

The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 49.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1874.

NO. 17.

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

Office in new Journal Building, Fifth Street.

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 publisher, 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:

1 inch	3 mo	6 mo	1 yr	1 1/2	3 mo	6 mo	1 yr	1 1/2
2	5	10	15	20	10	20	30	40
3	7	14	21	28	15	30	45	60
4	9	18	27	36	20	40	60	80

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 twice cents per line.

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

Advertising Agents must find their commission on the above rates.

All advertising accounts are due and collected when the advertisement is first inserted.

JOB PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, etc., 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. ang21,1874.

BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys at Law, Office 24 door east of First National Bank. Prompt personal attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to their care, and to the collection and remittance of claims. Jan. 7, 71.

D. R. H. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST, No. 225 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. July 3, 72.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111, 24 Street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williams. [ap12,71.]

D. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 423 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [Jan. 4, 71.]

E. J. GREENE, Dentist, Office, 471, moved to Leister's new building, Hill street, Huntingdon. [Jan. 4, 71.]

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Leister's new building, No. 423 Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,71.]

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap19,71.]

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office, 229 Hill street, corner of Court House Square. [dec4,72]

J. SYLVAUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, two doors east of Smith. [Jan. 4, 71.]

J. CHALMERS JACKSON, Attorney-at-Law, Office with Wm. Dorris, Esq., No. 303, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. [Jan. 5]

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 deceased persons. [Feb. 1, 71.]

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Solicitor 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 one door East of M. S. Peep's office. [Feb. 1, 71.]

K. ALLEN LOVELL, J. HALL MESSER, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.; and all other legal business proceeded with fidelity and dispatch. [nov6,72]

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 221 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [may31,71.]

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. 221 Hill street. [ap17,71.]

Hotels.

JACKSON HOUSE, FOUR DOORS EAST OF THE UNION DEPOT, HUNTINGDON, PA. A. B. ZIEGLER, Prop. Nov 17, 73-5a.

MORRISON HOUSE, OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT HUNTINGDON, PA. J. H. CLOVER, Prop. April 5, 1871-7y.

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, in Leister's Building (second floor), Huntingdon, Pa. respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [oct16,72.]

R. A. BECK, Fashionable Barber and Hairdresser, Hill street, opposite the Franklin House. All kinds of Tonsure and Pomades kept on hand for sale. [ap19,71-6a]

HOFFMAN & SEESKE, Manufacturers of all kinds of CHAIRS, and dealers in PARLOR and KITCHEN FURNITURE, corner of Fifth and Washington streets, Huntingdon, Pa. All articles will be sold cheap. Particular and prompt attention given to repairing. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited. [Jan. 15, 72y]

W. M. WILLIAMS, MANUFACTURER OF MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, &c., HUNTINGDON, PA. J. STER PARIS COGNAC, ALSO STER MANTLES FURNISHED TO ORDER. Jan. 4, 71.

GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE or all kinds of printing.

FOR ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

Office in new Journal Building, Fifth Street.

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

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

Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St. HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

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.

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 Muses' Bower.

[Original.]
To a Cloud—A Sonnet.

BY A. W. WELCH.

The blue expanse thou sweepst o'er,
Thy fleecy form in silence sweeps,
Shading upon the vale serene,
With quaint designs from clouds unseen,
Catching upon thy margin: torn
By the rude gale in haughty scorn,
The setting sun's effulgent beams
Like fairy scenes in childhood's dreams,
Thou floatest in snowy majesty,
About the vast ethereal sea,
No power sufficient to portray
The beauties of thy bright array,
Peace meet, thy folds of stainless white,
Rent by the winds, fade out of sight.

The Story-Teller.

THE TORY'S WARD,

OR,
TREASON AT HEADQUARTERS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.
MAJOR WOOLLER.

Bright and early one happy morning in the browless leaf month, October, 1777, a courier drove rein before General Howe's headquarters in Philadelphia. The cool black courier which he bore was reeking with foam, and the man drew a breath of relief as he sprang to the ground, and tossed the lines to a stable groom who made his appearance.

Entering the grand old colonial mansion over which waved the flag of St. George, the bearer of despatches found Howe conversing with several generals, and at the same time, dictating orders to his private secretary who wrote at a handsome marble table.

"Well," began the commander, suddenly starting towards the courier, whose face declared him the bearer of startling tidings: "What brings you thither so early in the day?"

"I come from Saratoga," answered the messenger, respectfully saluting the general, "and I have the regret to report that General Burgoyne and his army are prisoners of war."

