

# The Huntingdon Journal.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1873.

VOL. 48.

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 \$5.00 for six months from date of subscription, and \$5 if not paid within the year.

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

No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWELVE AND A-HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A-HALF CENTS for the second and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

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

	3m	6m	9m	1y	3m	6m	9m	1y
1 inch	4.50	8.00	11.50	15.00	10.00	18.00	26.00	34.00
2 "	9.00	16.00	23.00	30.00	20.00	36.00	52.00	68.00
3 "	13.50	24.00	34.50	45.00	30.00	54.00	78.00	102.00

Local notices will be inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each and every insertion.

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS 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 inserted.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch—Handbills, Blanks, 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.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Huntingdon, Pa. Office: No. 113 Third Street, August 21, 1872.

B. F. GEHRETT, M. D., ELECTRICIAN AND SURGEON, having returned from Clearfield county and permanently located in Huntingdon, offers his professional services to the people of that and the surrounding country. apr. 3-1872.

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

D. R. F. O. ALLEMAN can be consulted at his office, at all hours, in the building, [mar. 26, '72.]

C. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3d Street, Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap. 12, '71.]

D. R. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 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, Huntingdon. [Jan. 4, '71.]

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 12, '71.]

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

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap. 19, '71.]

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 223 Hill Street, corner of Court House Square. [Dec. 4, '72.]

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

J. CHALMERS JACKSON, Attorney-at-Law, Office with Wm. Dorris, Esq., No. 403, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. [Jan. 15, '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 Claim 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.]

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office with Brown & Bailey. [Feb. 15, '71.]

K. ALLEN LOVELL, J. HALL MUSSER, LOVELL & MUSSER, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.; and all other legal business prosecuted with speed and dispatch. [Nov. 6, '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 Fourth Street, second floor, Union Bank Building. [Jan. 4, '71.]

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 231 Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [May 31, '71.]

JOHN SCOTT, S. T. BROWN, J. W. BAILEY, SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Pension, and all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government will be promptly prosecuted. Office on Hill Street. [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. 229, Hill Street. [ap. 19, '71.]

Hotels.

MORRISON HOUSE, OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT HUNTINGDON, PA. April 5, 1871-72. J. H. CLOVER, Prop.

WASHINGTON HOTEL, S. T. BROWN, Prop., Corner of Pitt & Juliana Sts., Bedford, Pa. may 1.

Miscellaneous.

O YES! O YES! O YES! The subscriber holds himself in readiness to cry Sales and Auctions at the shortest notice. Having considerable experience in the business he feels assured that he can give satisfaction. Terms reasonable. Address O. J. HENRY, Merchants' Square, Sixteen, Bedford county, Pa.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, in Leister's Building (second floor), Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [Feb. 16, '72.]

R. A. BECK, Fashionable Barber and Hairdresser, Hill Street, opposite the Franklin House. All kinds of Tonics and Pomades kept on hand for sale. [ap. 19, '71-72.]

SHIRLEYSBURG ELECTRO-MEDICALS, Hydropathic and Orthopedic Institute, for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases and Deformities. Office for Circulars, Address Dr. BAIRD & GEHRETT, Shirleysburg, Pa. nov. 27, '72 [73]

## Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

The Christian's Faith.

I walk as one who knows he is treading a stranger soil.

As one round whom the world is spreading its subtle coil.

I walk as one but yesterday delivered From a shroud; Who trembles lest the bonds so newly severed, Be bound again.

I walk as one who feels that he is breathing "Angelic air;" For whom as while the tempter still is wreathing The bright and fair.

My steps, I know, are on the plains of danger, For sin is near;

But, looking up, I pass along, a stranger In haste and fear.

This earth has lost its power to drag me downward— Its spell is gone;

My course is now right upward and right onward To yonder throne.

Hour after hour of time's dark night is stealing In gloom away;

Speed thy fair dawn of light, and joy, and healing, 'Thou star of day!

For thee, thy God, thy King, the long-rejected Earth groans and cries;

For thee, the long-beloved, the long-expected, Thy Bride still sighs!

HUNTINGDON, PA.

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

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

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1700.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 per annum in advance. \$2.50 within six months. \$3.00 if not paid within the year.

JOB PRINTING: ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH, AND IN THE LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE.

SUCH AS POSTERS OF ANY SIZE, CIRCULARS, BUSINESS CARDS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, CONCERT TICKETS, ORDER BOOKS, SEGAR LABELS, RECEIPTS, LEGAL BLANKS, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, PAPER BOOKS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing superior to any other establishment in the county. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed.

J. R. DURBORROW & CO.

## The Christian's Faith.

I walk as one who knows he is treading a stranger soil.

