

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "Journal" will be published every Wednesday morning at two dollars a year if paid in advance...

COMMON SCHOOLS. [Circular.]

HARRISBURG, FEBRUARY 11, 1839. The Commissioners of Huntingdon County: GENTLEMEN;—By the fifth paragraph of the tenth section of the act to consolidate and amend the several acts relative to a general system of education by common schools...

It is impossible, at this time, to conjecture the proportion of the two hundred thousand dollars, to which each district will be entitled. Who the number of taxables is ascertained by the enumeration to be returned on the first of April next...

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Allegheny (\$140.49), Antes (\$191.63), Barre (\$261.52), Cromwell (\$186.60), Dublin (\$99.70), Franklin (\$163.73).

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Frankstown (\$250.45), Henderson (\$169.32), Huntingdon (\$161.85), Hopewell (\$121.71), Morris (\$216.88), Porter (\$162.50), Shirley (\$138.54), Springfield (\$127.54), Tell (\$117.18), Tyrone (\$142.43), Union (\$231.12), Walker (\$100.55), W. Mark (\$211.05), West (\$244.07), Woodbury (\$274.85), Hollidaysburg (\$192.93).

The several assessors within the county of Huntingdon, are required to make out their assessments with a correct return of the whole number of taxables in each common school district...

POETRY.

English Slavery at Home, or the Factory Girl's Last Day.

The following is an extract from the evidence given before a Committee of the British House of Commons, on the subject of limiting the period of young persons working in the factories.

'Twas on a winter morning, The weather wet and wild; Three hours before the dawning The father roused his child...

'Father, I'm up, but weary, I scarce can reach the door; And long's the way and dreary, O carry me once more!

Her wasted form seemed nothing, The load was at his heart; The sufferer he was soothing Till at the mill they part.

Alas! what hours of sorrow Made up her last day; These hours that brought no morrow Too slowly passed away;

The sun had long descended, But night brought no repose; Her day began and ended, As cruel tyrants chose.

At length a little neighbor Her half-penny she paid; To take her last hour's labor, While by her frame she laid.

All night with tortur'd feelings, He watched his speechless child, And close beside her kneeling, She new him not nor smil'd.

That night a chert passed her While on the ground she lay! The daughters of her master An evening visit pay—

MISCELLANEOUS.

Extraordinary Angling Adventure.

A few summers ago I was pursuing my favorite amusement, when I met with the following ludicrous incident, over the recital of which I have since had many a hearty laugh...

The Pawn Broker.

Visiting the Pawn Broker's shop in Chatham street, for the purpose of redeeming some articles left by an unfortunate friend, the following circumstance arrested my attention:—

A middle aged man, entered with a bundle, on which he asked a small advance, and which, on being opened, was found to contain a shawl, and two or three other articles of female apparel.

'Go home,' was his harsh and angry exclamation, 'what brings you here, running after me with your everlasting scolding? Go home and mind your own business.'

'Only twelve shillings!' murmured the heart broken wife, in a tone of despair.—'Oh Robert don't let them go for 12 shillings. Let me try some where else.'

The Impudent Bride.

Not long since, in Liverpool, as a couple were going to be married, and had proceeded as far as the church yard gate, the gentleman stopped his fair comrade with the following unexpected address:

'Mary, during our courtship, I told you most of my mind, but not all of my mind; when we are married I shall insist upon three things.'

'In the first place,' said he, 'I shall lie alone; second, I shall eat alone; thirdly, I shall find fault with you when there is no occasion for it. Can you submit to these conditions?'

ever, seem to relish it. The herdsmen were much amused with the recital of my adventure, and assured me the bull would quickly recover from the effects of his spree...

The mechanic's Children. Let a group of children be gathered at a school or play ground, whether they be rich or poor, gentle or simple, they will coalesce so as to realize the most complete levelling theory.

I pleaded guilty to the charge of living at the corner of a very narrow alley, with a somewhat ignoble name. My window looks upon this humble avenue, which is properly a cul-de-sac.

'Surely nothing can be more graceful of attractive than the lawn-like girl, not yet in her teens, not yet seduced into the bold coquetry and flirting display of the "young miss."'

I watched the face of the pawn broker, to see what effect this appeal would have upon him, but I watched in vain. He was hardened to distress and had no sympathy to throw away.

The money was placed before him, and the bundle consigned to a drawer. The woman reached forth her hand towards the silver, but the movement was anticipated by her husband.

But let me get back from the mothers to the children. Our future electors, and jurymen, and judges, and magistrates, are the urchins who are now shouting and leaping around a thousand shops and schoolhouses.

'Lay upon him very early the gentle yoke of discipline. Guard him from evil companions. Save him from idleness which is the muck heap in which every rank, noisome weed of vice grows up.'

The difference between the poor man and the rich is, that the poor walks to get meat for his stomach, the rich a stomach for his meat.

earning. Determine that this fellow shall know more than ever you have known; then he will be an honor to your declining years. Keep him at a good school; reward him with good books; and he will one day bless you for it.

It is a great and prevalent error, that children may be left to run wild in every sort of street temptation for several years and that it will then be time enough to break them in.

Monday Morning.—Really believe I was drunk yesterday, although it was Sunday. Life asked me to accompany her to church—I declined—weather too fine for one to be hoisted up.

Tuesday Morning.—Alas! how vain are the resolutions of those who have the talents of the hand upon them! Is there any escape? I know not!

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