"How started back, and an oath fell from his lips.

"This is an unlooked for disaster," remarked one of the officers. "It must be remedied, and that speedily."

"By jove! it shall," cried Howe, like a man suddenly and fully aroused from a lethargy. "If we can keep our own secrets and effectually bar this city against the rebel spies, we can retrieve our fortunes, and put a speedy end to this rebellion."

"But, General, can we keep their spies out of Philadelphia?" wearily asked his adjutant general, a handsome, smooth-faced young man of six and twenty.

"We can if we will," answered Howe assuredly, and then his voice dropped to a lower tone. "We must strike at once to inspire confidence in ourselves among the troops. I will now teach our city rebels what it is to secrete rebel spies. They are doing it every day, and that before our very eyes. Hereafter we will not correspond with the enemy on the capture of a spy. We will pull him up and acquaint Washington with his doings. Gentlemen, I summon you to a council of war to be held in this room to-night. I would have you all here by eight; do not fail to attend promptly. We must wipe out the disgrace at Saratoga, and that, as Kyphars had said, speedily."

Some moments later the general officers had departed, and Howe was closeted with the fatigued courier.

Major Woollers, the adjutant general, lighted a cigarette and enveloped in a cloud of snowy smoke, strolled leisurely from the room.

"I wonder where Emma is this morning," he murmured, glancing about as he stepped upon an elegant veranda. "No doubt she is dreaming of her brilliant victory of last night. Never before played I euchre so poorly. Had I been playing for hearts, I would have lost."

"Perhaps Major Woollers played for hearts, after all, last night."

The silvery voice caused the soldier to start, and a deep blush crimsoned his temples. He did not dream that his words could ever save his own. He looked up quickly, therefore, and beheld a lovely, young girl gathering honeysuckle seeds at the further end of the porch. She did not appear to notice him; but there was a mischievous smile about her deep, red lips, which grew broader as he advanced to ward her.

"So, Miss Emma, you would taunt me with my defeat," he said pleasantly, pausing at her side and looking into her laughing eyes. "Well, I argue that I played miserably last night, hence your victory."

"However well Major Woollers plays, I can catch him," she answered, holding a lovely, young girl gathering honeysuckle seeds at the further end of the porch. She did not appear to notice him; but there was a mischievous smile about her deep, red lips, which grew broader as he advanced to ward her.

"No doubt Burgoyne played well, but—" "Then you have heard the news," he said, interrupting her.

"Father told me but a few moments since. It was quite unexpected."

"Yes; we had expected much from Burgoyne, and Clinton was marching to his aid. Miss Emma, we are not going to smart under defeat long," continued the major, growing excited; "to-night we mature plans that will wipe out the disgrace."

"Ah! Major, if I shall lose faith in you as a prophet," she remarked, not seeming to notice his last words. "This is the twentieth of October, you see."

Major Woollers bit his finely chiselled lips, and his gaze sank beneath the maiden's eyes.

"Yes, and Washington, the arch rebel, is still at large."

"And at the head of an army." There lurked a secret triumph in her tone.

"True, Miss Emma, I am not going to prophesy again; but the rebellion will terminate before St. Valentine's day."

"Not going to prophesy again, Major, ha! ha! ha!" and her clear laugh rang out melodiously on the bracing autumn air. "The final triumph of Gonfalon of St. George is but a question of time. But you will not play to-night?"

"Regrettably I say that I cannot," he answered. "Heaven knows that I would rather serve Venus than Mars."

She did not reply, but returned to the fountain where she had for several minutes been seated in her honeysuckle harvest.

How suddenly called his adjutant from the beauty's side.

"Major, can you not remain a moment from this girl's side?" said the general, putting on a stern face. "I brought you from England to serve Mars, not Cupid; our king prefers fighting to love making; and, besides, the girl isn't true as steel."

Major Argent Woollers, who was looking at the floor and crimsoning under the general's reprimand, started at the last words, and the pallor of indignation drove a blush away.

"If every soul in Philadelphia was as loyal as yours, your excellency, we would not fear for our camp," he cried.

"Her heart is as true as the steel in this blade," and the youthful adjutant drew his trusty Damascus sword, and bent it until the gleaming point touched the jewelled hilt.

"I know Emma Hunter; you know her guardian; he would have no traitors about him."

"Forgive me, my dear Woollers," said Howe, relaxing his stern expression, and smiling as he came forward. "I was merely trying your good nature. I do not doubt Miss Hunter's loyalty, nor her guardian's. But I have sent you here, sit down and listen to my dictations."

