

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

Popular Melodies.

Willie, We Have Missed You.

Oh! Willie is it you, dear,
Safe, safe at home?
They did not tell me true, dear,
They said you would not come,
I heard you at the gate,
And it made my heart rejoice,
For I knew that welcome footsteps
And that dear, familiar voice,
Making music on my ear
In the lonely midnight gloom,
Oh! Willie, we have missed you,
Welcome, welcome home!
We've longed to see you nightly,
But this night of all,
The fires were burning brightly
And lights were in the hall.
The little ones were up
'Till 'twas ten o'clock and past,
Then their eyes began to twinkle,
And they were gone to sleep at last;
But they listened for your voice
Till they thought you'd never come;
Oh! Willie, we have missed you,
Welcome, welcome home!
The days were sad without you,
The nights long and drear;
My dreams have been about you,
Oh! welcome, Willie dear!
Last night I wept and watched
By the moonlight's cheerless ray,
Till I thought I heard your footstep,
Then I wiped my tears away;
But my heart grew sad again
When I found you had not come;
Oh! Willie, we have missed you,
Welcome, welcome home!

A Select Story.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

AN INSTRUCTIVE STORY.

"Oh how I wish we were rich!" said I to my wife, one day.
"My dear," she replied, "you must not be discontented, we have every comfort—what more can we desire?"
"Oh, there are a hundred things—a large house a carriage a fine library and I know not what."
"It is a sin to fly in the face of God's providence," replied my wife. "Our house is plenty large enough for our small family, and as for a carriage we should have no use for it—and then we subscribe to the Mercantile Library. You can get any book you want from there. Believe me, my love, we have every reason to be satisfied with our lot, and instead of rejoicing 't to thank God for it."
And the dear little woman came over to me—put her arms around my neck,—no, I made a mistake she is too short for that—pulled my face down to hers and kissed me.
Dear reader I must tell you that my name is Jonathan Clutterwell, and that I have the privilege of writing M. D. after my name as a diploma from the University Medical College in New York, now hanging in my bed room, amply testifies. I was born in Virginia and of course belong to the F. F. V.'s; I hope you will make no mistake on this point. At time I commence this history I had been living for upwards of four years in Madison st. in the city of Baltimore. I had scraped together a very fine practice, and as my wife said we had every comfort. But still I was not satisfied; there was Mr. B. kept his carriage, Professor C. had a fine large house, with ever so many servants, and Dr. D. had a very large library while I could get all my books in a moderate size book-case. I wanted to jump to the top of the ladder at once—I did not like this waiting for fortune—it was altogether too slow too tedious a process for me. The result of all was, I became discontented, cross peevish. I was easily annoyed, and my natural good temper stood in great danger of being forever destroyed.

My wife, however, exercised a good deal of influence over me—soothing my ruffled spirits and pouring balm upon my troubled waters. She was a dear good girl. I do not believe it was possible for there to be another woman like her in the world. She was the epitome of goodness. She was ————, but why should I go on? Words cannot express half her good qualities. I must leave it to the reader's imagination to fill up the portrait. She also belonged to the F. F. V.'s. We had been brought up together from childhood, had always loved each other, and you might search all the United States through and you would not find a happier marriage than ours.

The conversation opening my story occurred on the 31st day of December, 1856. We were undressed for bed, and had few friends to spend the evening with us. I had been beaten three games of chess, running, and that night, perhaps, had

had something to do with increasing my discontent.

Well as I before said, my wife came over and kissed me; this soothed my feelings a little and without more grumbling I jumped into bed.

I dreamed—I scarcely know what I dreamed that night—carriages, libraries, gold, silver, were all mixed up in terrible confusion. At last I thought I was dead some one was nailing down my coffin.

"Rat-tat-tat"
Perspiration bursting out from every pore of my body.
"Rat-tat-tat."
Intense agony of your humble servant.

"Rat-tat-tat."
A fearful struggle, in which I knocked my wife over the eye with my elbow, fortunately not hurting her, but causing her to give me a kick, (of course she did not know what she was doing,) which awakened me.

It was broad daylight, and some one knocked at the bed room door, which explained the comfortable sensation I had experienced of being nailed down in my coffin.

"Come in," I exclaimed.
The door opened wide, and Bridget made her appearance. (I should say that Bridget was a recent importation from the Emerald Isle, and our maid of all work.)

"To give you an idea how exceedingly verdant she was when she first came to us, we asked her, one hot, scorching day, to pour water on some ice; she did so, only the water was boiling."

"If you please, sir," said Bridget, "the mate's cooked, and breakfast is nearly ready."
(Bridget is from Cork and her accent is rather broad.)
"All right Bridget," I replied; "we will get up directly. Give me the 'Sun' paper."

