

# The Huntingdon Journal.

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HUNTINGDON, PA., JUNE 26, 1872.

NO. 26.

**The Huntingdon Journal.**

J. R. DURBORROW, J. A. NASH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office on the corner of Fifth and Washington streets.

The HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & CO., at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and \$3 if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

Regular monthly and yearly advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

3m	6m	9m	1y	3m	6m	9m	1y
1 inch	7 00	12 00	16 00	20 00	30 00	40 00	50 00
2 "	14 00	24 00	32 00	40 00	60 00	80 00	100 00
3 "	21 00	36 00	48 00	60 00	90 00	120 00	150 00
4 "	28 00	48 00	64 00	80 00	120 00	160 00	200 00
5 "	35 00	60 00	80 00	100 00	150 00	200 00	250 00
6 "	42 00	72 00	96 00	120 00	180 00	240 00	300 00
7 "	49 00	84 00	112 00	140 00	210 00	280 00	350 00
8 "	56 00	96 00	128 00	160 00	240 00	320 00	400 00
9 "	63 00	108 00	144 00	180 00	270 00	360 00	450 00
10 "	70 00	120 00	160 00	200 00	300 00	400 00	500 00

Special notices will be inserted at TWELVE AND A HALF CENTS per line, and local and editorial notices at FIFTEEN CENTS per line.

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged extra.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted.

Advertisements must find their commission outside of these figures.

All advertising accounts are due and collectible unless the advertisement is otherwise inserted.

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**B. F. GEHRETT, M. D., ECLECI- TIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,** having returned from Clearfield county and permanently located in Shirleyburg, offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. [apr. 1872.]

**D. R. F. O. ALLEMAN** can be consulted at his office, at all hours, Mapleton, Pa. [march, 1872.]

**D. CALDWELL,** Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3d street. Office across from the office of Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [apr. 1871.]

**D. R. A. B. BRUMBAUGH,** offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 227 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [Jan. 4, '71.]

**E. J. GREENE,** Dentist. Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill street [Jan. 4, '71.]

**G. L. ROBB,** Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 323, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [april, '71.]

**H. GLAZIER,** Notary Public, corner of Washington and Smith streets, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 12, '71.]

**H. C. MADDEN,** Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 1, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 12, '71.]

**J. SYLVANUS BLAIR,** Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, near doors west of Smith. [Jan. 4, '71.]

**J. R. PATTON,** Druggist and Apothecary, opposite the Exchange Hotel, Huntingdon, Pa. Prescriptions accurately compounded. Pure Liquors for medicinal purposes. [nov. 23, 70.]

**J. HALL MUSSER,** Attorney-at-Law, No. 319 Hill st., Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 4, '71.]

**J. R. DURBORROW,** Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents. Office in the Journal Building. [Feb. 1, '71.]

**J. W. MATTERN,** Attorney-at-Law and General Claims Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Soldiers' claims against the Government for back pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office on Hill street. [Jan. 4, '71.]

**K. ALLEN LOVELL,** Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to Collectors of all kinds; to the settlement of Estates, &c.; and all other Legal Business presented with fidelity and dispatch. Office in room lately occupied by R. Milton Speer, Esq. [Jan. 4, '71.]

**MILES ZENTMYER,** Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office in Cunningham hall building. [Jan. 4, '71.]

**H. ALDRON MILLER,** H. BUCHANAN, MILLER & BUCHANAN, DENTISTS, No. 228 Hill street, HUNTINGDON, PA. April 5, 71-ly.

**P. M. & M. S. LYTLE,** Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all kinds of legal business entrusted to their care. Office on the south side of Hill street, fourth door west of Smith. [Jan. 4, '71.]

**R. A. ORBISON,** Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [march, '71.]

**JOHN SCOTT, S. T. BROWN, J. N. BAILEY,** Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Penalties, and all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government will be promptly prosecuted. Office on Hill street. [Jan. 4, '71.]

**T. W. MYTON,** Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office with J. Sewell Stewart, Esq. [Jan. 4, '71.]

**WILLIAM A. FLEMING,** Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 228, Hill street. [Jan. 4, '71.]

Hotels.

**MORRISON HOUSE,** OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT HUNTINGDON, PA. April 5, 1871-ly. J. H. CLOVER, Prop.

**WASHINGTON HOTEL,** S. S. BROWN, Prop., Corner of Pitt & Juliana streets, Bedford, Pa. [may, 1871.]

**EXCHANGE HOTEL,** Huntingdon, Pa. JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor. January 4, 1871.

Miscellaneous.

