The Huntingdon Journal.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1855.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."-- [WEBSTER.

along the crying-"Unclean! Unclean!"

Before the low portal of an humble tene-ment, craving admittance, stood the daugh-ter of Ben Rama. A low voice bade her enter; and she passed in. It was the hab-hation wherein the Saviour dwelt, daring his michtigen and the saviour dwelt, daring

his ministry, and now it chanced that its only occupant was he-the meek Naza-

WILLIAM BREWSTER, | EDITORS.

TERMS :

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The Law of Newspapers.

r refuse to take their which they are direc-until they have settled iscontinued.

e also repeatedly decided that eglects to perform his duty of ice as remired by the regulaired by law

Original Poetry.

For the Journal

They tell me there's a fairer land A brighter world than ours : A land of smiles and sunny dreams, Of sunshine and of flowers. They say that hely angels dwell In that bright land of blins, That cherral songs of praises swell, That ne'er are known in this. They say the heart will never more

That choral songs of praises swell, That no'er are known in this. They say the heart will never mourn— Bright hopes will never die— And friendskip more than empty name, In the hand of God, on high. That Christ is thera,—and he has said Mortal shall weep no more— That with him dwell our sainted dead, Not lost—bat "gone before." I've longed to view the golden gates Brighter than soulit sky— I've longed to view the golden gates Brighter than soulit sky— I've longed to view the golden gates Brighter than soulit sky— I've longed to view the golden gates Brighter than soulit sky— I've longed to view the golden gates Brighter than soulit sky— I've longed to view the golden gates Brighter than soulit sky— I've onged to view the golden gates Bat like a child in ocean's arms, We strive against the stream. Each moment farther from the shore. Mad wider rolls the sea ; The sky grows dark—the sun goes down ; Day breaks—and where are we? Beecken Glen, Sep. 8. '55. KATE,

A Beantiful Story.

Published by Request THE LEPER;

LOVERS OF CAPERNAUM. BY EUGENE ST. CLAIR.

CHAPTER I. Thou art now in thy dreaming time ; The green leaves on the bough, The sunshine turning them to gold Are pleasures to thee now."

Were so twined together, that now to sever the group of the first bars in the bar

Eden's floral halls ?

Eden's floral halls ? Tell me, O, wrapt worshipper--sawest thou ever in human eyes--those brilliant mirrors of the soul--a finer blending of earth and heaven, save in the cyces of that sainted one whose son has since been seen bearing his cross up racful Calvary ?--Never. Was it for the song of the belated fisher-man, as his bark speel shoreward from the

Never. Was it for the song of the belated fisher-man, as his bark sped shoreward from the scene of his daily toil, that she was wait-ing ? Was it the beauty of the night-the distant Jordan sweeping toward the sea--the snowy, phantom suils, twin, wing-ed in air and water, far out upon Tiberias, she watched ? Nay; but for sweeter sounds--for a dearer sight,--the comize of his voice ! Nor long must she watch and wait. No laggard is he who has won the love of Palestine's far-ter, times is below in the gyden among "Yea, it was Jesus of Nazarch, he who styleth himself the Son of the Most High God ?'

ed in air and water, in out upon Fibernes, she watched ? Nay ; but for sweeter sounds—for a dearcr sight,—the coming of her lover— the music of his voice ! Nor long must she watch and wait. No laggard is he who has won the love of Palestine's fair-est ; for yonder he comes—past the foun-tain that sings below in the garden among the roses—with a step as free as that of his proud Arabian barb. A moment, and his step sounds in the stately vositule ; another it glides along the tesselated marble of the lofty baleony ; and Judah's palmiest noble kneels at the toet of his mistress—there in the elequer-ed moonlight.

teet of his m ed moonligh ed moonlight. And well might she love him, with the best and holiest love known to the heart of

woman ; "Ho was young And ominently beentiful, and life Mantled in cloquent fulness on his lip. And sparkled in his glance i and in his mion There was a gracious pride that every eye Followed with benisons." "Welcome, filelon ! thrice welcome !" Welcome, avvest thou aweet Miriam ?

Followed with benisons." "Welcome, algost thrice welcome !" "Welcome, sayest thou sweet Miriam ? How knowest thou but I bring tidings that will sorrow thy heart, and dim with tears the radiant eyes ? I have spoken with Ben-Rama !" "Ha! hast seen my father ?" exclaimed the maiden quickly, and the crimson deepened on her oval check. "Yes, within the hour I met him in the market-place, and taking him apart from the multitude, told him my love for and besought him that he would give met the to wife." "And he said—what said he, Helon " "He answered not, but gravely stroked his beard, looking down, and toyed with a pebble 'neath his sandal." "Oh, Helon !"

