

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1857.

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WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

Select Story.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL. AN INCIDENT OF NAPOLEON'S TIME.

The French army lay encamped only about one day's march from Berlin. It was on the 23d of October. The sentinels were doubled, and the most strict orders given, for the Prussian and Austrian spies were plenty and troublesome. At midnight, Pierre Sancon was stationed at one of the outposts. He was a stout, bold, shrewd man, and a good soldier. The colonel and his regiment was with the sergeant on this bout, having requested to be called at midnight, that he might visit the outposts.

"Pierre," he said, after the man had been posted, "you must keep your eyes open.—Don't let even a stray horse go out or in without a pass.—Do you understand?"

"Ay my colonel, I shall be prompt."

"The dogs are all around us," pursued the officer, "you cannot be too careful.—Don't trust man nor brutes without good proof."

"Never fear," was Pierre's answer, as he brought his fire lock to his shoulder and moved back one pace.

After this, the guard moved on the next post, and Pierre Sancon was left alone.—Pierre's post was one of the most important in the camp; for rather around it, and he had been placed there for that reason. The ground over which he had to walk was a long haoll, bounded at one end by a huge rock, and at the other, sloping away into a narrow ravine in which was a copse of willows. Beyond this copse the ground was low and boggy so that a man could not pass it. The rock was to the westward, and Pierre's walk was to its outer side.

The night was dark, huge masses of clouds were floating overhead, and shutting out the stars, and a sort of fog hung in the ravine, and the air was damp and chilly. With a slow steady tread the soldier paced his ground, ever and anon stopping to listen, as the willows in the ravine rattled their leaves or some night bird started out with its quick flapping.

An hour passed away, and the sentinel had seen nothing to excite his suspicions. He had for a moment stopped close by the rock, when he was startled by a quick wild screech from the woods, and in a few moments more a large bird flew over his head.

"Parbleu!" he uttered, after the night bird had flown over; could mortal man have stopped that fellow from passing?"

He satisfied himself that he had done nothing in suffering the bird to pass. He had walked the entire length of his way two or three times, and was just turning by the rock, when he was sure he saw some dark object just crossing the line towards the copse.

"Hold!" he cried, bringing his musket quick to his shoulder. "Hold! or I fire!" And with his gun at aim, he advanced toward the spot where the object had stopped; but as he came to within a few yards of it, it started to move again towards the camp.

"Diablo!" cried Pierre, "move any further, and I fire! What, Parbleu! Le Prince. Ho, ho, why, Prince!"

The animal turned and made a motion as though he would leap upon the sentinel's bosom, but the soldier motioned him off.

"Bravo, Prince!" cried Pierre, reaching forth his hand and patting the head of the great shaggy beast, which had now sat upon his haunches. Pierre recognized the intruder now as the great dog of the breed of St. Bernard, which had been owned in the Regiment for over a year, and which had been now missing for about a week. He had disappeared one night from the pockets, and all search for him had been unavailing.

"Parbleu, mon Grande Prince!" uttered Pierre (as though the dog could understand every word,) "the men will be glad to see you; where have you been so long?"

"Now, mon ami, you must just keep your sitting there till the guard comes, and then we'll go to the camp together.—Mind that, will you?"

And with these words uttered with solemn emphasis, and due meaning, Pierre started upon his bout again. He had got about half way to the rock when the idea struck him, and he did so. Le Prince was moving towards the camp again.

"He! Prince, that won't do! Stop, stop or I'll shoot!"

"Diablo! the colonel was positive in his orders. I was to let nothing pass my post without the countersign. A dog is something. You can't go. Prince so now lie down. Down I say!"

With this the dog lay flat down upon his belly, and stretched out his fore paws. Pierre patted him upon the head again, having duly urged upon him the necessity of remaining where he was he resumed his march once more.

During the next fifteen minutes, the animal lay perfectly quiet, and ever and anon, the sentinel would speak to him by the way of being sociable.

