

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1858.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 39.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE LIVER INVIGORATOR!

PREPARED BY DR. SANFORD.
Compound entirely of Gums.
Is one of the best purgative and liver medi-
cines now before the public, that acts as a Ca-
thartic, easier, milder, and more effectual than
any other medicine known. It is not only a Ca-
thartic, but a Liver remedy, acting first on the
Liver to effect its morbid, then on the stomach
and bowels to carry off that matter, thus accom-
plishing two purposes effectually, without any of
the painful feelings experienced in the operation
of most Cathartics. It strengthens the system at
the same time that it purges it, and when taken
daily in moderate doses, will strengthen and
build it up with unusual rapidity.

The Liver is one of the principal regula-
tors of the human body, and when it fails, the
functions of the system are fully develop-
ed. The stomach is dependent on the healthy
action of the Liver for its proper perform-
ance. When the stomach is in fault, the bowels are
system suffers in consequence. The Liver, hav-
ing the diseases of the stomach, the proprietors
have made more than twenty remedies wherewith
to arrange to which
to prove that their
remedy is at last dis-
tributed with Liver
forms, has but to try
it is certain.

These gums remove all morbid or bad
matters from the system, place a healthy flow
to the stomach, causing
purifying the blood, gi-
ng to the whole machine
of the disease, and ef-
fecting a radical cure.
One dose after eating
cleans the stomach and
erasing and souring
Bilious attacks are
better prevented, and
the Liver Invigorator.
Only one dose is re-
quired. Nightmare.

Only one dose taken at night, for the
bowels gently, and cures Costiveness.
One dose taken after each meal cures Dys-
pepsia.

One dose of two teaspoonfuls will also re-
move Sick Headache.
One bottle taken for female obstructions re-
moves the cause of the disease, and makes a
perfect cure.

Only one dose immediately relieves Cholera,
while
One dose often repeated is a sure cure for
Cholera Morbus, and a preventive of Cholera.

Only one bottle is needed to throw out of
the system the effects of medicine, after a long
sickness.

One bottle taken for Jaundice removes
all yellowness or unnatural color from the skin.
One dose taken a short time before eating
gives vigor to the appetite, and makes food digest
well.

One dose often repeated cures Chronic Dis-
eases in its worst forms, and is the first dose
of Bowel complaints, and is the first dose
of One or two doses cures attacks caused by
Worms in Children; there is no surer or speed-
ier remedy in the world, as it never fails.

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TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at
the following rates:
If paid in advance.....\$1.50
If paid within six months after the time of
publishing.....1.75
If paid before the expiration of the year, 2.00
And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid
till after the expiration of the year. No subscrip-
tion taken for a less period than six months.
1. All subscriptions are continued until other-
wise ordered, and no paper will be disconti-
nued until arrears are paid, except at the option
of the publisher.
2. Returned numbers are never received by us.
All numbers sent us in that way are lost, and
never accomplish the purpose of the sender.
3. Persons wishing to stop their subscriptions,
must pay up arrears, and send a written or
verbal order to that effect, to the office of pub-
lication in Huntingdon.
4. Giving notice to a postmaster is neither a
legal or a proper notice.
5. After one or more numbers of a new year
has been forwarded, a new year has commenced,
and the paper will not be discontinued until
arrangements are made. See No. 1.
The Courts have decided that refusing to take
a newspaper from the office, or removing and
leaving it uncollected for, is PRIMA FACIE EVIDENCE
of intentional fraud.
Subscribers living in distant counties, or in
other States, will be required to pay invariably
in advance.
The above terms will be rigidly adhered
to in all cases.

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Will be charged at the following rates:
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One square, 3.00 4.00 5.00
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Four " 12.00 18.00 27.00
Five " 18.00 27.00 40.00
Six " 27.00 40.00 60.00
Business Cards of six lines, or less, \$4.00.