As one round whom the world is spreading its subtle coil.

I walk as one but yesterday delivered From a shroud; Who trembles lest the bonds so newly severed, Be bound again.

I walk as one who feels that he is breathing "Angelic air;" For whom as while the tempter still is wreathing The bright and fair.

My steps, I know, are on the plains of danger, For sin is near;

But, looking up, I pass along, a stranger In haste and fear.

This earth has lost its power to drag me downward— Its spell is gone;

My course is now right upward and right onward To yonder throne.

Hour after hour of time's dark night is stealing In gloom away;

Speed thy fair dawn of light, and joy, and healing, 'Thou star of day!

For thee, thy God, thy King, the long-rejected Earth groans and cries;

For thee, the long-beloved, the long-expected, Thy Bride still sighs!

HUNTINGDON, PA.

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

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

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1700.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 per annum in advance. \$2.50 within six months. \$3.00 if not paid within the year.

JOB PRINTING: ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH, AND IN THE LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE.

SUCH AS POSTERS OF ANY SIZE, CIRCULARS, BUSINESS CARDS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, CONCERT TICKETS, ORDER BOOKS, SEGAR LABELS, RECEIPTS, LEGAL BLANKS, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, PAPER BOOKS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing superior to any other establishment in the county. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed.

J. R. DURBORROW & CO.

## The Musser's Bower.

I walk as one who knows he is treading a stranger soil.

As one round whom the world is spreading its subtle coil.

I walk as one but yesterday delivered From a shroud; Who trembles lest the bonds so newly severed, Be bound again.

I walk as one who feels that he is breathing "Angelic air;" For whom as while the tempter still is wreathing The bright and fair.

My steps, I know, are on the plains of danger, For sin is near;

But, looking up, I pass along, a stranger In haste and fear.

This earth has lost its power to drag me downward— Its spell is gone;

My course is now right upward and right onward To yonder throne.

Hour after hour of time's dark night is stealing In gloom away;

Speed thy fair dawn of light, and joy, and healing, 'Thou star of day!

For thee, thy God, thy King, the long-rejected Earth groans and cries;

For thee, the long-beloved, the long-expected, Thy Bride still sighs!

HUNTINGDON, PA.

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

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

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1700.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 per annum in advance. \$2.50 within six months. \$3.00 if not paid within the year.

JOB PRINTING: ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH, AND IN THE LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE.

SUCH AS POSTERS OF ANY SIZE, CIRCULARS, BUSINESS CARDS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, CONCERT TICKETS, ORDER BOOKS, SEGAR LABELS, RECEIPTS, LEGAL BLANKS, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, PAPER BOOKS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing superior to any other establishment in the county. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed.

J. R. DURBORROW & CO.

## Thrilling Reminiscences.

(From the Republic.)

The Assassination of the Seward.

BY T. S. VERDI, A. M., M. D.

[NOTE.—Among the pages of war annals few have a more thrilling interest than those which record the murder of the President and the attempted assassination of his Secretary of State.

Dr. Verdi, of this city, who was the family physician of the Searwads, has furnished THE REPUBLIC with the following graphic story of that terrible tragedy. The incidents related, of which he was not only an eye-witness, but an important part, will, we think, be deemed valuable contributions to political history.—Ed.]

At the breaking out of the war we find Mr. Seward in the Cabinet, and all his sons, William, Frederick, and Augustus, in the service of their country.

Frederick, a man of letters, was selected by his father as his coadjutor in the Department of State, with the position of assistant secretary.

Augustus already held a commission as paymaster in the regular army. He is a graduate of West Point.

William left a very lucrative business, a young wife and baby, and, as Colonel of the Ninth New York Artillery, came to brave the hardships of a soldier. At the battle of Monocacy he distinguished himself and was wounded, for which he was raised to the rank of brigadier general.

In 1863, while commanding at Fort Forton on the Potomac, William was seized with an acute attack of dysentery, induced by exposure to that malarious district. He was brought home to Washington by the surgeons in charge, who looked upon his case as one to excite the greatest alarm. For several days he lay between life and death, causing the greatest solicitude to his parents. At his bedside I had the opportunity of estimating the character of the angelic woman who, moving around his couch as if an ethereal form, administered to his wants with so much judgment and infinite maternal love. He rallied, and his convalescence brought a consciousness of happiness in that household, which, without excessive demonstrations, seemed to pervade the very air. As he became convalescent, I recommended a temporary change of climate, and ordered him to his home in Auburn. There he improved greatly, and gave a hope of a speedy recovery; but a few weeks after, the malaria still remaining in his system developed into a dangerous form of typhoid fever.

