

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No. 161.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 14, 1833.

[Vol. IV, No. 5.]

## TERMS

OF THE

## HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "Journal" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year if paid IN ADVANCE, and if not paid within six months, two dollars and a half. Every person who obtains five subscribers and forwards price of subscription, shall be furnished with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year.

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## THE GARLAND.



—"With sweetest flowers enrich'd  
From various gardens cull'd with care."

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA CHRONICLE.

## THE STRANGER.

He came alone from his own bright land  
O'er the ocean, ever heaving;  
His cheek was pale and his eye was dim  
With a spirit's griefing.  
What were his griefs? He told them not:  
He was ever sad and lonely;  
He seemed with the spirit of the past  
To hold communion only.

At times he would talk of other days  
In tones of thrilling sadness.  
Of hopes, of joys; of better years,  
While flashed the gleam of gladness:  
"Twas but a flash—'twas like a beam  
Of sunset brightly playing  
Upon some tempest troubled stream,  
In gloom and darkness straying.

Day after day he grew more weak,  
More pale, and sad, and weeping;  
He seemed like a flower drooping down  
In a lone waste bleak and dreary;  
He stood like one beside his grave  
There tottering sad and lonely,  
That had but one more step to give,  
But one more step—*one only.*

'Twas then within that fearful hour  
'There flashed a spirit brightly—  
It was not one with a joyous heart  
And a footstep boundless, lightly,  
But one that had his wanderings—  
His loneliness—his feeling—  
Whose presence was athwart his heart  
Like spring o'er Winter stealing.

He rose as 'twere, then from the dead  
With health his cheek adorning,  
Such as with joy the eye may vie  
When opes the rosy morning.  
He loved, and at Love's holy shrine  
Hope for a while was beaming,  
Filling that lonely heart of his  
With a bright and joyous dreaming.

Alas! that hope was but a gleam—  
A tint of day declining—  
A rainbow on the darken'd cloud—  
A star a moment shining,  
That vanished—left him nought but gloom:  
That mock'd him when departed—  
That crush'd his feelings—blighted all:  
That left him broken-hearted.

Show, wearily the hour come  
When the soul seems in darkness leaping;  
In that dread abyss to we know not where  
In that sleep forever sleeping.  
There stood no one by his lonely bed,  
No friend of youth was near him,  
Ah no! not even one was there  
In that parting hour to cheer him.

They little know in his native land  
The cold soil is his pillow,  
Where the long moss hangs from the eaves  
Where droops the weeping willow [green  
They little know where lies at rest  
In that slumber broken never;  
In vain they'll look for him in—vain!  
He sleeps with the dead forever.

JUSTUS.

## HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

'Good Sir, if you'd show the best of your skill  
To pick a virtuous creature,  
Then pick such a wife as you love a life,  
Of a comely grace and feature.

The noblest part let it be her heart  
Without deceit or cunning;  
With a nimble wit, and all things fit,  
With a tongue that's never running!

The HAIR of her head it must not be RED,  
But fair and brown as a berry;  
A forehead high, with a crystal eye,  
Her lips red as a cherry.

From the Knickerbocker.

## THE BLUNDERER.

Being a few passages in the life of a short-sighted man.

Of all the evils to which mankind are subject, there is none more pitiable in its victim, than an inordinate limitation of vision. I, also, am one of those unfortunate individuals, whose nose is doomed to be "spectacle bedrid" during my mortal existence, and who can discern no object unless it be thrust into my very face. This, it may readily be imagined, is at all times disagreeable, but particularly so when the article in question is obnoxious to the senses. O, ye bipeds of oculars unimpaired!—ye all-seeing genies!—little do ye know of the thousand evils that daily accumulate upon our devoted heads and sometimes shoulders! Little do ye ken the numerous faux pas that we of the limited vision are almost constantly being pushed into, to the imminent jeopardy of our moral and physical senses, as men of feeling.

