

VOL. 47.

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 \$5.00 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	2.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	3.00	5.00	6.00	7.00
2 inch	3.00	6.00	8.00	10.00	4.00	7.00	9.00	11.00
3 inch	4.00	8.00	11.00	14.00	5.00	9.00	12.00	15.00
4 inch	5.00	10.00	14.00	18.00	6.00	11.00	15.00	19.00
5 inch	6.00	12.00	17.00	22.00	7.00	13.00	18.00	23.00
6 inch	7.00	14.00	20.00	26.00	8.00	15.00	21.00	27.00
7 inch	8.00	16.00	23.00	30.00	9.00	17.00	24.00	31.00
8 inch	9.00	18.00	26.00	34.00	10.00	19.00	27.00	35.00
9 inch	10.00	20.00	29.00	38.00	11.00	21.00	30.00	39.00
10 inch	11.00	22.00	32.00	42.00	12.00	23.00	33.00	43.00

Special notices will be inserted at TWENTY 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 per line. Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted. Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures. All advertising accounts are due and collectible when the advertisement is once inserted. JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy Copies, done with neatness and dispatch. Hand-bills, Blank Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and every thing in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards.

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

DR. H. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST, No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. July 3, '72.

DR. F. O. ALLEMAN can be consulted at his office, at all hours, Mapletown, Pa. [March, '72.]

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 2d Street, Harrisburg, Pa. [April, '72.]

DR. A. R. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 322 Washington street, over door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [Jan, '72.]

E. J. GREENE, Dentist, Office removed to Letter's new building, Hill Street, Huntingdon. [Jan, '72.]

G. I. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 529, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [April, '72.]

H. GLAZIER, Notary Public, corner of Washington and Smith streets, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan, '72.]

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [April, '72.]

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. June 26, '72.

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, four doors west of Smith. [Jan, '72.]

J. R. PATTON, Druggist and Apothecary, opposite the Exchange Hotel, Huntingdon, Pa. Prescriptions accurately compounded. Pure Liquors for Medicinal purposes. [Nov, 25, '70.]

J. HALL MUSSER, Attorney-at-Law, No. 319 Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan, '72.]

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, '72.]

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law, and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents, and all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government will be promptly prosecuted. Office on Hill street. [Jan, '72.]

K. ALLEN LOVELL, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to Collectors and all kinds; to the settlement of Estates, &c.; and all other Legal Business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch. Particular attention given to room lately occupied by H. Milton Spear, Esq. [Jan, '72.]

MILES ZENTMYER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend promptly to all legal business. Office in Cunningham's new building. [Jan, '72.]

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, '72.]

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 521 Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [May, '72.]

SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Pension claims, and all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government will be promptly prosecuted. Office on Hill street. [Jan, '72.]

T. W. MYTON, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office with J. Sewell Stewart, Esq. [Jan, '72.]

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. [April, '72.]

MORRISON HOUSE, OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT HUNTINGDON, PA.

WASHINGTON HOTEL, S. S. BOWDEN, Prop'r. Corner of Pitt & Juliana Sts., Bedford, Pa. May 1.

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

Miscellaneous.

BARTOL, KENNEDY & CO. [Lately Franklin Manufacturing Company.] Manufactures Flooring, Siding, Doors, Sash, Shutters, Blinds, Moulding, Sewing Work, Counters, Shelving, Wood Turnings, Hubs, Spokes, Bent Work, Forks, Rakes, Brooms, Poles, and Hammer Handles, all kinds of Furniture, &c. Our Machinery the very best quality and giving our entire manufacturing attention to the business we are able to manufacture all of the above named articles, as well as many others, in the best style and always promptly. All orders addressed to BARTOL, KENNEDY & CO., Huntingdon, Pa., will receive our immediate attention. Price list furnished when desired. For all kinds of work, Jan. 31, 1871.

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, '72.]

Miscellaneous.

1872. 1872.

CARPETS!! CARPETS!! CARPETS!! SPRING STOCK. AT LOWEST PRICES! JAMES A. BROWN

Is constantly receiving at his new CARPET STORE,

HUNTINGDON, PA., 525 1/2 Hill Street.

Beautiful Patterns of Carpets, fresh from the looms of the manufacturers. His stock comprises

BRUSSELS, INGRAINS, WOOL DUTCH, COTTAGE, HEMP, LIST AND RAG CARPETS, CARPET CHAIN, COCOA AND CANTON MATTINGS, FLOOR, OIL AND TABLE.

