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.

WILLIAM BREWSTER, SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1855.

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TERMS:

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

If paid in advance.....$1,50

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And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six 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.

☞ The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

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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 newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.*

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Select Poetry.

"HAVE YOU SEEN SAM?"

I floated down the river
On the schooner Polly Ann;
I landed on York Island,
A very verdant man,
I gathered up my baggage
In a shocking crowd and jam,
When a fellow jumped before me,
Saying, "Have you seen Sam?"
I don't know Sam,
I don't know Sam,
Confound this noise and bother,
Who is this fellow Sam?

I thought the fellow crazy,
And fled before the wind;
The Astor rose before me,
My coat tail streamed behind.
Soon up the steps I scrambled,
And shouted "Here I am,"
Another fellow tapped me,
And asked, "Have you seen Sam?"

I then went to Barnum's
To see the mighty show;
The Shanghais and the Babies,
How loudly they did crow!
I stood and gazed about me,
To see if 'twas a sham;
I smooth'd the bearded lady's cheek,
She said, "have you seen Sam?"

I hunted through each corner,
Till nearly out of breath;
I waltzed about the wooly horse,
The Mermaid and Joyce Heth;
Men laughed—the Shanghais cackled,
I left old Captain Sham,
And as I turned to leave the place,
The monkeys chattered—"Sam!"

I went up to Albany
To see the wires at play;
Twas pulling here, 'twas hauling there,
Has Sam been here to-day?
To Washington I went to see
The Senatorial jam,
I told them of the war in York,
They asked "if I'd seen Sam?"

I told them horses and bugles blew
A fearful warlike blast;
That crotchets, quavers, fiddles flew
In bloodless conflict past;
The fifers screamed their piercing notes,
The drummers beat their flam!
While high above the noise and din,
The cry is "Where is Sam?"

I'm going up the river,
My purse is running down,
No matter whom I chance to meet,
They ask if Sam's in town.
If Sam's around, above me,
In Croton or in dram;
With luck I'm off to-morrow,
Who is this fellow Sam?

A Select Tale.

From Ballou's Pictorial.

MY COUSIN FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

A tall Yankee told the story; a man, bony, hard featured, yet upon whose front the Almighty hand had stamped genius in characters unmistakable.

Said he, "When I was a young man I was awkward, as I believe all young men are whose stature outruns their years. I had grown so fast that people where I lived looked up to me, and I of course, as was natural, looked down upon them, but I was not proud, not at all. I had a cousin then a singularly handsome man, whose face to me was always a delightful study. He was not of such ungainly height as myself, but his hair was brown and curling, his cheek tinged with red, his eyes glowing and sparkling, his manner commanding, and above all he was a minister. Now in those days ministers were very nearly made idols of, and consequently were often spoiled. My cousin, I always thought, had more pride than was good for him; but he was so attentive when he came out in the country to pay us a long visit (as he invariably did every summer,) so pleasant; and affable to us all, that we overlooked his little peculiarities.

'I remember how we used to watch him at meal times, and what a general jingling there was whenever he took his spoon out of the tea-cup into his saucer, for we were a very imitative family and cousin Dennis was our beau ideal of politeness.

'One winter we had unusually good luck, and father happening to have a surplus of money on hand, told me that if I had a notion to see the world, I might go to the neighboring city and stop till spring. You may be sure I was taller then than ever; for although I was very nearly twenty-one, I had never been in the city to stop over a day at the most, and now the idea of spending a winter there was almost overwhelming. Every night I made a programme of my expected tour—where I should go this night, and where next week and above all, I thought how pleasant it would be to share cousin Dennis's hospitality, for he had so often urged me to come and pass some time with him, that I had no doubt his delight at seeing me would be equal to mine at meeting with him. A few weeks more, and the busy fingers of mother and sisters had prepared my wardrobe, and the great trunk was brought down from the garret and stuffed till its brass studded frame would hold no more. Probably no experienced stranger starting for Europe ever took half the number of "wearables" that I, in my simplicity, deemed by far too limited. But the great gala day came, and with its departure I left my home for the wilderness of New York.

