

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1858.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 24.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

New Goods! New Goods!

D. P. GWIN'S CHEAP STORE.

D. P. Gwin has just returned from Philadelphia with the largest and most beautiful assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

Ever brought to Huntingdon, consisting of the most fashionable Dress Goods for Ladies and Gentlemen, such as Black Silks, and Fancy, All Wool de Lains, (all colors) Spring Delains, Challie Delains, Berages, (all colors) Levella Cloth, Debatize, Alpaca, Poplins, Printed Berages, Brillants, plain and figured, Gingham, Lawns, and Prints of every description.

Also, a large lot of dress Trimmings, Fringes, Antiques, Gimps, Ribbons, Buttons, Braids, Crapes, Reed & Brass Hoops, Skirt Cord, Silk and Linen handkerchiefs, Neck ties, Stock, Zephyr, French Working Cotton, Linen and Cotton Flies, Tidy Yarn, &c.

Also the best and cheapest assortment of Colars, and Undersleeves, in town. Bar'd and Plain Jaconet, Mull Muslin, Swiss, Plain, Figured, Skirt Belt; Marseilles, Capes, and a variety of white goods too numerous to mention.

Spring and Thibit Shawls, White Delaine for Caps, Mantillas, &c.

Also, Cloths, Cassimers, Cassinets, Tweeds, K. Jeans, Muffs, Coats, Deit, Nankens, Ticken, Table Diapers, Flannels, &c.

Also, a large lot of Bonnets, Flat Hats, &c. Boots and Shoes, the largest and cheapest assortment in town.

My old customers, and as many new ones as can crowd in are respectfully requested to come and examine my goods.

All kinds of Country produce taken in exchange for goods, at the highest market prices.

DAVID P. GWIN.

April 21, 1858.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!!

FISHER & McMURTRIE

HAVING reopened the METROPOLITAN formerly known as "SAXTON'S" take pleasure in announcing to their many friends, that they have received a new and well-selected stock of Goods, which they feel confident will satisfy the demands of the public, and will prove unexceptionable in STYLE and QUALITY.

The line of Dress Goods embraces ROBES A QUILLE IN ORGANDIES, LAWNS, PERCALES, &c. CHALYS, BERAGES, BRILLIANTS, ALL WOOL, DE LAINES, CRAVELLA MOHAR, DANUBIAN, TAMISE, AND LA VELLA CLOTHS, DEBAGE, LUSTRES, ALPACAS, PRINTS, GINGHAMS, &c.

We have a fine assortment of Summer Mantillas, Shawls, Dress Trimmings, Fringes, Antiques, Ribbons, Mitts, Gloves, Gauntlets, Hosiery, Ladies' Collars, Handkerchiefs, Buttons, Floss, Sewing Silk, Whitehoops for Skirts, Reed Hoops, Brass Hoops, Skirt Cord, Cotton Flies, Tidy Yarn, &c.

Also—Ticken, Osnaburg, bleached and unbleached Muslins at all prices, Colored and White Cambrics, Barred and Swiss Muslins, Victoria Lawns, Nainsooks, Tarketon and many other articles which comprise the line of White and Domestic Goods.

We have French Cloths, Fancy Cassimers, Sattinets, Jeans, Tweeds, Cottonades, Linens, Denims and Blue Drills.

HATS, CAPS AND BONNETS,

of every variety and style. Also all kinds of

STRAW GOODS.

A good stock of

GROCERIES, HARD & QUEENWARE,

BOOTS & SHOES.

Wood and Willow-ware,

which will be sold CHEAP.

We also deal in PLASTER, FISH, SALT, and all kinds of GRAIN, and possess facilities in this branch of trade unequalled by any.

We deliver all packages or parcels of Merchandise, FREE OF CHARGE at the depots of the Broad Top and Pennsylvania Railroads.

Come one, come all, and be convinced that the "METROPOLITAN" is the place to secure fashionable and desirable goods, disposed of at the lowest rates.

April 14, '58.

FALL AND WINTER

CLOTHING!

A New Assortment Just Opened!

And will be sold 30 per cent

CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST!

H. ROMAN respectfully informs his customers and the public generally, that he has just opened at his store-room in Market Square, Huntingdon, a splendid new stock of Ready-made

Clothing for Fall and Winter,

which he will sell cheaper than the same quality of Goods can be purchased at retail in Philadelphia or any other establishment in the country.