"And then a cloud came over my spir-it; hope seemed ficeing afar off. But I repeated more cloquently my tale of love, and carnestly implored him that he would look benignly on my request. I hade him to remember how we had lived in closest union from our infancy—how mora and noon and eve found us playing away the golden hours beneath the palm-trees shade and told him that the fibres of our hearts were so twined together, that now to sever them would be to snap the chords of life. "And then, Helon? He could not re-fuse thee thy blood? He turned not away from the persuasive music of thy voice

for it was not an hour for indelent repose. Joy and animation sat on every counte-nance and from smiling lips that spoke the feelings of the heart, were heard the salu-tations of the morn. All was life, bustle, happiness. But all at once the busy nurmur ceased, and si-lence like a pall settled upon the multi-tude, for the warning ery come wafted down the streets.— "Room for the leper! Room for the leper !"

Ben-Rama!" "And now, star of my life, tell me I be-seech thee, how long I must wait ere I can call thee mine ? Let it be soon, I pray thee, for the loneliness of thy lover is great; his palace halls are all desolate, for

great; inspance nais are all desolute, for woman's voice wakes not their echoes !" And the maidon answered--"It is the Springtime now; but when the Summer hath fied, and the Autumnal vintage is trodden on the hillsides of Gali-lee, then Helon, will the daughter of Ben-Rama go to dwell in the home of thy fa-thers !"

ters !" The youth rose up, the glow of happi-cess burning upon his noble countenance, nd exclaimed--"It is enough ! Thy words have filled words have filled

ne with exceeding great joy, and my heart exulteth in the fulness thereof." The sound of his voice had not died

The sound of his voice had not died away upon the whispering breeze, when another voice, in which was mingled an unearthly power and sweetness arose from the street below, saying--"Joy fleeth like the breath of summer; in the midst of life we are in death !" The lovers started. The voice thrilled their inmost being, even as the voice of an ancel.

CHAPTER II. "Yea, he wont his way, Sick and heart-broken, alonc--to die ! For God had cursed the leper !"

Spring, with its glorious freight of flow

Spring, with its glorious freight of flow-ers, and sultry summer, with its burning suns had passed away, dreamlike, and were torgoiten; and now the mellow days of Autuan had dawned in all their resplen-dent beauty, upon the hills and vales of pleasant Galilee. The waving grain on the rich fields of Zebulon leaned gracefully to the reaper's practised hand; the date tree, and the olive, and the fig bent earthward with the richness of their store; while along the slope of every hill gleamed ths purple vin-tinge, more gorgeous in its hue than the

den't beauty, upon the hills and vales of pleasant Galike. The waving grain on the rich fields of Zebulon leaned gracefully to the resports practised hand ; the date tree, and the olive, and the fig bent earthward with the richness of their store ; while along the slope of every hill gleamed the purple vin-far famed Tyrian dye. It was in that golden time, when the pulses of the human heart beat high----when the bright world is dearer than even before to man---when life and health are more precious than jewels or fine gold. But there was one who looked not forth upon the pleasant scene with the same beaming of the eye---the same expanding joyousness of the heart as had been his wont ; and this was Helon, the young no ble of Copernaum. There had come a deep and melaneholy rielded to the fiery sway of Summer, there had cerept an unnatural sluggishness upon

There had come a deep and melancholy I change upon him. As the gentle Spring yielded to the fiery sway of Summer, there had crept an unnatural sluggishness upon his limbs ; the blood coursed feebly in its channels; fever parched his tongue ; and pain like a fierce lava stream swept ever across his throbbing brow. All day long, and through the still lon-ger nights, he tossed wearily upon his couch, but the returning morn brought no alleviation to his pain-macked form. Oh, it was sad to see him prostrate thus,

Oh, it was and to see him prostrate thus, and hear the languid mean from his fover-stricken lips, and at times his wild and earnest cry for "Miriam ! Miriam !...the dram of his trachted here it.

Morning, beautiful as ever stole from out the portals of high heaven, dawned upon Capernaum. Many people were abroad for it was not an hour for indolent repose.