My misfortunes commenced from infancy: yea, from my veriest infancy—and have continued up to this day, with a frequency and regularity as astonishing as unfortunate. My mother had often told me, that when a baby I would make a dozen ineffectual attempts to gain her breast; and my first essays in the art of walking, having been memorialized by a multiplicity of scates, occasioned by violent contact with chairs, tables, and other articles of domestic usefulness. As a boy I was still more despoiled of comiseration. In fact my misfortunes seemed to accumulate with my growth. The delicacies of the dinner-table were invariably appropriated by my brothers and sisters, before I could be made conscious of their presence; and I failed to examine closely every particle upon the prongs of my fork, or in the concave of my spoon. I might inadvertently swallow a red pepper for a sausage, or masticate a quantity of horse-radish for as much sugar or Sago cheese. My good old aunt, pitying my situation, resolved to better it, and for this purpose purchased me a pair of spectacles, the first I had worn. For a time I got on very well, in the way of eating comfortable dinners—but this fortune was too good to last long. My affectionate brothers and sisters contrived to abstract my glasses. In vain I replaced them—they were continually stolen. I was every day compelled to partake of what they, in the fulness of their stomachs, thought proper to leave me.

In due season, I was ushered into the solar system of society; but I had not resolved a month upon my own axis, among planets and satellites of the beau idea, before they all complained that I passed them in their diurnal transits, without a smile or a bow of recognition; and unanimously concluded to eject me from their sphere. I depreciated their displeasure, acknowledged the imperfection of my vision, and was again admitted in their circles. I now resolved to speak to every one I passed, "and then," thought I, in the fondness of my imagination, "there will be no mistake?" I put my resolution at once in practice, and for a while things went swimmingly on; but at length the same result was the consequence.

"What have I done, now?" asked I of a friend; "what am I again thrust without the pale of society?"

"The reason is, simply," said he, gazing about to see that no one observed him speaking to so proscribed a being as I, "that people are not willing to meet, on terms of sociability and equality, a man who clai as the acquaintance of every loafer, male or female, he may chance to meet. At Trinity Church, last Sunday, you offered your arm to a chamber-maid; and you were yesterday observed, by a party of ladies, in the act of making a profound bow to three of the most notorious courtzans in town."

"Good G—d!" exclaimed I, "is it possible?"

These were not the only bad effects of my politeness. A great six foot whisker-erand charged me with the heinous crime of insulting his sister, by speaking to her without the previous formality of an introduction—and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade the fellow to refrain from horse-whipping me—a thing which he had fully resolved upon, and which nothing but my humble apologise and labored explanations; joined to the entreaties of one or two of my personal friends, deterred him from putting into practice.

"Happier," thought I, "far happier had I been born blind, for then I should at least have avoided the tissue of blunders into which I hourly stumbled. My life has been a continued series of getting into scrapes in the worst way, and getting out of them the best way I could. Why am I coupled with such a destiny? Why am I of the gentlest and most inoffensive of

mankind, and yet the sulkiest blackguard about town encounters not half the difficulties which fall to my lot.

Such were my musings; as I passed down Broadway—such my reflections—when my dog, as I thought, but alas, it was another's—rushing between my legs and nearly tripped me up. Although naturally, or rather commonly, a goodnatured man, I was not at that precise moment, as the reader may imagine, in the smoothest mood. The current of my mind had been agitated by more than one circumstance that day, and the little dog rendered me absolutely angry. With an exclamation of wrath, I gave this member of the canine race a kick, which sent him howling to the opposite side of the street.

"Sare," said a tall, swarthy, Frenchified, ferocious looking personage, bowing until his mustachios brushed my nose, "you ay, by—! kick my dog. What for you ay done dis for eh?"

"My dear sir exclaimed I, terribly discomposed, I beg ten thousand pardons. I really thought it was my own dog."

"Ah, you thought it was your dog, eh? Ah, sare, it is my leetle dog dat you 'ave kick."

"Sir, I am exceedingly sorry. I mistook him for my own dog. I assure you I thought it was my own dog at the time."

"By Gar, sare, dey is not resemblance dere; de one dog is de white, and de oder dog is de black color. Beside, sare, de one 'av got de ear ver' wide; and de oder ver short; de one 'av got de tail ver' much, and de oder 'av lost de tail ver' much."

"But, sir, I am short-sighted—my eyes are impaired; I could not distinguish between the dogs."

"The foreigner looked steadily in my face for a moment; but perceiving nothing there but truth; his countenance became calm, and comparatively pleasant."

"You 'av, den, Monsieur, de vision not ver' far, eh?"

I assented.

"Ah! den dat is all the apology which I demand; and witha graceful adieu, he passed on."

"How fortunate for me," soliloquized I, "that he was a Frenchman! Had he been one of my own countrymen I should no doubt have figured in the gutter." Strange, strange people, these Americans! They punish an offence first, and inquire into its cause and effects afterwards. My apology would have been laughed at by a yankee. They have generally so much in view themselves, that they cannot appreciate the difficulties of one whose vision is not so extensive as their own. Alas! sighed I, pausing, and wiping the glasses of my spectacles, "who ever pitied a near-sighted man?"

