

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1858.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 29

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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 Delaines, Challie Delaines, Berages, (all colors) Levella Cloth, Debatize, Alpaca, Poplins, Printed Berages, Brilliant, 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 & Bra's Hoops, Silk Cord, Silk and Linen handkerchiefs, Neck ties, Stock, Zephyr, French Working Cotton, Linnen and Cotton Floss, 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 Belts, Marcella, &c. 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, Madras, Cotton Drill, Nankoes, Ticken, Table Diapers, Flannels, &c.

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

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, WARE, Buckets, Pails, Baskets, Churns, Butter Cloths, Brooms, 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 & MCMURTRY

HAVING recently received from 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, LAUNES, PERCALES, &c. CHALYS, BERAGES, BRILLIANTS, ALL WOOL, DELAINES, CRAVELLA MOHAIR, DANUBIAN, TAMISE, AND LAVELLA CLOTHS, DEBAGE, LUSTRES, ALPACANS, &c.

PHINYS, GINGHAM, &c. We have a fine assortment of Summer Mantillas, Shawls, Dress Trimmings, Ribbons, Buttons, Braids, Crapes, Neckties, Handkerchiefs, Buttons, Floss, Sewing Silk, Washkerchiefs for Slirts, Reed Hoops, Brass, &c. Silk Cord, &c.

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

We have French Cloths, Fancy Cassimers, Sattinets, Jeans, Tweeds, Cottonades, Lincins, 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 & QUEENSWARE, 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.

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 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.

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 Perma-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 CONRODSE, Agent for Huntingdon County.

GREAT STORM!

New Drug and Grocery Store.

MMANIGILL SMITH & CO., Hill St., 5 doors west of the Court House, Huntingdon. Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Dye 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, Vinegar, Fish, Salt, Flour, Crackers, Nuts, Candies, Figs, Raisins, Tobacco, Cigars, Sordys 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.

SPRING SHAWLS and Mantillas of every style at the METROPOLITAN.

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 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 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 uncollected, 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:

1 insertion, 2 do. 3 do.
Six lines or less, \$ 25 \$ 37 1/2 \$ 50
One square (10 lines), 50 75 1 00
Two " (20 ") 1 00 1 50 2 00

One square, 3 mo. 6 mo. 12 mo.
\$3 00 \$5 00 \$8 00
Two squares, 5 00 8 00 12 00
One column, 8 00 12 00 18 00
Two " 12 00 18 00 27 00
Three " 18 00 27 00 40 00
Four " 25 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.

A Select Story.

A Romantic and Pathetic Story of Real Life.

The Cleveland Herald relates the following affecting narrative, which is represented to be no less true than strange:—

"We yesterday learned the denouncement of a painful story, equal to the most thrilling romance in interest, but with the circumstances and actors of which we were personally well acquainted.

"Some twelve years ago, two young men, named Clyma and Paul, lived in a small village not far from the sea coast, in the extreme west of England. Both were miners and workers in the same mine near the village. Both paid their addresses to the same maiden, though not with equal success. Clyma prospered so well in his suit that a day was appointed for the nuptials, and in due course the bands of marriage were asked in the village church on the first of the three Sundays prescribed by the English canon law,

"Before the second Sunday came round the rivals met at a wrestling match in the village, and it chanced that the turn came for them to wrestle together. Paul was excited and endeavored to give his successful rival in love a 'wicked fall,' but his eagerness worked his defeat. He was thrown to the ground amid the shouts of the villagers. On springing to his feet, he swore that he would be 'evened,' and that Clyma should never marry his intended bride. From that day he took to drinking deeply, and hurled imprecations on his rival.

"The day before that fixed for the marriage, Paul told all his acquaintances that he would be at the wedding, and would find means to prevent its taking place. Knowing his determined character, Clyma appeared alarmed at the threat, and got some friends to intercede with Paul, but in vain.

"Late that night, Clyma left the house of his intended bride for his own cottage. The way lay across a patch of barren moor, where there were several pine shafts which had been deserted, and the botoms of whose black depths were now covered with several fathoms of water. About the same hour, Paul was seen crossing to the same patch of moor from another direction. A miner, who passed a little later toward the mine where he worked—it being his turn for night work—averted, the next day; that he heard a noise, as if of a dispute and scuffle, but it was so dark to distinguish any one.

