The Huntingdon Journal.

US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES "- IWEBSTER.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1855.

WILLIAM BREWSTER, | EDITORS.

TERMS

	in distant coup quired to pay terms will be ri	ties, or in o invariably igidly adh	ther dulating fields, with here and there a small a clump of trees, in the centre of which you
ADVERTISEMENTS Will be charged at the following rates: 1 mserhon, 2 do, 3 do,			
			was the village before mentioned, beyond t
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Three " (48			00 riding looked about as, let as fail out
Business men ad	vertising by the	Quarter,]	lait gaze inward, and take a glance at those on r
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Four squares,			00 too. I shall therefore give but a hasty !
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Basiness Cards			
vear, \$4.60.			

JOB WORK:

Extra charges will be made for heavy

Monition. All letters on business must be FOST PAID secure attention. The Law of Newspapers.

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is also repeatedly decided that eglects to perform his duty of the as required by the regula-tice Department, of the neg-to from the office, newspapers dors the Post Master Table to

eder for the subscription price. POSTMASTERS are required by law y publishers by letter when their publi-are refused or not called for by persons they are sent, and to give the reason refusal, if known. It is also their dut all such letters. We will thank post to keep us posted up in relation to thi

Select Poetry. MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTIC

The trembling dew drops fall Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at The stars shine gloriously—and all Save me is blest.

Sotter ! I love thy grave ! o violet, will its blocsons blue and mild, Waves o'er thy head —when shall it wave Above thy child ?

' lis a sweet flower --yet must Its bright leaves to the coming temposi Dear mother, 'tis thing emblent : dus Is on thy brow,

And must Flinger to re. To stain the plumage of my sinless years, And mourn, the hopes to childhood dear, With bitter tears ?

Ay, must I linger here, lonely branch upon a blastel tree, Whose last frail leaf, untinely sere, Went down with thee ! Oft from life's withered bower, still communion with the past, I turn And muse on the only lower In memory's urn.

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From time immemorial) Kit I say is one of the blackest specimens of the ebony race that ever had a woolly head. Tall strong and powerful, he must be a formidable ad-The sentence was not finished; quite that ever had a woolly head. Tail, strong and powerful, he must be a formidable ad-versary when aroused and angry. For-tunately, he seldom had occasion to dis-play his prodigious strength. Meek and unassuming, Kit preferred to put up with insults and even injury for the sake of har-mony. But say a word against, or insult "Mas'r 'Tom." that's all, and enough too, as you will find to your cost. Brough up and raised by Kennedy's father, a rich Virginian planter, he had learned to can ad amire his young master, who once saved his life. The two were crossing the James river,

The two were crossing the James river, on their return from a visit that Tom had been paying on the opposite side when a sudden puff of wind capsized the boats, which filled rapidly. Young Kennedy, who was then eighteen was a capital swimmer, and could easily have swam to the bank, but turning, found Kit was nowhere to be seen. Immediately the truth flashed upon him : Kit was en-tangled in the rigging.

observer would have alm st denied that anything but perfect serveily would for an instant remain there. He was some twen-ty yards from the gate when the voice of Kennedy seacked him. Reining his horse up so suddenly as to throw him on his haunches; he doft d his hat, and bowing almost to the saddle-bow, said in as coar-teous a tone as Lord Chesterfield himself (were he living) would have desired— Do not, I beg, my dear Mr. Kennedy disturb yourself on my account. Busines of importance requires my presence at

of importance requires any Grey Hall. Adieu, then, my dear friend, or rather, he added in a sterner tone, "au revoir I" for we shall meet again." With this sareastic speech on his fips, and rage in his heart, the young man laid his whip on the flank of his steed, and only drew rein when he arrived at Grey Hall. of imp tance ce requires my presence at Adieu, then, my dear friend,

CHAPTER II.