STAIR CLOTHS, and a large stock of

WALL PAPER, Window Shades and Fixture, Drapery, Velvet Rugs, Door Mats, Extra Carpet, Tension and Blind, and a specialty of furnishing, Churches and Lodges at City Prices, and invite Furnishing Committees to call and see goods made expressly for their purposes.

Bayers will save money and be better suited by going to the regular Carpet and Oil Cloth Store, for any of the above goods. If they competition in price and variety of beautiful patterns. I have also the Agency for the Original HOWE SEWING MACHINE, IMPROVED, so well known as the best Family Machine in the world. Call at the CARPET STORE and see them. JAMES A. BROWN. Feb. 14, 1872.

W. BUCHANAN, J. M. BUCHANAN, BUCHANAN & SON, 5 0 9 H I L L S T R E E T, HUNTINGDON, PA.

We have the largest, cheapest and best assortment of COOKING STOVES West of Philadelphia. We constantly keep on hand SPEARS, CALORIFIC, EXCELSIOR, OLIVE BRANCH, PENN. MORNING LIGHT, COTTAGE, and the REGULATOR. EVERY STOVE WARRANTED! WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, JAPANESE WARE, TIN AND PAINTED WARE, TOLEDO PUMPS, ETC., ETC., ETC. ETC. Persons going to housekeeping can get everything they need, from a clothes pin to a cooking stove.

ROOFING, SPOUTING & JOB WORK done at short notice. Give us a call and we feel satisfied you can save money. 16apr.

GRAND DEPOT FOR NEW GOODS.

D. P. GWIN INFORMS THE PUBLIC THAT HE HAS JUST OPENED A SPLENDID STOCK OF NEW GOODS

THAT CAN'T BE BEAT IN CHEAPNESS AND QUALITY.

CALL AND SEE. D. P. GWIN. Jan. 4, '71.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

at the Cheap Store of BENJAMIN JACOBS, Corner of the Diamond, in Saxton's Building. I have just received a large stock of Ladies' elegant Dress Goods, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps of all kinds, in endless variety, for ladies, gentlemen, misses and children.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, GROCERIES, Coffee, Tea of all kinds, best and Common Syrups, Spices, &c. Tobacco and Segars, wholesale and retail. These goods will be sold as cheap, if not cheaper, than any other house in town. "Quick sales and small profits" is my motto. Thankful for past patronage, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

L. R. NORTON, Dealer in PIANOS, AND STATE AGENT

For the celebrated JEWETT & GOODMAN ORGAN, 118 Smithfield Street, OPPOSITE NEW CITY HALL, PITTSBURGH, PA. (Send for Illustrated Catalogue.) June 26, 1872-3m.

POLITICAL CAMPAIGN OF 1872. G R A N T A N D W I L S O N, GREELY AND BROWN CAMPAIGN CAPS, CAPES AND TORCHES, TRANSPARENCIES AND BANNERS, with Portraits or any device, for all parties. Silk, Tanning and Muslin Flags of all sizes on hand or made to order. Choice Colored Paper, Banners, Paper Balloons, Fire Works, &c. Campaign Clubs fitted out at the Lowest Rates at WM. F. SCHEIBLE'S, CAMPAIGN DEPOT, No. 49 South Third Street, Philadelphia. N.Y. 3-3m. (Send for Circulars.)

GOOD FITS! SHOEMAKING!

We manufacture to order all kinds of Ladies' and Gents' Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c., of the best material the market produces, and at the shortest possible notice. Persons from the country can be accommodated with our own manufacturing by giving a few hours notice.

All kinds of repairing neatly done. For past favors accept our sincere thanks. D. HERTZLER & BRO., 403 Allegheny St., opposite D. T. Depot Huntingdon, Pa.

The Muses' Power.

Come to Me, Darling.

The beautiful verses submitted were written by Mr. Joseph Brennan, one of the most gifted young Irishmen that ever plucked into so aboriginal a re-creation as was that of 1848:

Come to me, darling, I'm lonely without thee, Day-time and night-time I'm dreaming about thee, Night-time and day-time dreams I behold thee, Undelivered the waking that ceases to fold thee; Come to me, darling, my sorrow to lighten, Come to thy beauty to bless and to brighten, Come to thy womanhood, meekly and lowly, Come to thy lovingness, quietly and holy.