Advertising and Job Work.
We would remind the Advertising com-
pany and all others who wish to bring
their business extensively before the pub-
lic, that the Journal has the largest cir-
culation of any paper in the county—that
it is constantly increasing—and that it
goes into the hands of our wealthiest citi-
zens.

We would also state that our facilities
for executing all kinds of JOB PRINT-
ING are equal to those of any other office
in the county; and all Job Work entrusted
to our hands will be done neatly,
promptly, and at prices which will be
satisfactory.

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Sewing Machine.—Grover & Baker.
Cook Stove.—Call at this Office.
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To Merchants and Farmers.
Saving Fund.
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Gunsmithing.
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Books.—W. Colson.
Huntingdon Mill.
Foundry.—Cunningham & Bro.
Dry Goods &c.—David Grove.
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Dr. H. K. Neff.
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THE CASVILLE SEMINARY.
ONLY \$22.50 PER QUARTER
THE PRESENT FACULTY.
M. McN. WALSH, Principal,
Prof. of Languages and Philosophy.
Chas. S. Joslin, A. M.,
Prof. of Latin, Greek, etc.
James W. Hughes,
Prof. of Mathematics.
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Mrs. M. McN. WALSH, Preceptress,
Teacher of Botany, History, Reading, etc.
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Teacher of French, Work, Painting, Drawing,
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Teacher of Piano Music, Wax Fruit, Floris,
Mrs. Dr. Darwin,
Teacher of English Branches.
Miss J. M. Walsh,
Teacher of Primary English.

The recent success of this school is extraor-
dinary. Besides being the cheapest one of the
kind ever established, it is now the largest in
this section of the State. All branches are
taught, and students of all ages, and of both
sexes, are received. The expenses for a year
need not be more than \$90. Students can en-
ter whenever they wish. Address,
JOHN D. WALSH, Casaville,
Huntingdon Co., Pa.
June 23, '58.

MACKEREL of all Nos., Herring, &c., can
be had of the best quality, by calling on
FRASER & McMurtrie,
Bucks W. GLOVES & MITTS, cheap
D. P. OWEN

A Select Story

THE CALICO CLOAK.

"Have you seen the new scholar?" asked
Mary Lark, a girl of twelve or fourteen
years, as she ran to meet a group of school-
mates who were coming toward the school
house; "she cuts the most comical figure
you ever saw. Her cloak is made out of
calico, and her shoes are brogans such as
men and boys wear."

"Oh yes, I've seen her," replied Lucy
Brooks, "she is the new washer woman's
daughter. I shouldn't have thought Mr.
Brown would have taken her into the Aca-
demy, but I suppose he likes the money
that comes through the suds as well as any.
It is clearer of course."

And the air rang with the loud laugh of
the girls.
"Come, let us go in and examine her,"
continued Mary, as they ascended the steps
of the school house; "I am thinking she
will make some fun for us."

The girls went into the dressing room
where they found the new scholar. She
was a mild, intelligent looking child but
very poorly, though tidily clad. The girls
went around her whispering and laughing
with each other, while she stood trem-
bling and blushing in one corner of the room,
without venturing to raise her eyes from
the floor.

When they entered the school they
found the little girl was far in advance of
those of her age in her studies, and was
pleased with those two or three years her
senior. This seemed, on the whole, to
make those who were disposed to treat her
unkindly dislike her the more; and she,
being of a retiring disposition, through
their influence, had no friends, but went
and returned from school alone.

"And do you really think," said Mary
Lark, as she went up to the little girl a
few weeks after she entered school, "that
you are going to get the medal. It will
correspond nicely with your cloak!"

And she caught hold of the cape, and
held it out from her, while the girls around
her laughed and laughed.

"Calico cloak get the medal! I guess
she will! I should like to see Mr. Brown
giving it to her!" said another girl as she
caught hold of her arm, and peeped under
the child's bonnet.

The girl struggled to release herself,
and when she was free, ran home as fast
as she could go.

