig party who rescued the State from her difficulties, placed her credit upon a firm foundation and have commenced TO PAY OFF THE DEBT?