

# The Huntingdon Journal.

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HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1874.

NO. 47.

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 arrears are paid.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWENTY 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	3.50	4.50	5.50	6.00	2.00	3.00	3.50	4.00
2 "	5.00	6.00	7.00	7.50	3.00	4.00	4.50	5.00
3 "	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.00	4.00	5.00	5.50	6.00
4 "	8.00	9.00	10.00	10.50	5.00	6.00	6.50	7.00

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 TEN CENTS per line, and will be sent out of the State unless solicited in advance.

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.

Hand-bills, Blankets, 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.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

Professional Cards.

A. P. W. JOHNSON, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Huntingdon, Pa.  
Office: No. 115 Third Street. Aug 21, 1872.

B. T. BROWN, J. M. BAILEY,  
BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law,  
No. 111, 2d Street, Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap 12, 71.]

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No. 225 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA.  
July 3, '72.

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Patents Obtained, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [May 31, 71.]

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ALSO SLATE MANTLES FURNISHED TO ORDER.  
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At \$500 a Lot—Three Year Payments!  
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E. C. SUMMERS,  
Huntingdon, Nov. 26, 73-1y

Printing.

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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.

Weary-Lonely-Restless-Homesick.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Weary hearts! weary hearts! by cares of life oppressed,  
Ye are wandering in the shadows—ye are sighing for the rest;  
There is darkness in the heaven, and the earth is bleak below,  
And the joys we taste to-day, may to-morrow turn to woe.

Weary hearts! God is rest.

Lonely hearts! lonely hearts! this is but a land of grief,  
Ye are pining for repose—ye are longing for relief;  
What the world hath never given—kneel and ask of God above,  
And your grief shall turn to gladness—if you lean upon his love!

Lonely hearts! God is love.

Restless hearts! restless hearts! ye are toiling and toiling in the night,  
And the flowers of life all withered, leave but thorns along your way;  
Ye are waiting, ye are waiting 'till your tolling bells shall cease,  
And your ever restless throbbing, is a sad, and prayer for peace.

Restless hearts! God is peace.

Broken hearts! broken hearts! ye are desolate and lone,  
And low voices from the past o'er your present ruins moan;  
In the sweetest of your pleasures there was bitterest alloy,  
And a streaking night had followed on the sunset of your joy.

Broken hearts! God is joy.

Homeless hearts! homeless hearts! through the dreary, dreary years,  
Ye are lonely, lonely wanderers, and your way is wet with tears;  
In bright or blighted places, wherever you may roam,  
Ye look away from earth and, ye murmur, "where is home?"

Homeless hearts! God is home.

The Story-Teller.

The Test of Courage.

There was not a more noble craft than the "Saucy Kate," when she sailed out of Marseilles harbor, in the spring of '50, and no ship was ever blessed with a pleasure company so well chosen as that of the "Saucy Kate." For New Orleans prominent among us, was a British officer, who was on his way to America, a French Abbe, a Kentucky farmer, and a lady from Louisiana, who was returning home with her daughter.

This daughter was the star of the company. Her name was Ida Greville, and she was a beauty to behold. Her eyes were large and melting, like those of many southern ladies, and her hair was gathered about her brow in gloriously clustering curls.

When she first entered the cabin, she seemed so splendid an exhibition of spotless beauty, that every one rose involuntarily from his seat, and, by one common impulse stood up until she was seated.

In a few days she showed herself as fascinating in her manner as she was beautiful in person, to those who were favored with an introduction, and the hearts of all on board were completely enslaved by this queen of beauty.

The British officer, who bore the title of Major Folsom, seemed particularly charmed with her; and, having obtained an introduction, constituted himself her special attendant.

The "Saucy Kate" was a magnificent vessel of eighteen hundred tons, sharp as a razor, and fast as the wind itself.

And now it only remains to describe the cabin.

Captain Valmy was an extraordinary man in personal appearance. He was of a rather small stature, and his limbs were slenderly, even delicately formed. His hair was small and white as a woman's, and his features were so finely moulded, his face was very handsome, and his light hair was thrown back and curled nicely behind his head.

His eyes were blue, but full of fire, and capable of lighting up with a sudden flash which was startling to behold. His voice was shrill but musical, and he never heard it aroused, as the mate eagerly communicated his orders to his sailors.