At length the dog made another attempt to go into camp. Pierre had nearly reached the rock, when he heard the movement and on turning, he could just see his uneasy companion moving off.

"Diablo!" the honest fellow uttered, "I must obey orders. The colonel's word was plain. Here! Parbleu! Come here! Here Prince! Mon Dieu! You must die if you don't!"

With a few quick bounds the soldier got near enough to the dog to fire, and as the latter stopped, he stopped.

"Mon cher ami! you must stay with me! Here come back! I must shoot you if you don't. Parbleu! what a thing to start the whole camp for, to shoot a dog!"

But by coaxing and threatening, the sentinel got the dog back to his post, and there he made him lie down once more.—And thus matters rested until the tramp of the coming guard was heard.

"Ah, now, Prince, we'll be relieved," the soldier said, stopping near the dog. "You shall go and see your old friend."

The tramp of the coming guard drew near and Pierre was preparing to hail them, when the dog took a new start, and in a new direction, this time starting towards the copse.

"Here, here, Prince! don't you run off again!"

"Grand dieu!" This last exclamation was forced from Pierre's lips, by seeing the dog leap to his hind legs and run thus. In an instant the truth burst upon him.—Quick as thought, he clapped his gun to his shoulder and took aim. He could just distinguish the dim outlines now, and fired.

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had been, and this time a man was shot who was trying to make his escape from the camp. He was shot through the head. When the body was brought into camp, it was found to be that of a Bavarian trooper who had been suspended for treachery, though no proof had ever before been found against him. On his person was found the key to the cypher, which had been taken from the person of the Prussian drummer; and now that the colonel had them both, he could translate the mystic scroll. It proved to be a direction to Bavarian lay his plans to keep as near as possible after he should enter Berlin, and then wait for orders.

The mystery was explained. The Bavarian had taken the great dog away from the regiment and delivered him to the enemy, and his skin was made the cover for a spy to enter the camp under. And the spy would have got in, too, but for the sportive order of the colonel, and the willfully faithful obedience of Pierre Sancon.

On the next day, Pierre was promoted to the rank of Sergeant, and the Emperor said to him as he presented the boon:— "If you make as faithful an officer, as you have proved yourself a faithful sentinel, I can ask no more."

HOOPS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Mr. Spectator:—You have diverted the town almost a whole month at the expense of the country, it is now high time that you should give the country their revenge.

Since you have withdrawn from this place, the fair sex have run into great extravagances. Their dresses which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous canoe, and rise every day more and more.

In short, sir, since our women know themselves to be out of the eye of the Spectator, they will be kept within no compass. You praised them a little in season, for the modesty of their head dresses; for, as the humor of a sick person is often driven out of one limb into another, their superfluity of ornaments, instead of being entirely banished, seems only to have fallen from their heads still lower.

What they have lost in height, they've made up in breadth and, contrary to all rules of architecture, widen the foundation at the same time they shorten the superstructure. But, as we do not yet hear any particular use in this petticoat, or that it contains anything more than what was supposed to be in those of scantier make, we are wonderfully at loss about it. The women give out, in defence of a piece of art, for it is well known we have not had a more moderate summer these many years, so that, it is certain, the heat they complain of cannot be in the weather; besides, I would fain ask these tender constituted ladies, why they should require more cooling than their mothers before them. I find that several speculative persons are of opinion that our sex has of late years been very saucy, and that the hoop-peticoat is made use of to keep us at a distance in circle within circle, amidst such a variety of outworks and lines of circumsolation. A female who is thus invested in whalebone, is sufficiently insured against the approaches of an ill-bred fellow, who might as well think of Sir George Etheridge's mode of making "Love in a Tub" as in the midst of so many hoops.

Among these various conjectures, there are men of superstitious tempers, who look upon the hoop petticoat as a kind of prodigy. Some will have it that it portends the downfall of the French King, and observe that the *farthingale* appeared in England a little before the ruin of the Spanish Monarchy. (1558.) Others are of opinion that it fortells battle and bloodshed, and believe it of the same prognostication as the tail of a blazing star. For my part, I am apt to think it is a sign that multitudes are coming into rather than going out of the world.