'It was late when I arrived at my cousin's house, a handsome brick dwelling, which, with some little land adjoining, he had inherited. I had never seen it before and to me it was as beautiful as a palace — An old Quaker aunt kept house for him, and by her I was welcomed with a cold formality I did not understand; yet wearied as I was, I did not give much thought about the subject, but ate my supper in silence, cheered by the news that my cousin had gone to officiate at a wedding, and might not be at home until eleven.

'Already it was nearing ten, and I, unused to such late hours, begged to be shown to a bedroom. I shall never forget how icy cold the room was to which I was attended. Large and cheerless, filled with sombre furniture, it was so different from my snug little chamber at home, where the sun laid all day and where water seldom froze! The sheets as I touched them, seemed like ice; I had not dared to approach my feet to the polished stove hearth below stairs, and I suffered exceedingly.—However, I soon forgot all comfort in dreams in which the old farm-house and a roaring fire were the chiefest objects of interest.

'In the morning, and bitter cold it was, I found my way to the hall. On the rack in the corner laid an ample cloth cloak, which I supposed my cousin must have thrown off in a hurry. Surprised at the unusual stillness, I tried the door from which I had egress on the preceding night. It was locked fast. Successively I tried. I tried every door within my range; alas! there was neither egress nor outlet, for the front entrance was also fastened in such a manner that it defied all my endeavors to move the lock. It seems that my cousins housekeeper was one of the old-fashioned sort, and never retired without fastening up everything in the house; I question whether she did not lock her bed curtains.

'Three mortal hours did I stay shivering in my room on that eventful morning, solacing myself with doleful glances at the brick walls of a distillery, and running over the pages of a Greek Lexicon, which assuredly was all Greek to me—and nothing else.

'At length, O, welcome sound; the bell rang, and I, blue with cold, descended to the breakfast room. There I met my cousin and for the first time in my life witnessed a sham welcome. I did not understand it then, I do understand such things better now.

'My cousin tried his best to be agreeable, but I saw that disappointment stood out all over his actions, particularly when I mentioned that I had come for a long visit. But I soon got over the unpleasant feeling consequent on this discovery, and determined to brave it out. Had he not stopped summer after summer on my fathers farm? Did we not every six months send him some favor in the shape of the best winter greenings, russets or Baldwins So I put myself on my dignity, awkward though it was, and appeared as if I observed nothing unpleasant.

'Wherever I went, I could see that my relative was ashamed of his tall cousin.—Now I knew in my soul that I was good for something. I had the consciousness of intellect no way inferior to his own. At home I was famous as a Yankee story-teller, but having a fear of the minister's superior attainments always before my eyes I had never allowed him to see what I could do. This false timidity was, however, slowly wearing away. I began to feel anxious to resent my cousin's officiousness, and I daily grew stronger in my determination to do so. I noticed his deportment when he little thought it; his quick step ahead so as to seem alone when he met some fashionable lady; his little manœuvres to slip out of church by himself; his careful avoidance of all mention of my name to others and I thought to myself, "one day I'll teach you a lesson, young man, if you are a minister."

'How it was, I know not, but by some mismanagement, I suppose, invitations were sent to us to attend a large dinner party given in honor of some distinguished divine, then creating quite an excitement in the city. My relative looked astounded when he found that I had resolved to go, and tried to intimidate me by hinting at the fashionable character of the entertainment. At last finding me resolute, he said, with a bland smile:

"'You had better then let me introduce you as "my cousin from the country;" and as you are not initiated into the arts and mysteries, it will help you wonderfully; they will suppose you ignorant of etiquette and excuse your greenness.'"

'Thank you for nothing,' thought I, and consented.

'I went to the party. There is no mistake about it, I was at first abashed in the company of so much dignity and beauty: I trembled for myself. My cousin sat opposite me, and by his side a lovely girl robed in blue, who looked to me the nearest to an angel that it was possible to imagine.—I soon saw that my cousin's heart had been travelling in that direction; he was devoted to her, although he kept an eye on poor me, to see that his 'cousin from the country' did him no glaring discredit.