**COLYER & GRAHAM, PAINTERS,** Shop No. 750, Hill Street, (2d door from S. E. Henry & Co.'s), Huntingdon, Pa. will do all kind of painting cheaper than any firm in town. Give them a call before applying elsewhere.

**ISAAC TAYLOR & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF Hosiery, Fine, and Sewing Machines and Shingles, Oscoda, Clearfield county, Pa.** They make a specialty of furnishing to order all kinds of

**HEMLOCK AND BILL TIMBER.** Orders taken and any information given by M. M. LOGAN, at his office, over the Union Bank, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 24, 1872-6mo.]

**R. A. BECK,** Fashionable Barber and Hairdresser, Hill street, opposite the Franklin House. All kinds of Tonics and Pomades kept on hand and for sale. [april, 1871-6m]

**TO ADVERTISERS:**

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH.

Office corner of Washington and Bath Sts., HUNTINGDON, PA.

CIRCULATION 1700.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN

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J. R. DURBORROW & CO.

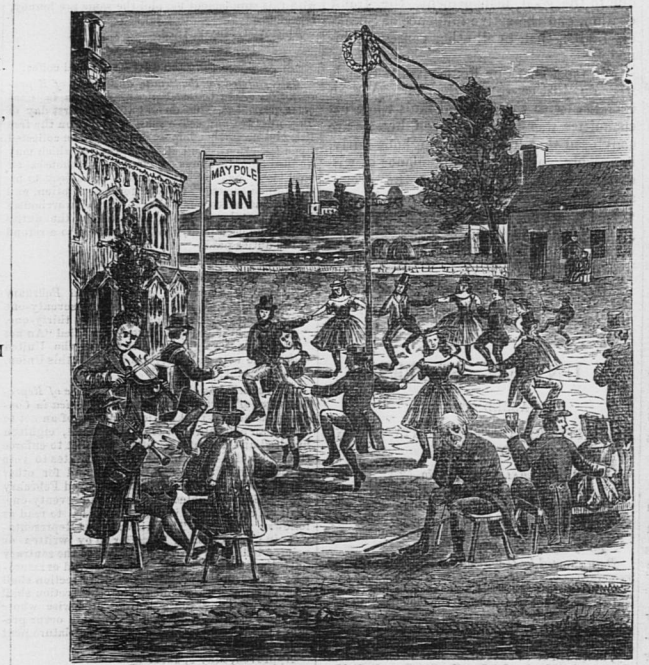
(From the American Working People, July, 1872.)

## Ireland Then and Now.

Fruitful our soil where honest men starve,  
Empty the mart and shipless the bay;  
Out of our wants the Oligarchs carve,  
Foreigners fatten on our decay.

Down-trodden old Ireland is destined to rise from the subjection of centuries into independence and power. Scholars tell us that for ages she was the chief seat of learning in christian Europe, and that the most distinguished scholars who appeared in other countries were mostly either Irish by birth or had received their education in Irish schools. It was customary for Englishmen of all ranks, from the highest

When the power of England was established over them a change began. The London merchants complained that Irish manufacturers interfered with English manufactures, and petitioned that they be uprooted. This policy was pursued for centuries. Every legislative device was resorted to to repress Irish manufactures.—The island was parcelled out to English landlords who exacted oppressive rents from the real owners. An army of officers were placed over them and every form of tax was imposed. The manufactures declined, and the people, unable to buy, were reduced to great poverty that England and her trades-people might thrive.



## IRELAND AS IT WAS AND

to the lowest, to retire for study and devotion to Ireland, where they were all hospitably received and supplied gratuitously with food, with books and with instruction.

Another writer tells us that the Hibernians, who were called Scots, were in the eighth century lovers of learning, and were cultured in the sciences beyond all other European nations, traveling through the most distant lands both with a view to improve and communicate their knowledge.

They filled the highest positions in the Universities of France, Germany and Italy. Centuries ago Irish wool and woollen goods found ready sale in every port of Europe.

## AND

The blood of every true Irishman is stirred at the remembrance of the degradation to which his native home has been reduced. Little by little the blooming gardens and rich fields of Ireland were bled.

Year by year the wealth of the people decreased, and the volume of taxes upon their sparse earnings increased.

Ireland was oppressed by legislation that England might grow. Her people were starved that England might have plenty.