The strutting petticoat smooths all distinctions, levels mothers with the daughters, and sets maids and matrons, wives and widows upon the same bottom. 'Sho'd this fashion get among the ordinary people, our public ways would be so crowded that we should want street room. Several congregations of the best fashion already find themselves very much straitened, and if the mode increase, I wish it may not drive many ordinary women into meeting and conventions. Should our sex at the same time, take it into their heads to wear trunk breeches, (as who knows what their indignation at this female treatment may drive them to) a man and his wife would fill a whole pew.

You know, sir, it is recorded of Alexander the Great, that in his Indian expedition he buried several suits of armor, which, by his directions, were made much too large for any of his soldiers; in order to give posterity an extraordinary idea of him and make them believe he had commanded an army of giants. I am persuaded that if one of the present petticoats happens to be hung up in any repository of curiosities, it would lead into the same error the generations that lie some removes from us; unless we believe our posterity will think so disrespectfully of their great grandmothers, that they made themselves monstrous to appear amiable.

When I survey this now-fashioned rouda in all its parts, I cannot but think it expansive in the extreme, &c., &c., &c. Your humble servant,

And so it happened once or twice again. The year rolled by, and the people could never all agree upon what kind of weather they wanted.

Mr. Surely, of course, had no occasion to fulfil his contract, and the result was that they began to open their eyes to the fact that this world would be a strange place if its inhabitants should govern rain. They saw that nature's laws could be safely trusted in the hands of nature's God.

THURSDAY July 26th, 1711.

Mr. Spectator:—You have diverted the town almost a whole month at the expense of the country, it is now high time that you should give the country their revenge.

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A Good Joke.

A correspondent of the *Lancet* (N. J.) Beacon says, that a short time since, while staying at the borough of E. he overheard the following, which he thinks too good to be lost:

A number of politicians, all of whom were seeking offices, under the Government, were seated on the tavern porch, talking, when an old toper named Jake D—, a person who was very lequacious said, that if the company had no objection, he would tell them a story. They told him to "fire away," whereupon he spoke as follows:

"A certain king—don't recollect his name—had a philosopher upon whose judgment he always depended. Now, it so happened that one day the king took it into his head to go hunting, and after summoning his nobles and making all the necessary preparations, he summoned the philosopher, and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed.—While journeying along they met a countryman mounted upon a jackass; he advised them to return, he said 'it is certain to rain.' They smiled contemptuously upon him and passed on. Before they had gone many miles however they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic advice, as a heavy shower coming upon them were drenched to the skin. When they had returned to the place, the king reproached the philosopher severely for telling him it would be clear when it was not. 'I met a countryman,' said he, 'and he knows a great deal more than you for he told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not. The King then gave him his walking papers, and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance. 'I'll be,' said the king, 'how you knew it would rain.' 'I didn't know,' said the rustic, 'my jackass told me.' 'And as of him he placed him (the jackass) in the office the philosopher had filled. And here observed Jake looking very wise, 'there the king made a great mistake.'"

"How so?" inquired his auditors.

"Why, ever since that time," said Jake, with a grin on his phiz, "every jackass wants an office."

Will Senator Toombs Call the Roll of his Slaves under the Shadow of Bunker Hill Monument?

When Senator Toombs declared that he would yet call the roll of his slaves under the shadow of the Bunker Hill Monument, the people of the North raised a shout of derision at the folly of the remark. It was made, if our memory serves us right, about the time of the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill; and the South were then warned, in and out of Congress, that their continued aggressions would, ere long, provoke the North to extreme measures, in maintenance of their just rights. Since that the Missouri Compromise has been overthrown by act of Congress, and that overthrow sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States; and in the Passmore Williamson case Judge Grier decided that slaves were not entitled to their freedom, when voluntarily brought into a free State Ohio, by their master, notwithstanding State laws to that effect. These two decisions taken together, give the slaveholder the right to hold his slaves as his property anywhere in the United States—coming right up to the doctrine of Mr. Calhoun, that wherever the Constitution extends, there Slavery may of right exist, independent of any State or National legislation.