CHATTER Were his eyes open ? Yes, and his mouth too Suenrise has this effect to make one dumb. —Byron

<text> "Why, Tom ! what the duce have you

start, and when he opened it she had vanished.
Sorry now for his integrity, he was telling Mr. Claxton as much, when the old gontleman interrupted him with—
"Hush, boy! You youngsters are eternally making mountains out of mole hills. I am uneasy, Tom," he added, in a more serious tone, "about that affair between Grey and yourself. He will not let it rest here. His vindictiveness is a proverb."
"Don't let that make you uneasy," said Tom, gaily. I know him to be my enemy now. Protect me from my friends; they are more dangerous than uny enemies."

mies." "Well, well," said his uncle, sighing, but half assured by this remark, "c'est un-fait accompt." Hello ! what the duce's the matter now !"

the matter now !" This ejeculation of Mr, Claxton's which should not be read to ears polite, was caus-ed by seeing a horseman coming at a furi-ous pace from the direction of the town of Concord, halting for an instant opposite a field in which two men were plowing.— He spoke certainly not more than a half-dozen words, and then continued his mad career.

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Mary was seated on the window-bench, gazing sorrowfully after her father. She turned as she had heard his footsteps. "Tom," said she, "are you going to fight the troops !" "Well I think I shall," said he, in such the

cried— "The reg"lars are burning Concord !" Further words he considered useless, and he galloped through the village, shou-ting these words. Away, away, o'er hill and dale through opening and forest sped the messenger of war, till the remotest settler heard the call to arms, and leaving the animals of the forest in merce he turn. Look out !--Counterfeit \$10 notes on the Montgomery County Bank are afloat, well ex ecuted and calculated to deceive. cented and calculated to deceive. Ber New Collokes are great promoters of pi-ety. We know a young girl in town, who now attends church twice every Sunday, whon she did not go once before she got her new bonnet. Ber Mrs. Partington says the only way to prevent stemboat explosions is, to make the engineers "bile their water on shore." In her opinion, "all the busin' is caused by cookin' the steam on board.

the messenger of war, till the remotest settler heard the call toarms, and leaving the animals of the forest in peace, he turn-ed his trusty rifle against his fellow man. Tom stood astonished on the same spot where he had heard the words of the horseman. At length, turning around, he found that he was alone. Glancing at the house, he saw Mr. Claxton at the win-dow examining a fire-lock. Bounding across the lawn, ten steps at a bound, he met his cousin in the hall. Hastily pas-sing her, he ran up stairs at full speed. Now its ohappened that his faithful Kit was coming down stairs with the same velocity that Kenne dy was going up.— They met with a shock on the landing opening upon the porch under and around which the maid was washing her clothes : on account of the weather being mild, this door was open. Kit, driven back by this unexpected meeting staggered through the door, burst the porch-railing as if it were made of straw, and tumbled head-long into the clothes basket. Tom, on the other hand, performed a somerset on the stairs, and at last he found himself flat on the floor he had just ouit. o: the original family. Foreign Immigration.—Since Castle Garden, New York city, has been used as an emigrant depot, a period of about four weeks, 6833 emi grants have arrived there from foreign ports, who brought with them money to the amount of \$520,323 75.

of \$529,323 75. BOP We came across an epitaph the other daw which we publish, as suiting an individual or two in this neighbor hood : "Here lies old Thirty three Per Cent ! The more he leat the more he cravel 1 Good God, can such a soul be saved?" BOP A nulatio was hung at Eataw. Miss., for murdering her child. Her master was its father. His wife knew the parternity of the child, and as abased it as to drive the slave mother to distraction, and she knocked her Child's brais out with an axe, went to the Court House and told what she had done. Wanted - A hady up town, in need of a with

A Yankee doctor has "got up" a reme dy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' la bor well worked in.

and acam on courd. See Solomon Rothschild, one of the heads of the great banking house, and fourth son of its tounder, died recently in Paris, and was bu-ried with great pomp. There are but two left of the original family.