'I heard him address her as Miss Harriet, and once in filling her glass from the crystal pitcher near by, he overran it, and the fluid mingled with meat and gravy on the young lady's plate.

'Aha!' thought I, glancing at him slyly, 'cousin from the country!'

'Presently I noticed another mishap. A reverend and absent minded looking gentleman at my right, undertook to carve a chicken. By some awkwardness, a small bone flew from the edge of his knife, and slap it went against the nose of a lady opposite, spattering her face with the gravy. The lady turned red—the gentleman apologized, the company seemed more than usually serious, as a company always does when it restrains itself from a hearty laugh, and I looked straight at my friend across the table, saying as plain as eyes could say it, 'aha! cousin from the country!'

'And that was not the end of the chapter, for my cousin, in attempting to cut butter, which, as it was an unusually warm winter day had ice upon it, unfortunately knocked the frozen element on the table and of all the efforts I ever saw put forth to catch a slippery article, those he made in the matter of securing that ice were the most ridiculous.

'First he laid siege with knife and fork, but it danced about like bewitched; polka, waltz, and redowa step, hopping now against Miss Harriet's plate, gliding about among hot vegetables, and sliding under meat dishes until its capture became a matter of stubborn principle.

'Fortunately, one of the servants hurried to his help with a large spoon, and in using that, my cousin's elbow came in contact with a little glass dish filled with pickles, and away it spun over on Miss Harriet's lap, and the ice followed after. O, with what gusto could I have shouted at that moment, 'cousin from the country,' but I pitied the blushing divine and contented myself with an inward chuckle.

'But by-and-by things went on more smoothly and we all got merry over the dessert. I assure you ministers can enjoy themselves with good jokes and jibes as well as the rest of us; and why pray should they not. One after another told some amusing anecdote, until the smooth, sleek visages fairly shone with good humor. I forgot my awkwardness—my cousin—Miss Harriet—and setting down my glass, began with a comic air:

'Once upon a time there was an old farmer lived away out in the woods in old Vermont State.'

'My strong nasal accent immediately attracted attention. Instantly there was silence, every eye was fixed upon me with a wandering yet respectful attention.'

'Ahem! ah—ahem!' said my cousin vehemently, turning purple to his hair, and fixing on me his handsome eyes. I only needed that glance to confirm my wavering resolution; if I had felt fearful, all traces of timidity were banished now; and in the midst of expressive smiles and some tittering, I pushed on with my story. It worked like magic. Never had I spoken before such an audience. Every little while I could see by the turn of his head and certain movements that my cousin was apologizing for me to Miss Harriet, and he could not seem to understand it, when at the conclusion, a universal roar went round the table, almost loud enough to drown the thunder of Niagara Falls.—Again and again the mirth broke forth and I was besieged for more; and when we arose from the table I was the lion of the evening and 'cousin from the country' forgotten tetotally.

'I was not surprised at that, but I was surprised at the very decided marks of favor shown me by Miss Harriet. The beautiful girl sat by me and seemed to listen with interest to whatever I said. Poor Dennis! the tables were turned, and I believe was even jealous of his cousin from the country.'

'Invitations were poured in upon me after that eventful day. I became more fastidious in the article of dress, and even ventured to make calls for myself, the circle of my acquaintance enlarged—the handsome minister no longer cut me in public, but walked boldly by my side up the church aisle. I spent more time at my toilet than formerly, I patronized the barber; I practised my old fashioned songs; I sung for the ladies; in fact, I was popular.

'Miss Harriet Newland, the young lady I have mentioned before, had been for two seasons the reigning belle. She was not wealthy, but the heir expectant of a good property. She was a girl of decided talent, and no doubt intended to marry well. My cousin, I saw, was most assidiously paying address to her. He confided occasionally in me, and always spoke of her with transport. At length things began to change. He grew silent and moody, and seldom mentioned her name. I saw her frequently, and had I been vain, the light that sparkled in her eyes, the deep glow of her beautiful cheeks would have led me to suspect my presence called forth the bright sparkle and modest blush.

