

Huntingdon Journal.

URBORROW, J. A. NASH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

THE CORNER OF BATH AND WASHINGTON STREETS.

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every day, by J. R. DENBORROW and J. A. NASH, at a sum of \$1.00 per annum in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid a month from date of subscription, and is paid weekly in the year. It is discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until arrears are paid. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at 10 cents per line for each of the first four insertions, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Monthly and yearly advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

3m	6m	9m	1y	3m	6m	9m	1y
1.50	4.00	5.00	6.00	1.00	2.00	3.00	4.00
1.00	2.00	3.00	4.00	1.00	2.00	3.00	4.00
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1.00	1.50	2.00	3.00	1.00	1.50	2.00	3.00

Advertisements are due and collectible on the 1st of each month.

PRINTING OF every kind, in Plain and Fancy, done with neatness and dispatch.

Books, Cards, Pamphlets, and all other articles, printed at the shortest notice, and in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest prices.

Professional Cards.

DENGATE, Surveyor, Warriorsburg, Pa. [ap.12.71.]

CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 54 street, Office formerly occupied by Drs. Cooks & Williamson. [ap.12.71.]

R. R. WESTLING, respectfully offers his professional services as a dentist to the people of Huntingdon, Pa. [ap.5.71.]

J. C. FLEMING respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office second floor of Chamberlain's building, on corner of 4th and Washington streets. [ap.5.71.]

D. P. MILLER, Office on Hill street, in the room formerly occupied by McCulloch, Huntingdon, Pa., would refer his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. [Jan.4.71.]

A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office on Washington street, one door from the Parsonage. [Jan.4.71.]

G. D. ARNOLD, Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, offers his professional services to the people of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office on Washington street, West Huntingdon, Pa. [ap.19.71.]

J. GREENE, Dentist, Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan.4.71.]

L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Leister's new building, No. 320, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap.12.71.]

GLAZIER, Notary Public, corner of Washington and Smith streets, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan.12.71.]

C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap.19.71.]

SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, doors west of Smith. [Jan.4.71.]

R. PATTON, Druggist and Apothecary, opposite the Exchange Hotel, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan.4.71.]

HALL MUSSER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, second floor of Leister's new building, Hill street. [Jan.4.71.]

R. DENBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents in the Judicial Building. [Feb.1.71.]

A. POLLOCK, Surveyor and Real Estate Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all business connected with the settlement of estates of decedents, and all other legal business. [Jan.4.71.]

W. MATTER, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., claims against the Government for back pay, widows' and invalid pensions attendant with great care and promptness. [Jan.4.71.]

ALLEN LOVELL, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention to Collections of all kinds; to the settlement of estates, and to all other legal business connected with fidelity and dispatch. [Jan.4.71.]

M. & M. S. LITTLE, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Will attend to all legal business entrusted to their care on the south side of Hill street, fourth door from Smith. [Jan.4.71.]

A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 211 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan.3.71.]

X. SCOTT, S. T. BROWN, J. M. BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Will attend to all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government will be promptly prosecuted. [Jan.4.71.]

W. MYTON, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office with J. Sewell Stewart, Jr. [Jan.4.71.]

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention to Collections, and all other legal business connected with care and promptness. Office, No. 111, Hill street. [ap.19.71.]

MILLER & BUCHANAN, DENTISTS, No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. April 5, 71-72.

NEAR THE RAILROAD DEPOT, COR. WAYNE AND JUNIATA STREETS, UNITED STATES HOTEL, HOLIDAYSBURG, PA.

CLAIN & CO., PROPRIETORS. Mch.5-14

DOBT. KING, Merchant Taylor, 412-413 Washington street, Huntingdon, Pa. A liberal share of patronage respectfully solicited. April 2, 1871.

The Muses' Bower.

A Second Review of the Grand Army.

BEST HATE.

I read last night of the Grand Review in Washington on the 25th of August. Two hundred thousand men in blue I think they said was the number. Till I seemed to hear their tramping feet, their shouting, and the drums and brass bands, the clatter of hoofs in the stony street, the chiefs of the people who came to greet, and the thousand details that to repeat would only give more encumbers. Till I fell in a feverish and sweet, and then to a reply slumber.

