

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1857.

WILLIAM BREWSTER, SAM. G. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

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Select Poetry.

WASHINGTON'S GRAVE.

"Disturb not his slumbers, tread lightly around,
Tis the grave of a hero, 'tis liberty's mound,
His name is immortal—our freedom it won,
Great sire of Columbia, our own Washington.
Then disturb not the hero—his battles are o'er,
Lethim rest, calmly rest on his own native shore;
Near the river's green borders, so flowery drear,
With the hearts he loves fondly let Washington
rest.

Disturb not his slumbers, let Washington sleep,
'Neath the boughs of the willow that over him
weep,
His arm is unversed, but his deeds remain bright
As the stars in the dark vaulted heavens at night.
Then disturb not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Lethim rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore
While the stars and the stripes of our country
shall wave
O'er the land that can boast of a Washington's
Grave."

Graphic Sketches.

THE GAMBLER;

OR,

A NIGHT IN A SPORTING-HOUSE.

BY A SPECTATOR.

It was the height of the season, and the rooms were crowded.

That evening at the party there was dancing on one side and playing on the other. Here the glare of wax lights, the sparkle of diamonds on the foreheads of the women, and the confused murmur of lively conversation, drowned in the harmonious voice of the orchestra; there were two or three wax-lights on a table, round which were seated a group of grave, anxious-looking, and thoughtful men—a few words exchanged at intervals, and for accompaniment the metallic chink of the handfuls of gold, which rolled and tinkled as they fell.

When the beautiful Estelle Montgomery entered the saloon, leaning on Frank Vincent's arm, the crowd made for her, every one admiring the handsome couple as they advanced up the ball room. In a short time afterwards, Estelle, beset on every side with invitations, was dancing and smiling, as if oblivious of all around her.

Estelle was the only daughter of a rich merchant, and an heiress of immense wealth. Frank Vincent was an American by birth, and an officer in the navy. Estelle was his cousin, and he was to marry her.

The dances were made up, and the ball-room was filled to suffocation. The young men, fatigued with the glare of the light, the bustle and heat, entered an adjoining room, where tables were set for "play."

"Come, gentlemen," said a banker, "there is still a stake or two to be made up."

The players sat motionless, looking at each other, but made no reply.

"Count me in for the balance," said Frank, unconcernedly, willing to try whether the sad forebodings with which his mind haunted during the day had the slightest foundation.

And then, without further thought on the subject, he leaned against the door of the saloon, searching among the crowds of faded forms, resplendent with jewelry, features heightened with rouge, and eyes sparkling with artificial lustre, for the charming little head and sweet look of his own lovely Estelle.

The harsh voice of the banker recalled the young sailor from his reveries.

"You have won," said he, sharply.

And the banker pushed towards him a heap of gold.

"I," said Frank, approaching the table, "are you sure of that?"

"He refuses," cried one of the players, leaning his elbow on the table, and eagerly devouring with his eyes the glittering pile of gold.

"Pshaw! are such things ever refused?" sneeringly cried another.

"The young sailor cast a rapid glance at the players, whose eyes were all fixed upon him, and addressing the banker, said,

"This, sir, I take it as a joke. It can't be possible that all this belongs to me!"

"But it's all yours, sir!" replied the banker in the same cold tone, and with a bitter smile. "You held the blank, and the cards pay."

"Then, gentlemen, the deal is void," said Frank.

A prolonged murmur of astonishment ran through the assemblage.

"I was not aware that I was playing for so high a stake," continued the young sea-man, "and had I lost, I certainly should not have paid you."

The banker was a man in the prime of life, but grown old and hardened by a long career of wickedness.

"Ah!" said he, leaning back in his chair, his pallid lips curling with a faint laugh of scorn, "indeed young gentleman, but you would most certainly have paid it though, and that, too, in good hard gold, or else you

would have paid it at the muzzle of a pistol!"

Frank made a convulsive spring backwards.

"Liar!" he exclaimed, in a hollow voice.

The banker sat motionless, but his lips quivered with suppressed anger. The same sardonic smile played on his features, but their paleness had faded to a yet more livid and ashy hue.

In an instant the players were on their feet, and grouping round the two actors of this strange and unexpected drama. Frank was standing up with his hands convulsively clenched, his eyes dilated, and his whole frame shaking with rage. The banker, on the contrary, was rocking himself forward and backward, in his chair, and casting on the spectators a look of self-possession, at the same time playing with the pile of gold upon his right.

"Sir!" he at last said, measuring Frank with his eyes from head to foot, with the coolest effrontry, "it is probable you do not know who I am; that to me, indeed, is sufficiently clear. And as for these gentlemen here," he added, with an impatient wave of his hand toward the spectators, "I have every reason to suppose, that, knowing them you would not have taken upon yourself to give me the lie in their presence. Pray, sir, what may be your name?"

"Insolent fellow!" cried Frank, in concentrated rage.

"Very well, if that same pleases you," replied the banker, with imperturbable calmness. "I have the choice of weapons, sir. Perhaps it is well that you should know that I never yet missed my man."