The young officer sheathed his sword and a moment later was writing busily at the table.

Howe faced the room dictating to the adjutant, who ever and anon glanced through the window at Emma Hunter, half concealed by the dying embers.

He loved the tory's beautiful ward and blessed the day that first threw him into her presence. In the fallacious of his narration, he had disclosed to her ears more than one official secret, and the purport of which had, some how or other, reached American camps.

Howe would shake his head and wonder who was the spy, but his vigilance availed him naught. When the British army first entered Philadelphia, old Montjoy Hall was the first to fling open his doors wide to its generals, and Howe had rewarded his loyalty by making his noble old mansion his headquarters. During the king's late occupation of the Quaker City, the tory had given the Americans much uneasiness, by his fearless devotion to the king and his boisterous devotion to Washington at last tired of the tory, and expelled him from the city; but with the British troops he returned, and lived in the elements of love, fearlessness and independence.

"So Burgoyne has surrendered," murmured Emma Hunter, as she sat in her chamber assorting the pretty black seeds which she had gathered. "At last a northern eagle blows down the hearts of the south, and the cause of liberty is striking towards success. Good speed the day of Washington's great triumph. But I must look to my papers; really I have forgotten to lock my drawers."

She started forward suddenly and paused before an antique and obviously carved easel. Her face was pale as ashes; but the color returned when she opened a tiny drawer, and put her hand on a package of yellowish papers.

Carefully she unbound them and looked through them with a smile. "We will not tamely relinquish our guard over the Delaware."

When Emma Hunter rode from the fort a young soldier walked by her horse's side. "Emma," he said, just beyond reach of the tory's ears, "when will you answer me?"

"When you march down the streets of Philadelphia beneath the stars and stripes!" "God hasten that day, then," he responded, fervently, and carried her hand to his lips as they parted.

The young soldier dashed up the river again, and an hour later Emma Hunter's fair head pressed the snowy pillow.

On the night of the twenty-second of October, 1777, the citizens of Philadelphia fled to Lancaster and York, leaving the city in the hands of the British.

Howe smiled and rubbed his hands with glee; but after listening an hour, he turned deadly pale. The Americans were prepared to receive his troops, and treason, very naturally, suggested itself to the British general.

After a while a courier arrived from the mouth of the Delaware with bad news for the commander. His troops had been compelled to retire from Fort Mercer with a loss of four hundred of their number, among them the gallant Hessian general, General Mifflin. But this was not all. Major Woollers, the gallant tory, had fallen in the act of planting the English flag on the ramparts of the fort. At his own request, he had been permitted to accompany the expedition.

Emma Hunter turned away, sick at heart, when the courier said, "The fellow's fate. She loved him—she could not deny it now; but he was gone."

But time brought wondrous changes to Philadelphia. On the 5th of June in the following year, the British evacuated the city, and the tory returned to his old position. Editors have too long been distant from our heroic front. Fort Mercer marched down its streets, flushed with victory, she gave him her hand.

Howe never knew that his headquarters sheltered a lover of liberty, and when peace came to America's blood-drenched soil, Washington acknowledged, in fitting honor, the aid rendered him during the patriot struggle by "The Tory's Ward."

Reading for the Million.

A Hint to Candidates.

The editor of the Memphis Appeal is tired of this sort of thing, and says:

"It costs the proprietors of the Appeal three hundred dollars a day to publish the paper, and we cannot see how aspirants for office can expect, at our expense, to use our columns to aid them in getting an office worth ten, fifteen or twenty thousand dollars per annum. If there be an honor in the office of Governor, or a seat in the Legislature, 'Many Voters' would do so at the expense of others, and must pay for the praise they lavish upon the men they would exalt. The press has too long been 'howlers of wood and drawers of water' for political aspirants, seeking high position. Editors have too long been the ladder, to be kicked over by men who have secured offices which enriched them. Candidates in search of offices of honor or profit can find access to our columns; but their ubiquitous friend, 'Many Voters,' cannot be so easily persuaded to follow their merits and many virtues at our expense."

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Sorrow sobers us and makes the mind genial. And in sorrow we love and trust our friends most tenderly, and the dear become dearer to us. And just as the stars shine out in the night so there are blessed faces that look at us in our grief, though before their features were fading from our recollection. Suffering! Let no man dread it too much, because it is better for him, and will help to make him sure of being immortal. It is not in the bright happy days, but only in the solemn night, that other worlds are to be seen shining in the long, long distance.

and Howe's room, where the council had already assembled.

