

The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.]

BY WM. BREWSTER.

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TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:

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If paid within six months after the time of

subscribing.....1.75

If paid at the end of the year.....2.00

And two dollars or fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of a year. No subscription will be taken for less than three months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

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1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspaper, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered their discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. Persons who continue to receive or take the paper from the office, are to be considered as subscribers, and are equally responsible for subscription, if they had ordered their names entered upon the publishers books.

6. The Courts have also repeatedly decided that a Post Master who neglects to perform his duty of giving reasonable notice as required by the regulations of the Post Office Department, of the neglect of a person to take from the office, newspapers addressed to him, renders the Post Master liable to the publisher for the subscription price.

POSTMASTERS are required by law to notify publishers by letter when their publications are refused or not called for by persons to whom they are sent, and to give the reason of such refusal, if known. It is also their duty to frank all such letters. We will thank postmasters to keep us posted up in relation to this matter.

Select Poetry.

From the Louisville Journal.

HOURS OF SADNESS.

I'm very sad and lone to-night—
My soul with brooding fancy teems,
And hopes and joys that once were bright,
Soem but the whispering of dreams,
Sad echoes o'er my heart strings play—
Their trembling tones its chords awake,
And I must breathe the saddened lay,
Or else this burdened heart will break.

Soft stars float up the crystal air,
The moonbeams trend the silent sea,
Those seem like mimic slumbering there,
A sweet unbroken melody.

The chanting waves are laid asleep,
All fringed with merry twinkling beams,
As if the stars that gem the deep,
Were laughing sweetly in their dreams.

Around the column of the night
The silver winds that light arms wreath,
And wattle tones as faint and light
As sighs that parting loves burst;

So clear and soft they swell and die
Along the dewy way of even,
They seem like angels wandering by,
And murmurings songs they heard in heav'n.

There floats a cloud with silver tips
So gently by the south wind kissed,
It breathes upon the fragrant lips;
A shower of brightly-shivered mist;

Pale midnight twines her dusky brow
With floating wreaths of summer air,

And here and there a startling glow
Of radiance gleaming in her hair.

But not the beauty of the hour,
Nor rippling sound of waters sweet,
Nor young leaves trembling in the bower
And whispering as their edges meet—

Not these can bring the sweet repose,
The joyous light of former days,
Not still the wild and restless throe
That made me murmur sudden lays.

No more from me gay songs are heard—
My harps have been jarred too long
For grief has tinged each joyous word
And sadly marred the source of song,

Then elide not for this mournful strain,
Tis but the weary weight of grief,
Which long upon my soul has lain,
And sighs and tears bring no relief.

The bloom has vanished from my life;
Bird-like I gaze on you blue sky,
And long to leave this care and strife,
And feel 'twas so sweet to die,

For life is but a weary way at best—
A sad and weary way at best—

Talk to my heart, oh Night, and say,
Will the grave only give me rest?

THE THISTLEDOWN.

Lighly soars the thistledown;
Lighly doth it float;
Lightly seeds of care are sown,
Little do we note,
Lightly floats the thistledown;
Far and wide it flies,
By the faintest zephyr blown
Through the shining skies,
Watch life's thistles bud and blow—
Oh! tis pleasant folly!

But when all our paths they sow,
Then comes melancholy,

A Select Tale.

doubled upon their rear, and successfully evaded their vigilance. The next day he went to W— for his horses, who demanded two of them for his services and generous intentions. Finding his situation dangerous and surrounded by enemies, where he should have found friends, Francisco was compelled to make the best of it, and left with six horses, intending to revenge himself upon W— at a future time; "but," as he said, "Providence ordained that I should not be his executioner, for he broke his neck by a fall from one of the very horses."