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 "Even so, lord, and the words of thy mouth are verified; for lo, my beloved waketh in the valley of desolation, and the joy of mine heart isturned into mour-ing."
 the y cuth and beauty of Capernaum, yet wordshift we not cater where the festive seems one, but arry without here in the hal-the y of mine heart is turned into mour-ing."
 The said Jesus The said Jesus The said Jesus It is most carned of Commerce, that so ony, where first we meet Ben Ruma's beauteous danghter on that starry night. Then said Jesus It is most carned of Commerce, that so wapped in a dark mande gazing with sad def date over the city. It must be some that, for thou art mighty, even unto salva-the and he livech !''
 It is source and here is a tall form must fall not upon his car. His thoughts that are wanged in to our ports from Good. Lay but the hand upon the leper and he livech !''
 The said fall form must fall not upon his car. His thoughts that a joyons heart, she kissed the heard the comford.''
 We unto the chorazen ! wo unto the keepeth and working of the same and working that mourn, for they fall the comford.'''
 Thus he spoke to himself, even as the dapken before the sunt mass the sarce form and the bride work for the same gliding along the marble foro, and he there has the same and for the briegroom and the bride knell !'''
 Thus he spoke to himself, even as the dapken before the sunt mass the harks of Jordan. The typres, along the same with and desolate spot upon the same gliding along the marble foro, and the the wast, for the same same for the harks of Jordan. The typres, along the marble same with and ecosting glow. Sound the mathed the wast, for the same same for the harks of Jordan. The typres, along than due there and the shadeward thand the the t down ino streets.--"Room for the leper! Room for the leper !" Oh, it was a pitiful sight to see--that wreck of beauty! The swiftest foat in Galhee moved as it were manacled! The once noble eye--bright as that of the sky staring engle--was cast down like the eye of a felon; and a form that had been the most princely in the land now steeped as with the burden of an hundred years I No costly raiment hid his shruken frame narght save the leper's garment, the foul sackcloth, twined about his loins; the soft brown curling beard and the luxur'ant hair were sibem and on his Ip rested a loath-some covering, and ashes were on his brow! And on he passed. The throng shrunk back from him as though it was a passing by of death. All spurned him, even those whom he had feasted and honered in his palmy days and those who leved him well have freely given all that he might be restored. On, on, each step cliciting a moan of anguist a has lerous feet passed the sharp stones It was a wild and desolate spot upon the banks of Jordan. The cypress, aloc, and the fir cast their sombre shade far out upon the water, for the sun was going down behind Lidanus, and the shadows lengthened in its departing glow. Sound was inaudible, save the occasional growl of some wild beast from its gloomy lair, and the gentle flowing river, making. Sweet music over the enamelled atomes.

and the gentle flowing river, making. Sweet music over the enamelled stones. And there, kneeling, with his ghastly face upraised to heaven, a haggard and life wearied man besought his God that he might die. It was but a mere wreck— barely the semblance of a man—and the voice was small and plaintive as as infant's in which he prayed—and this was Helon! Oh ! how unlike the youth who had passed with lordly pride the streets and places of his native city ! who had been the gayest where the sound of dance and music fell—the boldest and the first. Where the hunter of deer, and the warrettrol. on, each step eliciting a moan of anguish as his leprous feet passed the sharp stones By all forsaken ? Was there not in all

By all forsken? Was there not in all that mighty city one heart to speak a word of consolation to the cursed of God ! Must he go forth in his stupendous grief—with that gigantic mountain of fuerce agony resting on his soul—and not a word of comfort reach him—not one sympathising voice give him a God-speed in his desola-tion ?

voice give him a Consistent in a line of the second was, before Capernaum's thousands, to her snowy breast ! Ob, the deep, fervent, holy love of wo-man ? Show me a diviner attribute of the human heart, and I will show you some-thing implanted there by a mightier hand than that of God. Yea, she would have clasped him to bee become hut strong men dashed in and

her boson, but strong men dashed in and plucked her back, and bore her struggling

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and the owner that here the son of the even living God.
A mild, benignant smile rested upon his face, detracting none from its majesty, but which seemed to fill the plain, ungarnatished room as with sunshine,
"What would'st thou maiden ?"
"Rabbi, behold I come unto theo in the ranked her saying—
"Rabbi, behold I come unto theo in the sale-mere the grievous plague of the leprosy."
And Christ asked her saying—
"Ant thou not sho whom they call Miriam, the daughter of Ben-Rama ?"
"Yea Lord."
"Yea Lord."
"What would show not forgotten."
"Master, I have not forgotten."
"Stall I not unto thee then that joy fletch like the breath of Summer ?"
Though we might gaze upon the weath

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mantained. One of the most influential German papers in this city published sim-ultaneously articles warning the better class of Germans, of whom there are so many in our city against encouraging these excesses. Our remarks were repub-lished in various parts of the United States, and we trusted that a good re-sult might be produced. Since then, however, another anniversary has recur-

script.) a sign projecting from the door mantua-maker's shop, in Troy, the cor ding portion of which reads thus : N "Dresses made lower than ever."

The Journal of the Academy of Medicine at Turin, states, among other things, that tall men live longer than those of small stature. Of course they do, and lie longer in bed.

1.901 Down East somewhere, a pious old

Down East somewhere, a pious old lady was summoned as a witness in an im-portrait case. Being told that she must "swear," the poor woman was filled with horror at the thought. After much per-suasion she yielded, and exclaimed, "If I must, I mist.-Dam " The Court ad-journed immediately.
 Death is the grand, final scone of the. We should so live that when the cu-uan drops we shall hear "Well done..."

N.B

Miscellaneons.

Natures Lessons of Religion.