Persons wishing to buy Clothing, would do well to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere. Also,

Hats, Caps,

which will be sold lower than at any other establishment in the county.

Huntingdon, April 1, 1858.

Patent Portable Fence.

The rights of Hunt's Patent Portable or Permanent Fence and Gate Post, for Lots, Farms and Township, can be secured for a small sum by calling on the Agent at Huntingdon. Go and see the model at once. It is decidedly the best Fence ever used. No Farmer should be without it. Call ye who would be benefited and examine it for yourselves.

HENRY CORNPROPS, Agent

for Huntingdon County.

GREAT STORM!

New Drug and Grocery Store.

M'NANIGL, SMITH & CO., Hill St. 5

doors west of the Court House, Huntingdon. Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Dry Stuffs, Paints, Varnishes, Oils, Spts, Turpentine, Fluid, Alcohol, Wine and Brandy of the Best article for medicinal uses, Concentrated Lye for making Soap, Glass, Putty, Patent Medicines also Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Sugar, Molasses, Candles, Figs, Raisins, Tobacco, Cigars, Syrups of all kinds for summer drinks in a word every thing usually kept in a Drug or Grocery Store, those who desire pure and Genuine articles will do well by giving us a call.

May 19, '58.—1y.

MACKEREL of all Nos., Herring, &c., can be had of the best quality, by calling on

FISHER & McMURTRIE.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

TERMS

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:

If paid in advance.....\$1.50

If paid within six months after the time of publishing.....1.75

If paid before the expiration of the year, 2.00

And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months.

1. All subscriptions are continued until otherwise ordered; and no paper will be discontinued, until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

2. Returned numbers are never received by us. All numbers sent us in that way are lost, and never accomplish the purpose of the sender.

3. Persons wishing to stop their subscriptions, must pay up arrearages, and send a written or verbal order to that effect, to the office of publication in Huntingdon.

4. Giving notice to a postmaster is neither a legal or a proper notice.

5. After one or more numbers of a new year have been forwarded, a new year has commenced, and the paper will not be discontinued until arrearages are paid. See No. 1.

The Courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is PRIMA FACIE evidence of intentional fraud.

Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

6. The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Will be charged at the following rates:

1 insertion. 2 do. 3 do.

Six lines or less, \$ 25 \$ 37 1/2 \$ 50

One square, (16 lines) 50 75 1 00

Two " (32 ") 1 00 1 50 2 00

3 mo. 6 mo. 12 mo.

One square, \$3 00 \$5 00 \$8 00

Two squares, 5 00 8 00 12 00

Three " 8 00 12 00 18 00

do., 12 00 18 00 27 00

do., 18 00 27 00 40 00

do., 28 00 40 00 50 00

Business Cards of six lines, or less, \$4.00

Advertising and Job Work.

We would remind the Advertising community and all others who wish to bring their business extensively before the public, that the Journal has the largest circulation of any paper in the county—that it is constantly increasing—and that it goes into the hands of our wealthiest citizens.

We would also state that our facilities for executing all kinds of JOB PRINTING are equal to those of any other office in the county; and all Job Work entrusted to our hands will be done usually, promptly, and at prices which will be satisfactory.

Select Poetry.

LINES TO A LADY.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Forgive thee? yes, I do forgive thee,

And bless thee as we part;

And pray that years may never leave thee,

My agony of heart.

I call no shadowy malison

Upon thy fair young brow:

But would thy life would ever run

As sunwardly as now.

I know that I have knelt too lowly,

For smiles so oft withdrawn—

That trusting love received too slowly

The lessons of thy scorn.

That thou hast had thy triumph hour

Unquestioned and complete,

When prompted by a spell of power,

I knelt me at thy feet.

'Tis over now—thy charm is broken,

The feverish dream hath fled;

And passed away like words unspoken

The vows that I have said.

I give thee back thy plighted word;

Its tones of love shall be

Like music by the slumbered heard,

A dreamer's melody.

Go now—the light of hope upon thee;

Thy lover's claims are o'er;

A thousand smiles thy charms have won thee

They'll win a thousand more.