'I like the omnibus for one reason. It gives fine opportunities for the study of human nature. One day I determined on taking the tour of the fashionable thoroughfare and I accordingly hailed the first buss, a gaudy concern and we commenced our slow journey. What a multitude were out that day! White hats and blue hats, with bluer eyes beneath them; flying feathers and dancing ribbons and the mingled colors of soft and glossy silks, seemed jumbled together the spaces between intervening vehicles, a rich variety of costly goods.

'Suddenly, without a moment's warning came down the rain, and such a rain! Such springing to and fro! such dodging in the shop doors and under shades! such scampering for omnibuses! In less time than I can say it, our vehicle was apparently full. I repeat, apparently full, for I believe the question has not yet been settled, 'when is an omnibus full?'

'Drive on,' said a gruff voice, when a pretty white bonnet appeared, and a beautiful face looked appealingly in. I sprang from my seat—Miss Harriet saw me, and made her way towards me between a multiplicity of knees, and after some demurring from her fair sisterhood, found a tolerable place at my side. I was in a tight place, I acknowledge, but I never regretted that squeezing, never.

'One by one the occupants emerged from the buss along Broadway. Sincerely glad was I that a favorite maxim of mine had always been, 'an umbrella for every change of the wind'; I escorted Harriet home, and spent the evening there.

'The next day I found an opportunity to talk with my cousin alone. I informed him that I should in a week at the farthest, return home.

'His face brightened.

'But I shall come back in three months, at the farthest,' I resumed.

'To spend the next winter, perhaps?'

'No, not to spend the next winter,' I replied, adding, with a significant manner, 'I shall stay but a short time, and when I go back I shall not go alone.'

'He looked at me steadily, asking 'what do you mean?'

'I mean to get married,' I replied carelessly, throwing myself back in an easy chair. 'You see that my greenness is developing itself.'

'I think it is,' he returned uneasily, and blushing deeply; but who is the lady?'

'None other than your favorite, Miss Hattie,' I replied assuming an air of indifference.

'His eyes flashed in a moment; he sprang from his seat and took several rapid turns across the floor. In a little while he sat down again, but he was very much agitated. I had, I confess, taken a wicked kind of pleasure in making the announcement, for his former false pride and unministerial conduct in slighting me, still rankled in my bosom; but I felt a sentiment of pity for him for I saw he suffered.

'At last he resumed the conversation.—He was pale, but more composed, as he said:

'You see that I am surprised at this announcement; you must be aware with what feelings I have regarded Miss Newland, but I have long since ceased to hope for her favor. As all is settled, may God prosper you. My disappointment will, I trust, result in my spiritual advancement. I have been too worldly and too proud.—God bless you. Farewell.'

'Now we have, both of us, happy families, and he is an humble, self denying man. I sometimes quizzingly ask him, if ever remembers, *"that cousin from the country."*

Miscellaneous.

THE STRAWBERRY BOY.

One fine morning in the summer of 1852 a handsome, but poorly dressed boy, called at the door of a rich mansion in L. square in New York city, and offered some baskets of strawberries for sale. Having disposed of the fruit, he was disposed to depart, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of a beautiful girl, some twelve years old, who crossed the hall near the door. She was the only daughter of the gentleman of the house. The kind look which she bestowed on him struck a cord in his heart, which until that moment, had never vibrated.

"She is very lovely!" he exclaimed mentally, "but she is the daughter of a great millionaire; she can be nothing to me, I am young," he continued to himself; "would I could make myself worthy of her." And this thought, though it did not banish the feeling, hushed it.

A week passed, and the little boy again stood, with palpitating heart, at the rich mans door. His fruit was purchased as before, and he received the money from the white hand of the fair being whom, from the moment he first saw her, he had dared to love. He did not forget the order. He called again, but the season was advancing, and the fruit had become a scarcity.

"I shall not be able to bring you any more," he said one morning. "I am sorry for it was a pleasure for me to call here; but we may meet hereafter."