They were not permitted to make anything which might or could be made in England. We present a true picture of Ireland as she was and is. Her comfortable housed and clothed people, once met annually

around the decorated May pole to celebrate in song and dance the return of the spring time. They were happy days then, and the music of fiddle and flute filled every Irish heart with joy. The memory of their fathers was still green. No tyrannical legislation, no foreign imported master, no odious tax gatherer, no enforced teachers dictated to them—they were free to live in all the happiness their industry and frugality could bring them.

Happy homes and smiling farms covered the Isle, busy ships filled her ports, and prosperous merchants filled her cities.

Such scenes as this were common one hundred years ago; but the thrifty race of

idle, their mills are closed, their merchants are ruined, commerce is prostrated.

Here are the fruits of it: a family, reduced to poverty, unable to pay the taxes imposed upon them by English land owners, stand and see their only meagre support driven away from their door. How many times this has been a reality! What can the idle and starving family do with these animals. What can willing hands do under such a cursed system of oppression.

America opens her arms to all. But she asks one thing. She asks that every Irishman be true to the country that gives him a home and to the principles by which

## IRELAND AS IT IS.

people were turned out of their mills and shops, the spindle and the loom were stopped by the officers of the law.

Men began to ask what they would do. Women began to weep and children to cry for bread.

Hovels now arose where before were comfortable homes.

The May Pole Inn was deserted. When spring time came the people's hearts were too heavy to congregate as of yore to sing the songs of former days and record the memories of sweet olden times.

The memory of stern landlords, of rapacious tax collectors, of tyrannical laws, stood before them. The very land their fathers once owned to not theirs. Their ships are

## IRELAND AS IT IS.

he earns a livelihood. That system is Protection

Every Irishman who votes for free trade or for men who favor it is an enemy to his native land, and is undeserving of the benefits of a free country.

Every Irishman who aids free traders aids England to tighten her rivets of oppression upon his native land.

Irishmen, labor is what you have to sell. If the people who live in England and Scotland and Wales sell their labor to the people of this country you cannot sell yours.

Protection is the lash which will yet make the British lion roar. Learn to use it for your own power.

## The Muses' Bower.

[Published by Request.]

### A Beautiful Hymn.

There is a spot to me most dear  
Than native vale or mountain;  
A spot for which affection's tear  
Springs grateful from my fountain.  
Tis not a mere kindred soil about,  
Though that is almost heaven—  
But where I first my Saviour found,  
And felt my sins forgiven.

Hard was my toil to reach the shore,  
I longed to find my dear one;  
Above me was the thunder's roar,  
Beneath the waves' commotion.  
Darkly the pall of night was thrown  
Around me faint with terror;  
In that dark hour around my grave,  
Ascend for years of error!

Sinking and panting as for breath;  
I saw not help to near me  
And cried, "O, save me, Lord, from death,  
Immortal Jesus, hear me,  
Then quick as thought I felt Him nigh,  
My Saviour stood before me,  
I saw His brightness round me shine,  
And shouted "Glory, Glory!"

O, sacred hour, O hallowed spot,  
Where Jesus first found me,  
Where'er I fall my distant lot,  
My heart shall linger round thee,  
And when from earth I rise to soar  
Up to my home in heaven,  
Down will I cast my eyes once more  
Where I was first forgiven.

### The Story-Teller.

AN EDITOR'S EXPERIENCE.

The scene was in Sacramento street, in front of a well known hotel. It was twenty-two years ago, and San Francisco was at the center arranging some papers for the mail.

Quite a crowd had gathered on the street, and the centre of attraction was a big fellow, who stood with a newspaper in his hand, raving and cursing.

"What's the matter, Wolf?" asked a new-comer, who was evidently familiar with the irate man.

"Matter?" returned Wolf, for that was his name, "matter enough, an' rough enough 'll be for some folks. Them young whelps that prints this paper has gone and published something about me, O, I'll fix 'em! They'd better never had been born! They'd better go and kill themselves after ten minutes; it'll be an easier death for 'em."

Wolf was a noted desperado, who, it was said, had killed more than twenty men, and but few knew him who did not fear him. He was at that time chief of a gang of loafers and gamblers that were nearly always to be found lounging in the vicinity of the well known hotel, with a riotous conduct. If there was any law in those days it was seldom executed against such characters, and in the full consciousness that they were feared they did pretty much as they pleased.

The newspaper which had given deadly offense to Wolf was a little weekly journal and its office was in the second story of a building on the same street with the hotel I have mentioned, and only a few rods distant. It was published by two young men—or, I might say, boys, for they were only eighteen and twenty years old, respectively named Darrell and Kaynes. The paper and its youthful proprietors were already well known in the city of San Francisco.