For beauty hath a charmed spell

Upon the human will;

Though frail the heart it veils so well,

It hath its homage still.

Go, blue-eyed girl; the proud shall meet thee

And gladden in thy smile,

And flattery's pleasant lip shall greet thee,

With the bland words of gold.

Go, try the recklessness of earth,

With that young heart of thine;

And lavish its unwearied mirth

On pleasure's evanescent shrine.

Thy pleasant path may yet be shaded,

A shadowy cross thy sun;

The rosy wreaths which love hath braided

Fall from thee one by one.

The flattering vows may pass away,

The lives of love be broken,

And manhood's evil scorn repay

The fondness thou hast spoken.

Go, heartless girl—thou'lt smile to-morrow,

As I had never been;

And spurn thy lover's words of sorrow,

For those of happier men.

A darker destiny thy page,

Of coming years may tell;

God help thee in thy pilgrimage,

Loved being—fare thee well.

Why is the heart of a tree like a

dog's tail? Because it is the farthest from

the bark.

A Select Story.

THE FIRST WEDDING.

BY LIZZY RAY.

The first wedding—what a funny time they must have had. This occurred about the eighth day of January, in the year one about six thousand years since. Now I presume all will want to know how everything came off. As it was the first wedding, everything would be original. In novel style I must commence with the days of courtship; and as it was not very lengthy, (as all should be) I have not much to write on that score. One day being all the time that was necessary, to get through the preliminaries to the consummation of the nuptial tie—I have forgotten the precise language Mr. Adam used in addressing Miss Eve on this delicate subject—for it was a long time ago, and my memory is somewhat treacherous; but one thing I can assure you of, that Miss Eve did not say no, sir, when she meant yes. And did not want time to consider about the proposition, or the transaction would not have been concluded in one day. Finally all the vows and protestations of unending undying love were made as they were seated in a shady bower in the garden of Eden.

It was a beautiful day. The sun rose in unclouded splendor, to gladden, with its refringent rays, the primeval wedding day. The sweet scented flowers were in full bloom; the white rose, emblem of purity, decked the borders of the garden; the violet, lily, and winding honeysuckle, displayed richly colored leaves in their most attractive forms on this most momentous morn. Momentous it has proved to millions of human souls, for if Grandmother Eve had only quitted our venerable Grandfather Adam, he might have been doomed to wander to another sphere to win his lady love. But she was not wise (or silly) enough for that, and young Mr. Adam had not learned as yet the flatteries of folsome, deceptive language; and both being sincere, their days of courtship were necessarily short. There was no steeple to crave approval from, and they were relieved of a world of trouble on that score. No croaking prophetic uncles or aunts, to disturb the scene; no cold-hearted bachelors to chill the atmosphere; no fault-finding maidens to disturb the arrangements; no mischief making friends to try their constancy; no rivals to excite jealousy; no lover's quarrels to settle, to make them better friends afterwards.

The bride was extremely young—only one day old—a little too young to suit the fastidious taste of the gentlemen now-a-days, and rather too early for the ladies of the present age to undertake the management of domestic affairs, without a house-keeper, and I am certain I do not know where Mrs. Adam could have procured one, by the extreme total scarcity of domestics, and as her intended was satisfied with her attainments, all would be right. I presume it would not be a great undertaking to superintend the culinary department, as Adam had not time as yet to make a great variety of cooking utensils, one of the mighty troubles of a housewife (how I wish all gentlemen, before they dare wed, had the same to do, and I am certain he would not grumble at the scarcity of dishes—I wonder if Congress could not pass a law to that effect?) The parlor was arranged with taste; but stop, they had no residence erected yet; they were still in delightful Eden.

