

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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

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Select Poetry.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knees-deep lies the winter snow
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.
He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true, true love
And the New-year will take him away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.
He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his feet speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you.
Old year, you must die.
He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year, blith and bold, my
Comes up to take his own. [friend.
How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps; the light burns low;
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll deny us for you;
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.
His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin,
Stop from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone.
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

Select Story.

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Jacob Von Dump and his wife sat together in one of the private rooms of their superb mansion. The former was a man not far from fifty years of age, short and bulky in person, with a proper Falstaffian look and bearing, and though he could appear very savage at times, yet it went rose against his grain to be anything else but jolly good natured.

Mrs. Von Dump always did just what her husband did. She was a reflection of her husband and master. She believed him to be the very prince of judgment and knowledge, and she felt sure that in no way she could plainly prove her judgment as by following his example.

"Look ye, Cornelia," said the old man assuming a dignified air, "do you think that popinjay of a chap has anything to say to our Julia now?"

"I fear he does," replied the dame.

"He does, eh? He does? Ah, we will see!"

As Jacob thus spoke he reached forth his arm and pulled the bed cord that hung near him. A servant girl answered the summons, and the host bade her send Julia to him. In a few minutes Julia came. She was a pretty girl—a plump, golden-haired, hazel-eyed, laughter-loving maiden, with lovely dimples in her cheeks and chin, and with smiles almost always creeping about her rosy lips and sparkling eyes. She was just such a girl as one falls in love with at first sight, and whose merry laughter and genial smiles are contagious.

"Julia," pronounced her father, in a tone which he meant should be very severe, "I want you to answer me truly. Have you seen that young rascal—that Frederick Hosmer—lately?"

"I saw him last evening, sir," the maiden replied.

"Eh?—you did—last evening?—And after I had forbidden it? What did you mean by it?"

"But how could I help it, father? He came where I was, and I had to see him."

"You did, eh? Suppose a robber had come to see you, would you have felt obliged to remain and look at him?"

"But Frederick is not a robber, father."

"He is! He is a robber! he means to rob me of my only child! But he won't do it! Mind—I say, he won't do it! Now

look ye: you know your hand is promised to another. You know I am under sacred obligations to bestow your hand on Stimpson's noble boy."

"How do you know he is noble, father?"

"How do I know? Why, his father before he died, assured me that he was a noble fellow; and then only last week, I got a letter from his tutor in Cambridge, and he assured me young Stimpson was a pattern youth. He is one of the finest fellows a living."

"And yet I can never love him—never."

"But you shall love him! D'ye understand that? I say you shall love him! He shall be your husband. Now don't ye never speak with Frederick Hosmer again! Will you promise me that?"

"I cannot promise—Oh! I cannot. I love him very tenderly, and I cannot take a promise which would only make me miserable."

"Bah! Stuff! Nonsense! Do you know how foolishly you are acting? Don't you know that Stimpson was your playmate when you were a little girl, and don't you know how he loved you and tried to make you happy? And then just mind how much I owed to his father. What should I have been if I'd never known old Stimpson? Instead of being worth two hundred thousand dollars I shouldn't have been worth a penny. He took me into business, and opened the way to me. And now I'm not going to have the promise I made him on his dying bed broken. Mind that!"

"But he has said he would not marry with me," said Julia, rather poutingly.

"You know he has said so."

"I know it, but what of that? He shall do it or I'll have him hung! I know he said so; I know he means to marry somebody else; but mark me, I'll shoot him if he don't!"

"I can't—I can't! O! O! O!"

"But you shall, I say! Now promise me that you won't speak to this Hosmer again. Promise me!"

"No, no, father—I cannot."

"You can't eh? Now mark me again: If you don't give me the promise I'll shut ye up there and keep ye on bread and water till ye come around; I'll do it—I swear I will!—Now will ye promise?"

Julia began to be frightened, but still she was firm. She would not give the promise.

"Then away you go!" uttered Jacob. "By the Host, we'll see who's master here! Cornelia, take her other arm. Come."

Thus speaking the old man took Julia by the arm while her mother took the other, and in this way they took her to her chamber, which was on the second floor. She was sent into the room, but before the door was closed, her father asked her once more if she would promise.