"The marriage was to take place at 11

o'clock in the morning at the village church. Long before that hour the village was the scene of great excitement. The hat and neck kerchief of Paul—the latter torn and bloody—had been found near the deepest of the abandoned shafts, and of Paul himself nothing could be found, nor had he been seen since he went towards the moor on the preceding night. The ground where the articles had been found bore traces of a scuffle having taken place, and to crown the whole, two buttons recognized as belonging to Clyma's coat were discovered among the earth and stones. To those ominous facts Clyma could only reply that he had met Paul at the place mentioned, during the night; that high words were followed by a scuffle; and that he had beaten Paul, who had retired cursing him.

"This account was not considered satisfactory, and Clyma was taken into custody to await further developments. Several days passed away; an examination was made of the pit and the surrounding locality, but no trace could be found of the body. It was argued, however, that if a stone was attached to the body before it was thrown into the pit, so as to sink it there would be no probability of its ever being found. After several examinations before a magistrate, the accused was released from custody, but only to be shunned as a murderer by the whole community.

"In the meantime the intended bride became sick through excitement; a violent fever was succeeded by a wasting illness, and after lingering some months, she died of a broken heart. These accumulated ills were too much for the unhappy object of general sympathy, and in less than twelve months after what would have been his wedding day, he became the inmate of an insane asylum, where he still remains a helpless lunatic.

"Among the relatives of Clyma was a sister, married to a farmer who, two or three years after the unhappy occurrence related above, removed to this country and settled down on a farm in Madison, Illinois. About ten days since this sister, while about taking the cars in Chicago for home, suddenly encountered the supposed murdered man. Her excitement was intense, drawing him to one side, she made herself known to Paul, and was immediately recognized by him.

"The explanation given by him of his disappearance was that he had met Clyma on the eventful night with the purpose of beating and disfiguring him so that he could not marry on the succeeding day, but that his rival was more than a match for him. Burning with rage at his disfigurement, he had rushed off without knowing or caring what became of himself, and on reaching the beach, had taken an old leaky boat and pulled directly out to sea. Next morning, when the boat was nearly sinking, he was picked up by an outward-bound ship, which took him to New Orleans. Since then he had resided several years in California and in the United States, and became moderately rich, and was now on his way to his native home, with which he had maintained a communication since his abrupt departure. On learning the sad events which had occurred in the meantime, immediately accompanied the sister to her home in Illinois, and after the necessary arrangements were made he started with her for England, in order to repair, as far as possible, the mischief which had been done.

"They passed through Cleveland last evening on their way east; and happening accidentally to meet them at the depot, we learned the sequel to the sad story, with the earlier portions of which we were already acquainted.

"They go on a joyful, yet mournful errand. The good name of the unhappy condemned can be reclaimed, but none can restore his shattered reason, or rescue the broken-hearted dead from her early grave."

GOOD ANECDOTE.

Some few weeks ago I strolled into the counting room of a friend. He being absent, I commenced a chat with his clerk, when a good looking 'culcher pusson' entered, duffed his castor and said—

"Mas' Bob can you let me a quarter till this afternoon, and I will pay him sartin'?"

"Mas' Bob applied his dexter to his pocket, but it made 'no sign.' I turned.

"Well, Bob, you look tolerably honest but, as I don't know you, if you give me security, I'll lend you a quarter."

"His eye brightened as he asked—

"Mas' Bob will you go my security?"

"Yes," replied Bob.

I forked over. Some time afterwards, vinding the same way, as I was about to enter the office, the identical Buck stood before me.

"Buck, where's my quarter? You didn't pay me as you promised."

"No, sah, but I gift you 'scurity.'"

"Well, but I want you to pay—me I lent you the quarter."

"Dat's true, sah, but it am the custom down here to 'zanst de 'scurity fust.'"

I left.—Spirit of the Times.

Select Miscellany.

A Mule Bewitched.

The popular idea seems to be that the long eared tribe have been deprived of the power of speech since the days of Balaam; but we had this morning ocular and aural proof of the fallacy of this belief.

As we were coming down Bond street, we noticed a little this side of the Planter's Hotel a crowd collected around the wagon of a countryman, and stepped up to learn if possible the cause of the excitement there.

The wagon was drawn by a couple of mules, one of them a rather bad-looking specimen, who seemed to hail from a region where corn and oats are rarities; the other decidedly better looking, and giving unmistakable evidence of having been better fed. The wagon was loaded with the delightful esculent—so popular in the South—sweet potatoes. Prominent in the crowd we noticed a little black eyed, gray-haired man, who was busily engaged when we came up, in negotiating a trade for one of the mules, and strange to say, for the poorest-looking one.