But the wedding—that is what I have attempted to describe. There stands that youthful pair, with hearts warmed into a living life, by the first, best, purest, holiest feeling of human nature. And now they are prepared for the ceremony which would make them one. In those days of simplicity and economy Mr. Adam had not to trudge away miles to a clerk's office to procure a license, that would cost one-half dollar; for I opine he had none to give; but, speaking to his bride thus,—"Art thou willing to become my wife; for thee and thee only do I love; I will be constant and true while life lasts—wilt thou be my helpmate and lawful wedded wife?" I could not distinctly hear all of the trembling bride's response, but a slight inclination of the head and a few low murmured words constituted an affirmative; I did not hear her say she would obey her husband and I do not believe she said any such thing. I believe that to be a modern innovation incompatible with the letter of the compact. To love devotedly was all that was required of them, and as this was the first wedding, all subsequent one should pattern therefrom. I have not the remotest suspicion in my mind that Mr. Adam styled himself the "Lord of Creation,"

and told his blushing bride, "Thou must obey!" or he would undoubtedly have missed securing his fair bride, with the snug little fortune of the one half of creation, and then he would have been doomed to wander and wander on with no resting-place. I verily believe he spoke in this manner: "Mrs. Adam, do just as you please and I will do the same; for in this way we will insure our lasting felicity." They required no officious clergyman to perform the ceremony, lengthened in proportion to their fees. Their vows were uttered beneath the canopy of heaven; then the bond was framed which naught but death could sever. The feathered choir, perching on the hedge of Paradise, burst forth in one long glad song of praise.

The ceremony concluded, they had no carriage-ride with railroad speed, over hill and dale, and tenderly he clasped her snow-white hand, and leaning on his arm, they promenade down the bordered walks to the rich collation prepared for the occasion by the hand of Nature. There was no costly wines served in golden goblets on silver-plate, but the pure crystal brook was all they wished to quench their thirst, and the delicious fruit, hanging on every branch, constituted their only nourishment. There intruded no teasing friends or unwelcome guests to mar their felicity. But all alone they wandered from bower to bower; egotistical they already were (as all newly married persons are sure to become) they realized that now their happiness was without alloy. Kindred spirits united for life; true, pure love dwelt in each heart, and they were supremely happy.

Their example has been followed by every one; (too fast again—not every one, but nearly every one) of the human family since, but only varied in form to suit circumstances.

As there were no papers—that is news-papers—published then, their hymenial notice was not published; but if there had I presume the following would be a fac-simile of the notice:

MARRIED.—In the Garden of Eden, of their first wedding, and consummation of the day of January, in the year of the world one, Mr. Adam, aged three days, to Miss Eve, aged one day. The groom and bride are immensely wealthy, their marriage portion consisting of the whole world. A long life, joy unbounded, and innumerable blessings attend them through life.

Cool Impudence.

Yesterday afternoon a genteel looking man walked into the bar at the Woodruff House, and called for a whiskey toddy.—He was served, and after he drank the toddy, he obtained a cigar, and sat down by the fire and leisurely puffed it away.—He then called for another toddy, and having placed it beneath his vest, he calmly buttoned his coat, pulled on his gloves, and turning to the bar keeper, said—

"I am ready."

"You are ready, are you?" replied the bar-keeper; "well sir, your bill is twenty five cents."

"I am aware of that fact," replied the patron, folding his arms and turning his face toward the door, "and now I am ready."

"Ready for what?"

"To be kicked out. Hain't a darned cent—couldn't do without liquor—been served like a gent; ain't ashamed of my poverty; take your pay sir; kick me out."

The bar keeper, finding that the chap was in earnest, obliged him with several applications of boot toe, lustily administered. The idler bore it in good part, and after being kicked into the street, turned round, made a polite bow to the bar-keeper, and then, apparently in a merry mood, sauntered down the street.

Man looks upon life just as he does upon woman—there is no living with them, and he can't live without them. He will run after them, and rather than be held, will lose his coat tail and character; kiss them for love, and kiss them for leading him into trouble. So is life. He partakes of its pleasures, and then curses it for its pain; gathers bouquets of bliss, and when their blossoms have faded, he finds himself in possession of a bunch of briars which is all owing to a little incident that occurred in Paradise when man was as green as a tobacco worm, and as unsuspecting as a tree toad in a thunder storm. He was told to increase and multiply, and so he accordingly increased his cares and curses, and multiplied his miseries, and peopled the world with a parcel of candidates for perdition, and I am one of them.

An old lady being at a loss for a pin-cushion, made use of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

Moral Miniatures.

NO. 8.—EMPLOYMENT.

"By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread."

