

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1858.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 26.

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, &c. Lains, (all colors) Spring Delaines, Challis, Delaines, Berages, (all colors) Levella Cloth, Dehaize, Alpaca, Poplins, Printed Berages, Brillants, plain and figured, Ginghams, 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 Floss, Tidy Yarn, &c.

Also the best and cheapest assortment of Collars, and Undergarments, in town. Bar's and Plain Jaconet, Mull Muslin, Swiss, Plain, Figured, Skirt Belt; Marcelline for Capes, and a variety of white goods too numerous to mention.

Spring and Thibit Shawls, White Delaine for Capes, Mantillas, &c. Also, Cloths, Cassimers, Cassinets, Tweeds, K. Jeans, Muslins, Cotton Drill, Nankeens, Ticken, Table Diapers, Flannels, &c.

Also, a large lot of Bonnets, Hats, &c. **BOOTS AND SHOES.** The largest and cheapest assortment in town.

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, BUCKETS, TUBS, BASKETS, CHURNS, BUTTER BOWLS, BRUSHES, &c. Carpets, Oil Cloths, Fish and Salt, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Molasses, and all goods usually kept in a country Store.

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'S METURIE

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 VELVET, CLOTHS, DEBAGE, LUSTRES, ALPACAS, PRINTS, GINGHAM, &c. &c.

We have a full assortment of Summer Mantillas, Shawls, Dress Trimmings, Fringes, Antiques, Ribbons, Mitts, Gloves, Gauds, &c. &c. Ladies' Collars, Handkerchiefs, Buttons, Floss, Sewing, White, &c. &c. Skirts, Reed Hoops, Brass Hoops, Skirt Cord, &c.

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

We have French Cloths, Fancy Cassimers, Satinets, 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

GROCKES, 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 Depot and many of the Branch and Pennsylvania Railroads.

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

Apr. 14, '58.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING!

A New Assortment Just Opened!

And will be sold 30 per cent.

CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST!

H. ROMAN, at the Depot and many of the Branch and Pennsylvania Railroads.

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

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 Hans's Patent Portable or Permanent Fence and Gate Post, for Lots, Farms and Townships, 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 CORNFORSI, Agent for Huntingdon County.

GREAT STORM!

New Drug and Grocery Store.

WMANIGL, SMITH & CO., Hill St., 5 doors west of the Court House, Huntingdon.

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Dry Goods, Paints, Varnishes, Oils, &c. &c. Turpentine, Fluid, Colored, and the Best of the Best article for medicinal uses. Concentrated Lye for making Soap, Glass, Putty, Patent Medicines also Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Sugar, Molasses, Vinegar, Fish, Salt, Flour, Crackers, Nuts, Candies, 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 18, '58—17.

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

Frank & McManis.

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 subscribing.....1.75

If paid before the expiration of the year, 2.00

And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid 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 writer.

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 Counts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncollected 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.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS

Will be charged at the following rates:

Six lines or less, 1 insertion, 2 do, 3 do.

One square, (16 lines), 50 75 1 00

Two (32 ") 1 00 1 50 2 00

Three (48 ") 1 50 2 00 2 50

One square, 3 mo. 6 mo. 12 mo.

\$3 00 \$5 00 \$8 00

Two squares, 5 00 8 00 12 00

Three (32 ") 8 00 12 00 18 00

Four (48 ") 12 00 18 00 27 00

Five (64 ") 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 neatly, promptly, and at prices which will be satisfactory.

Select Poetry.

We Will Marry this Fall

I gave her a rose—and I gave her a ring,

And I asked her to marry me then

But she sent them all back, the sensible thing,

And she said she had no notion of men.

I told her I'd oceans of money and goods,

And tried her to fight with a growl,

But she answered she wasn't brought up in the woods

To be scared by the screech of an owl.

I called her a baggage and everything bad—

I slighted her features and form;

Till at length I succeeded in getting her mad,

And she roared like a sea in a storm,

And then in a moment I turned and smiled,

And called her my angel and all;

And she fell in my arms like a wearisome child

And exclaimed "We will marry this fall!"

Select Story.

HOW HE CARRIED THE SOUP.

Tompkins is a small man. Without violation the nicest shade of truth, I might describe him as a very small man. He stands scarcely five feet in height, and is proportionately diminutive in circumstance. But, mentally, what a difference! He is one of the most self-complacent men in existence. He conceives himself, intellectually, a giant. He throws his little form into all possible poses of dignity, in order to give shape and consistence to his own consciousness of personal importance. He knits his brows, and looks as truculent as Hercules, in order to convey to others a full conception of his individual consequence.