"Remember," he added, "nothing but bread and water until you do!"

"Never!" returned Julia, whose spirit was up. "I won't throw away our future happiness."

"Very well. The maid will bring you a crust of bread and a dipper of cold water twice a day. I hope you'll come to yourself before long."

On the next moment the door was closed, and the bolt of the lock thrown into its socket.

During the long hours between that and midnight the poor girl sat upon her bed and wept, and soliloquized by turns. She was very indignant at the treatment thus imposed upon her, and she allowed her heart to be very bitter against her father. Yet she had one source of consolation. Her lover had promised to see her that night.

Midnight at length came, and with it came Frederick Hosmer. He was a noble looking young fellow, not over three and twenty tall and handsomely formed, with dark curly hair, and features of more than ordinary fairness. In fact he was just such a man as Julia would be most likely to love fervently and truly. He came to the little arbor in the garden, just beneath the maiden's window and whistled. Julia answered the signal, and the youth made his appearance.

In a low tone the fair girl told him all that had happened.

"What!" cried Frederick, in tones of indignant surprise, "keep you shut up on bread and water? Oh! come to me at once! Flee from such a base imprisonment! Come—I can find a priest at once. Oh! come to my arms, loved one—come and be happy."

At first Julia hesitated, but at length began to waver. The youth poured out his love anew—painted the joy to come, and swore he should die if he had to go away alone. The maiden could not stand such strong appeals. Ere long two coverlets were knotted together, and having secu-

red one end to the window-stool, she threw the other end out and thus made her way to the ground.

Oh! what bliss was that! For some minutes the lovers remained fixed in each other's embrace, and all the sorrows of the past were forgotten.

"Come," the youth whispered; "we will away at once. I must have the right to protect you now. You will not hesitate?"

"How could she? She had gone too far for that already."

"You will always love me?" she murmured.

"Always. Oh! I would die ere harm should come to thee."

"And you will be true?"

"Yes—always."

And Julia consented to go away with her lover. A carriage was waiting a short distance off, and when they reached it they entered and Frederick at once drove towards a neighboring village. A poor clergyman was aroused from his slumbers and in consideration of two broad pieces of gold, he tied the nuptial knot. Julia was a Von Dump no longer; and no more could a Von Dump shut her up on bread and water.

A short time was spent at the humble cot of the poor clergyman, and then the newly married couple started back.

"Who is that?" asked Julia, pointing quickly to a dusky figure which she saw turning the corner of the house.

"Don't you think there was a horse behind us all the way coming?" the wife asked.

"Why—yes—I did think I heard one," replied the bridegroom. But I kept it to myself for fear of frightening you."

"And suppose—"

"Pooh don't let us suppose anything," cried the happy husband, clasping the fair being once more to his bosom. "Let it be who it may, they can do nothing to harm us. We are man and wife."

Julia returned her husband's kiss, and shortly afterwards she was on her way towards the town they had left. The sun was just rising as they reached the village; and driving at once to the hotel, Frederick ordered his horse put up, and some breakfast prepared. They were conducted to one of the private parlors, where they sat down and talked over the affair.

"But tell me," said Julia, "what made the minister pronounce your name so funnily?"

"How funnily?" returned Frederick, somewhat uneasily.

"Why he seemed to stick and stammer at your last name. He said Hosmer plain enough but then he seemed to correct himself as though he had made a mistake."

The young man hesitated awhile, but finally said—

"Ah, Julia, I fear you will be very angry when you know the truth. Frederick Hosmer is only my Christian name! The clergyman called you Mrs. Frederick Hosmer Stimpson!"

"What!" gasped the wife in a startled tone.

"Pardon me," quickly cried the youth, grasping both her hands. "I know your father was prejudiced against me."

"Prejudiced?—My father?"

"Yes—or he would not have forbidden me to ever think of you more."

"Forbidden you?"

But before Julia could finish her sentence, a heavy footfall was heard in the hall, and a gruff, well-known voice said—

"Get out you rascal! they are my children. Adieu with you! Breakfast did you say? No such thing! They won't eat breakfast here. Mind that!"