"You try hard to frighten somebody, don't you?" said Frank impatiently.

"I!"—not in the least, replied the banker, with indifference, and with the same cold sneer and smile of duplicity. "But I cannot find it in my conscience to assassinate you."

And so saying he drew a long rifle pistol from his pocket, and coolly laid it on the table before him.

A death-like silence pervaded the room.

"There, sir," he continued, "this is the best thing I have to propose—indeed, it is all I possibly can do to accommodate you. Bring the dice," he continued, in the same tone of voice, turning half around in his chair, "and shut that door."

The door of the play-room was closed, and the dice placed upon the table. The music of the orchestra and the hum of voices only reached the room in a suppressed and distant murmur.

"Now, then," said the banker, here we have dice and pistol. The highest throw kills the other!"

The young sailor approached the table, seized the dice-box in mere desperation, shook it with a convulsive energy, cast one furtive glance towards the ball-room, and then moved to the following:

"Provided, That as an express and fundamental condition to the acquisition of any territory from the Republic of Mexico by the United States, by virtue of any treaty which may be negotiated between them, and to the use by the Executive of the moneys herein appropriated, neither Slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever be in any part of said territory except for crime, whereof the party shall be duly convicted."

So reads the Proviso since so famous.—

A correspondent of the Pittsburgh Gazette, writing from Washington, under date of August 9, 1846, says:

"The Proviso was, of course, warmly, almost fiercely opposed, but for the first time within my recollection the Locoocos of the North stood up like men, and manfully resisted the extension of Slavery; and in so doing have committed the unpardonable sin against their brethren of the South, and made an unseemly breach in the party."

Our correspondent, could he have looked forward eleven years, would have seen the breach healed by a general string of hands among the motley crew, on the then discarded and detested ground of Calhounism!

But to proceed; the bill of M'Kay with the Proviso as above, passed the House by a vote of 85 to 80. The Pennsylvania Democrats voting for it were the following:—Black, Erdman, Foster, Loib, Thompson, M'Lean, Ritter, Wilmet and Yost.—Messrs. Broadhead, C. J. Ingersoll, and Garvin dodged. That makes 12 votes and 12 votes were all that the Democracy then could count upon from this State.

On the last day of the session the bill went to the Senate and there died a natural death. Mr. Lewis, of Alabama, in that body, moved to strike out the Anti Slavery provision, which Mr. Davis, (honest John Davis) of Massachusetts, rose to oppose and spoke against time till the session was on the point of closing. The bill had found its way through many fiery trials up to the very point of passing. A correspondent of the New York Tribune writing to that paper in August, 1846, remarks:

"Mr. Davis supposed the Proviso would be stricken out in the Senate if it came to a vote, but we understand he was mistaken—that it would have been retained.—No matter—the moral force of the vote of

The spectators breathed once more. The unnatural scene had been protracted too long, and for an instant there was hope.

"We have not chosen our seconds," he remarked. "But as for that," he added, after a moment's silence, "these gentlemen here may serve as witnesses in case of this suit."

He levelled again and fired. The young Lieutenant lay gasping upon the floor in the last agonies of death.

"The cards pass, gentlemen," cried the banker, as he laid the pistol, still smoking, upon the table.

At the noise made by the report of the pistol, the folding doors of the saloon were burst open, and the crowd rushed in.

There was a piercing shriek—a young girl fell senseless upon the bleeding corpse of Frank Vincent. It was Estelle.

The banker is now in California.

Political.

From the Pittsburgh Gazette.

THE WILMOT PROVISO—ITS HISTORY.

Nearly eleven years have passed since this then apparently unimportant provision tacked on to an appropriation bill, was proposed in Congress by Wilmot, now our candidate for Governor, and although we suppose the large majority of our readers are perfectly well acquainted with the whole history, it may not be uninteresting or unprofitable to give a brief sketch of from such materials as are in our hands. It is so pleasant to review the past and recall the names of those who may now be found preaching "Democracy," but who formerly were foremost among the "Abolitionists."

The Mexican War, undertaken that Slavery might have a more expanded domain had, in the summer of 1846, quite depleted the Treasury. On the 8th of August in that year, Mr. Polk, at that time President of the United States, in message to Congress, asked for an additional "appropriation to provide for any expenditure which may be necessary to make in advance for the purpose of settling all our difficulties with the Mexican Republic."

In accordance with the desire thus expressed, Mr. M'Kay, of North Carolina, on the same day introduced a bill into the House. This Bill simply set forth the fact that a state of war existed between the Republics of Mexico and the United States, and that "the sum of two millions of dollars be appropriated to enable the President to conclude a treaty of peace," etc., etc., to which Hon. David Wilmot moved to add the following:

"Provided, That as an express and fundamental condition to the acquisition of any territory from the Republic of Mexico by the United States, by virtue of any treaty which may be negotiated between them, and to the use by the Executive of the moneys herein appropriated, neither Slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever be in any part of said territory except for crime, whereof the party shall be duly convicted."

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