

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1857.

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WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

Select Poetry.

The Village Blacksmith.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man it is,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is bent with honest sweat;
He earns what he has earned,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton singing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a thrashing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs to think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with a hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Tolling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted—something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

A Good Story

THE TEST;

OR

LOVE IN A HOGSHEAD.

"They put everything on runners while the snow lasts; for it does not last long. Buggy seats, carriage tops, crockery seats are all in question. And I even saw one of the finest horses in the city drawing a hogshead on wooden runners, in which were seated a gentleman and lady. They were a fine looking couple, and bore off the palm for fast driving as well as the most ludicrous sleigh conveyance."—Letter from Chicago.

"Ah, reader! and thereby hangs a tale." It was a New Year's day in that far-famed city of the West—even the New Year's day of '56. Since Christmas, winter had set in in good old-fashioned earnest. Snow had fallen to the depth of several inches, and being firm and hard, made excellent sleighing—a rare thing in the city.

Indeed, our winters seem sadly degenerated of late, being much more mild and free from snow, than the days of our fathers, perhaps to accommodate them to our failing health and strength; for this latter fact is too apparent.

Yet this New Year's day seemed more a type of the old time. It was cold, yet not too cold, and the sleighing was excellent. Everybody that had a suitable conveyance, or could get one, even at any price, was out enjoying the rare sport; only the more keenly to be enjoyed for its very rarity. It was indeed a gala day, bright and beautiful over head, brighter and more beautiful still in the human hearts beating so joyously underneath!

Ernest Hammond sat in his counting room, busily engaged in attending to the reception of a large quantity of goods, just arrived. He was young yet, but fast rising in wealth and position. Born in the East, he had brought with him all the habits of strict attention to business which there generated. While there was ought of that to claim his attention, pleasure must be waived. Therefore, when he did give himself up to himself in his enjoyments, it was with a double zeal. Naturally warm-hearted and impulsive, and social without as such persons must be, he keenly enjoyed society. And when he entered it, he was ever a welcome companion, both with his own and opposite sex. And now closing his books with a look of satisfaction and relief, he determined to give himself up to the pleasures of this annual gala day.

While business was pending he had closed his ears and eyes to all else; but now he could not fail to hear the unusual

stir in the streets, and feel that while he had been engaged within doors, all had been life and commotion without. When he came forth the street presented a most novel sight. A more motley, incongruous lot of vehicles it were not easy to imagine. Such life and hilarity are always infectious and Earnest soon caught the spirit.

He inquired at several stables for a sleigh. Not one to be had. Yet he was not easily daunted, and, moreover, had an unusual share of perseverance. He owned one of the finest horses in the city; of that he was sure. He remembered, too, that in a remote part of the stable, where he had usually kept him, he had one day noticed a pair of wooden runners. He would see if in some way a conveyance might not be planned. His Yankee ingenuity must be brought to the service.

He soon reached the stable. "The runners were found and in good order. But now for the part. A hogshead that for some reason or other had been saved apart and nicely cleaned, stood before him. Instantly a part of it was upon the runners. In a few minutes a comfortable seat was added, and he was ready for a drive.

But now arose another difficulty, unthought of before. He must have a companion—a lady, of course; else half the enjoyment would be lost. But who would it be? Who would be seen, even with him in such a conveyance as that? Excuse his vanity, reader, mind. He knew he was a favorite. Indeed, he could not help knowing it. But this was a special occasion. "All the world" was out. He must see.

There were two or three young ladies who had long claimed his special regard, and he felt sure he was not entirely indifferent to them. He had even been observing them of late, striving to learn the true character of each. This he found, as gentlemen and ladies usually meet in city life, rather a difficult matter. How he yearned to see through the false surroundings into the true and inner life beneath! He was rather old-fashioned in his notions, it must be confessed; but he did care more for the real than the artificial—more for the mind and heart than the outer adorning. But how would it end? Would he be wiser than his sex? It was indeed a difficult question, but he did not quite despair.

Ella Campbell had long been one of the first in his esteem. But recently he had thought her vain and superficial, caring more for the outer than the inner man, and had been cautious in his attentions to her. He would test her now.

Driving briskly to the door, and throwing the reins over his horse, he quickly rang the bell. A servant at once ushered him into the parlor, where sat the lady of his thoughts. She greeted him warmly; but on hearing the object of his visit and the unique conveyance he had brought, she plead a previous engagement, and at once excused herself.

Ernest Hammond was gifted with a good share of penetration; and when not previously blinded, read character well. Now, instinctively feeling how it was, he politely withdrew. And while he rode away, Ella Campbell sat pouting in the room, unthought of, uncared for by the moving mass without.