Emma Hunter gazed to the stables, and with her own fair hands caparisoned a black horse, which snorted to be free.

The skies were dark overhead, and afar to the south the lightning—strange sight for that hour—was flashing furiously. Several drops of rain struck the girl's hands as she returned to the house and sought her room. Taking up a volume she seated herself at the table, but did not read. She heard a confused murmur of voices in the room below, but could catch no intelligible sounds. The council lasted until ten o'clock, and when the girl heard the generals taking their departure, she closed the book and descended.

By and by Major Woollers joined her on the porch.

"I have experienced a stormy time, no doubt," Major," she said with a smile. "I had hoped to play to you to-night but we must defer the pleasure. What of the forts?"

"In the night of the twenty-second we surprised them," he answered in the lowest of whispers; "and the sun that rises after that night of victory, shall shine on our flag on their ramparts. I, Miss Emma, will place the banner there; then I will come to you."

"He gallantly took her hand and raised it to his lips.

Half an hour later the tory's lovely ward, attired in a close fitting suit of black, swept like a specter to the stables, and led the sable horse through the garden to a narrow road that led down the river bank.

Without assistance she mounted to the saddle, and spoke gently to the steed, which started forward like a thunderbolt. Never a word the heroic girl breathed as she rode away, but she listened for the "thank!" or the whizz of a bullet in the dark.

Fortune favored her, for she successfully eluded the British pickets, and at last the far flashing lightning revealed the walls of Fort Mercer.

"Thank heaven!" were the words that fell from her lips, and then she heard the cannon to halt.

She drew rein, and rode slowly up to the American picket.

"You pass, miss."

She handed him a paper, and by the lightning he saw the name of George Washington written in the hero's own bold hand.

Then he stepped aside, and Emma Hunter rode on towards the fort.

The old gray-headed son of Mars, who held the post, started when she entered the fort, and he said, "As though she were an apparition. In a firm tone she communicated the result of General Howe's council of war, and received the thanks of the old commander.

"We'll show them a thing or two when they come to our camp," he said with a smile. "We will not tamely relinquish our guard over the Delaware."

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Senator Scott.

The South, for many years, governed our country, in spite of the fact that the increase of wealth and population in the Northern States clearly entitled them to a preponderating weight in the Government. They effected this by sending their ablest men to Congress, and by retaining them there.

These able and experienced men were met by delegations from the North of one-to-two men, who were not allowed to retain their places long enough to become acquainted with the complicated rules of order that governed those bodies, and never acquired sufficient confidence to fairly claim the weight to which they were entitled.—It was like sending raw recruits to fight with veterans.

Our New England brethren, who, whatever qualities they may lack, are not deficient in shrewdness, were the first to discover the reason of Southern supremacy, and to profit by it. They sent Daniel Webster to the front and kept him there, and soon secured an influence which all our northern Senators sought in vain to obtain for Pennsylvania.

Mr. Sumner had, at the time of his death, served in the Senate for twenty-three years, while in the entire list of Senators from Pennsylvania, only four have served over six years. Gen. Cameron, who now occupies the post of Senator, has very great influence, which is attributable as much to his age and experience in the councils of his country, as to his natural abilities.

The lesson, then, we should learn from our Southern brethren and Northern brethren, is, that we can never secure our preponderance until we make our Representatives a part of the government, by sending them to Washington until they have become thoroughly conversant with the proper weight and influence. These offices must not be considered simply as rewards for political services; but, as great trusts, where integrity and experience are essential to their successful execution.

We have been led to these reflections from having learned with great satisfaction that one of our Senators, Hon. John Scott, will be, as he ought to be, a candidate for re-election. There will be, as there always are, plenty of people willing to take his place, and while doubtless it is a number of boys were pushing a car loaded with coal. George A. Rinchart, one of the boys, was seriously hurt.

Schuyler Colfax, in reply to many informal requests that he run for Congress in his district, announces his intention of remaining in private life, since he has "found that the truest happiness in life is in being out of office and master of one's own time and movements."

David Wells, esq., nominated by Gov. Hartranft as President Judge of the Forty-second District, composed of Adams county, is a capable, experienced, and honest lawyer. He is among the leaders of the Gettysburg bar, and, with the exception of his patriotic service during the war, and especially in devising and carrying to completion the Soldiers' National Cemetery and Monument on the great battle-field, has devoted himself exclusively to his profession.

There are thirty granges in Bradford county.