Tompkins, of course, married a very large woman. Mrs. T. is at least a foot taller than her august husband.

She is rotund, jolly, plump, adipose, and the very picture of good humor. Her face is always robed in a smile; and notwithstanding her size, she is exceedingly timid and self-sacrificing, unobtrusive. She covers beneath the awful glance of her tiny spouse. Her merriest laugh shrivels up to a whimper beneath his dignified frown.

Tompkins is jealous of his wife; not that he has any substantial reason, for she is the most correct little—I mean big—woman in the world. But his selfish nature, and his tremendous estimation of himself, teach his blood to boil at the bare idea of any other human being daring to reveal in a smile that he conceives to be his own private property. Mrs. Tompkins, to do her justice, seldom does smile when her

"lord and master" is in the vicinity. She trembles too much to indulge in such a luxury. She stand in too much awe of the irritable little controllers of her earthly destiny. How Mrs. Tompkins ever chanced to marry such an individual is a mystery to some. Others say he determined to have her to increase his consequence. Man and wife being one in law, their mingled proportions, he argued, gave him bulk, height and breadth—just what he lacked! So he called on her one day, said he loved her dearly, and threatened her with dire and unfeeling vengeance if she refused his hand. The poor woman wedded him to get rid of her fright!

Tompkins and I got up quite a party to visit the Crystal Palace one evening, when it was yet in the zenith of its glory. Tompkins could not leave his place of business until after dark: so it was arranged that the remainder of us should go earlier and await his coming. We engaged to meet him, at six, either up in the picture gallery, or down, under the dome, beside the great fountain. I really forgot which was the meeting-place, and this forgetfulness, it will be seen, led to mischief.

We went at five. We wandered all about the building. We examined all the curiosities. We finally ascended the picture gallery, and there, in the crowd, Mrs. Tompkins and I got separated from the rest of the party. For an hour or more we walked the gallery till I was weary, and so was she, but no Tompkins was visible.

At length I proposed that she and I should go down to the main floor and witness a curious optical effect I had observed some time before, of the Fresnel light. I had noticed that, by standing on the fourth step of the left hand side of the right winding stairway from the grand aisle, and looking thence, for a moment, steadily at the artificial light in question, everything you gazed at for several minutes afterwards appeared to be corrugated into wrinkles!

Mrs. Tompkins thought this would be delightful, and she laughed out joyously at the idea of making everybody wrinkle in the Crystal Palace, the young and as well as the old. Away we went—the she and I—chatting aloud in the liveliest, happiest manner imaginable. Just as we reached the floor, and got to the dome, beside the fountain, there stood Tompkins himself!

He simply said, as we stopped short before him; "I have waited here, by your appointment, for two hours!"

His voice was hoarse with suppressed emotion. His face was pallid with anger. He glanced first at me and then at his wife as if he would transfix us both with the lightning of his indignation. Poor Mrs. T. I thought she would have swooned away. Had I not been been thunderstruck at the unexpected meeting, I should have haved right out, and most immoderately. As it was, his look and manner surprised me. I did not know what to think of them.

That Tompkins was jealous was palpable and self-evident; and had Mrs. Tompkins been a guilty creature, she could not have manifested more apprehension and more remorse. That we were both perfectly innocent of even an improper thought I knew; and yet, it was awkward to be encountered by a jealous man, under circumstances so embarrassing.

But still, it was not jealousy only that afflicted him at this moment. What was it? Jealousy choked his utterance. Jealousy made his eyes so flash with fiery gleams of vengeance. Jealousy had conjured up that thunder-cloud on his brow, a cloud, which, had he not been a pigmy, might have been alarming. But it was not jealousy that made him stand in such an awkward position. It was not jealousy, it was clearly something else, beside jealousy, that kept him erect, almost motionless, as if made of marble—neither turning his head to the right nor to the left—his body only shrinking stiffly, within itself, as the crowd passed by—shrinking as it were involuntarily from the touch of all, as if the slightest jar would disarrange his limbs, or the faintest shock pulverize him on the spot. What could be the matter with him?

"I have been waiting here by your appointment," he hoarsely repeated. But not a motion of his head—not a gesture—not a step toward us, or from the spot he occupied, did he make. I was completely bewildered by his strange conduct. Could he have gone insane? Or was he only gathering up the necessary quiet energy to kill me on the spot for keeping his wife in good company until he should arrive?