The two decisions, then, give Mr. Toombs the right to muster his slaves upon the sacred soil of Bunker Hill, and there hold them in defiance of any National or State laws; and that shout of derision has suddenly been turned into an exclamation of fear and sorrow!

An eloquent Irish priest in attempting to persuade his flock to avoid the ball room on St. Patrick's day in the evening with this perfectly conclusive, and to an Irishman, knock down and drag out argument: "The Irishman who goes to that ball is no better than a Dutchman!" No anathema could add to the force of that.

Justice in Philadelphia.—Three outrageous murders have been committed within in as many weeks in Philadelphia, and the perpetrators have not been arrested. A poor "nigger" however, has been caught charged with stealing *seventeen cents worth of cheese*, and there is hardly a doubt that outraged justice will vindicate itself by making an example of him.

Hay was sold at Detroit, on Saturday last, at forty dollars per ton. One lot of ten tons was sent West.

General News.

Arrest of D. B. Vondersmith.

In relation to the arrest of D. B. Vondersmith, the celebrated pension forger, of Lancaster City, the Lancaster Examiner says:—"Our readers will recollect that in February of 1854, the whole community was startled by a series of stupendous frauds committed on the Pension Bureau of the United States by Judge Vondersmith and George Ford, Esq. The frauds extended through a period of nine years and amounted it is said to upwards of \$50,000 the great part of which Vondersmith received. They were both arrested in this city and held to bail in the sum of \$5,000 for their appearance before the United States district Court in Philadelphia. Directly after giving the bail, they gave 'leg bail' and made good their escape to Europe. They remained there for a long time, enjoying the good things of this life and passing their time pleasantly. Eventually growing tired of foreign customs and fashions, they ventured to return to this country, Vondersmith domiciling himself in New York, and Ford locating somewhere on the prairies of the west. At least this was the report at the time and as we know it was true in regard to one, it was doubtless true as to the other. Remaining for several months in New York, Vondersmith returned to this city, where for several months he has lived a kind of hermit life, seldom appearing on the streets and then only at night. It was generally known, however, that he was here, and we believe no secret was made of the matter by his family. To a friend of his he confidently asserted that there was no danger of his being taken, and that he felt as safe as if no criminal charge was pending against him.

This security was destined to be changed to remain until the afternoon train, Vondersmith remaining in the custody of the Marshal at Hopple's Hotel.—[Lancaster Examiner.]

Real and Personal Wealth of the United States—1856.

The following interesting official table, has been communicated by the Secretary of the Treasury to accompany his annual report on the finances:—

States.	Population.	Property.
Alabama,	835,192	\$270,233,027
Arkansas,	253,117	64,240,726
California,	385,000	165,000,000
Connecticut,	401,292	203,759,881
Delaware,	97,295	30,466,924
Florida,	110,725	49,461,461
Georgia,	935,090	500,000,000
Illinois,	1,242,917	333,237,474
Indiana,	1,149,600	301,855,474
Iowa,	325,013	110,000,000
Kentucky,	1,085,587	411,000,198
Louisiana,	600,387	270,425,000
Maine,	628,822	131,128,186
Maryland,	636,800	261,243,600
Massachusetts,	1,338,123	597,936,995
Michigan,	509,874	116,593,580
Minnesota,	671,649	251,525,000
Missouri,	831,215	223,948,731
N. H. Hampshire,	324,701	103,804,326
New Jersey,	569,439	179,500,000
New York,	3,470,059	1,364,154,825
N. C. Carolina,	921,552	239,603,372
Ohio,	2,215,750	860,877,354
Pennsylvania,	2,512,960	1,017,131,304
Rhode Island,	166,927	91,609,850
S. C. Carolina,	705,661	303,434,240
Tennessee,	1,092,470	321,717,810
Texas,	500,000	240,000,000
Vermont,	325,706	91,165,580
Virginia,	1,512,593	530,994,897
Wisconsin,	552,109	87,500,000
Dist. Columbia,	59,000	25,568,708
Minnesota,	65,000	20,000,000
New Mexico,	83,500	7,550,000
Oregon,	36,000	7,775,000
Washington,	5,500	1,650,000
Utah,	3,900	4,250,000
Kansas,	11,000	2,350,000
Nebraska,	4,500	1,235,644