Now, from the first moment it was evident that a storm was brewing between the Major and Captain Valmy. The Major assumed an air of hauteur which was absurd, and to him who was the object of it, annoying. He was accustomed to a more common way of speaking, which was increased to a much greater degree of insolence when he addressed the Captain.

Meanwhile the rest of us contented ourselves with watching and awaiting the issue. Valmy certainly did not seem like the man who could endure very much of this treatment.

For several days the Major went on growing wrore and worse every day. He would interrupt the Captain in his remarks in the rudest manner—he would turn his back upon him in the most offensive way possible, and when he spoke to him he would address him in a loud and offensive, and at last, in a peremptory manner.

The secret of the Major's hatred seemed to be the interest which Ida Greville took in the Captain. She seemed to take more delight in talking with him than with any other. Early in the morning she would be out on deck listening to the Captain, who, with never-tiring patience and elegant language, would explain to her the wonders of the sea, and relate a thousand wild stories of events which had occurred among these waters.

At last, one evening, too, he would show her the stars by which, in critical times, the navigators would guide their courses, and still excite her never flagging attention. Indeed, the wonderful beauty of Captain Valmy's stories, and his unbounded stores of knowledge of every kind, was the admiration and wonder of all the passengers.

This was only equalled by the subordination and respect of all the crew, who treated him with remarkable obedience. Yet all this only increased the hatred of the Major. Through the day he endeavored to fascinate and charm the fair Ida, and then, while the Captain was at his duties about the ship, he was without a rival. Sometimes, however, a word would pass between Ida and the Captain, and that would excite the Major beyond measure. It was evident that matters were approaching a crisis.

At the dinner-table one day the Major took away the meat which the Captain was accustomed to carve, sat down in the captain's place, and calmly began to serve the meat. The Captain entered, and without a word turned away. But there was a burning spot upon his cheek, and a strange fire in his eye. We wondered at him. Was he a coward? The Major sneeringly inquired as much to Ida, who flashed crimson. Captain Valmy sat at the table with us no more.

But the Major was not going to let him off so easily as this. He had other things in store for him. He talked more loudly and contemptuously of the Captain. He made sneering allusions to his stature, and ironical remarks about his bravery. Once he climbed up to the cabin where the Captain was taking an observation below, and threw some handfuls of cakum down upon him. At another time he contrived to upset a pail of water which stood upon the quarter-deck, in such a way that it nearly all fell upon the Captain. He turned frightfully pale; we saw the gigantic struggle which took place within him, and some of us trembled to see the fearful contest. Yet he calmly whistled a tune and walked away.

He never came into the cabin now. He was insulted so constantly by the Major that he stayed away as much as possible. For the rest of us, we had long ago concluded that he was incapable of taking offense, and though sorry for him, we considered him capable of taking his own part, and, in fact, we considered it none of our business.

Ida—the beautiful Ida—at length turned from him. Surprised, shocked a thousand times at his want of manliness, she was at first cool with him, and, at length, no longer sought his company. This seemed the finishing blow to the Captain.

We had been out a fortnight. One morning the sun rose beautiful and calm, yet a storm seemed brewing upon the skirts of the horizon, and dark, suspicious clouds hung threateningly there.

Captain Valmy was calm, imperturbable as ever. He appeared as unmoved and as pleasant as if nothing had occurred to ruffle the harmony of the scene. Ida stood by the stern, looking out upon the sea which surrounded them, as smooth as glass.

The Captain approached her. "The water is very smooth to-day, Miss Greville," said he. "Are you not surprised at it?"

Coldly and haughtily she turned upon him. A thousand expressions showed themselves in her face. She murmured a few common-place words, and turned to go.

At that moment Major Folsom came to her. He rudely snatched himself from his seat, and, placing his feet on the foot of the Captain, he offered his arm to Mrs Greville and led her away.

The Captain bore the agonizing pain without a word; his face remained calm and merely a light flame in his eye. Calmly he watched them till they went below.

"All hands to take in to' gallant sails!" he cried, and the sailors clattered in obedience.

In a few moments the Major appeared. The Captain walked up as calm as ever. The Major looked surprised. Still Captain Valmy looked unawakened. Walking boldly up to the Major before the latter could turn away, he struck him with a stunning blow on his forehead with the back of his hand.

"That's in payment for the insult," said he quietly.

Had the heavens above him, or the sea beneath him, opened, the Major could not have been more thunderstruck. He was utterly silent for a full minute, during which time his face worked strangely, and he foamed at the mouth. Then with a tremendous oath, he rushed upon the Captain, and he nimbly stretched out his foot, and with a practiced hand, gave him a lightning-like blow between the eyes, knocking him down, and sending him reeling across the deck.