"It's father!"

And so it was; for the next moment the door was thrown open, and the huge rotundity of Jacob Von Dump rolled into the room. Yet his face did not look savage. No. It rather seemed convulsed with a ternal laughter.

"No, no, no," he uttered, after he had gazed upon the runaway pair. "So you've been and done it, eh? You've got hatched in spite of your prejudices. Why my little Julia, I thought you wouldn't have Stimpson at any rate."

The two young people looked first at the old man and then at each other.

"Stimpson," whispered the wife, gazing into the husband's face. "And are you really the one to whom I have been so long affianced?"

"Aye," cried the old man. "But look ye—let me explain: When my old friend died, I know he died happier because he felt sure you two would be man and wife. He wanted his only son to have my little daughter for a wife. Well, first, I began to see that Miss Julia didn't like the idea of being given away in that fashion. Next, I heard that Master Stimpson had sworn

that he wouldn't have a wife of somebody else's choice. So thinks I, they'll get all wadded and beclouded with prejudice, and the old plan will be knocked in the head. I pondered on it, and finally hit up on the plan. I knew you were both young and full of spirit and I guessed you would not stand much ordering. So I just sits down and writes a letter to Mr. Stimpson informing him that he can't have Julia. I told him I had higher aims for her—that I could not think of having her marry with such a poor, good-for-nothing scapegrace. I just wound off by telling him I'd see him dead and buried before I'd see my darter his wife."

But this wasn't all. I got a friend to put the finishing touch on. Old Jones, who was one of your father's best friends, agreed to help me. So we just sits down and puts on the clincher, by telling Master Stimpson that old Von Dump had made his brags that he wouldn't have Julia for a wife. Then the old chap tucked in a little addition by way of telling what a beauty the gal was, and advising the youngster if he did come to throw off his last name, ho, ho, ho. Didn't I know the young rascal's blood? Didn't I know how it would work? Didn't I know how my daughter'd take to locked doors and bread and water? Didn't I know how she'd relish being kept away from the man she loved? Ho, ho, ho!"

Frederick afterwards said that he would never have come to see Julia but for the boughy command which the old man had sent him to keep away. He had brooded the idea of marrying with her so long, in the light of a destiny which he could not escape, that his soul rejected the alliance. He had not seen her for ten years, so of course he had no direct love for her.

And Julia was placed in the same position. She felt adverse to being barred away as a mere pledge, and she didn't mean to have it so. She knew nothing about Frederick having a middle name, so she was the more easily deceived.

And how many times he has tried to silence me, by saying that 'women know nothing of politics,' which, by the way, I don't, in the least believe. Do look at the cat!"

"Never mind the cat—go on with your story."

"Yes, certainly—where was I? O, yes. Well, as I said, we did everything but devour each other. It was such a mortification to me to have him vote for one who would 'stoop to conquer,' as Fillmore has done. So one day I said—well, I shan't let you vote; I shall keep you at home. He laughed heartily, and replied—

"That's more than you can do my dear."

"Will you give me leave to try?"

"Yes, and more. I'll promise you a set of sables, if I don't cast my vote for Fillmore on the fourth of November."

"Honestly and truly?"

"He promised—yes." That was two weeks before the election—just look at the cat; here, puss, puss! It was plain that she never would get through with her story while the cat remained in the room, so I picked up pussy, without saying a word and put her out.

"That means 'go on' I suppose," laughed Sophie.

"Well, as I said before, this was two weeks before the fourth, and from that time I didn't open my lips to George upon the subject. The next day the T's came to make us a visit, and our time was so completely occupied with catering for their amusement, that the election was scarcely alluded to; and as for the bet—why, it seemed most forgotten. But you may be sure that my brain was busy enough, revolving ways and means to win the sables. I whispered the secret to the T's, who entered into my feelings entirely—and no wonder, for one of them had no furs at all and the other carries a muff, which she declares is seven generations old. We concluded to invite company for Monday evening, and so on the morning of that day we drove around among our sympathizing—that is, our Fremont—friends and neighbors, and gathered up as many as we could get at conveniently. In the evening we mustered twenty, ourselves included, all on tip toe to dance till morning, if necessary, to the success of our plans. George, who dearly loves merry making, was delighted at the prospect of a romp, though he wished I had deferred it till after the election, when it would serve as a celebration of the approaching Fillmore victory."