It was nearly sunset. The benches & avenues of the Battery were thronged with human beings. The rich the poor, the young the old, the gay, the dignified, the ungainly and the beautiful—the merchant; the artisan; the statesman and the philosopher—the near-sighted and the far-sighted—all recreated themselves here, promenading or sitting, thinking or talking; for no matter how different the tastes and pursuits of man may be, they all coincide in the admiration of nature.

"How glorious! how magnificent!" ejaculated a pale, middle-aged man, extending his right hand towards the Jersey shore, "yon purple cloud, so chastely tipped with glowing silver, sails slowly and gracefully along; and lo! the topmost leaves of all yonder forest, seem gilded and burnished o'er a thousand times."

"That ere chap is cyther crazy; or, he's a poet," said a loafer to a very disreputable looking individual, who accompanied him.

"I guess he's a poet, Sam," said the other in reply; "them 'ere fellows is always crazy."

"The boy," resumed the pale, middle-aged man, "looks like a purple mirror, and yon fairy island so many emerald spots upon its surface. The monuments of man's industry, too, serve to glorify the scene; and nature and art stand hand-in-hand, smiling complacently upon their splendid representatives."

Interested by the poetry of this description, I looked forth upon this space of beauty, but saw nothing except a dim conglomeration of hazy coloring. Never before had I experienced so painful a sense of misfortune. I grew dizzy and sick at heart—and wheeling about, sought my way homeward, full of the bitterest reflections. An omnibus was just on the eve of departing; and mistaking the inscription of "Bovary and Battery" for "Broadway and Bleeker street," I jumped in and was whirled some two miles and a half out of my proper way, before I was made acquainted with my error.

I now resolved to adopt a new course. "Am I not," asked I of myself, "the author of many of my own misfortunes?"

Surely, my errors are chiefly caused by my impertinence and impetuosity. I am too hasty. I will endeavor to be more moderate. I will examine before I proceed, and remove the difficulties that may occur in my way. In a word I will be more discreet in all things."

On the following day I dined with a friend, at one of the most fashionable hotels of the city, and was for a while, as I thought, extremely lucky, having as yet made but one faux pas, which was merely the drinking of a glass of brandy for as much wine—a mistake, by the way, which might have occurred to almost any one. A tremendously stout gentleman, from Mississippi, was seated on my left. This individual had just cleared his plate of a large quantity of roast beef, and was engaged in gazing omnivorously at a lobster, his right hand shut, in the mean time; resting on the table. Unfortunately for myself, at this particular juncture I happened to stand in need of a piece of bread and raising my eyes in search of the necessary article, I mistook his clenched fist for a loaf. Taking up my fork very deliberately, I hitched up the sleeve of my coat, and plunged the sharp steel instrument into the fleshy part of the man's hand. With a noise between a roar and a growl, the victim jumped upon his feet, knocking down the gentleman who sat next him, and upsetting a waiter who was hurrying along with a large supply of custards. I, of course, jumped up too, frightened, as may well be supposed; and most to death, and attempted to explain matters; scarcely had I opened my mouth for the purpose, when I was felled by a tremendous blow from the wounded limb, directly in my face. No sooner had the avenger knocked me down, than he unsheathed a huge glittering Bowie knife, and advanced to annihilate me together. Words cannot portray the horror of my emotions; I had seen the fellow carve a pig a few moments before, and had myself admired the dexterity in the proceeding.

The company however, interfered between the Mississippi and my destruction. My friends made known the imperfection of my vision, and the man of the far west became satisfied. I was borne to bed, nearly senseless, and have not yet recovered from the effects of that adventure, although my physician is one of the most learned and efficient in the city. He is an Englishman, and when I related to him the occurrence, he shook his head, saying:

"Terrible-chaps, those fellows from Mississippi; 'orrible beings. Wender he didn't cut your 'ed off, ha'together."

We do not know what paper is entitled to the credit of the following sketch.—There is a moral in it which should not be lost.

## The Bride.

A SKETCH.

Emma had wheeled the sofa in front of the fire, and as Charles seated himself beside her, he was certainly a happy fellow.