"Oh mother," she said, as she entered
her mother's humble kitchen, "do answer
Uncle William's letter, and tell him we
will come to New York to live! I don't
like to live in Bridgeville. The girls call
me 'calico cloak' and 'brogans' and they
don't know mother, how unkindly they
treat me."

"Lizzie, my dear," said her mother, "you
must expect to meet with those who will
treat you unkindly on account of your pov-
erty; but you must not be discouraged—
Do right my child, and you will be sure to
come off conqueror."

Although Mrs. Lee tried to encourage
her child, yet she knew that she had to
meet with severe trials for one so young.

"But mother, they are all unkind to me,"
replied Lizzie; "there isn't one that loves
me."

And the child buried her face in her
hands and sobbed aloud.

In Bridgeville Academy there were a
few selfish, unprincipled girls; and the
others joined them in teasing the little "Calico
Cloak," as they called her, from thought-
lessness, and from a love of sport. But
they knew not how deeply each sportive
word pierced the heart of the little stran-
ger, and how many bitter tears she shed in
secret over their unkindness.

Mrs. Lee, learning that the scholars still
continued their unjust treatment toward
her child, resolved to accept her brother's
invitation, although he was a poor man,
and become a member of his family, ho-
ping that, while there, her child could con-
tinue her studies, and perhaps through his
influence lead a happier life among her
schoolmates. Accordingly at the end of
the term she left the school, yet she gained
the medal, and it was worn from the
Academy beneath the dispersed gar-
ment.

Weeks, months and years glided away
to the students of the Bridgeville Aca-
demy, and the little "Calico Cloak" was for-
gotten. Those who were at school with
her had left to enter upon the business of
life.

Twelve years after Mrs. Lee and her
daughter left town, a Mr. Maynard, a
young clergyman, came into Bridgeville,
and settled as the pastor of the village
church. It was reported at the sewing
circle, the week following his ordination,
that he would bring his bride into town in

a few weeks. There was a great curiosi-
ty to see her and especially after it was
reported that she was a talented young au-
thoress.

Soon after, Mr. Maynard gratified
their curiosity by walking into church
with his young wife leaning on his arm.
She was a lady of great intellectual beau-
ty and everybody (as they always are at
first) was deeply interested in the young
bride and her wife.

The following week the ladies flocked
to see her, and she promised to meet them
at the next gathering of the sewing cir-
cle.

The day arrived, and although it was
quite stormy, Mrs. Deacon Brown's par-
lor was filled with smiling faces. The
deacon's carriage was sent to the parson-
age after Mrs. Maynard, and in due time
arrived, bringing the lady with it. The
shaking of hands that followed her arrival
can only be imagined by those who have
been present on such an occasion.

"How are you pleased with our village?"
asked a Mrs. Britton after the opening
exercises were over, as she took a seat be-
side Mrs. Maynard.

"I like its appearance very much; it cer-
tainly has improved wonderfully within the
last twelve years."

"Were you ever in Bridgeville before?"
asked another lady, as those around looked
on with surprise.

"I was here a few months when a child,"
replied Mrs. Maynard.

"Their curiosity was excited."
"Have you friends here?" asked a third
after a moment's silence.

"I have not. I resided with my mother
the widow Lee. We lived in a little cottage
which stood upon the spot now occupied
by a large store, on the corner of Pine
street."

"The widow Lee?" repeated Mrs. Brit-
ton; "I will remember the cottage, but do
not recollect the name."

"I think I attended school with you at the
Academy," replied Mrs. Maynard; "you
were Miss Mary Lark, were you not?"

"That was my name," replied the lady,
as a smile passed over her face, "but I am really ashamed
that my memory has proved so recent."
"I was known in the Academy as the
little 'Calico Cloak.' Perhaps you can re-
member me by that name?"

The smile faded from Mrs. Britton's face
and a deep blush overspread her features
which upon a few moments was seen deep-
ening upon the faces of others present.

"There was a silence for some minutes,"
when Mrs. Maynard looked up she found
she had caused considerable disturbance
among the ladies of her own age by mak-
ing herself known.