Here I interrupted Sophie, to tell her how ridiculous such an idea was, and I added that I thought her husband knew better. She flew at me in a minute.

"There, now—don't laugh at my husband—that's my privilege alone, madam. I was still as a mouse, and she went on—

"But, to make a long story and a long

A Good Story.

THE BLACK SABLES.

Or, How Mr. Fillmore Lost a Vote, and So-phia won the Furs.

I have a good story to tell you, and you must read me patiently to the end, in order that you, too, may enjoy what has made my poor sides ache with laughter, as they have not done for many a day. You remember that pretty little Mrs. L. whom you met here one day last summer. Did I, or did I not, tell you what a perfect witch she is, and how she contrives to twist her husband and everybody else around her finger, almost without an effort? Well, she came dancing in yesterday morning, wearing the most superb set of sables—they must have cost a little fortune. No one but myself would have seen them, for the bright face above them was radiant with beauty and gladness, and would have riveted the gaze of the coldest cynic in creation. But I have been persecuting T. for a set of Genin's ermines, and of course my eye fell at once upon the sables, and I exclaimed—You extravagant creature! Where did you get them?"

"Extravagant!" said she, "not a bit of it. Where did I get them? From my husband, of course. See what beauties they are! They must have cost an immense—poor fellow! But then he had to do it."

"Because you fascinated him!" said I.

"No indeed, I won them on the election."

"On the election! How? You haven't certainly been betting on Buchanan?"

"Not I. I wouldn't have bet a pin on him, though they say he has gained the day. I'd tell you all about it—but first let me get off this thing from my neck—your parlor's like an oven."

So saying, she pitched her cape at the cat, and, laughing to see how the creature's back rose at the insult, began thus: "You know how George and I have fought about money—and how many times he has tried to silence me, by saying that 'women know nothing of politics,' which, by the way, I don't, in the least believe. Do look at the cat!"

"Never mind the cat—go on with your story."

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"But, to make a long story and a long

night short as possible, we danced till four o'clock in the morning, when I told George that if he wanted to be in town early, he had better retire. He took the hint, and before many minutes, was sleeping like a top. I crept up to his room and quietly closed the shutters outside, and drew down the curtains till it was dark as Erebus.—Believe it or not, as you please—the creature slept till four in the afternoon! We kept the house as quiet as possible, and about five o'clock I had the table set as if for breakfast, and went up to call him.—He yawned and asked the time. "Quite late," I said, and added, "do come down soon, for the girls and I are hungry." Ere long he made his appearance in the breakfast room, bowing "good morning" all around—we meantime trying our best to look demure as so many nuns. I poured out his coffee, which he was quite witty over, declaring as he handed his cup to have it replenished, that it was Fillmore coffee to a certainty; upon which we all screamed with laughter, glad of any excuse to give vent to our pent up amusement. It grew darker and darker, till finally we could scarcely see. George rose and walking to the window, said he tho't we should have a severe storm. Then he called us to look "what a strange light was in the west." Now, I had never thought of the sun, and, if I had, I couldn't have kept it from setting, you know; so I marvelled and wondered, and suggested somebody's barn on fire, or some other body's hay stack—anything that would keep him loitering and gazing to pass away time.—We watched the light till it faded away, and just as George turned from the window, saying that he had never known so dark a day, the door opened, and our little Harry came bounding in. He ran to his father, and put up his lips for a kiss, saying—

"Dood night, papa!"

"Dood morning, you mean, little fellow," said George, laughing.

"Nursy, put Harry to bed."

A light broke in upon my husband's brain. He turned, and seizing me by both hands, said, "Is it true, Sophie?"

"You've seen the sun set," I replied, "now you owe me a set of sables."

You never saw a man so utterly discomfited as George. It was quite too late for him to attempt to reach town before the closing of the polls. I felt so sorry for his disappointment, that I wished in my heart all the sables were in the Red Sea, and the tears filled my eyes in spite of me. He saw what was passing in my mind, and drawing me to him, kissed me—before them all, too. I was so ashamed,

"Never mind, Sophie," said he, "it's all fair and square; you've won honestly and I must say admirably, too."