Bridget did as I requested, and propped myself up in the bed and began to peruse it. The first thing that struck me, was that it was Thursday, the first of January, Year's Day. I determined I would turn a new leaf, and endeavor to be more satisfied with my condition for the ensuing year. My eyes then ran down the list of advertised letters. I saw one for me, yes, there it was, Jonathan Clutterwell, M. D. right before my eyes. Now Clutterwell is not a very common name, to say nothing of the prefix Jonathan. I immediately surmised that the letter must be for me. I set my wits to work thinking who it could be from.

"I have it," said I to myself; "it's from Aunt Margaret. She has sent us a hand some New Year's gift in the shape of a bank bill, and not knowing my true address, has directed the letters simply to Baltimore."

I was so convinced that my supposition was correct, that I could no longer restrain my impatience, but jumped up, hurried on my clothes, told Bridget to delay the breakfast, threw myself into a Howard-st. stage, and in about a quarter of an hour found myself front of the post office window. In another minute the letter was in my hands.

I opened it and to my astonishment, read as follows:
Accomac, C. H., Va., Dec. 24, 1856.

Dear Sir:—We regret to inform you of the demise of your respected aunt, Miss Margaret Clutterwell. By her will, now in our possession, you are appointed sole heir to her property, amounting in real estate and personal property, to \$10,000 per annum.

Hoping to see you immediately, we remain, Yours respectfully,
BLEECHER & CO.
To Jonathan Clutterwell, Esq.; M. D., Baltimore, Md.

Poor Aunt Margaret was dead then!—In spite of the wealth she left me, I really felt sorry; she was such a kind, good old lady; but then I recollected, we cannot expect to live forever, and eighty is a good age. I then thought of the wealth she had left, and the new comforts it would bring us—how high we could hold our heads! That we could get a carriage as handsome as Dr. B.'s—'s, a house as fine as Dr. C.'s and a library as large as Dr. D.'s.

By the time all these things had passed through my mind, I had again reached home.

"Joy, joy, joy!" I exclaimed, as I opened the door—my wife was sitting at the breakfast table waiting for my return—we are rich, we are independent.

"What do you mean, my dear? You must be going crazy," returned my wife. In reply, I threw her the letter. I could perceive the dear girl's eyes brighten as

she read, for after all she was but human. "Oh how nice!" she exclaimed, when she had perused it. "Now Jonathan, dear what shall we do?"

"Well!" I returned, "I suppose in the first place, I must give up my practice."

"Certainly, throw physic to the dogs," returned Jane. (My wife's name is Jane.) "We will then make a tour through the U. States," I added.

"No, no," said Jane, "we will go at once to Paris."

"Paris!" I replied, "nonsense! I don't want to go and live on French kickshaws. 'We'll go to Niagara.'"

"I say no," returned my wife in a loud voice, at the same time stirring her coffee with so much energy that she threw the cup over and broke it all to pieces. It was one of the best set too. "We will go to Paris."

"Paris be—bothered," I replied; "it shall be Niagara."

"Paris!"
"Niagara!"
"I say Paris!"
"I say it shall be Niagara!"

I grew very angry, and with my last words, in my rage, kicked over the breakfast table, scattering the coffee cups, plates and everything else on the table in every direction, of course breaking them all.

When I saw the disorder I had occasioned, I became ashamed of myself. My poor little wife burst into tears.

It was the first quarrel we had ever had! "Never mind, my darling," I exclaimed, approaching my wife and kissing her—"You shall have your way, we will go to Paris."

Jane smiled through her tears, returned my embrace, and we were good friends again.

I started the same day for Accomac C. H., and in a week was in full possession of my property. In three more days we were in New York, and on the fourth on the Arago, and on the fifth out of sight of land.

I shall not attempt to describe the miseries of that voyage. The tender was packed with passengers, and the sea was so rough that we were sea sick from the day we started to the day we landed! Oh how I cursed the sea, Paris, and our recent fortune! How heartily I wished I was back in good old Baltimore attending my patients! I begged, prayed, implored some-body to throw me overboard, but the savages only laughed at me. My wife, on the other hand, was not sick at all, but seemed to enjoy herself thoroughly, while I lay rocking in my berth. I could hear her laughing and joking with the rest of the passengers.

The sound was hateful to me, and I upbraided her very much with it. She retaliated, high words ensued, and we had another desperate quarrel. It was some time before we made this one up. This quarrel was followed by others; in fact they became now of almost daily occurrence, and I plainly saw that we were growing to hate each other.

We landed at Havre at last. After we had been on shore a few hours, I began to feel better and could look around me. The first thing I noticed was a young Frenchman, paying, as I thought, a great deal too much attention to my wife.