In order to fulfil the obvious intention of our Creator in placing us upon this earth, every minute of time should be well occupied, except those hours necessary for sleep. The necessity of this is, that labor dispels the dull lassitude produced by inertia, it circulates the blood more freely, adds to our health, comfort, and wealth, and diminishes many of the temptations we are all more or less subject to. Disappointments, accidents, or troubles, are to some extent unavoidable, but to an industrious person the knowledge of the approach of sorrow, or the trial itself, can be endured with a serenity which might to a casual observer seem almost impossible. An idle man is a blank in the world, for he lives for no definite purpose, and he who contents himself with money and lands, neither using his head or hands, but clings to the title of "gentleman" is worse than useless. During the season of youth, the proper employment of what is called "leisure hours" should by no means be neglected. Thus not only will they be attracted from vicious pursuits, or unprofitable company, but a more complete preparation will be attained for their subsequent entry into the ministry, the counting-house, the Government offices, or the many benevolent enterprises set before them during life. The mind, well stored with knowledge, and subjected to the control of truth, is the greatest agent of power, as well as comfort, man can have. Then why delay the improvement of it? A skeptic may here interrupt me, and remark that, "the times are so hard that neither employment of hands or head can be effected? This I will reply that to some extent, this is true but even when the body suffers for want of the necessities which will support it, the mind may still be enlarged and occupied in the contemplation of God's works, and through the means of various free reading rooms, a glorious beacon-light in this, the nineteenth century, to guide the future generations. We live not for the mortal part alone. We have an immortal soul to save. Then how much ought we to prize the gift of time, for "yet a little while, and the archangel will lift up his hand and proclaim the time shall be no more." We want it the most, and yet use it the worst, but must account for its disposal at the judgment day. "Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it."

My heart was fashioned by thy hand,

My service is thy due;

O, make thy servant understand

The duties he must do.

How doth the little busy bee

Improve each shining hour,

And gather honey all the day

From every opening flower.

In works of labor and of skill

I would be busy too;

For Satan finds some mischief still

For idle hands to do."

Then, "so teach us, Lord, to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom," that thus we may truly appreciate the brevity of time, the frailty of our nature, and the durability of that life which is "hid with Christ in God," and which alone can continue when all things here must pass away.

EDUCATOR.

Advertising liberally, demonstrates the prosperity of a community, as well as the business tact and enterprise of him, who, from a successful experience in its advantages, knows well how to estimate its vast influence upon his art, mechanism or vocation in life. The mammoth fortunes which have been made in America, within the past decade of years by useful inventions, medicines and machinery, have all been coined by the public press through the use of printers' type and ink alone. Thus it is that the eye of a stranger rests upon the columns of any county paper as the sure index of its advancement; and the brief, yet comprehensive epitome of the neighborhood's intelligence and progression; until it affords to the attentive observer of its pages what Cowper would have termed in truth—"A map of busy life,—its fluctuations and its vast concerns." Besides this public invitation to the purchaser by the disposer of his wares, is a sure guarantee of frankness and honesty upon the part of the latter, which inures to a mutual advantage. To benefit those who appreciate the advantages of advertising, we call attention to the various advertisements in the columns of the Journal. There are many business men in Huntingdon county who would find it largely to their advantage if they paid more attention to the matter of advertising.

Somebody's Dead

There is black crape on the door; somebody's dead. Yes, from within has fallen another chip from the block of humanity, and the axe-man, Death, is swinging his weapon for another blow. There! the bell is tolling, somebody's dead; slow rolls the sounds, and how they resound, reaching clear into the heart of the thoughtful! The coffin maker is fixing a coffin; somebody's dead. The beautifully polished box must soon moulder and rot; the worms will crawl over it—worms the only witnesses of mortality drooping away, departing from shape and substance. There goes the hearse; somebody's dead. Ah, that's the last ride, and the passenger will not come back, the stay away is eternal. Somebody's dead all the time; mankind are dying; the earth is our producer and consumer, and will tie no crape upon the door, and wear no black in mourning for our loss. While we are dying, she smiles, and laughs, and dances forward in her perpetual joy.

A Real Native.

The ignorance of this country among otherwise well-informed English folks was curiously illustrated in the case of General W—, (a good fellow, but bogus general) who visited England a few years ago. Having occasion to pass a few days in a provincial town, which boasted its literary coterie, he received an invitation through an acquaintance from Miss Blue Stocking to attend a soiree. The general of course went, and being a fine, handsome, agreeable fellow, he was quite a lion.