The next day he brought me these sables, which are really superb—just feel that cuff.

"Yes, I see; but didn't he ask how you made him sleep so long?"

"Certainly he did."

"And what did you tell him?"

"That I put morphine into his chicken salad!"—*New Haven Palladium.*

The Denominations.

The Congregational Church was organized in 1620, and had, at the taking of the last census, 1674 church edifices, valued at \$7,978,662, and accommodating 795,177 hearers.

The Baptist Church was organized in 1639, and have 8791 churches, valued at \$10,931,382, and accommodating 3,130,876 hearers.

The Presbyterian Church was organized in 1706, and has 4585 churches, valued at \$14,369,389, and accommodating 2,040,654 hearers.

The Roman Catholics were organized in Baltimore in 1638; they have 1112 church edifices in the United States, valued at \$8,073,838, and accommodating 620,950 hearers.

The Universalist church was organized in Oxford, Massachusetts, in 1785; it has 494 church edifices in the United States, valued at \$1,867,915, and accommodating 205,404 hearers.

The Methodist Church was organized in Baltimore, December 25, 1784; it has 12,467 church edifices, valued at \$24,626,674 and accommodating 4,209,333 persons.

The Free-will Baptist Church was formed in New Hampshire in 1780; it has this year 1173 churches, 1107 ministers, and 49,800 church members.

Willis, the Murderer.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Mathew Willis, charged with the murder of John Kissel, in which the jury, after being out three days and nights, unable to agree, were discharged on account of the serious indisposition of one of their number the following proceedings were had on Saturday last: The court, having the evidence before them, and the negro being willing to plead guilty to murder in the second degree, and the Commonwealth consenting, sentenced the prisoner to eleven years and ten months solitary confinement at labor in the Eastern Penitentiary. The highest penalty of the law is twelve years. The act of Assembly to turn out criminals from the prison in the winter months, the sentence, of course, was obliged to conform thereto; and Willis escapes some sixty days longer punishment. The result appears to give general satisfaction, as it was feared that in the event of another trial, the accused might escape entirely, from the insufficiency of some of the evidence, and the negro is evidently a most dangerous youth.—*Carlisle Democrat.*

Hoops Classified.

The following classification of the different styles of hoops worn by our fashionable ladies we find in one of our exchanges. It appears there are four classes namely: Hoop-direct, Hoop-collusive, Hoops-by-application, and Hoop-oblique. The first there is no mistaking, it looms out bold and decided in all its vast circumference. The second is illustrated by a brace of wearers of the first promeneading the pavement side by side, as though colluding to crowd all other pedestrians over the curb-stones into the carriage way.—The third is represented by the corded skirts, which, although not hoops in the signification of the term, amount to one same thing so far as the *stroking out* is concerned. The forth is a yielding whalebone concern that askew in a crowd and gives their wearer a lopsided look like a balloon in a high wind.

A Silver Chamber.

The Sultan of Turkey intends having a good time. He is building a silver chamber. All the furniture and appurtenances of the boudoir are to be composed of solid silver. The round table in the midst of it is of admirable workmanship, the surface is of polished silver, engraved in rich arabesques the legs of twisted pattern, highly burnished. The sofas, the chairs, are all of the same precious material. The boudoir is to be hung with cloth of gold, looped with silver cord. It seems that the Sultan has destined this unique specimen of oriental recklessness of expense to be his favorite retreat in the garden of the seraglio, whence every ray of daylight is always to be excluded, and where he intends to retire for the repose and solitude which he cannot enjoy in the palace.

Bad Geography.

A good story is told concerning the writing of J. W. Brooks, the great railroad manager of Michigan. He had written a letter to a man on the Central route, notifying him that he must remove a barn, which in some manner incommoded the road, under penalty of prosecution. The threatened individual was unable to read any part of the letter but the signature, but took it to be a free pass on the road, and used it for a couple of years as such, none of the conductors being able to dispute his interpretation of the document.—*Boston Traveller.*