About the first of November Mr. Seward requested that I should immediately go with him to Auburn. He had received a telegram stating that a consultation of the Secretaries had given but little hope of the recovery of his son. Furnished with an extra train, accompanied by his daughter Fanny—now his almost inseparable companion—we started for Auburn.

During this long journey he conversed so freely that I ventured to ask him the question "how it happened that he, the acknowledged leader of the Republican party, was not selected as the candidate for the Presidency in 1860?" I put my question with some degree of timidity, for I feared that he might be sensitive on that subject. He surprised me with his frank and unaffected answer. There was no bitterness or disappointment in the tone of his voice. If he had had the ambition to become the Chief Magistrate of the nation particularly when his party, the child of his brain, came into power—it was smothered by the nobler desire of serving his country rather than himself. His reply was:

"The leader of a political party in a country like ours is so exposed that his enemies become as numerous and formidable as his friends, and in an election you must put forward the man who will carry the highest number of votes. Pennsylvania would not have voted for me, and without her we could not carry the election; hence I was not the available man. Mr. Lincoln possessed all the necessary qualifications to represent our party, and being comparatively unknown, had not to contend with the animosities generally marshaled against a leader. We made him the candidate; he was elected, and we have never had reason to regret it."

Colonel Seward recovered, and soon returned to the field and led his regiment at the battle of the Monocacy. There he was wounded, and in the hasty retreat of the national forces he was left on the field—The rebels rushing wildly in pursuit, did not discover that under a simple blue blouse was an officer of so much importance. He played "possum," as they say in the Army; waited for them to get out of sight, then caught a stray mule, mounted it, and came in the lines at Washington. The simple and unobtrusive uniform saved him, as it saved many of our officers in the campaigns. Had it been otherwise, he would have been discovered, and probably would have ended his life in the murderous Southern prisons.

Colonel Seward afterwards generally remained in service during the entire war, resigning only on June 1, 1865.

In November, 1864, Frederick Seward was in New York on official business. On descending the stairs at the Astor House, he fell and broke his right arm at the elbow. He was consequently confined to

my first word. Relieved to see that the Secretary had so miraculously escaped the severing of those two vital vessels, I said: "Mr. Seward, even in your misfortune, I must congratulate you; the assassin has failed, and your life is not in danger."

He could not speak, but he made a sign with the hand for his wife and daughter to approach, took hold of their hands, and his eyes only spoke and bid them hope.

As I had just spoken by the side of the bloody stair, I replaced the flap, when Mrs. Seward, with an intense look, called me to her. "Come and see Frederick," said she.

Somehow surprised, I said, "What is the matter with Frederick?" In a painful whisper she muttered, "He is badly wounded, I fear."

Without adding another word, I followed her to the next room, where I found Frederick bleeding profusely from the head. He had a ghastly appearance, was unable to articulate, gave me a smile of recognition, and pointed to his head. There I found a large wound a little above the forehead and somewhat on the left of the median line, and another further back, on the same side. The cranium had been crushed in in both places, and the brain was exposed. The wounds were bleeding profusely, but the application of cold water pledged soon stopped the hemorrhage. I feared these wounds would prove fatal.

Mrs. Seward again was haunting me with that intense look of silent anxiety. I gave her words of encouragement; I feared they were unmeaning words.

Again she drew me to her with that look I had seen in the other room. As I approached, almost bewildered, she said, "Come and see Augustus."

"For Heaven's sake, Mrs. Seward, what does all this mean?"

I followed her in another room, on the same floor, and there found Augustus, with two cuts on his forehead and one on his right arm. He was superficially wounded, but I turned to Mrs. Seward to give her a word of comfort, she said, "Come and see Mr. Robinson."

I ceased wondering; my mind became as if paralyzed; mechanically I followed her and examined Mr. Robinson. He had four or five cuts on his shoulders. They, too, were superficial.

Again I turned to Mrs. Seward, as if asking, "Any more?" yet believing that any more could be wounded. She answered my look. "Yes, one more."

In another room I found Mr. Hansell, piteously groaning on the bed. He said he was wounded on the back. I stripped him, and found a deep gash just above the small of the back, near the spine. I thrust my finger in the wound, evidently made by a large-bladed knife, and found the great tendon of the arm had not penetrated. Here was another miraculous escape. Even here I was glad to be able to give a word of comfort.

And all this the work of one man—yes, of one man!

No one in that house knew then that at that very moment, a more fatal, if not so extensive a tragedy, was being perpetrated in that theatre where we thought people were enjoying a holiday.

We were so engaged with the perilous condition of the victims of this terrible slaughter, that we had not time even to ask for an explanation.