I scowled at him.
He advanced to me with the most pleasant air in the world, and said:
"Monsieur has been very sick. I hope Monsieur feels better."

"I do," I growled.
"Who is this fellow? I whispered to my wife.

"Oh, that's Monsieur Letoux, our fellow passenger from New York; you were so sick all the way over that you did not see him, but I assure you he was very polite and attentive to me."

"I have no doubt he was," I muttered.
"Monsieur and Madame go to Paris?" said Letoux. "I shall have the honor to accompany them!"

"There was no help for it. I could not be so unmanly as to repulse polite attention, so I bowed my head in acquiescence."

I was condemned to be guillotined in a week.

The fatal day at length dawned. The execution was to be in the Place du Trone. We left the prison at an early hour, and soon reached the fatal spot. There stood before me the hideous black guillotine, and I could see the glittering in the morning sun. The approach to the scaffold was surrounded by soldiers. A passage was formed between them; and I ascended the steps. An immense concourse of people filled the square, and when they saw me a fearful cry was raised, whether of sympathy or disgust, I had no means of telling.

I glanced around me for a moment, and then knelt down fervently; I rose up and prepared to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. I bared my neck, and placed

my head upon the fatal niche. I heard a rustling and felt a violent shock. I opened my eyes, and a well-known voice greeted my ears:

"Now, master, and will you get up, and share the coffee's cowd and the mate's done to rags."

And there was Bridget shaking me by the shoulder to awaken me.

I saw it all in a moment; I had fallen asleep over the paper, and it was all a dream. When I understood it I could fairly have hugged Bridget. I was so pleased.

I looked around and there was my little wife in a calm, placid sleep by my side. There had been no lecher, no fortune, and what is still better, no murder.

Oh, how happy I was. It gave me a good lesson and that is, the secret of happiness is contentment!

Franklin and Fulton—Alex. K. McClure, J. Nill.
Greene—Wm. Kincaid.
Huntingdon—Daniel Houtz.
Indiana—John Bruce.
Junata, Snyder and Union—Thomas Hayes, Daniel Witmer.
Lancaster—Emanuel D. Roath, Samuel H. Price, Jonathan H. Roland, Jos. D. Pownall.
Lebanon—John George.
Luzerne—P. C. Grimman, Steuben Jenkins, Samuel G. Turner.
Mercer and Venango—Wm. G. Rose, C. P. Ramsdell.
Mifflin—Charles Bower.
Monroe and Pike—Lafayette Westbrook.
Montgomery—A. Brower Longaker, Josiah Hillegas, Geo. Hamel.
Northampton—Joseph Wooding, Maxwell Gossp.
Northumberland—Joseph C. Rhodes.
Philadelphia City—J. C. Kirkpatrick, C. M. Donovan, John Ramsey, C. H. Armstrong.
Philadelphia County—Joseph H. Donnelly, John H. Wells, D. R. McClane, Henry Dunlap, John H. Dolner, Townsend Yearsley, John M. Melloy, John Wharton, James Donnell, Oliver Evans, J. H. Askin, J. T. Owens, A. Arthur.
Potter and Tioga—L. P. Williston, Isaac Benson.
Schuylkill—Charles D. Hipple, Michael Weaver, T. R. L. Eber.
Susquehanna—Simon B. Chase.
Washington—John N. McDonald, James Donchoo.
Wayne—Holloway L. Stevens.
York—Wm. W. Wolf, H. Hiestand Glatz.
Democrats in Roman. Republicans Italian.
Independents SMALL CAPS.
Democrats 68. Republicans 30 Independents 2.

RECAPITULATION.
Senate, 21
House, 68
Total, 89

Dem. 42
Rep. 47
Total, 89

Dem. 45
Rep. 44
Total, 89

Vote in Senatorial Districts.

NINETEENTH DISTRICT.
Somerset, Schell, 1,715
Bedford, Koontz, 2,457
Total, 4,172

Schell's majority, 220

Dem. 13
Rep. 6
Total, 19

Select Miscellany.

TROUBLE.

"Trouble" becomes a marvellous mortifier of pride, and an effectual restrainer of self-will. The temper is mellowed and the feeling refined. It needs repeated strokes of the hammer to break the rocks in pieces, and so it sometimes requires repeated strokes of anguish to break our hearts in pieces and make us humbler and wiser men. And, as the longer you keep the sweeter it will sing, so the more serene the discipline of the good man's experience, the sweeter the song of his spiritual life. The gold that is refined in the hottest furnace comes out the brightest, and the character moulded by intense heat will exhibit the most wondrous excellence.