"Oh! I remember very well when the
little 'Calico Cloak' went to the Academy,"
said an old lady, as she looked up over her
glasses; "and I think if my memory serves
me right, some of the ladies present will
own Mrs. Maynard an apology."

"I had no intention what ever, Ladies," re-
plied Mrs. Maynard; "to reproach any one
present by making myself known; but, as
it may seem to some that such was my in-
tention, I will add a few words. Most of
the younger ladies present will remember
the 'Calico Cloak'; but no one but the
wearer knows how deeply each unkind
word pierced the little heart that beat be-
neath it. And as I again hear the old
Academy bell ring, it brings back fresh to
my mind the sorrows of childhood. But
let no lady mistake me, by supposing I
 cherish an unkind feeling toward any one.
I know that whatever the past may have
been, you are now my friends. But, ladies, let
me add if you have children learn a lesson
from my experience, and treat kindly the
poor and despised. A calico cloak may
cover a heart as warm with affection, and
as sensitive of sorrow as one that beats
beneath a velvet covering. Whenever
you meet a child who shows a disposition
to despise the poor, tell the story of the
'Calico Cloak'; it will carry its own moral
with it."

When Mrs. Maynard heard the story
of 'Little Patchey,' she felt that she was
well repaid for all she had suffered in child-
hood.

A COURTING ADVENTURE.

BY PETER SPURM ESQ.
"Well, you see rather the 'poker' scrape
me and Sal got along only middlin well, for
sum time, till I made up my mind to fetch
things to a bed, for I loved her harder and
harder every day, an I had a idea that she
had a sorter sneaking kindness for me,
but how to doo the thing up rite peasted
me awful. I got sum luv book, and red
how the fellers got down on that marrer-
bones and talked like polks, an how the
gals they wed gently fall into the feller's
arms, but sunnow or other that way didn't
sute my notion. I axed mam how had
coated her, but she sed it had bin so long
that she'd forgot all about it, (Uncle Jo
allers sed mam dun all the coaten.) At
last I made up my mind to go it blind, for
this thing was fairly a consuming my vitals,
so I goes over to her daddy's (that's
Sal's), and when I got thar, I sot like
a fool, thinking how to begin. Sal
sed sunthin was a trublin uv me an ses,
'Ses she, 'Ain't you sick, Peter!'
'She sed this mity soft like.

"Yes—no," says I, 'that is—I ain't ad-
vantly well. I thought I'd cum over to
nite says I.

"That's a putty beginnin any how,
thinks, so I tried it again—
'Sal,' ses I, and by this time I felt mity
onvay like.
'What ses Sal.
'She,' ses I again.
'What?' says she.

"I'll git to it arter a while, thinks I.
'Peter,' ses she, thar's sunthin a trub-
lin you powerful. Ino; it's rong for you
to keep it from a body, for an unard sor-
ter is a consumin fire."

"She sed this, she did, the deer say cre-
ter; she sed what was the matter all the
time, an was jist tryin to fish it out, but I
was so far gone I didn't see the pint. At
last, I sorter gulped down the lump as
"Ses I, 'Sal, do you luv my body?'
'Well,' ses she 'thar's dad—an mam—
an (an count on her fingers all the time,
with her ise sorter shut like a feller shoot-
in uv a gun) an thar's—old Pide' (that
was an old cow uv hurn,) an I cant think
uv any body else jist now, ses she.

"Now this was awful for a feller ded in
luv, so arter a while I tries another shute.
'Ses I, 'Sal, I'm powerful lonesome at
home, and I suntimes think ef I only
had a nice putty wife to luv and talk too
an to have my being with, I would be a
tremendous feller."