A blight, as if from a thunderbolt, had passed over this house, laying its inmates low, with stricken bodies, with paralyzed souls.

What human passion, what frantic rage, could find a vent in such a monstrous deed? His own house was the scene of the crime.

For five days our city, the capital of this redeemed land, wore the garb of festivity. The people were loth to settle down, so great was the magic effect of the late events. The excitement seemed now and then to abate, but only to break forth in some new form. Every little incident was made an occasion for a gathering, and the city was a scene of hurrahs for the Union, for the President, for the General, for the President, and for whatever favorite chief.

On the 14th of April, Mr. Lincoln was to receive an ovation from the people at the theatre. Preparations were made on a large scale for this joyous reception by the people of their President. At 9 o'clock I went to make my evening visit to the Secretary, and found that his condition was ameliorating sensibly. I staid half an hour with him; then bidding him good night, left him with Mr. Robinson, the night watch. From there I returned to my house, and half an hour had not elapsed when I heard a person running, who suddenly stopped to give an extraordinary pull at my bell. Thinking that this was a pressing message, I went to the door myself, and there met William, Mr. Seward's colored waiter, who, with a frightened look, and in the most excited manner, said, "Oh, come, doctor, Mr. Seward is killed!"

Hardly comprehending the import of so sudden an announcement, I grasped my cap, and, hatless, ran with him to the house. There were only two blocks between my house and Mr. Seward's. While running I asked the boy what he meant, how was Mr. Seward killed? "Oh," he exclaimed, "a man came to the door and asked admittance in your name. I let him in; he went up to Mr. Seward's room and killed him!"

I was amazed! "How, who, in my name?" It was all I could utter. "Who, for what, did a man go in my name?" While running I asked the boy what he meant, how was Mr. Seward killed? "Oh," he exclaimed, "a man came to the door and asked admittance in your name. I let him in; he went up to Mr. Seward's room and killed him!"

I was amazed! "How, who, in my name?" It was all I could utter. "Who, for what, did a man go in my name?" While running I asked the boy what he meant, how was Mr. Seward killed? "Oh," he exclaimed, "a man came to the door and asked admittance in your name. I let him in; he went up to Mr. Seward's room and killed him!"

I was amazed! "How, who, in my name?" It was all I could utter. "Who, for what, did a man go in my name?" While running I asked the boy what he meant, how was Mr. Seward killed? "Oh," he exclaimed, "a man came to the door and asked admittance in your name. I let him in; he went up to Mr. Seward's room and killed him!"

I was amazed! "How, who, in my name?" It was all I could utter. "Who, for what, did a man go in my name?" While running I asked the boy what he meant, how was Mr. Seward killed? "Oh," he exclaimed, "a man came to the door and asked admittance in your name. I let him in; he went up to Mr. Seward's room and killed him!"

I was amazed! "How, who, in my name?" It was all I could utter. "Who, for what, did a man go in my name?" While running I asked the boy what he meant, how was Mr. Seward killed? "Oh," he exclaimed, "a man came to the door and asked admittance in your name. I let him in; he went up to Mr. Seward's room and killed him!"

I was amazed! "How, who, in my name?" It was all I could utter. "Who, for what, did a man go in my name?" While running I asked the boy what he meant, how was Mr. Seward killed? "Oh," he exclaimed, "a man came to the door and asked admittance in your name. I let him in; he went up to Mr. Seward's room and killed him!"

I was amazed! "How, who, in my name?" It was all I could utter. "Who, for what, did a man go in my name?" While running I asked the boy what he meant, how was Mr. Seward killed? "Oh," he exclaimed, "a man came to the door and asked admittance in your name. I let him in; he went up to Mr. Seward's room and killed him!"

I was amazed! "How, who, in my name?" It was all I could utter. "Who, for what, did a man go in my name?" While running I asked the boy what he meant, how was Mr. Seward killed? "Oh," he exclaimed, "a man came to the door and asked admittance in your name. I let him in; he went up to Mr. Seward's room and killed him!"

I was amazed! "How, who, in my name?" It was all I could utter. "Who, for what, did a man go in my name?" While running I asked the boy what he meant, how was Mr. Seward killed? "Oh," he exclaimed, "a man came to the door and asked admittance in your name. I let him in; he went up to Mr. Seward's room and killed him!"

I was amazed! "How, who, in my name?" It was all I could utter. "Who, for what, did a man go in my name?" While running I asked the boy what he meant, how was Mr. Seward killed? "Oh," he exclaimed, "a man came to the door and asked admittance in your name. I let him in; he went up to Mr. Seward's room and killed him!"