Ernest's next visit was to the house of Squire Reed. Here he had long been a frequent visitor, and was always received like one of the family, as the Squire often said, looking knowingly at his two girls, Charlotte and Bella.

Charlotte was the older and handsomer of the two; and beauty is always attractive, especially with the men. She was the favorite in society, too. But at times Ernest had turned from her, to the gentle, graceful Bella, with her pure heart and piquant innocent ways, almost with a feeling of love for the latter.

Her's was indeed a character to study. Timid and retiring when in the presence of strangers, she was singularly artless and confiding with those she best knew.

There was a dash of independence, too, and vein of romance in her heart, pleasing and refreshing to meet. She was graceful and pliant it is true, but there was a character and strength there also. Though her sister might best please in a crowd, she would be better known and loved at home.

All that Ernest felt; still beauty fascinated him. Not that Bella was ugly. Oh, no! She was not beautiful either; at least, save in the loving eyes and hearts of those who best knew her. Ernest liked them both. It was difficult indeed to determine which was the favorite.

As he neared the door, he said within himself, as one often will, in cases of doubt. "A look or a word shall decide between them. If one or both refuse to ride with me, it shall be a sign that all is over. But

if one accepts—why, then, what may come of it? I am twenty eight now; 'old enough,' as my partner told me yesterday, 'to be married, and have a home of my own.' And so I am. We shall see—we shall see!"

The faces were at the window as he drove up. One brightened visibly, and the others as visibly paled, while a mingled expression of scorn and disappointment passed over her features.

"Good morning, ladies, good morning!" exclaimed he as he entered their presence. "I find myself in rather an awkward position just now, and need some one to help me out. I must have a drive unable to obtain any conveyance save the one you saw as I drove up. What shall I do?" and he looked to Charlotte for an answer.

"An awkward position, indeed!" answered she. "You had better drive alone."

"But must I?" he asked somewhat sorrowfully.

Bella looked up quickly; but she did not speak.

"Surely you do not think a lady would be seen in such a conveyance?" continued Charlotte, with a slight toss in her beautiful head.

Again Bella looked up, while a painful flush suffused her cheek. She was sorry her sister had thus spoken—sorry for her, grieved for Ernest. She felt sure, too, that she could not have denied him—that what-*ever* he should ask would not be improper or wrong. How then could her sister speak thus!

Charlotte noticed the expression, and half its meaning. She did not much like the reproof it conveyed; and, turning to her she said somewhat scornfully:

"Perhaps my sister would go with you. Will you Bella?"

"Will you Bella?" the young man repeated earnestly, as he bent on her a glance which thrilled through every part of her being.

For a moment the blood rushed over her brow and neck, the next it receded, and she answered gaily:

"And why not, indeed?"

"But will you go, Bella?" again asked Ernest, in that straight forward manner which ever characterized him.

"I should like it, of all things," answered the enthusiastic girl forgetting the emotion of the moment before.

"But remember how we are to go," continued Ernest quickly.

"You will be the observed of all observers," added Charlotte.

"And what of that?" called back the delighted girl, as she was half way up the stairs.

In a moment she was ready; and gaily bidding her sister good bye, she was soon seated beside Ernest, and they drove rapidly away.

Charlotte half repented her momentary pride when she saw the tender glance of Ernest, as he placed her carefully upon the seat, and drew closer the folds of her large warm shawl, in which she had shown the good sense to wrap herself. But it was too late now; so taking a book she prepared to spend the morning alone. In the meantime Ernest and Bella had joined the motly throng now moving so rapidly through the city.

Now they drove down close to the water's edge, where far as the eye could reach, one saw nothing but the clear blue waters of the lake, with its masts and sails making one think he was on the Atlantic coast, instead of so many miles in the interior. Anon they looked upon the wide spreading prairie now pure and white with the new fallen snow, and stretching far away till it was lost where earth and sky seemed to meet. Then again they were passing through the wide and level streets of the city.

Oh! There is life and exhilaration in giving one's self up to the enjoyment of the hour! Nature is a good mother to us all; and when we give ourselves into her keeping, she will ever fill the heart with joy and gladness. Would that more such exercises—more such out-of-door exercises—were freely enjoyed by all! This shutting one's self up so completely within doors, as some do in winter, is enough to drive all the roses from the cheek, and all joy and gladness from the eye, and all freshness from the heart, making one old and dead before his time.