I looked at him again. There he stood as if his limbs had turned suddenly into stone. His eyes moved. His brows contracted. His cheeks distended. Rage discolored his lips. But, in all other respects he seemed paralyzed. Had his hat

been made of a ton of cast iron, and he compelled to endure the weight without flinching, he could not have maintained that stiff, immobile position more appropriately.

However, I explained to him that we had awaited him in the picture gallery until perfectly tired out, and we had come down to see the Fresnel light.

"And I have stood here for two hours!" he fairly groaned, while down each side of his face came trickling a stream of thick perspiration that looked very like soup.

"Oh, pshaw!" I replied, at last; "don't play the ghost any longer, then, but come up stairs to the rest."

I grasped his arm as I made this remark; but a cry of agony from Tompkins made me drop it at once.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" I exclaimed. "Are you ill? Are you mad? Or are you only enacting Othello without the burnt cork?"

"Can you keep a secret?" he hoarsely whispered.

"Certainly I can."

"Is there a private room convenient?" he hissed into my ear, as though he were a serpent.

"Upon my soul, the little wretch wants to fight an Arkansas duel," thought I.

"Two in a room—knife in hand—lights put out—door locked—best man crawl out least mutilated. No matter; let me see what it does mean."

Under the various stairways in the Crystal Palace private rooms had been constructed for the use of the attendants of the various departments, and many a jolly time has there been in those rooms unknown to the multitude without. Many a shout of mirth, many a chiming toast, many a song has been indulged in, in those quiet, secluded spots, which the crowd has heard but could not trace to its locality.

To one of these nooks I led him. Tompkins followed me with a slow, solemn, upright, measured step. Mrs. Tompkins came trembling behind all. Once in the private room, Tompkins turned gravely and said:

"You wonder at my conduct? You are astonished at my strange demeanor? You think me bordering on lunacy? You would like to be made acquainted with the cause?"

I nodded my head with as much nonchalance as I could muster.

"Then, behold!" he coarsely exclaimed, with a bitter, mocking laugh, that made my blood run cold; and, lifting his hat very carefully from his cranium, there stood, balanced on his head, a dish containing a two shilling oyster stew!

Tompkins was too parsimonious to go into the saloon of the Crystal Palace. He had actually gone out of doors, eaten a stew, and bought another for his wife. The latter he had brought into the building, in the dish, carrying it steadily upon his head, inside of his hat. For two mortal hours he had stood under the dome waiting for her to come, with this dish on his head, afraid to move lest he should spill its contents—afraid to be touched in the moving, lest it might spill over him! And what I thought was perspiration running down his cheeks, was soup indeed.

Didn't Mrs. Tompkins laugh, at the dejection! Didn't Tompkins himself laugh, as the stew went down his throat instead of his whiskers! Didn't I laugh at his perplexity and his meanness, both so well punished on this occasion! And don't I always laugh at Tompkins when I ask him how he carried his soup!

"Wall," said a headed blubbing Jonathan, the other day, Soky has gin me the sack; by gravy, I've lost her.

"Lost her! how!" inquired his sympathizing friend.

"I laid soft soap on her so thick that the critter got so proud she wouldn't speak to me."

A LADY asked a noted doctor if he did not think the small bonnets the ladies wore had a tendency to produce congestion of the brain. "Oh, no," replied she, "ladies who have any brains won't wear them."

"Am I not a little pale?" inquired a lady who was a little short and corpulent, of a crusty old bachelor.

"You look more like a big tub" was the blunt reply. O! hoops.

"Sammy," said a Dutch grocer to his son one morning:

"Ish de prandy all watered?"

"Yah."

"Vell, is de shugar all sanded?"

"Yah."

"Vell den, come into brayers."

"Yah."

The weather is extremely warm.

PROFANITY.

Why should a being made in the image of the Creator, and endowed with faculties which lift him above the brute, condescend to indulge in the debasing habit of swearing. It does not add one inch, much less a cubit to his stature; it does not indicate courage, manliness, endurance, honor, fortitude or magnanimity, on the contrary the braggart and the coward swear beyond all measure.

Profanity is not forbidden by the Divine law alone; the amenities of polished intercourse and the sanctities of home alike condemn it. If a man will swear, let him do it in privacy of his chamber, so that the contagion of his example may not infect his fellows and beget them in the habit which is so disgusting to himself. No one veracity is helped by profanity, and if in any case it should be, it is only another evidence that the swearer's character need bolstering up by the very device which has undermined it, and thus the more he swears, the more he must swear to be believed at all.