"Now, my friend," said the little man, "I want this mule, I have a first-rate match for him, and want to make out the pair—How old is he?"

"Five years old last spring," promptly replied the countryman.

"Golly, what a lie!" cried the mule, pricking up his ears.

Countryman started—the crowd looked frightened, and one or two colored gentlemen momentarily fled, as if the devil were of the party.

"Who—who was that?" asked the dealer in potatoes at length, having somewhat recovered his voice and senses.

"Why me," promptly responded the mule.

"What are you lying about," continued the mule, "you know you had me fifteen years?"

"There, my friend," said the little man, "once more contradict me, and he ought to know it's own age."

"I'll be darned if I know what to make of you or the mule," exclaimed the countryman, "I know he is only five years old for I raised him myself."

"There, you lie again," said the mule.

"Take that," exclaimed the now infuriated owner, forgetting his fear for a moment, and striking the animal over the mouth.

"Don't do that again," cried the mule, "I will kick you!"

The countryman's eyes almost popped out of his head, and there is no telling what would have been the result, had not some one arrived, who recognized the little man as Signor Blitz, the well-known Magician and Ventriquist, which explained the mystery and relieved the countryman—Augusta Dispatch.

A Good One.

An old war, noted for his natural genius in the art of lying—in fact he had become the subject of proverb—a sort of a Tom Pepper. Every person he met was sure to get a "stretcher" from him before he left him go.

One day, as an eccentric merchant, who had always "got a lie out of old Jo," as he was in the habit of saying, saw Jo en route for his lodgings. He hailed old Jo with a "good morning, Squire."

"Good morning, sir," said Jo.

"I have been looking for you all the morning," said the merchant.

"Lookin' for me, heh."

"Yes, we want you to give us a 'soaker' before you pass."

"Can't."

"Come, old fellow, that won't do. It would surely rain if you passed without telling one."

"Hav'n't time."

"Hav'n't time; what have you too do?"

"Heh to go to a funeral at ten o'clock."

"Who's dead?"

"Squire C—"

"Is it possible!" said the merchant and immediately went to his room, forgot all about the arrangement he had made to meet one of his debtors, from whom he expected a nice "haul" at a certain hotel in the city that day; put on his funeral habit, and strolled across the country, some two miles, to Squire C—'s. But instead of seeing Squire C— wrapped up in white linen, as he expected, he found him in the garden, hoeing his potatoes. Just then he saw the point!—and with double quickstep, struck a march for home. He arrived just in time to miss the city train.

That evening he received a communication that he had been non-suited. Poor fellow! \$95 gone one "soaker" and nothing in return, save the prospect of fine weather.

Condensed History of Steam.

About two hundred and eighty years B. C. Hero of Alexandria formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam, and was moved by its powers.

A. D. 150, Anthemius, an architect, arranged several chaudirons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of a leathern tube which rose to a narrow top, with pipes extended to rafters of the adjoining building. A fire was kindled beneath the cauldrons, and the house was shaken by the efforts of the steam in ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of steam recorded.

In 1543, June 17, Blasco C. Garoy tried a steamboat of 200 tons with tolerable success at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a cauldron of boiling water, and a movable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A present, however, was made to Garoy.

The first idea of a steam engine in England was in the Marquis of Worcester's History of Inventions, A. D. 1633.

In 1710 Newcomen made the first steam engine in England.

In 1718 James Watts made the first perfect steam engine in England.

In 1730 Jonathan Hulls set forth the idea of steam navigation.

In 1778 Thomas Paine first proposed this application in America.

In 1781 Marquis Jouffroy constructed one on the Seine.

In 1785 two Americans published a work on it.

In 1789 William Symington made a voyage in one on the Forth and Clyde Canal.

In 1802 this experiment was repeated.

In 1787 John Fitch of Philadelphia, navigated a boat by a steam engine on the Delaware.

In 1788 Robert Fulton first began to apply his attention to steam.

In 1793 Oliver Evans—a native of Philadelphia, constructed a locomotive steam engine to travel on a steam turnpike road.

lantic was the Savannah, in the month of June, 1819, from Charleston to Liverpool.

AN ARKANSAS WEDDING.