Many other anecdotes are told of Francisco, illustrative of his immense strength and personal prowess. At Camden, where Gates was defeated, he retreated, and after running along a road some distance, he sat down to rest himself. He was suddenly accosted by a British dragoon, who presented a pistol and demanded his immediate surrender. His gun being empty, he feigned submission, and said he would surrender, at the same time remarking that his gun was of no further use to him, he presented it sideways to the trooper, who in reaching for it threw himself off his guard, when Francisco, quick as thought, ran him through with the bayonet, and as he fell from his horse, he mounted him and continued his retreat. Overtaking his commanding officer, Colonel Mayo, of Powhatan, he gave him up the animal, for which act of generosity the colonel afterwards presented him with a thousand acres of land in Kentucky.

The following anecdote exemplifying his peaceful nature and his strength, is also told of Francisco. How true it is, we cannot say, but we tell it as it was told to us, many years ago, while he was still living in Buckingham county, Virginia.

One day while working in his garden he was accosted by a stranger, who rode up to the fence and inquired of him if he knew "where man by the name of Francisco lived?"

Raising himself from his work, and eyeing his interrogator, who appeared to be one of the "half-horse half-alligator" breed of Kentuckians, he replied, "Well, stranger, I don't know any person by that name in these parts, but myself."

"Well, I recon you ain't the man I want. I want to find the great fighting man I've heard tell so much about. The fellow they say can whip all creation and Kaintz to boot."

"I can't tell you," stranger, where you'll find that man, I don't know such a man," said Francisco, resuming his work as a hint to the other that the conference was ended. But the Kentuckian was not to be bluffed off as he would term it. "Look ere stranger," said he, turning to the charge, "what might your given name be?" "My name is Peter Francisco, so give them to you I never shall, take them if you will, you have the power, but I never will give them to any one."

"Ah!" returned the other, "you're just the man I want to find;" at the same time riding inside the fence, he dismounted and tied his animal—a rough, ungainly Indian pony, to one of the posts.

"My name is Big Bill Stokes, all the way from Old Kentucky. I can out run, out hop, out jump, knock down, drag out and whip any man in all them diggings—

So, as I hear tell of a fellow down hereabouts who could whip all creation, I thought I'd saddle old Blossom and just ride over and see what stuff he's made of, and here I am. And now, stranger, I'm most starved for a fight, and I'm bound to see who's the best man, before I go home. It's all in good feeling; you know, and if you like me, why I'm satisfied, but—

"Stop a minute, stranger," said Francisco, "you're mistaken the man entirely; I'm no fighting man at all, and if I was, I've nothing against you to fight about."

"Well I don't know; is there any other Peter Francisco in these parts?"

"No, not that I know of."

"Well, then, you're the man, and you must fight. I've come all the way from Old Kentucky, and I ain't going back without knowing which is the best man."

"But I won't fight. I've got nothing to fight about, and I tell you I won't fight."

"Darn'd if you shan't fight, stranger—I'm bound to lick you if I can; if I don't, you must lick me."

By this time Francisco had become angry at the impudence of his visitor, and determined to put an end to the scene.—Seizing upon the traitorous villain W—, Francisco was about to despatch him, but he begged and plead so hard for his life, that he forgave him, and told him to secrecy for him the eight horses which the soldiers had left behind them. Perceiving Tarleton had dispatched two dragoons in search of him, he made off into the adjoining wood, and while they stopped at the house, he like an old fox,

an exhibition of strength, and after rub-

bing his eyes as though he thought he might not have seen clearly, he mounted his pony, remarking "Well, stranger, I reckon you'll do. I reckon it's about time for me to make tracks. If anybody asks you about the great fight, you can tell 'em I licked Bill Stokes most confoundedly."

Francisco was a powerfully built man, standing six feet and one inch in height, and weighing 260 pounds. His muscular system was extraordinary developed, and he had been known to shoulder with ease, a cannon weighing eleven hundred pounds, and a gentleman of undoubted veracity, still living in Virginia, who knew him well says, "he could take me in his right hand and pass over the rooms with me, playing my head against the ceiling as though I had been a doll baby. My weight was 195 pounds."

His wife, who was a woman of good size, and fair proportions, he would take in his right hand, and holding her out at arm's length; would pass around the room with her, and carry her up and down stairs in that position. He would take a barrel of cider by the chimes and holding it to his mouth, would drink from the bung, a long and hearty draught with out any apparent exertion.