The habit of swearing prevails to a fearful extent. Even the fair lips of women are sometimes sullied by the hot oaths of passion, or defiled by the utterance of blasphemy in ordinary conversation. And from men and women the children learn to lisp with irreverent accent their maker's name and curse their own souls.

There is nothing more shocking than profanity among the aged and the young among the former, because of their proximity to the grave, among the latter, because they have just entered upon that existence which needs above all things else the noble teachings of virtue. A profane old man and a profane child are two of the saddest sights in the whole intelligent creation. But profanity does not stop and rest with these content. It is not uncommon to hear those who were the symbols of death upon their person use language which in moments of hilarity, should never pollute their tongues.

Just think of it for a moment. A son has lost his father, or perhaps his mother a few weeks ago, and now, with the craps bound about his hat, the sable habiliments of mourning, he goes about the concerns of life, cursing as though he had not followed his parent to the grave, and wept over its sod the tears of sorrow. As soon might we expect to hear the sound of revelry issuing from the house of death as to hear an oath fall from such a man, and at such a time.

The habit of swearing may be overcome. Duty, decency, respectability, require that it should be banished from society, but to purge it from society it must be eradicated from the individual man, and to do this an effort must be made. This matter may be accomplished, by every one resolving that he will swear no more.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain."

The Mysteries of Courtship.

"Sally, don't I like you?"

"Lut Jim, I reckon so?"

"But don't you know it, Sally? Don't you think I'd tear the eyes out of any tom cat that I'd dare to look at you for a second?"

"I spect you would."

"Well, the fact of it is Sally, I—"

"Oh hush! don't say anymore!"

"I want you, to-night, to—"

"What! so soon? Oh, no—impossible! Father and mother would be so angry with me, if—"

"How? Be mad for doing me such a favor as to—"

"Yes! dear me! Oh, what a feeling!"

"But there is some mistake, Sally, for all I want to have you to do is to mend my trousers!"

Sally could hear no more. She threw up her arms, and screaming histrically fainted away as dead as a log.

A MARRIAGE AT BETHANY.

A young man of Bethany, of highly respectable connections and an only son, being about to leave his home for South America, made a few calls upon his acquaintances, when a young desperately attached to him, and as her last means of gaining him, had the meanness to plan with some of her associates to drug him and have him taken to a low Justice of the Peace, who is a disgrace to the office, where the marriage ceremony was performed.—*Hartford Courant.*

A CHIMNEY.

A CHIMNEY, built in 1793, in an old house in Northampton, Mass., on being taken down a few weeks since, furnished bricks enough to build three modern chimneys, an under pinning to the house, a cistern, eight piers in the cellar and a drain three hundred feet long, besides a wagon load solid and a lot on hand.

What is the reason, said one Irishman to another, that you and your wife are always disagreeing? "Because," replied Pat, "we are both of one mind—she wants to be master, and so do I."

SLEEP DELICIOUS.

What person of mature years can look on a sleeping child, and not envy the unconscious luxury of that undisturbed repose, especially if it is one's own child. It is none other than a pure delight to the parental beholder.

A lady correspondent writes: "From utter exhaustion, I slept all night like an infant. How ineffably soothing and refreshing was that sleep, three nights since. This power of resting, even for one brief night, encouraged me greatly. I feel even now, wasted as I am, if I could only have refreshing sleep; if I could rest, I could get well."

The excellent writer was suffering from no specially dangerous or critical malady; but from a general derangement of the whole nervous system. The incident is recorded for the purpose of bringing to the reader's mind the duty of habitual thankfulness for any ability he may have to go to bed, to fall asleep within ten minutes, and know nothing more until the gray morning breaks—a deep and warm gratitude should well up constantly from a loving heart to the Giver of all good for the unfeigned bliss of a whole night's sleep.

Some persons are put to sleep by having the soles of the feet rubbed gently with a soft, bare hand, when opiates made wild.

We know of no better plan for securing good sleep to persons not specially inviolated than to observe the following:

1. Take a very light supper, not later than six P. M.

2. Heat the bare feet before a fire, for the last fifteen minutes before bed time.

3. Occupy a large room, with a window or door partly open, and the fire place unclosed.

4. Go to bed at a regular hour.

5. Get up the moment of waking next morning, at whatever time that may be.

6. Do not on any account sleep a moment in the day time.