The spell of the hour was upon them; as they sped merrily along, Ernest felt his heart warm more towards the pure and artless girl by his side. He had known her long—he had known her well; and she had ever seemed the same ingenuous, truthful, and good. He wondered how, even for a moment, he had ever thought of another; for she seemed to him, then, all that his heart could ever

wish or desire. But could she ever be his? The thought made him desperate. The question must be decided at once, and with him, to resolve was to act.

They had been talking gaily of the scene around them—or Bella had been talking, he listening, for amid the multitude of vehicles in street each had to attend pretty carefully to his own; when turning to her with another of those glances which thrilled through every fibre of her being, he said, his voice was low and earnest as he spoke:

"Bella, I am a business man, and shall do up things in a business fashion. I love you. Will you be my wife?"

The young girl looked up astonished—She had long liked him—liked him better than any other on earth; but she had never dreamed of being his wife. He was so much wiser than she—for she was scarce eighteen, and in her heart a very child—why did he not take her sister? She could not comprehend it all; and almost doubted if she heard aright.

For many moments she did not reply.—Ernest observed her closely, and read half in her face the uttered thought. She was about to speak, when the whole ludicrousness of the scene burst upon her and she laughed outright. It was his turn to now look astonished.

"Why, Bella, what is the matter?" he soon asked, somewhat hurt.

"Only think! making love in a hogshead! laughed the mischievous girl, more merrily than before. "Who ever heard of such a thing!" and this Ernest joined her even at his own expense.

"Well, well, no matter where," continued he, taking the little hand that lay for a moment out of her shawl. "Do you love me, Bella? and will you be my wife? Answer me truly; will you be mine?"

"Yes Ernest, yes! but I must laugh nevertheless. The scene is so entirely and wholly ludicrous. Quite a new order of romance! and again her laugh rung out loud and clear as the song of a bird.

And this time Ernest joined in it as heartily as she. He could not resist the temptation to promise to be his. No matter where the promise had been made no matter how; she was his, all his. And as he pressed her hand at parting, he said:

"Laugh, now, as much as you like; but to night I shall come to appoint the wedding day, and arrange for its ceremonies. So good morning, dearest, and in a moment he was gone.

"That night all was arranged; Squire Reed and his wife giving a full and free consent; and in just six weeks from that time Bella Reed became Mrs. Ernest Hammond."

A Popular Air.

Listen to the Mocking Bird.

I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally, sweet Hally;

I'm dreaming now of Hally; For the thought of her is one that never dies; She's sleeping in the valley, the valley the valley; She's sleeping in the valley.

And the mocking bird is singing where she lies Chorus—Listen to the mocking bird; listen to the mocking bird;

The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave;

Listen to the mocking bird; listen to the mocking bird;

Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

I'm dreaming—yet remember, remember, remember;

Ah well I yet remember When we gather'd in the cotton side by side, 'Twas in the mild September, September, September;

'Twas in the mild September, And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.

Chorus—Listen to the mocking bird, &c.

When the charms of spring awaken, awaken, awaken;

When the charms of spring awaken, And the mocking bird is singing on the bough; I feel like one forsaken, forsaken; I feel like one forsaken.

Since my Hally is no longer with me now, Chorus—Listen to the mocking bird, &c.

Miscellany.

For the Huntingdon Journal.

ALICE CLARK.

BY "LIZZIE."

It was a beautiful afternoon in the leafy month of June, when I sat with Alice in her elegant boudoir. Everything betokened the wealth as well as the taste of the possessor; but I forgot the elegance with which I was surrounded, as I gazed on the beautiful creature before me. On her fair brow intellectuality sat enthroned; genius

shone from her dark eyes and reigned supreme in the deep recesses of her glorious soul. I have sat enraptured, listening to her conversation. There was a strange wild bitterness in her thoughts and expressions, that sometimes startled me. There was a mystery hanging over her life that none could solve. She had been for some time the resident of a beautiful town in a neighboring state, but from whence she came, none knew. She was an heiress, beautiful and accomplished, and yet, apparently an orphan and friendless; none had gained her confidence except myself, and to me she had never revealed her early history, nor in any manner referred to it.

"Alice," I asked, endeavoring to lead her to an unburthening of her cares, "I know that some secret grief is resting upon you; I have with pain observed your cheek growing pale, and your step feeble; reveal to me the painful secret, and perhaps I may relieve you."

She cast on me a look so full of anguish and yet in which remorse, anger and pride were so strangely blended, that as these passions chased each other in rapid succession over her countenance, it gleamed with the dark expression of a demon. Astonished, I gazed in silence on her; but shortly the paroxysm passed away, and arising, calm, but very pale, and seating herself beside me, spoke sadly—

"You wish to hear my history, Lizzie?" I replied, if the rehearsal would not be painful to her, I desired it.