Yet, with all his strength, he was a very peacefully disposed man, and never made use of his power, except in case of necessity about his usual vocation, or in defence of the right. On occasion of out-breaks at public gatherings, he was better at rushing in and preserving peace than all the conservative authorities on the ground.—Although uneducated, he was a man of strong natural sense, and of a kind, amiable disposition. He was withal a companionable man, and his anecdotes and stories of war, of which he possessed a rich fund, rendered him a welcome guest in the first families of the State. His industrious and temperate habits together with his kind disposition, made him many friends, and through their influence he was appointed Sergeant-at-arms of the Virginia House of Delegates, in which service he died in 1836 and was buried with military honors in the public burying ground at Richmond.

Miscellaneous.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

We find the following in one of our exchange papers; it will be read with interest, though we cannot vouch for the truth of it:

Lord H—, an English nobleman, ruined by the extravagance of London fashions, had counted on a handsome inheritance to pay off his debts and enable him to pass the remainder of his day in wisdom and in quiet. But the expected inheritance came not—and the young lord rendered desperate by his disappointment, and finding himself doomed to the most precarious condition, deprived of all hope and fortune, resolved to get rid of his life full of misery, by blowing out his brains.

The loaded pistol was in his hand, when most unaccountably, Lord H— suddenly remembered that the Epsom Races were soon to come off. Too superstitious to believe that chance had inspired him with such a thought in such a moment, without a motive, he dropt his pistol and began calculating his chances of regaining his fortune in the approaching contest. His critical situation was not known, his credit in the sporting clubs was unlimited, and he availed himself of it by unscrupulously engaging in very heavy bets with some of the amateur sportsmen. If fortune favored him, all would go well; but if he lost, he could then execute his project and make use of his pistol. It was last resort; but Lord H—, in his peculiar way of thinking, thought his faults would be affected by the expedition, and that the fashionable world would pardon his weakness and errors if he should compensate them by a voluntary

death.

He, therefore, deposited the pistol in its case and went to the club to engage the heaviest bets on three or four of the horses most reliable in his opinion. It was far more than fortune, it was his life which these rapid courses were to bear.

The sum total of his bets amounted to 50,000 pounds sterling. He presented himself with a calm and stern face on the race course. Not a cloud obscured the serenity of his features. No one in beholden to him, could have suspected the serious position in which he was placed. He appeared like a wealthy gentleman, who only risked a portion of his surplus, and could easily drown any loss in a glass of champagne. His courage was rewarded.

His winnings allowed him to live.

He had won more than money—for wisdom came to him out of his dreadful strug-

gle. A short time afterward he married a fortune, and he became scrupulous as to his winnings at Epsom. He thought his money wrongfully got. Assembling all who had been his adversaries in betting on the races, he said to them: "I have only just discovered by an examination of my accounts, that the state of my affairs did not permit me to back the bets we once made together. If fortune had been unfavorable, I should not have been in a situation to pay my losses. These bets are then, in fact, null, and delicacy obliges me to return to you the money."

Some hesitated to accept it; but Lord H— insisted so resolutely that they were compelled to yield, and fifty thousand pounds were rightfully distributed.

This magnanimous conduct produced a lively sensation, and honored the annals of British sport. Lord H—, lately deceased, has left an illustrious name, a revered memory, and an example which gentlemen riders will always cite with admiration.

Rose Tree.

We must begin to doubt the truth of the oft-quoted lines from Shakespeare:

— that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;

for in a lecture upon the trees of America,

Prof. AGASSIZ states a remarkable fact in

regard to the family of the rose, which includes among its varieties not only many of the most beautiful roses which are known, but also the richest fruits, such as the apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, &c., namely, that no fossils of plants belonging to this family have ever been discovered by geologists. This he regarded as conclusive evidence that the introduction of this family of plants upon the earth

was coeval with or subsequent to the creation of man, to whose comfort and happiness they seem especially intended by Providence to contribute.

Hard of Hearing.

"I have a small bill against you," said a pertinacious looking collector, as he entered the store of one who had acquired the character of