"Alas, he had as well only drunk the bubbles on the cup. Emma looked lovely, for the glow of the warm coal fire had given a bloom to her usually pale cheek, which heightened the lustre of her dark eyes. But there came a shade of thought over Emma's brow, and her husband instantly remarked it. It is strange how soon husbands see clouds over their liege ladies' brows. It was the first Charles ever saw there, and it excited his tenderest inquiries. Was she unwell?—did she wish for any thing?—Emma hesitated, she blushed and looked. Charles pressed to know what had cast such a shadow over her spirits. "I fear you will think me very silly—but Mary French has been sitting with me this afternoon."

"Not that, certainly," said Charles, smiling.—"O! I do not mean that, but you know we began to keep house nearly the same time, only they sent by Brent to New York for carpeting, Mary would have me walk down to Brent's store this evening with her, and he has brought two—and they are such loves." Charles bit his lip—"Mary," she continued, "said you were doing a first rate business, and she was sure you would never let that odious Wilton lay in the parlor; if you once saw that splendid Brussels; so rich and so cheap—only seventy-five dollars."

Now the "odious Wilton" had been selected by Charles' mother, and presented to them, and the color deepened on his cheek, as his animated bride continued, "Suppose we walk down to Brent's and look at it, there are only two, and it seems a pity not to secure it." "Emma," said Charles, gravely, "you are mistaken if you suppose my business will justify extravagance. It will be useless to look at the carpet, as we have one which will answer very well, and it is perfectly new."

Emma's vivacity died, and she sat awkwardly picking her nails—Charles felt embarrassed—he threw out his watch and put it back—whistled—began to read some beautiful verses. His voice was well toned, and he soon entered into the spirit of the writer, and forgot his embarrassment; when looking into Emma's eyes, how he was surprised, instead of the glow of sympathetic feeling he expected to meet, to see her head bent on her hand—evident displeasure on her brow, and a tear trickling slowly down her cheeks.

Charles was a sensible young man; I wish there were more of them—and he reflected a moment before he said, "Emma, my love, get your bonnet and cloak on and walk with me, if you please."—Emma looked as if she would like to be looked a little longer, but Charles said, "come," with such serious gravity on his countenance, that Emma thought proper to accede, and nothing doubting but it was to purchase the carpet, to kiss his arm with a smile of triumph. They crossed several streets in the direction to Brent's, until they at last stood before the door of a miserable tenement on a back street. "Where in the world are you taking me?" inquired Emma, shrinking back. Charles quietly led her forward, and lifting a latch, they stood in a little room, around the grate of which three small children were hovering, closer and closer, as the cold wind swept through the crevices in the decayed walls. An emaciated being, whose shrunk features, sparkling eye, and flushed cheek, spoke a dandy consumption, lay on a wretched low bed, the slight covering of which barely sufficed to keep her from freezing, while a spectral babe, whose black eyes looked unnatural large from its extreme thinness, was endeavoring to draw sustenance from the dying mother.

"How are you Mrs. Wright?" quietly inquired Charles. The woman feebly raised herself on her arm, "Is that you Mr. West? O, how glad I am you are come—your mother?"—"Has not been at home for a month, and the lady who promised to look after you in her absence, only informed me to-day of your increased illness."—"I have been very ill," she faintly replied, sinking back on her straw bed.

Emma drew near, she arranged the pillow and the bed clothes over the feeble sufferer, but her heart was too full to speak—Charles observed it, and felt satisfied. "Is that beautiful girl your bride? I heard you were married."—"Yes, and in my mother's absence she will see you do not suffer." Bless you, Charles West—bless you for a good son of a good mother; may your young wife deserve you—and that is wishing a good deal for her. "You are very good to think of me," she said, looking at Emma, "and you are just married?"

Charles saw that Emma could not speak, and he hurried her home, promising to send the poor woman coal that night. The moment they reached home Emma burst into tears. "My dear Emma," said Charles, soothingly, "I hope I have not given you too severe a shock. It is sometimes salutary to look on the miseries of others, that we may properly appreciate our own happiness."

Here is a purse containing twenty-five dollars, you may spend it as you please."

It is unnecessary to say, that the "odious Wilton kept its place, but the shivering children of want were taught to bless the name of Emma West, and it formed the last articulate murmur on the lips of the dying sufferer.

From the Weekly Ledger.