"If I should tell you, Lizzie," she began "that my life was stained with crime, the love you bear me would be turned to hate."

"No, never, Alice," I answered, "tho' it should be so, I shall love you still."

"I shall trust you, then," she answered as she began her sad narrative. "I was born in the sunny south; the land of magnolias and orange blossoms, and of fiery passions. Our family were wealthy and respectable. I had an only brother whom I loved, as one should love the good and gifted. The first years of my life I can look back upon as a green oasis in the misty years that have passed since then. At the age of twelve my father, an orphan, died, leaving me to reside with my mother. She was so beautiful, with her golden ringlets and dark blue eyes. I could have loved her as a sister, but she repulsed my every advance. Stella was insinuating and deceitful, and as time passed on, she slowly but surely estranged my parents from me. They once were kind and tender, but now every look and word was harsh and severe. My fiery temper was aroused, and I vowed to be revenged. My precious brother knew my sufferings, and his sympathy and love alone made life endurable. But consumption had long preyed upon him, and he faded and died. I cannot tell you the agony I felt when they bore him from my sight. I longed to lie beside him; that the same clouds might cover us both. But the boon was denied me; would God it had not; for then would we have met in heaven. But there is an insuperable barrier between us, with the guilt of human blood upon my head." She paused, her lips quivered and her features worked convulsively.

"Dear Alice, it is enough, say no more!" but she continued, without heeding my interruption.

"They laid him beside a gentle streamlet, and beautiful flowers grew over him; and every evening at sunset I knelt by his grave and prayed that the angel spirit of my brother might be near to guide and bless me. So long as I did that the demon in my bosom was stilled; but Stella succeeded in persuading my parents that I went there to meet some forbidden lover, and I was no longer permitted to visit the grave of my brother. I cursed Stella in my heart and vowed revenge. Oh! how fearfully I kept that vow.

"Time passed on and my grief abated and I learned to love, or think I did; but the object of my love was unworthy, there was no equality of soul between us. Stella thought I loved, and it was enough. She gradually won his affections from me to herself and learned him to despise me. All my former wrongs arose before me, and that one desire of revenge filled every thought. At length, when opportunity offered, I poisoned her. It was universally believed that I did it by mistake, and I received much sympathy; but the thought that I murdered her, haunted me day and night. I was very far from being happy. At length my parents died, and I left the halls of my ancestors, inhabited by strangers, and it was to their advantage to make no inquiry respecting me. I came to this place, you have known me ever since. Leave me now, Lizzie, call to-morrow."

I made no reply, I could not trust myself to speak, but left her.

I called the next morning, and entered,

as had always been my custom, without being announced. I ran immediately to Alice's room. Oh! what a sight met my wondering eye. There lay the beautiful form of Alice, already stiffened in death, and by her side a vial labelled, "Laudium" I moved it hastily away; I would not have her name a by word for the vulgar crowd.

No one that gazed on that calm, fair face as she lay cold in her coffin, none but myself dreamed or knew that she had been guilty of a double murder. I severed one long raven ringlet from its companions, and as I gazed on it, I wonder, what will be my fate?

They laid Alice in a beautiful cemetery in P—. Should you ever go there, reader, you will perceive, in a distant corner, a tall marble column, surmounted by a gilded cross, at the base the name of "ALICE" is recorded.

This is a sad tale, but many, many sadder ones I could tell, and vouch for the truth of them. Would that I could forget the past, but there is

"One memory round me everywhere, One task in silence set me, The ever, ever thinking on, That doth for aye oppress me."

Death of a Mighty Bear Man.

The late Moses Sheppard, of Baltimore is thus spoken of by a correspondent of the New York Evening Post:

"The circumstances revealed by the death of this extraordinary man, are as extraordinary as any of the incidents of his life. His morbid parsimony not only adhered to him up to his latest breath, but is perpetuated by his will—He was worth over half a million of dollars, the bulk of which he dedicated to the establishment of an insane asylum, and left not a single cent to the poor old woman who kept house for him on starvation board and wages for many years. He left but a miserable pittance to his man servant, and only \$500 to his nephews, who were his nearest relatives, and poor. Only two or three weeks before his death he called his old house-keeper to his bedside to say that milk had risen to eight cents a quart, that she might buy a pair for the future. He left quite a number of poor relations, whom a small bequest would have made comfortable. He gave away, considerable money, however, yet never under the impulse of personal feeling, but as he economized, according to system. He has at times bestowed small sums towards the colonization cause which for many years has been the constant theme of his conversation. He seems however to have recently lost confidence in the utility of that movement, for, I understand, he has left the society nothing of consequence. Mr. Latrobe, the President of the society was one of his most familiar friends.