Total, 26,461,312 \$9,817,611,072

Add for property not valued, for under valuations, and for the rise in the value of property since 1850, 1,500,000,000

Total wealth of the U. S. in 1856, 11,317,611,072

A Nebraska paper gives the following account of the mail out west:—"We received a letter two days ago, from Chicago, informing us that its author would be in Nebraska last September, and since it was written he has been here, remained a month, made a thousand dollars in cash, had two fights, and gone back and got married."

One of the relics of barbarism is blinds on the bridle of a horse. It is better to learn a colt to be gentle without a blinder, for, when once broke he is less liable to fright. Try the plan, farmers.

County School Superintendents.

We have compiled what we believe to be a substantially correct list of the newly elected County Superintendents, and the salaries fixed by the respective Conventions of Directors.

Adams,	W. L. Campbell,	\$400
Allegheny,	C. W. Quick,	1,000
Armstrong,	Robt. W. Smith,	800
Baker,	R. N. Avery,	350
Bedford,	H. Heckerman,	500
Berks,	Wm. A. Good,	600
Blair,	John Dean,	942
Bradford,	Chas. R. Colburn,	600
Bucks,	Wm. H. Johnson,	1,000
Butler,	Thomas Ralph,	300
Cambria,	S. B. McCormick,	800
Carbon,	Thos. L. Foster,	400
Centre,	J. L. Burnett,	800
Chester,	Franklin Taylor,	1,000
Clarton,	J. G. Macornight,	300
Clearfield,	L. L. Still,	600
Clinton,	Leslie H. Berry,	600
Collaumbia,	William Burgess,	400
Crawford,	S. P. Bates,	600
Cumberland,	Daniel Shelly,	400
Dauphin,	Albert Owen,	300
Delaware,	Chas. W. Deans,	400
Elk,	Chas. R. Early,	500
Erie,	W. H. Armstrong,	800
Fayette,	Joshua V. Gibbons,	300
Fest,	Cyrus Blood,	200
Franklin,	P. M. Shoemaker,	600
Fulton,	Robert Ross,	200
Greene,	A. McGimpsey,	400
Huntingdon,	Albert Owen,	600
Indiana,	S. P. Boleman,	600
Jefferson,	Saml. McKelhom,	600
Juniata,	W. W. Barchfield,	600
Lancaster,	J. S. Crumbaugh,	1,400
Lawrence,	Thomas Berry,	500
Lebanon,	Jno. H. Kluge,	700
Lehigh,	H. J. Schwartz,	600
Luzerne,	J. L. Richardson,	800
Lycoming,	Hugh Casson,	800
McKean,	Chas. W. Deans,	400
Mercer,	C. W. Giffels,	600
Mifflin,	Abraham D. Hawley,	600
Monroe,	Chas. S. Detrick,	400
Montgomery,	Ephm. L. Acker,	800
Monroe,	A. B. Putnam,	400
Northampton,	Y. K. Wisner,	500
Northumberland,	Rehman Snyder,	400
Perry,	Theo. P. Bachter,	400
Pike,	Philip F. Fulmer,	300
Potter,	J. Hendricks,	300
Schuylkill,	J. K. Krowson,	1,000
Snyder,	D. S. Boyer,	200
Somerset,	J. K. Miller,	400
Sullivan,	C. H. Richardson,	475
Susquehanna,	B. F. Meade,	800
Westmoreland,	J. F. Meade,	800
Wyoming,	John G. Spalding,	150
York,	A. B. Blair,	1,000

The fruit looks well in