When lo! in a vision I seemed to stand in a lonely camp. On each hand, far stretched the portico, dim and grand. He columns ranged like a martial band Of sheeted specters, whom some command Hath called to the last reviewing! And the streets of the city were white and bare, No foot echoed along the square, No gleam of torch or midnight fire, I heard in the distance a trumpet blare, And the wandering night winds seemed to bear The sound of far rattling.

Then I held my breath in fear and dread; For in the square with brazen tread There rode a figure whose stately tread O'erlooked the review that morning. It never bowed from its firm-set seat, When the living column passed its feet, Yet rode so stately up the street, To the phantom's bugle warning! Till it reached the capitol square and wheeled, And there in the moonlight stood revealed, A well-known form that in State and field Had led our patriot ranks.

Whose face was turned to the sleeping camp, A far through the river's fog and damp, That showed no flicker nor warning lamp Nor washed by any fire.

I saw a phantom army come, With never a sound of fire or drum, But keeping time to a throbbing hum Of wailing and lamentation! The martyred heroes of Malvin Hill, Of Chancellorsville, and Chancellorsville, The men whose wistful figures fill The patriot graves of the nation, And there came the nameless dead, the men, Who perished in fever, swamp and fen, The slowly starved of the prison pen, And marching beside their brethren, Came the dusty martyrs of Pillow's fight, And the heroes of the battle of Gettysburg, I thought—perhaps 'twas the pale moonlight— They looked as white as their brethren.

And so all night marched the nation's dead, With never a banner above them spread, Nor a badge nor a motto branched! No mark—save the bare uncovered head Of the soldier who had passed away, With never an arch save the vaulted sky, With never a flower save those that lie On the distant graves—for love could buy No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long swept the strange array, So all night long till the morning gray, With the reveille and the bugle sound, Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening line, And I knew that one who is a king in mine Had come, and that the sign of that sign Awakened me from my slumber.

The Story-Teller.

A SKETCH OF THE REVOLUTION.

It was past midnight of the 13th of August (commenced my grandmother), but though the river was in front of us, and the forest stretched for miles behind us, and away to the right and left, I could not catch even the sight of a leaf or the ripple of the water, so sultry and heavy brooded the darkness around us.

I had not been in the best of spirits that day, for it was the time when we dreamed every hour to hear the bombardment of New York; and though in the house of Thomas Oakley, a brother of my father, and such a terror and dread of that day that I could not help fearing lest some evil had happened to my parents, who were still in the city.

As usual with the sleepless, all sorts of fancies teased my brain. My room, like all others, was large and furnished in the style that seems so quaint to persons of the present day. The chimney-piece was filled with porcelain, curiously wrought with illustrations of scripture. The bed and furniture that had been brought from England was tall, dark, stiff and carved, while the walls were hung with family portraits. And as I lay and wished for the tiled figures seemed to move and glower at me in the uncertain light that came through a loophole in my window, while I thought the eyes of the portraits were all and fixed on me with a solemn, warning stare, and so it happened that I heard the old clock strike one, two, three, and was just falling off into a doze, when there came a light step along the hall, and cousin Grace in a strange, hoarse voice, outside the door, said: "Helen, Helen!"

I was up in a moment and out to where she stood, looking like a spirit, with her ashly face, and fair hair falling about her; and I remember the thrill of astonishment which, with, spite of my fright, I saw that she was already dressed, and held in her hand a powder-buff.

"Put on your clothes as quick as you can, Nellie," she said in a voice that trembled a little, though she was doing her best to be calm, "Brant's men are coming and father wants us all down stairs."

"Brant's men! It is difficult to make you understand the horror with which that name was pronounced and heard; or to express the terror with which, as I hurried on myself in the hands of these merciless savages. No wonder that she trembled in every limb, or that Thomas Oakley and his five stalwart sons looked pale, as they moved about in the dim morning light.