"He never indulged himself in more than two meals a day, and one of these consisted usually of bread and milk. His letters of which I have several were written on the cheapest and coarsest kind of paper. The sheet was also cut off close under the signature, so that none of it should be wasted. I do not remember to have ever received a whole sheet from him in the course of our correspondence."

The Poisoned Water at Willard's.

The Epidemic at Washington; or, the mysterious sickness which attacked everybody stopping at Willard's hotel, just previous to the inauguration, and the cause of which had been traced to the water taken from the cistern of the house, into which a number of rats, who had partaken of arsenic had plunged, is of a more serious character than is generally supposed.—

Mr. Lenox, of Ohio, died last week from its effect, and we see by the New York papers that the wife of Mr. Jay L. Adams, who stopped at the hotel on his way home from Savannah, has also died from the sickness contracted there. A post-mortem examination of Mrs. Adams revealed the fact—that the stomach had been partially eaten away; the bowels manifested symptoms of violent inflammation; the lungs were congested, and the kidneys severely affected." These appearances indicate the presence and action of arsenic in the stomach. Mr. O. B. Matteson, member of Congress, is suffering severely. Many other persons in New York, Newark and in Philadelphia, besides the President himself, are much afflicted by the attacks of diarrhoea, having their origin, as is supposed, in the poisoned water which they drank. The New York Post calls for an investigation by the Coroner, that the public may ascertain the precise extent and nature of the culpability, if any, on the part of the proprietors of the hotel.

Young ladies to be healthy should see the sun rise every morning. Not, however, returning from a ball, but from their chamber windows.

Statistical.

Militia of the United States.

The following is an exhibit of the militia of the several States and Territories, taken from the latest returns that have been received from the War Department, and which have been communicated by that department to Congress. It will be perceived that the reports are by no means complete:

States.	Year.	No. of men.
Maine,	1856	73,552
New Hampshire,	1854	33,538
Massachusetts,	1856	155,031
Vermont,	1843	23,885
Rhode Island,	1856	15,894
Connecticut,	1856	51,565
New York,	1856	337,235
New Jersey,	1852	81,984
Pennsylvania,	1855	164,678
Delaware,	1827	9,229
Maryland,	1838	56,864
Virginia,	1854	125,531
North Carolina,	1845	79,448
South Carolina,	1856	36,072
Georgia,	1850	78,599
Florida,	1845	12,122
Alabama,	1851	76,662
Louisiana,	1856	36,084
Mississippi,	1838	36,084
Tennessee,	1840	71,252
Kentucky,	1852	88,568
Ohio,	1845	176,455
Michigan,	1854	92,003
Indiana,	1832	95,913
Illinois,	1855	257,420
Wisconsin,	1855	51,321
Missouri,	1854	118,036
Arkansas,	1854	36,654
Texas,	1847	19,766
California,	1856	209,125
Minnesota Territory,	1851	2,003
Utah Territory,	1853	3,821
Dia. of Columbia,	1852	8,201
Total,		2,716,094

There are no returns from the State of Iowa, and the Territories of Oregon, Washington, Nebraska, Kansas, and New Mexico.

PRICES OF FLOUR

FOR THE FIRST THREE MONTHS OF THE YEAR FROM 1796 TO 1855, INCLUSIVE.

Years.	January.	February.	March.
1796	\$12 00	\$13 50	\$13 00
1797	10 00	10 00	10 00
1798	8 50	8 50	8 50
1799	9 50	9 50	9 25
1800	11 50	11 25	11 50
1801	11 50	11 25	11 50
1802	7 00	7 00	7 00
1803	6 50	6 50	6 50
1804	7 50	7 00	7 00
1805	11 00	12 25	13 00
1806	7 50	7 50	7 50
1807	7 50	7 50	7 50
1808 (embargo)	6 00	6 25	6 50
1809 (embargo)	5 50	7 00	7 00
1810 (July & Aug.)			
(\$11 & \$12) 7 75	9 00	8 25	
1811	11 00	10 50	10 50
1812 (war)	10 50	10 12	9 75
1813 (war)	11 00	10 00	9 50
1814 (war)	9 25	8 25	8 00
1815 (war)	8 00	8 00	7 75
1816	9 00	9 00	8 00
1817	13 50	13 75	14 25
1818	10 00	10 75	10 50
1819	9 00	8 75	8 25
1820	6 00		