"With that he begins an names over all
the gals in five miles uv there, an never
wunst come a nigh namin uv herself,
and sed I orter git wun uv them. This
sorter got my dander up, so I hiched my
cheer up close to hern, and shet my ise
and sed—

"Sal you are the very gal I've been
a hankin arter for a long time, I luv
you, and I don't care who nose it, an, ef
you say so, we'll be jined together in the
holy bonds uv matrimony, e pluribus
unum," ses I; an I felt so relieved. With
that she fetched a sorter scream an arter a
while ses—

'Ses she, 'Peter.'
'What, Sally ses I.
'Yes,' ses she, a hiddin uv her putty
face behind her hans. You may depend
on it I felt good.

'Glory!' ses I. 'I must holler, Sal.
Hoorar fur Huray—I kin jump over a ten
rale fence; I kin do euny an every thing
that enny other feller could, would, should
or orter do."

"With that I sorter sloshed myself down
bi her, and seeled the bargain with a kiss,
and such a kiss-talk about yer shugar,
talk about yer blackberry jam, they would
all a taster sour orter that.

"Oh these wimmin! how good and how
bad, how hi and how lo, they kin make a
feller feel. Ef Sal's dady hadn't holler-
ed out, ut war fur all onest folks to be
in bed; I do believe I'd stayed that
all night. You orter a sed me when I
got home. I roared, I luffed an holler-
ed, I crote like a rooster, I danced about, and
cut up more capers than you ever hern
tell on rope too though I was crazy, an
got a wile too tie me with.

'Dad,' ses I, 'In a gwine to be mar-
rid.'
'Marrid!' bawled dad.
'Marrid!' squalled mam.
'Marria!' squeaked an Jane.
'Yes marrid, ses I. 'Marrid, too be
sure—marrid like a flash—jined in wed-
lock—hooked on fur wusser or fur better,
for luv an far death to Sal I am—that very
thing—me Peter Spurm Esq.'

"With that I ups and teile em all about
it, from Alpher to Omeger. They was
all mitley pleased and willin, an I went
too bed as, proud as a young rooster with
his fust spurs. I didn't sleep a wick,
but keep a rollin about, an a thinkin, till
I felt like my cup uv happiness was
choc full, pressed down, an a runnin over.
I'll tell yu sum uv these days about the
weddin."

Moral Miniatures.

NO. 13—CONVERSATION.

Nothing in our intercourse with the
world at large is so immediately interest-
ing and instructive, as conversation, when
directed to proper subjects. The reciproc-
al communication of ideas is one of the
principal sources of intellectual wealth,
it is one of the noblest privileges of the
power of reason, and has a greater influ-
ence in elevating mankind above the brute
creation, than any other faculty we pos-
sess. Conversation calls into light many
plans or ideas which have been lodged in
the inner recesses of the mind, by the oc-
casional occurrences of our lives; and dis-
plays grandly prominent the hidden stores
of knowledge laid away for future refer-
ence, and lastly, it urges the intellect-
ual powers to greater vigor and perseverance
in the pursuit of truths yet undiscovered.
It is a means given us to digest the knowl-
edge we have. Food received into the
system is by a peculiar set of vessels dis-
solved and incorporated, so as to become a
part of the very system and composition
of our nature. So it is with the reception
of knowledge. It must not only be grate-
fully taken in, but analyzed, before it can
be really possessed. A reader may peruse
a work understandingly, but the good gain-
ing, if not used, or circulated, is, as un-
digested matter, a worthless incumbrance.
Now conversation offers an excellent means
of so digesting what is read or heard, and
practice gives also power of language and
fluency of expression, besides stimulating
the useful conjunctive we are blessed with,
called memory. In general conversation, the
advantages of this faculty, and in reflecting on
its shameful abuse, I feel inclined to offer to
the public a few general remarks a rules,
which I feel assured will prove useful to
those willing to attend to them. The first
is, to observe all formulas of politeness in
conversation. This is indispensable to
the public a few general remarks a rules,
which I feel assured will prove useful to
those willing to attend to them. The first
is, to observe all formulas of politeness in
conversation. This is indispensable to

"STARVED ROCK."