I don't know as I have spoken to you before of Thomas Oakley, a man over six feet in height, and of a noble presence, with a grand face, that looked as if it might have been chiseled out of marble, and hair as white as snow, which was scarcely past his prime. We have no such men now-a-days. I have his portrait in my little cabinet yonder, and you may see that he looks as he was, a kind and noble gentleman.

"As for his sons, they were like him—tall, strong-limbed, fearless, devotedly attached to their steady mother, who was preparing breakfast, while they fastened the iron shutters of the heavy doors. "It's a shame to rouse you out so early, Nellie," said Mr. Oakley, as he noticed my pale, frightened face; "but if we didn't eat our breakfast now these rascals may not give us a chance to eat it at all, and to my mind, after a good cause, there's nothing like a good breakfast before going into a fight."

"I wish Mark was here," said Grace timidly.

"No doubt, Puss; but I've sent for him. You, yest, the half-witted lad that brought the news, has gone after him and the vol-

unteers, who were to start for camp to-day, and if we can but keep the rascals at bay till they come, we may give them as good a pepping as they deserve."

At this, it felt as if a great weight had been taken from my shoulders. The house was of stone and so strongly built that it was doubtful if they could either raze or fire it. How many of that fair family would gather round the board to-morrow morning? Ah! it was a dreadful day; but I think the hour before the attack was the worst of all.

It was not to be expected that we could catch breakfast; but hurried as the meal was, it was hardly over when one of the boys whom my uncle had posted on the lookout, called out "they are coming," and stealing along the woods to the right as if they hoped to surprise us. At once the men hurried with their rifles to the window of the second story; while Mrs. Oakley, pale, but still outwardly calm, undertook us to follow and hand out the powder.

"Then came a dead silence. "Look out, Simon," said the father, in a low voice, "and tell us what the rascals are about."

"Posting themselves around the house but under cover. They think to catch us napping. There's a man coming this way now—the why, father, it is Walter Van Cuyler."

"All started. The meaning of this sudden attack was clear enough now. Van Cuyler had been a professional patriot and a warm admirer of Grace; and on his rejection by her, had gone away vowing to take a terrible revenge on the whole family.

"The traitor," muttered my uncle "it is he, then, that has brought down this swarm of horrids. What is he doing now?" "He has been trying the windows to see if they are fastened. Now he is at the door."

"The words of Simon were at times drowned in a series of thundering knocks at the door. Mr. Oakley went to Simon's window and demanded: "Who is there?" "Walter Van Cuyler."

"What do you want?" "Food, rest and shelter. Brant's men are on my track. Let me in quickly."

The sharp crack of a rifle, and the words "liar and hypocrite" were his answer. A fierce yell arose from behind the hay-stacks and out-buildings as twenty dark rufians rushed forward brandishing their weapons and firing at random, while as many more hovered on the outskirts of the wood.

Within the house was perfect silence, broken only by the low "now boys" of Mr. Oakley and the crack of six of the best rifles in the county.

"Six down! A man down for each bullet. "Good!" cried the exulting voice of my uncle. "The powder, girls, and we'll give 'em another."

A shower of bullets that rattled like hail-stones about the windows, cut short his words. Mr. Oakley picked up some that fell harmlessly on the floor, and remarked: "The serpents are kinder than anticipated. They are going to keep us in bullets as well as exercise. So much the better, for we have none to spare. Now boys."

"I saw the gleam of a rifle barrel among the leaves. See! the oak yonder." "Fire steady, boys, and take good aim. Don't waste powder."

A dead silence ensued. "They're cowed, father. They are sneaking off to cover," exclaimed Simon. "Not they; they are only trying some new deviltry. John and Mathew, round with you to the back of the house. Grace and I will do the shooting."

"God! where did that shot come from?" With a sharp cry, Reuben, the eldest, leaped three feet in the air, and fell forward on his face, stone dead.

Mrs. Oakley sprang forward, and threw herself on his body. The fair-haired eldest boy was her darling. Another shot came crashing through the window, and imbedded itself in the opposite wall.