The article which had excited the wrath of the ruffian Wolf was a bold denunciation of himself and his crowd for their lawless conduct, and it particularly mentioned him by name, characterizing him as a bluster-

## Taming a Ruffian.

ing bully." It was the work of young Darrell, a fearless boy hailing from Ohio. Before leaving his home he had acquired a fair education, so that he could at least edit a newspaper in those early days; and he possessed, besides, that courage and daring which may be natural in the first place, and which are more thoroughly developed by exposure to dangers and hardships.

Young Kaynes was quite a different kind of person in point of courage, being of an unusually timorous nature.

To return to the scene on Sacramento street. Working himself up into his very worst mood—and his best was bad enough, heaven knows—Wolf tore the papers to atoms and started for the publication office. He was followed by a curious rabble, most of whom were elated with the prospect of a murder, though there were some present who would have remonstrated with the evil-hearted man, had they dared.

"Just you watch," said Wolf, as he reached the door, "if ye want to see their bloody carcasses tumble out of the window! It won't be long. I don't spend much time on such fellows."

It was the intention of the cruel-hearted man actually to cut the throats of the two boyish journalists and throw their bodies out at the window, for the gratification of the crowd and the further exaltation of his already fearful name. So, the mob on the street awaited the issue with feverish expectation, as Wolf, flourishing his knife and revolver, entered the rude frame building and rushed up stairs.

All unconscious of their danger, the two young editors were busily pursuing their usual work in their primitive office. If they had heard the noise without, they paid no attention to it, supposing it was merely a street row such as they were accustomed to hearing every day. Darrell was sitting at a rude table writing, and Kaynes was at the counter arranging some papers for the mail.

"They heard the clatter of heavy boots on the stairs, but supposed it was some rough miner coming up to subscribe for the paper, or, perhaps, to see a lawyer who occupied a couple of rooms on the same floor, for the building was only a two-story one, and the second floor was occupied exclusively by them and an attorney—their rooms being separated from his by a narrow hall that was reached by the flight of stairs alluded to.

"Ah ha! I've got ye, my young pups!" exclaimed the desperado, bursting in. Being at the counter, which faced the door and extended across the room, he was naturally the first mark for Wolf's vengeance.

"Ye young devils!" he hissed, scowling like a madman, "ye'll never write nor print nothing more about me!" Here he flourished his knife and revolver about his head. "I've got a sure thing on both of ye!" Saying this he looked about him, with a careful scrutiny, to see that there was no means of escape for the quiet youths at the table, who, of course, would not dare to jump over the counter and try to pass him, but would cower down in a corner and take his turn at being killed; then he reached across the counter and seized Kaynes by the hair, which was unfortunately very long.

Coiling the terrified young man's locks around the great coarse fingers of the left hand, Wolf laid his revolver upon the counter without the slightest apprehension that any youthful adversary would snatch it up and use it on him, as he might have done had he possessed the nerve; then flourished his big gleaming knife, deliberately, with pure devilishness, prolonging Kaynes' terror and pain.

"Now say ye prayers, d—n yer," he hissed, "ye've got a couple of seconds, so left—just while I'm clippin' yer ears

off. I'll take 'em first, clean and smooth; then I'll cut yer throat an' throw yer out of the window. D'ye hear that?"

Such was Wolf's reliance upon the terror his name everywhere inspired that he never dreamed of resistance. He simply intended to butcher the two young men, and such a thing as an obstacle to his will was not to be thought of. Had Darrell possessed no more nerve than Kaynes there can be no doubt they would both have been murdered then and there, in exact accordance with Wolf's programme.

"Time!" he said, grinding his teeth in an ecstasy of rage, and drawing Kaynes' white face closer to his own repulsive countenance. "Ye're a waitin' to see yer carcass drop down into the street. Here he flourished his knife and selected his mark. "The right ear first. Watch how clean and smooth I'll take it off. I won't even touch a hair."

"O—O!" the poor fellow shrieked, trembling with terror. "Oh don't, Mr. Wolf. I didn't write that, upon my soul!" and he whined like a school boy.

"None of yer yin!" said Wolf, ferociously. "Ye both wrote it, and ye'll both pay for it." Here he executed decided circles with his flashing knife, having apparently prolonged the torture as much as he desired. "Here goes; look out when I count three!" The knife was ready to descend. "One—two—"

He stopped and stared. He had not observed the movements of Darrell during the last few seconds, and just as he was upon the point of clipping off Kaynes' ear in the polished manner he had disdained upon, he found the muzzle of a rifle thrust almost into his face.

