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TERMS

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THE GARLAND.



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

From the Sunday Morning News. THE OLD CLOCK.

BY JAMES NACK.
Two yankee wags one summer day,
Stopped at a tavern on their way,
Supped, frolicked, late retired to rest,
And woke to breakfast on the best.

The breakfast over, Tom and Will The breakfast over, 1 om and Will Sent for the landlord and the bill; Will looked it over; "Very right—But held! what wonder meets my sight! Tom! the surprise is quite a shock!"—"What wonder? where"—"The clock! the clock!"

Tom and the landlord in amaze Stared at the clock with stupid gaze, And for a moment neither spoke; At last the landlord silence broke

"You mean the clock that's ticking there I see no wonder I declare,
Tho' may be, if the truth were told,
'Tis rather ugly—somewhat old;
Yet time it keeps to half a minute:
But, if you please, what wonder's in it?"

"Tom, don't you recollect," said Bill,
"The clock at Jersey near the mill,
The very image of this present,
With which I won the wager pleasant?"
Bill ended with a knowing wink—
Tom scratched his head and tried to think.
"Sir. begging pardon for inquiring." "Sir, begging pardon for inquiring,"
The landlord said, with grin admiring,
"What wager was it?"

It happened, Tom, in last December, It happened, Tom, in last December,
In sport I bet e Jersey Blue
That it was more than he could do,
To make his finger go and come
In keeping with the pendulum,
Repeating, till one hour should close,
Still, 'Here she goes—and, there she goes'—
He lost the bet in half a minute."

"Well, if I would, the devil's in it!" Exclaimed the landlord; "try me yet, And fifty dollars be the bet."
"Agreed, but we will play some trick To make you of the wager sick."
"I'm up to that!"

"Don't make us wait. Begin. The clock is striking eight. He seats himself, and left and right His sense numsen, and lett and right
His singer wags with all its might,
And hoarse his voice and hoarser grows
With—'Here she goes—and there she goes!'

"Hold!" said the Yankee, 'plank the ready! The landlord wagged his finger steady, While his left hand, as well as able, Conveyed a purse upon the table.
"Tom, with the money let's be off!" This made the landlord inward scoff! He heard them running down the stair, But was not tempted from his chair; Thought he, "the fools! I'll his them yet! But was not tempted from nis char;
Thought he, "the fools! I'll bite them yet?
So poor a trick shan't win the bet."
And loud and loud the chorus rose
Of, "here she goes—and there she goes!"
While right and left his finger swung,
In keeping to his clock and tongue.

His mother happened in to see
Her daughter; "where is Mrs. B—
When will she come, as you suppose?

"Here she goes -and there she goes!"

"Here! where!—" the lady in surprise
His finger followed with her eyes;
"Son, why that steady gaze and sad—
Those words—that motion—are you mad?—
No morning sun lasts a whole day.

But here's your wife-perhaps she knows,

"Here she goes-and there she goes!"

His wife surveyed him with alarm,
And rushed to him and seized his arm;
He shook her off, and to and fro
His finger persevered to go,
While curled his very nose with ire,
That she against him should conspire,
And with more furious tops arese. And with more furious tone aros. The, here she goes - and there she goes."

'Lawks!' screamed the wife, 'I'm in a whirl Run down and bring the little girl; She is his darling, and who knows But"——

"Here she goes-and there she goes!"

"Lawks! he is mad! what made him thus? Good Lord! what will become of us? For doctor Black, and doctor White,
And doctor Grey, with all your might."

And shook their heads, and paused and pon

And shook their heads, and paused and pon dered,
"I'ill one proposed he should be bled,
"No—leeched you mean—"the other said—
'Clap on a blister,' roared another,
'No—cup him'—no trepan him, brother!'
A sixth would recommed a purge,
The next would an emetic urge,
The eighth, just come from a dissection,
His verdict gave for an injection;
The last produced a box of pills,
A certain cure for earthly ills;
'I had a patient yesteruight,'
Quoth he, 'and wretched was her plight,' Quoth he, 'and wretched was her plight,'
And as the only means to save her Three dozen patent pills I gave her. And by to-morrow I support

'Here she goes-and there she goes!

'You are all fools;' the lady said,
'The way is, Just to shave his head,
Run, bid the barber come anon'—
'Thanks mothe,' thought her clever son,
'You' help the knaves that would have be

His to ministry, which is to ministry, which was the state of the stat

The barber came-Lord help him! what A queerish customer I've got; But we must do our best to save him-So hold him; gemmen, while I shave him
But here the doctors interpose—
'A woman never'——

"There she goes!"

'A woman is no judge of physic,
Not even when her baby is sick.
He must be bled'— 'no—no—a blister'—
'A purge you mean'—'I say a clyster'—
'Nc—cup him—' 'leech him—' 'pills! pills'
pills!'

And all the house the uproar fills.

What means that smile! what means that

shiver? The landlords limbs with rapture quiver, And triumph brightens up his face— His finger yet shall win the race! The clock is on the stroke of ninc— And up he starts—"Tis mine! 'tts mine!

What do you mean?"

I mean the fifty? But you who tried to make me lose, Go to the devil, if you choose; But how is this? But how is this? where are they?"

'The gentlemen—I mean the two Came yesterday—are they below?"

'They galloped off an hour ago.'

'Oh, purge me! blister! shave and bleed!' For, curse the knaves, I'm mad indeed!'

The Maine Legislature has granted a divorce to Col. Ebenezer Cobs, and his wife, Mary Bacon. The Colonel is on the wrong side of fifty, while the bride has just passed the right side of twenty.

For this divorce, the only course,
That wisely could be taken,
Fair Mary sued—the cause was proved,
And thus she saved her BACON!

Can any blame the youthful dame, Who gave the court a job?
When all the corn is shelled and gone
Say—who would keep the Comm?

the way of entertaining the people of the the purse before him, tried to speak but ward."

SECOND PENNSYLVANIA, WEDDEDDAY, APRIL 17, 1839.

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