Swallows shall fit 'round the desolate ruin, Telling of spring and its joys renewing; And though thy love and its manifold treasure, Are circling my heart with the promise of pleasure, Oh, spring of my spirit! Oh, May of my bosom; Shine out of soul till it burgeon and blossom; The waste of my life has a rare root within it, And thy fondness alone to the sunlight can win it.

Figure which moves like a song through the even Features lit up with a reflex of heaven, Eyes like the skies of sweet Erin our mother, Where sunshine and shadow are changing together, Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple, And opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple, Oh! I thank thee the Saviour that even the seeming Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened; Dear, are you glad to know I am gladdened? And though I never ever cease in time and in tide, As to cease to love or to rhyme into rhyme, love, I cannot cease, but your cheeks will be glowing; You will not linger when I shall have died, love; And I could not live without you by my side, love.

Come to me, darling, ere I die of my sorrow; Rise on my glowing love of its to-morrow; Strong, swift and true as the words which I speak, love; With a song at your lip and a smile on your cheek,

Come, for my heart in your absence is dreary; Haste, for my spirit is sickened and weary; Come to my arms which alone shall be true, Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee;

"I'll take it with many thanks," said Charley, spiritively.

"Now you talk like a man—there's a drop of your father's blood in you somewhere, I guess!" answered Mr. Mervin, with evident pleasure. "You may begin to-morrow, and if you are not tired by night you let me know."

"The feeling will be welcome. I have had enough of ennuj," said Charley, earnestly.

In and to two weeks was very natural. I had wanted a sort of wariness; but he pursued his new line of conduct unflinchingly. He had received two letters from his mother in the meantime, both filled with shallow regrets and superficial grief. The Walcotts had not visited her, and she attributed her action to his having disgraced himself by becoming an employee.

She hoped that he would think in solitude how much sorrow he had caused by his wandering.

These epistles, so full of dangerous sophistry had no effect upon the young man. He pined his mother for her vapidity.

"Easton, who is that girl I have seen you talking with on Broadway?" queried Mr. Mervin, one day about a week later.

"Well, I hardly know myself," answered the young man, looking up from the ledger. "I became acquainted with her in a very romantic sort of way. You see, she was standing on the sidewalk waiting for a stage, when I saw one of our well-dressed pickpockets attempt to practice his art on her. I invited him out into the street."

"That means you kicked him out!" interposed Mr. Mervin, laughing.

"You may translate it as you like! Of course she thanked me, and I in return handed a stage for her. Since then I have met her a few times at the military establishment, where she is employed, and walked as far as Union square with her—she would never let me go any farther. Her name I have not the slightest idea of, she has positively refused to give any. Now you know as much about her as I do."

"Hump! What do you think your mother would say to this acquaintance?" asked Mr. Mervin.

"She would condemn it, of course. But there is one I am confident of, that that girl is worthy of all respect. Her station in life I care nothing about."

"There's more of the father showing itself," mused Mr. Mervin, approvingly, but made no reply, and there the subject was dropped.

The next evening at six, Charles was once more on Broadway, waiting for the strange beauty in whom he felt a peculiar interest. But she did not come, and he was forced to acknowledge to himself that he was much disappointed.

A week passed and he neither saw nor heard of her. Perhaps she was sick, and without proper care. The thought saddened him, and yet could do nothing, for he was ignorant even of her name.

"Easton, suppose you go up to Mrs. Laurens with me this evening? She's an old friend of your family, I believe?" said Mr. Mervin.

"Laurens again! Can't I escape that family?" thought Charles, irritably, but replied:

"So they are here! When did they return from Europe?"

"About two weeks ago, I believe. They have hardly been out of the house, however, for everyone of the children has been sick. Mrs. Laurens is not the woman to leave her child to mercenary nurses, so she had to break many engagements, on she to your mother among the number, if I mistake not."

Charles nodded carelessly, and there the conversation terminated.

At eight o'clock that evening, the two gentlemen were shown into Mrs. Laurens' elegant drawing room, and greeted by that lady with earnest cordiality. The wonderful Delia was not present, and Charles was very thankful, for he had become utterly sick of the name, and had not the least desire to see the person.

"I want you to look at my babies, Charley," said Mrs. Laurens, in her earnest, graceful way. "They are asleep, else I would bring them down. But you will pardon the informality, I am sure."