"That's for tramping my foot, Major," said the Captain, in a mocking tone.

The Major slowly rose. Meanwhile the show of rage had given him brought all the passengers on deck. Ida and her mother came up also.

"I'll have your heart, Ida!" cried the Major.

In a moment the agile Captain leaped toward him, and by another nimble application of his foot, had laid him low. The Major fell with a tremendous force.

"All hands to take in mizen to' gallant sail!" cried the Captain.

As he uttered these words the Major rose and made a last rush at the Captain. This time he was seized in a moment by an iron grasp. That small body of the Captain was possessed of amazing strength. The Captain held his wrists over his back, and then confining them there in a most painful way, he calmly led him toward the companion way. There with the Major bent double he walked him down stairs.

"This is for being violent and disrespectful before ladies," we heard the Captain say as they disappeared.

In a few moments he came again on deck, not a nerve excited, not in the least ruffled.

"All hands double reef fore, main and mizen to' sails!" he cried, in a tone of thunder.

The sailors few like bees among the rigging. But little was said. The Captain began to appear in a new light. We wondered how it would end. There will be a duel, of course.

The Captain overheard us say this.

"Fools!" said he, "I do not fight duels. I am averse to duelling."

Dinner time came. As the bell rang, the Captain came down to his own seat. The Major in a few moments came down his state-room, haughty and pale, with a dark circle around his eye. He did not venture to interfere with the Captain. He sat at one side, and was very silent. The Captain said but little. He looked anxiously up once or twice, to see the weather through the skylight, but little was said by him.

After dinner we sat down, and the Captain stood looking at the barometer. The Major approached and handed him a note. The Captain took it, and reading it with a smile, he carelessly tossed it aside.

"Fools!" said he, "I do not fight duels. I have something more important to attend to."

"What!" cried the Major, in scorn and indignation.

"I do not fight duels," replied the Captain.

At last it was mid-day. The pistols were

flushed and loaded. The Captain rose.—Taking one of them in his hand, with the air of one who was master of the weapon, he played with it a little while and then spoke.

"Major Folsom, perhaps you remember that yesterday was expressed an opinion about my bravery—you challenged me."

"Oh! my dear Captain," began the Major.

"A coward," sternly continued the Captain. "And when I refused to fight a duel you were loud in your complaints. I did not then tell you why you would not fight a duel, but I may do so now."

"I will prove to you, however, that it was not because I doubted my skill, or practice with this little article. Do you see that nail?"

He pointed to a tack which was stuck in the mast; it was a small one with a round head.

The Captain raised his pistol—aimed—fired.

The major turned pale as death. The rest of us uttered a cry of astonishment. For when we looked the nail was driven in to the head.

"Now, Major, I could pink you in every part of that large and somewhat cumbersome body of yours. I have always laid low many a better man than you."

"Look again." He took up the other pistol.

"Boy, hold up that bullet between your fingers and thumb."

"Don't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen; this is a feat I often try."

The major struck far from between the fingers, and he, unhurt, calmly walked away.

"And now, Major, we will settle our little business," said the Captain, loading the pistols.

"I pray you, Captain Valmy," said Ida Greville, stepping forward, "to stop. Let this violence go no further. What I would you have most to combat in our presence?"

"I wish to satisfy the Major," replied Valmy.

"I am satisfied, entirely satisfied; and I perfectly agree with Miss Greville. It is perfectly as she says to stop this."

These words the Major stammered out. He was very pale.

"I forbid it, Captain Valmy, I implore you."

"Miss Greville, I, of course, would not wish to commit an act of violence in your presence. The cabin is left open for your retreat. What I am excited now! Yet, once before, I know an act of violence was committed towards me, and a challenge was given. Why did you not interfere then? Is his life so precious that you seek to preserve it?"

The Captain's voice was very mournful. Ida turned pale. She knew not what to say. She saw in that strange being a power before which she was perfect weakness.

"I deem it my duty, gentlemen, to protest," cried the Abbe; "in the name of these ladies, and in the name of the great Being, whose laws you would desecrate."

"A sacred protest," cried the Captain.

"And why did you not seek to stop this before it had assumed an importance which blood alone could satisfy? I appeal to these other honorable gentlemen. You heard the challenge of last night. Shall I be allowed to have satisfaction?"