It was a loaded rifle which, luckily, a friend of Darrell's had left in his keeping that very morning, while he went out to make some purchases. It had stood in a corner of the room near his table, and Darrell had seized it, cocked it and leveled it with such dexterity that he had Wolf covered before he had observed his movements; and he stood motionless as a statue—a steady finger on the trigger.

"You grow badly," he said, "drop that knife instantly! Mind, I come from a country where they shoot squirrels only through the eye. I can hit any hair of your big head that you will mention, at a hundred yards. Drop that knife!"

The ruffian was fairly paralyzed. He released his grip on poor Kaynes, who sank fainting upon the floor, and his murderous knife fell on the counter. So unexpected was the bold attitude of Darrell that Wolf was more startled than he would have been if a dozen of the roughest men in California had assailed him.

There stood the boyish editor, motionless as the wall, and the muzzle of the rifle did not move the breadth of a hair. Darrell held the desperado's life in his hands.

"Ye cowardly bluffers!" he repeated contemptuously. "don't ye dare to move; I can send a bullet through your eye-ball without touching the wall. Don't move an eighth of an inch or I'll do it, and throw your filthy carcass out of the window."

Wolf glanced at his revolver, lying upon the counter within two feet of his eyes, but he did not venture to reach for it.

"Dare to touch that revolver, or so much as look at it again," said Darrell, "and I'll make a red picture upon the wall there behind you. You came up here to murder two boys, because you thought it an easy task, and now you are pale and trembling with fear. I would kill you in your tracks, but that I don't want your dirty blood on my hands. Go now. Turn instantly. Leave your knife and revolver where they are. I'll keep them. Go down to your friends on the street and tell them that a

boy whipped you—disarmed you, and then kicked you down stairs. Do as I tell you. If you hesitate you will never see me again."

Wolf, trembling from head to foot, glanced once more at his revolver, but did not dare raise his hand. His face was pale and his lips were dry.

"Do you hear me?" demanded Darrell, sternly.

"Yes, yes, don't shoot," said Wolf, turning about, as commanded. He was thoroughly cowed.

"Do not turn your ugly face this way again," said Darrell, "or you will pay for it with your life. Move!"

Tamer than a whipped cur, the ruffian walked toward the door, and Darrell, springing over the counter, was at his heels in an instant.

"Don't look back, or I'll kill you." Meekly obeying the imperative orders of the youth, Wolf moved slowly out of the room into the corridor.

"Be careful; don't—don't let that gun go off," Wolf stammered, as he reached the head of the stairs.

At this moment the clamors of the impatient crowd below were with terrible distinctness, and one shrill voice was heard to say:

"Hurry up, Wolf, why don't you throw them fellows out?"

Exasperated beyond measure, he was on the point of turning back, at the risk of his life; for after all his bragging about how could he face those below, disarmed and chased out of the building by one of the puny boys he had intended so terribly to chastise? But Darrell was after him, and with one vigorous kick sent him bounding down the wooden stairs, with a thundering clatter, and rolling over the door sill, the defeated bully actually tumbled out upon the street before he could recover his equilibrium.

"Hello! how's this? What's up?" asked a dozen voices at once, as the dreading man reappeared in this indignified shape, without having sent any corpse down from the window.

"Why, I simply kicked him down stairs,—that's what's the matter," responded the boyish voice of Darrell at the top. "I don't know how this is, but I won't let him off so easy. He's not afraid of him; I took all his weapons from him."

Wolf struggled to his feet, and presenting such a ludicrous appearance that he was greeted with loud jeers and bursts of laughter. So completely had he tumbled from his lofty eminence in the eyes of those who either admired or feared a bold murderer, that they who an hour ago would have dared to offend him by word or look, now regarded him only with contempt—laughed at and derided him.

Never before had the rough crowd seen a man with an established reputation like Mr. Wolf thus suddenly fall to such a depth of degradation. All his name, fame and prestige, melted away like a mist, and he was no longer feared—no longer respected by the low thieves and cut-throats around him—only despised. Yes, despised by the meanest of creatures, whom he had oftentimes bullied as though they had been dogs.

The dread which had surrounded his name seemed to vanish like a mist. "Licked by a boy!" "Kicked down stairs!" "Got his barrels took from him!" were the murmurs of the crowd. At length a voice boldly taunted him with "Where's your knife?" and another proposed "Three cheers for the boy that licked him!"

Looking very little and pusillanimous, he slunk away toward Montgomery street.