The young heart that fluttered in the bosom of that young girl was touched at the musical though somewhat melancholy tone in which this was uttered, and she timidly replied that "She would remember him."

"We shall meet again, Miss, when I promise you, you shall not be ashamed to acknowledge the acquaintance of the poor strawberry boy."

Three years elapsed. The tide of speculation which was then swelling in our country had not reached the flood, and the man of wealth, with his beautiful daughter, rolled in an elegant carriage on their way to Trinity church. Charlotte was just "sweet sixteen," and the bud was changing to the open rose. She was fair indeed The service had ended; the magnificent carriage stood at the church door; the elegantly caparisoned horses pawed the ground uneasily; a liveried footman held the door, and the wealthy merchant handed his lovely daughter to the coach, amid the low obeisance of her gay admirers.

Why does she not observe the homage of her thousand butterfly admirers? A young but plainly dressed stranger stands quietly at the side of the church door, and her gaze for a moment is rivited on his features. Who can it be? No, she cannot remember. The carriage rolls slowly towards the stately mansion of the man of wealth, and the father discovered an uncommon quietness in his daughter's demeanor.

"My dear Charlotte, are you ill?"

"No father, no? I am very well;"

They arrived at the door; the stranger was there. They alight; he extends a very slight but respectable bow to the heiress, and moves on. A blush tinges that bright cheek; she recognizes him. Charlotte retires to her chamber; she was unhappy but surely the stranger was nothing to her, or she to him.

Time rolled on. It was the coldest night of the uncommon cold winter of 1835, and the memorable 16th of December.—A fire had broken out in the evening in one of the principal streets of the business part of the great commercial metropolis.—It raged violently and at early morning on the succeding day a great portion of the city lay in ashes. The millionaire was comparitively a beggar: *his furniture* was sacrificed, his mansion disposed of, his splendid horses and carriage passed into other hands, and even Jesse, Charlotte's coal black favorite, was doomed to pass them under the hammer.

"Poor Jesse!" sighed his mistress; "I hope he may fall into good hands."

But nobody wanted Jessie, and he was finally purchased and thrown away upon a stranger.

"Who did you say was the purchaser inquired Charlotte of her father.

"A Mr. Manly, I think said her father.

Another year had fled Misfortunes had followed in rapid succession, and the revolution of 1836 had finally reduced our men of wealth to bankruptcy. The following advertisement appeared in the papers of the day;

"Will be sold at public auction on Wednesday next, on the premises, the right of redemption to that beautiful cottage with about an acre of land adjoining, laid out in a garden, well stocked with fruit trees and shrubbery, situated on the south side of Staten Land, and mortgaged to John Jacob Astor for the sum of ten thousand and three dollars, &c. Sale positive, title indisputable possesion given immediately; terms cash."

The rich man, that was, in vain appealed to his shunshine friends for aid. They must have security—the times were hard—they had lost a good deal of money—people sometimes would live too fast—it wasn't their fault—very sorry, but could not help him. From bad to worse he succeeded, and now, reduced to the last extremity, he had retired to his beautiful retreat, with the hope that rigid economy and fresh application to business would improve his rapidly sinking fortune. But his star was descending, he had no security to offer, and the the cottage was sold.

It was a bright day in autumn; the purchasers were few; there was but little competition and the estate passed into other hands. The purchaser gave notice that he should take possesion forthwith.—And what was to become of the lovely child? His last home had been taken from him, and that of the fair girl was motherless. The heart of the fond father misgave his when he received information that the premises must be immediately vacated. He had been a proud man, but his pride was now humbled and calmly he resigned himself to this last stroke of affliction. He, too, wept; it was a fearful sight to see that strong man weep! But his troubles were nearly at an end. The day following that upon which the sale occurred had well nigh past. The afternoon was bright and balmy. The father sat with his daughter in the recess of one of the cottage windows, which looked out upon the high road. He had received a note from the purchaser of the cottage, informing him that he should call on him in the afternoon, for the purpose of examining the premises more fully than he had had an opportunity of doing. They awaited his visit.