## Self Respect.

If a man would obtain the respect of others, or at least of those whose respect is valuable, he should respect himself. Modesty is a great virtue, but is not incompatible with self respect. On the contrary the most modest are those who think too well of themselves, to forfeit their own good opinion by justly incurring the censure of the worthy. Modesty consists in abstaining from unfounded pretensions, and not in forbearing to urge just claims. Every man should be careful of his rights; for, by suffering them to be trampled upon, he endangers the rights of others; and he should remember that he is not an isolated being, but part of a whole, to whom he is bound by duty, as well as interest. Hence, self respect has a double foundation.

We advise every young man to respect himself at all times, whether in business or amusement. In business, let him respect himself by mildly, yet firmly maintaining his opinions, whenever he is conscious of being right. If he stand upon that basis, let him not yield to age, learning or authority. In every doubtful case, or case which he has not fully investigated, a deference to the opinions of those whose opportunities of knowledge have exceeded his own, is commendable.

But where conscience, after diligent inquiry, tells him that he is right, he commits treason to himself and to truth, by yielding his own judgment to superior age or learning. He must have some landmarks, if he would not forever wander; and by rigidly observing them so long as his convictions remain, he will be respected by the enlightened, though they differ with him. He should respect himself by never admitting inferiority which he does not feel. Some young men for fear of being thought presumptuous, or from a desire to save the feelings of the ignorant, pretend to be ignorant also. This fear is not modesty, but timidity; and this regard for others is not benevolent, but decaent. An enlightened mind may always instruct the ignorant, without wounding them with a sense of self-abasement; and hence ignorance need not be condescended to, to avoid the imputation of arrogance. Hence the admission of inferiority which does not exist, is wrong, and therefore a departure from that self respect which forbids wrong.

In business, one of the best modes by which a young man can respect himself, is to do nothing to forfeit the respect of the worthy. In all cases, besides his great moral landmarks, let him take for guides what he believes to be the opinion of the worthy in similar cases. Let him try every case proposed by acknowledged moral principles; and if he find all right there, let him, to make assurance doubly sure, imagine these looking on, whom he knows to be deservedly esteemed for probity and intelligence; and then let him ask himself, "What will such men think? If I do so and so, will they approve or condemn? If the latter, let me abstain, and avoid occasion for condemning myself."

In amusements, a young man respects himself by strictly regarding the laws of the land, and of propriety. For this purpose, he will abstain, not only from degrading pursuits but degrading companions. When we see a young man drinking freely in a tavern or an oyster cellar, and becoming unduly gay, though not intoxicated, we say that he does not respect himself; for though neither wit nor humor are censurable, they do not consist in excess of animal spirits, induced by nervous stimulants. When we see a young man in the third row of theatre, or entering or issuing from a house of doubtful or notorious reputation, or conversing with people of notoriously bad character in streets and public walks, we say that he does not respect himself. When we see young men issuing from drinking houses or theatres, and shouting or singing as they pass through the street, we say they do not respect themselves. When we see young men congregated at street corners, indulging in ribaldry and profanity, we say that they do not respect themselves. When we see young men spending their time, and the money of themselves and others, in gaming houses, we say that they do not respect themselves. When we see young men riding out of town on a party of pleasure, and in returning, shouting, singing, swearing, and driving their spent horses at full speed; with cruel disregard to the animals and the safety of street passengers, we say that they do not respect themselves. When we see young men congregating before church doors, to stare at woman coming out, we say that they do not respect themselves, or the sex to which their mothers and sisters belong.

FRUITS OF COURTESHIP.—Ned Grimes wore a sad countenance. He was often asked what was the matter; but no satisfactory answer was forthcoming. At length, a particular friend obtained the following particulars of him: "You know," said Ned, "I have been courting Sally W. a long while; and so we had a great notion of getting married when that darned old Colonel——" "Go on, Ned, don't be a boy, what about Colonel——?" "Why you see, Sally said I'd better ask him; and so I did, as perlit as I knowed how." "Well, what reply did he make?" "Why he kinder hinted round!" "What kind of hints did he throw out?" "Why, he kinder hinted round as if I want wanted there!" "Well, Ned, let us know what they were—what the colonel said, to disturb your mind so?" "Why, he said——" "Said what?" "Why, he said if he caught me there again, he would cowhide me till I hadn't an inch of rube left on my back; darn his old pucker!"

MAKING A GOOD TITLE.—A very curious mode of trying this title to land is practised in Hindoostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the plaintiff and defendant's lawyers put one of their legs, and remain their till one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country, it is the client, and not the lawyer, who puts his foot into it.