God's children are like stars, that shine brightest in the darkest night, like torches, that are better for besting like grapes that come not to the proof till they come to the press; like trees, that drive down their roots farther and grasp the earth tighter, by reason of the storm; like vines, that grow the better for bleeding; like gold, that looks the better for scouring; like glow-worms, that shine best in the dark; like juniper, that smells sweetest in the fire; like the pomander, which becomes more fragrant by chafing, like the palm tree, which proves the better for preserving; like the camomile, which spreads the more as you tread upon it.

"There is a flower when trampled on,
Doth still more richly bloom,
And even to its bitterest foe
Gives forth its sweetest perfume,
The rose that's crushed and shattered,
Doth on the breeze bestow
A fair scent that further goes,
Even for the cruel blow."

Cod Fish Aristocracy.

The fashionables at one of the big watering places, on the New Jersey coast, were greatly incensed at dinner, one day last summer, by seeing a plainly dressed gentleman and lady walk in and take seats in their very midst. The ladies made audible remarks on the appearance of the strangers, and spoke indignantly because the waiters attended to their wants; various insulting allusions were also made, and the dinner was ruined by the 'spoiled children of fashion' in the evening however, when the parlor doors were thrown open, this same couple, elegantly dressed, were ushered in and introduced to the company as "Governor Newell and lady." Silks fluttered, broad

cloth trembled, and rouge was most effectually placed in the back ground by natural color, as one and another came to pay the compliments of the evening, and tender their sincere apologies for their transactions at dinner. Mrs. Newell, however, like a true woman as she is, declined to receive their apologies, not on account of personal resentment, but because their conduct exhibited them as persons not fitted to associate with genuine ladies, and she refused to recognize them as such. It seems that the Governor and Mrs. Newell had arrived just at dinner, and being too hungry to wait for a change of costume, presumed to present themselves at the table in their travelling dress!

WHY MAHOMEDANS ABHOR PORK.—In Europe, during many centuries, the only animal food in general use was pork—beef, veal, mutton being comparatively unknown. It was, therefore, with no small astonishment that the crusaders on returning from the East said they had been among people, who, like the Jews, thought pork unclean and refused to eat it. But the feelings of lively wonder which this intelligence excited were destroyed as soon as the cause of the fact was explained. The subject was taken up by Mathew Parrs, the most eminent historian during the thirteenth century, and one of the most eminent writers in Roman. This celebrated writer informs us that the Mahomedans refuse to eat pork on account of a singular circumstance which happened to their prophet. It appears Mahomed having on one occasion, gorged himself with food and drink till he was in a state of insensibility fell asleep on a dunghill, and in this disgraceful condition was seen by a litter of pigs. The pigs attacked the fallen prophet, and suffocated him to death; for which reason his followers abominate pigs and refuse to partake of their flesh. This striking fact explains one great peculiarity of the Mahomedans; and another fact equally striking explains how it was that a Cardinal and only became heretic because he failed in his design of being elected Pope.—Buckle's History of Civilization in England.

Massacre of Missionaries in India.

The last ray of hope has been dispelled by the late arrival of news from India, and we must now record with feelings of the profoundest sorrow that there is every reason to believe the one missionary family of the Presbyterian board at Futeh-gurh have perished in the massacre.—They have been traced to the vicinity of Cawnpore, and it was hoped that when Gen. Havelock arrived there he would find them alive and rescue them from the insurgents, but he reports but one white person as saved, and her name is given, so that the painful fact is pressed upon our hearts that our brethren and sisters, our dear friends, Freeman Campbell, Johnson, and McCullen, and their wives, and two children of Mrs. Campbell, have fallen victims to the awful insurrection in India.—New York Observer.

Wearing Apparel.

In our climate, fickle in its gleams of sunshine and its balmy airs, as a coquette in her smiles and favor, consumption bears away every year the ornament of many social circles. The fairest and loveliest are its favorite victims. An ounce of prevention in this fatal disease is worth many pounds of cure, for when once well seated it mocks alike medical skill and careful nursing. If the fair sex could be induced to regard the laws of health, many precious lives might be saved, but pastebord soles, low neck dresses and lilliputian hats, sow annually the seeds of a fatal harvest. The suggestion in the following article from the Scientific American, if followed, might save many with consumptive tendencies from an early grave:

Put it on at once, Winter and Summer, nothing better can be worn next to the skin than a loose red woollen shirt; 'loose' for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing a titillation which draws the blood to the surface and keeps it there; and when that is the case no one can take cold; 'red,' for white flannel fills up, mats together, and becomes tight stuff, heavy and impervious. Cotton-wool merely absorbs the moisture from the surface, while woollen flannel conveys it from the skin and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it, and by its nearer exposure to the air is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, red woollen flannel is worn by sailors even in the midsummer of the hottest countries. Wear a thinner article in summer.—Hall's Journal of Health.