"O, father!" shouted Charlotte, forgetting for the moment her sorrows, "look, there is my darling little Jesse!" and a knock at the door called her at once to recollection.

The door was opened by the once princely proprietor of the princely mansion in L. square. Before him stood a curious looking man, who enquired for Mr. S.

"That is my name, sir and I have the honor of addressing—"

"Mr. Manly, sir now the owner of this cottage. I have just received the deed from my attorney, and with your permission shall be glad to examine the estate."

"Walk in' sir, you are master here, and I shall vacate as soon as your pleasure may require it. My daughter, sir," he continued, as the stranger enterd the parlor. "This is Mr. Manly, Charlotte, the purchaser of our little cottage."

"The person whom you once knew only as the poor strawberry boy," continued Manly, as he took her extended hand.

"My dear sir," said Manly, addressing the father, "I am the owner of this cottage. Seven years ago I had the happiness to receive from this fair hand a few shillings in payment of fruit, which I carried to the door of the affluent Mr. S. of L. square. I was a boy, sir, and a poor boy; but poor as I was and wealthy as was this lady, I dared to love her. Since then I have traveled many leagues, I have endured many hardships, with but a single object in view—that of making myself worthy of your daughter. Fortune has not been niggard with me, sir; my endeavors have been crowned with success; and I am here to day, not to take possesion of this lovely cottage alone but to lay my fortune at the feet of worth and beauty, and to offer this fair being a heart which exists but for herself alone."

Charlotte loved, and shortly after gave her hand to Manly. They remained in the cottage, which was newly furnished; and many times afterward did she mount her favorite "Jesse," at the side of her fond and devoted husband, and roam thro' the romantic scenes which abound in that famed island.

A Story of the Times.

About the time of the last State election and while the party spirit ran high, an energetic Know-Nothing canvasser, in a very fiery speech, delivered in Millville, Worcester County, Mass., worked the foreign population up to a point of indignation past all endurance. The day following a crowd of Irishm en were collected in the street, brooding over their fancied injuries a gentleman named Holden, noted for his eccentricity, advanced among them, and to their great delight commenced a violent denunciation of the new party. Beneath his magic influence, the alien audience became, in their own estimation, the pillars of our republic, and as he warmed in his subject, Know-Nothingism withered to a bare name under his scorching touch, while cheer after cheer burst from the excited crowd, now rapidly increasing.

'Who,' asked he, 'built our railroads?'

Irishmen,' was the enthusiastic reply.

'Who dug our canals?'

'Irishmen"

'Who built our State Prisons and Alms Houses?'

'Irishmen!' thundered a hundred voices.

'Who *fill* them?'

Waiting in vain for a reply, the whilom champion, clenching his fists shouted

'Irishmen!—you devils,—Irishmen!'

A SAILOR'S RELIGION.—At a judicial investigation at Balaklava a witness, a sailor, was asked what his religion was.—His reply was:

'I'm blowed if I know.'

'Are you a Catholic asked the examiner.

'Oh, no,' was the reponse; 'I'm d——d sure I'm not that, for I hate the Pope like blazes, and I delights in the steaks on Friday."

Roars of laughter. The Judges declare he was a Protestant.

AN EDITOR'S OWN DRINK.—According to the Princeton *Kentuckian*, the following is a receipt for the exclusive drink of McGoodwin, the magnificently funny editor of the Paducal American:

Take one pint good whiskey, stir in well one spoonful of whiskey, then add another pint of whiskey, beat carefully and keep pourin in whiskey. Fill a large bowl with water, and make the servant set it out of your reach. Take a small tumbler, pour in two spoonfuls of water; pour out the water and fill up with whiskey, and add to the above. Flavor with whiskey to your taste.

BULL.—The Erinite who wrote to his friend, informing him of the devoted attentions of his young wife during his sickness, couldn't hide a national tendency to waggery, as he added: "Ah, Dennis, my boy, if you were here, you would be more than ever convinced of the poet's remark, that the whole world is nothing to a man if his wife be a widow."

TRUE.—That the health of mind is of greater consequence than the health of the body, although both of them are deserving of more attention than either of them receive.