Arkansas! the State of all the Southern confederacy worst ridden by demagogues and politicians. Rich in her soil and mineral wealth, and poorest in every thing like internal improvements and commercial facilities of all kinds. Her public roads are pignires, and her rivers innocent of any improvement save those afforded by nature. Jogging along over one of these selfsame roads, I broke my buggy trying to drive round a suspicious spot where some philanthropist had erected a hickory sapling, bearing the ominous words:

"NO BOTTOM HERE."

Delayed and brntighted, I at last reached a log house, whose blazing fire-light thro' the open door promised comfort, and if I guessed aright, some half-dozen horses hitched at the gate indicated that something was going on. I hailed; Halo, who lives here!

"Me, Bob Woods. What do you want?"

"Supper and lodging, if you can accommodate me."

This brought Bob Woods to the gate, where he proceeded to inform me that his darter Melindy was about getting married but he'd as lief make a dollar as not, ef I'd feed my horse myself and sleep on a corn husk shake down afore the fire. I jumped at the offer, and out of my buggy fed 'Lightning,' washed my hands and went in to see the fun. I was made at home in a moment. The idea of an 'Orlean feller' currying and feeding his own horse, was something entirely new, and I was a favorite instanter, guaranteed by a prominent invitation to 'liquor.' The parson imbibed, drew an enormous red bandana across his lips, and announced that 'he was ready to talk when the rest was.'

This brought forth the happy couple. The groom was a lanky specimen in homespun, and led his bride by the hand. She was a bouncing, rosy-cheeked damsel, following a step or two behind, festering evidently in a novel position. "You Melindy take your finger out of your mouth." Melindy cast a defiant look at her maternal relative, withdrew the offending member wiped it on her apron and quickened her pace. The young parson, after some little trouble, arranged them to his satisfaction and proceeded:

John Stribner, do you take Melindy Woods, in the presence of these witnesses, to be your lawful wedded wife?"

"That's vot I'm here for," answered Mr. Stribner, crating his hands into his breeches pockets.

"You will please answer yes or no."

"Yes or no, promptly returned the gentleman.

"No, no! say yes."

"Y-a-a-s, then casting a sheepish look around him.

"Melindy Woods."

"Y-a-a-s!"

"Wait a moment, please. Melindy Woods, do you take John Stribner, in the presence of these witnesses, to be your lawful wedded husband?"

"I reckon."

"Then in the presence of the witnesses spoken of, I do declare you man an' wife, 'corlin to the laws of Arkansas an' the Gospil an' vot's thus jined let no man put in sunder."

The parson turned away, flushed and excited, but was recalled by a query from Mr. Stribner.

"Must I kiss her now, George?"

"As you please, John she's yours now."

"Hold up your noaf, Melindy."

"Shan't do it! Right here afore folks."

John did not argue the point, but sidled up to the grinning group where I was standing, and proposed that us boys should take some 'bust-head,' (whiskey.) Meen-while I herd Melindy's triumphant voice among some of her companions. "Kiss! hump! Jawn's turned fool I believe."

I slept on the corn husk shake-down afore the fire soundly that night, being separated from the bridal apartment by a certain extemporized for the occasion. From behind its folds I heard 'Jawn's' remonstrating voice, followed by a host of living apologies from Melindy for the refused kiss. "I'll take my 'afydayv' that he received that one a hundred fold, with interest."

An Elegant Extract.

"Generation after generation," says a fine writer, have felt as we feel now, and their lives were as our own: They passed away like vapor, while Nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when our Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn, that she had once for all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will find its way and the prayers will be said, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left behind in silence and darkness for the worms. And it may be for a short time we shall be spoken of as things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again with joy, and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lip our names. Then we shall have become, in the touching language of the Psalmist, 'forgotten and clean gone out of mind.'

Lepers.

Byard Taylor, on his way to Bergen, in Norway, says:—We took on board four or five lepers, on their way to the hospital at Bergen. A piece of oil cloth had been thrown over some spars to shield them from the rain, and they sat on deck, avoided by the other passengers, a melancholy picture of disease and shame. One was a boy of fourteen, upon whose war, like excrescences were beginning to appear while a woman who seemed to be his mother, was hideously swollen and disfigured. A man, crouching down with his head between his hands, endeavored to hide the seamed and knotted mass of protruding blue flesh which had once been a human face.—The forms of leprosy, elephantiasis, and kindred diseases which I have seen in the East and in the tropical countries; are not nearly so horrible. For these unfortunates there was no hope.—Some years more or less