"Aim at yonder tree," shouted Mr. Oakley. "I saw the gleam of a rifle barrel among the leaves. See! the oak yonder."

A third shot whizzed so close past us as to make us start back, and then our unerring rifles answered back and down thro' the bush went a dark body striking with a heavy "thud" against the ground.

"He is silent," exclaimed Mr. Oakley, with a gleam of stern satisfaction shooting across his face.

"But on your clothes as quick as you can, Nellie," she said in a voice that trembled a little, though she was doing her best to be calm, "Brant's men are coming and father wants us all down stairs."

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The Democrats had an almost unbroken rule in Pennsylvania from 1850 to 1860; and the Republicans have been in power most of the time from 1860 to 1871. The record made by these parties, within those periods, in the management of the finances of the State, is a fair test by which to try them.

The State debt on the 1st of December, 1850, and on the same date of the ten years following, is given in the following table, compiled from the annual reports of the Auditor General:

State debt Dec. 1, 1850.....	\$40,775,485 42
" 1851.....	40,114,236 39
" 1852.....	41,524,875 37
" 1853.....	40,506,279 54
" 1854.....	40,613,160 07
" 1855.....	40,196,944 22
" 1856.....	40,117,835 25
" 1857.....	39,881,733 22
" 1858.....	39,488,243 67
" 1859.....	38,639,861 67
" 1860.....	37,969,847 50

It will be seen from this table that the State debt remained above forty millions—some years increasing and in others decreasing slowly—until 1856, when the Democratic ascendancy began to be shaken. The public works were sold in 1857, in 1858 the Republicans carried the House, in 1859 they carried both House and Senate, and in 1860 they elected the Governor and a majority in both Houses.

During these ten years the ruling party used the benefit of the revenue from the State tax on real and personal estate, and the tax on tonnage on the Pennsylvania railroad. The revenue from these two sources, during the decade referred to was as follows:

Tonnage Tax.	State Tax.	
1851.....	\$ 9,514 71.....	\$1,372 10 37
1852.....	21,270 66.....	1,359,636 20
1853.....	67,227 22.....	1,381,550 39
1854.....	118,295 11.....	1,410,403 39
1855.....	161,125 23.....	1,721,114 49
1856.....	250,947 24.....	1,682,035 21
1857.....	204,564 11.....	1,652,667 34
1858.....	224,535 62.....	1,610,229 19
1859.....	47,582 63.....	1,388,502 18
1860.....	31,425 15.....	1,444,574 93

Total revenue in ten years.....\$15,024,984 75
Total revenue in ten years.....\$16,101,981 94
And yet, with all this revenue, and \$300,000 additional paid in three installments, 1858, 1859 and 1860, by the Pennsylvania railroad in redemption of its bonds, given in purchase of the public works, the public debt remained almost unchanged for six years, and was finally reduced in the following four years, but a trifle, as the following figures show:

State debt December 1, 1850.....	\$40,775,385 42
State debt December 1, 1860.....	37,969,847 50
Total reduction in ten years.....	\$2,805,537 92
Or an average of about \$280,000 a year.	

Shortly after the expiration of the State government in 1861, they were met with the necessity of arming the troops of the State called out to suppress the rebellion and to put the State into condition of defense. Hence the negotiations of the war loan of 1861. They therefore commenced their decade with a debt of over forty millions, as follows:

State debt December 1, 1860.....	\$37,969,847 50
War loan of 1861.....	3,500,000 00
Total.....	\$41,469,847 50
The tonnage tax was repealed in 1861, and subsequently, in February, 1866, the three mill tax on real estate was repealed, so that these large sources of revenue enjoyed by the Democrats were cut off from their successors, the annual payments into the sinking fund by the Pennsylvania railroad being increased by the repeal of the tonnage tax, from \$100,000 to \$460,000 annually.	

With the tonnage tax repealed since 1861, and the three mill tax abolished since 1865, the Republican administration of the State has still managed to reduce the public debt more than one-fourth. A statement published, officially, by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, shows the public debt, July 1, 1871, to be as follows:

RECAPITULATION OF PUBLIC DEBT.	