The young man inclined his head, and followed his hostess to the nursery. Patiently, if not sympathetically, he listened to the mother's rhapsodies over her darlings, and when she had concluded, he muttered something about their being very beautiful.

"Phew!" said Charley, resistlessly—"You talk like a duchess, instead of an American matron."

And turning on his heel he hurried from the house. Since the moment that he had become of marriageable age, his mother had planned and connived to match him with some heiress, but had failed through his perverseness. Nearly every day in the week he had been obliged to listen to sermons and lectures on this, his mother's hobby, and now he was intensely disgusted.

Mrs. Easton was not weak mentally, but idleness had rendered her a great bore. It is a noticeable fact that persons who have no regular employment for their minds usually grasp at things most shallow, and use a common phrase, run them straight into the ground.

Charles Easton had the elements of man-

hood in him, but he had never felt them until this hour. Now he was determined to see what they were good for.

Proceeding at once to New York, he directed his steps to a large mercantile house on Canal street, kept by one of his father's friends.

"Ah! Easton my boy, glad to see you," said Mr. Mervin, cordially. "Fresh from Mapletown and the delights of summer parties I suppose."

"Parties be hanged! How is business?" yawned Charley; removing his seegar from his mouth, and leaning lazily against the desk.

Mr. Mervin looked at him regretfully, and shook his head, muttering:

"Not much like his father."

"Did you speak?"

"I unnumbered something, yes. The fact is, Easton, I'm annoyed. I've lost my assistant book-keeper, and I feel bad over it. He got into low society, and went down fast. I re-monstrated in vain. Yesterday I was notified of a deficit of three hundred dollars. He confessed to the larceny, and I set him adrift. I hadn't the heart to prosecute him. I wish—but never mind—it would be useless to talk to you."

"It depends on what you talk about," answered Charley, carelessly. "Now the last race at Saratoga, or the sailing match at Newport would be interesting; but day-books and ledgers are dull."

"He knew very well that this would render his friend eloquent, as it had many times before, over the benefit of labor. He was not in error. Mr. Mervin read him a longsermon on folly of idleness, and concluded by offering him the vacant salary of eighteen hundred dollars a year."

"I'll take it with many thanks," said Charley, spiritively.

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for that lovely ogre, Delia, will be there."

Five days later, and after he had received two letters from his mother, urging him to come home, Charley embarked on the noon train for Mapletown. When Kempton was reached—station a few miles south of his native town—he went out on the platform to look around, and the first object that met his gaze was a neat little phaeton containing Mrs. Laurens' three children and the governess. With a smothered exclamation of delight, he leaped off the car, walked to the side of the depot and greeted his eccentric acquaintance. Her eyes lighted as she spoke, and a soft flush mantled each cheek.

"Your mother is expecting you home," she said. "You had better run back to the train. I'd ask you to ride to Mapletown with me, but I'm only a governess, and excuse me—your mother is very proud."

"Yes, but never mind that. Is Mrs. Laurens with you? No? Ah? I'm so glad. I can talk with you a minute. Do you ride often this way?"

"Yes, the scenery is more beautiful than on any other road."

"Then I'll stay here a few days, and ride out horseback every morning to meet you, provided, of course, that the suggestion meets with your approbation. Excuse me, but I wish to know more of you—to be honest, I like you very much."

"You flatter me! I fear you have not well considered your proposition. It embodies a double deception—you to your mother—I to Mrs. Laurens."

"And yet it is harmless. I do not wish you to go home. You know Delia, of course?"

"Well, I don't, and what is more, I don't want to. I'd run away from her as I would from a bear, for the simple reason that two or three foolish persons have suggested that she would make a good match. Bah! How I hate such meddling! Come, you will consent?"

"Yes, with a merry laugh and a toss of the stately head.

Three days passed, and Mrs. Easton wondered why Charley did not come. And the governess wondered why she drove so much faster to reach Kempton every morning, and Charley wondered if his little friend cared enough for him to take Mrs. Laurens. He resolved to ascertain at once. So on the fourth morning, while riding along her side, he thrust a paper into her hand, on which were written these words:

"My heart is yours. Will you be my wife?"—He saw her face flush as she read it, saw her hand bend lower, and her fingers move nervously on her reins.

"Is it so or yes?" he queried, in a deep anxious voice.

"Yes," she murmured, and for an instant raised her eyes to his