A few weeks since we visited "Starved
Rock," located about seven miles from Po-
ru, near the foot of the rapids of the Illinois-
river. This rock may justly be regarded as
quite a natural curiosity, and is also
deserving of peculiar interest from the
thrilling incidents connected with it.
These incidents form an interesting epi-
sode in aboriginal history.

"Starved Rock," is composed of a large
mass of sandstone, rising from the water's
edge to a perpendicular height of
nearly two hundred feet. It is inaccessi-
ble from the point fronting on the river
and can only be approached with ease from
one side. This approach is rugged and
narrow, and could be obstructed with lit-
tle labor.

The diameter of the surface of the rock
is probably one hundred feet. It is cov-
ered with a soil several feet in depth in
many places, and which has given growth
to numerous trees and vines.

The tradition connected with the rock is
to the effect that about the time of the death
of Pontiac, the great chief, a band of Illi-
nois Indians were engaged in a deadly
strife with the Pottawatamies, who in a
great battle, succeeded in routing them.
The discomfited band, in their flight, took
refuge upon this isolated rock, and soon
made their position impregnable to their
enemies. They repulsed all the assaults
made upon them, and would have remain-
ed masters of this rocky tower, but for
the impossibility of obtaining water.

They had secured abundance of provi-
sions, but their only resource for the for-
mer, was by letting down vessels with
bark ropes to the river. Their wily ene-
mies perceived this, and managed to come
with crooks close under the rock, cut the
ropes as fast as they were let down, and
thus deprived them of water altogether.
Time rolled on—the brave Indians could
gather for miles up and down the silvery
stream that threaded the plain, and its
crystal waves dashed upon the base of
their impregnable fortification, and spark-
led in the light of the mid-day sun, but it
dropped to quench their burning thirst, and
result was inevitable—their doom was seal-
ed. They all died, and the mighty rock
became their tomb as well as monument.
For many years afterwards their bones lay
bleaching in the sun, a sad relic of a de-
parted race. Many curiosities, in the
shape of darts and antique pieces of pot-
tery, have been picked up by visitors, who
repair to the spot in great numbers.

"Starved Rock," the mighty monument
reared by the hand of the great architect
of nature, will remain while the prairie
flower blooms, or the Illinois rolls a crys-
tal wave, to perpetuate the memory of this
heroic band, who so nobly died on its grey
and craggy summit.

Standing upon the summit of this Indi-
an mausoleum, you can gaze for miles a-
round upon the most beautiful and enchant-
ing scene. The prairie stretches out in
front of you, and rolls away to the distant
horizon like a mighty sea, whilst to the
south the broken cliffs rear their heads as
if to break the monotony of the panoramic
view. The scene is gorgeous—magnif-
icent—sublime, and should be visited by
every lover of the beautiful.—Peru (Ill.)
Sentinel.

GIANTS.—The bed of Og was 17 feet
long and 7 feet broad. The height of Go-
lah was 11 feet—his coat weighing 150
and his spear head 19 pounds. The bo-
dy of Orestes, son of Agamemnon, leader
of the Grecian expedition against Troy,
was 11½ feet high. The giant Galbara,
brought from Africa to Rome, in the first
century, A. D., was 10 feet high, and
a woman 10 feet—maximus, a native of Spain
the Roman Emperor, was 9 feet high.
Maximus originally from Thrace, another
Roman Emperor, was 8½ feet high. His
wife's bracelets served him for finger rings.
His strength was such that he could draw
a loaded wagon, break a horse's jaw with
his fist, crush the hardest stones with his
fingers and cleave trees with his hands.
His voracity was equal to his strength,
eating 40 pounds of flesh and drinking 18
bottles of wine daily. Byrne, an O'Brien
Irish giant, was eight feet high. A Ten-
nessean giant lately died 7½ feet high,
weighing more than one thousand pounds.
The Kentucky giant was 7 feet 11 inches
high. The Canadian giant 8 feet.

An Irishman, near Boston, accom-
panying a