

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.
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Every person who obtains five subscribers and forwards price of subscription, shall be furnished with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year.
No subscription received for a less period than six months, nor any paper discontinued until arrears are paid.
All communications must be addressed to the Editor, post paid, or they will not be attended to.
Advertisements not exceeding one square will be inserted three times for one dollar for every subsequent insertion, 25 cents per square will be charged—if no definite order is given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charge accordingly.

THE GARLAND.



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

Excellent! Most excellent advice for the Ladies! Read it "Lass" and throw thy busk away."

TIGHT LACING.

Tight lacing!—bear it not!
Lass! throw thy busk away—
Consumption fills it up
With sickness and decay;
Then shun the snare, sweet girl,
Lest it should be thy doom,
To close thine eyes upon the world
And find an early tomb.

The Anaconda's coil,
That stops its victim's breath,
When caught within its coils,
Is not a surer death;
Then shun the steel and cord,
If you would long survive,
'T' enjoy a pleasant world,
And all your friends, alive.

When like the damask rose
Your cheeks have native dye,
And every action shows
Youth's joy and buoyancy—
Should you then be so weak,
'Tis badge of death to wear,
The rose will leave that cheek
'T' furrows of despair.

White as the driven snow
Your brow will then appear;
And every feature show
That cruel Death is near—
'Tis he alone that must
Relieve you from your pains,
And you return to dust,
Where Fashion never reigns.

Your form divinely fair
Will perish like the grass—
In anguish, friends must bear
You to the grave, sweet lass!
O! then, tight lacing shun!
And so preserve your life;
For when of age I come,
I want you for a wife.

"WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE PAPERS?"

BY GEORGE B. WILLIS.

Why don't you take the papers,
They are "the life of my delight,"
Except about election times,
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe, you cannot loose a cent,
Depend upon my word;
For cash thus spent is money lent
On interest to the Lord.

My grandad used to make his brags
Of living at a day,
When papers sold as cheap as rags,
And trust was took for pay.

My grandma when she had the blues,
Would thank her gracious stars,
That papers filled with wholesome news
Were scattered every where.

I knew two friends, as much alike
As'er you saw two stumps;
And no phrenologist could find
A difference in their bumps.

Each had a farm of equal worth,
A pretty wife to keep—
Three boys—three horses and a cow,
A dog and twenty sheep.

One took the papers, and his life
Is happier than a king's;
His children all can read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down upon his crown,
And killed him as it should.

Had he been reading of the "news,"
At home, like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened him.

Go then, and take the papers,
And pay to-day, nor pray delay,
And my word heard it is inferred,
You'll live till you are gray.

An old news-monger-friend of mine,
While dying from a cough,
Desired to hear the latest news,
While he was going off.

I took the paper, and I read
Of some new pills in force:
He bought a box—and is he dead?
Not hearty as a horse.

I knew a printer's debtor once,
Rack'd with a scorching fever,
Who swore to pay her bill next day,
If her disease would leave her.

Next morning she was at her work,
Divested of her pain;
But did forget to pay her debt,
'Till taken down again.

"Here Jesse, take these silver wheels,
Go pay the printer now!"
She spoke, she slept, and then awoke,
With health upon her brow.

Why don't you take the papers:
Nor from your printer's visage sneak,
Because you borrow of his boy,
A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bill when due,
Can live at peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

Miscellaneous.

JERUSALEM.

The present city with its churches, mosques, houses, gardens and fortifications, lay extended immediately below, and the eye took in, at a bird's view, every house and street, and almost every yard of ground. The scene was certainly very imposing, and the appearance of the city, with its domes and cupolas, and the minarets of the mosques, is, from this point of view, quite magnificent. The first objects which strike the eye are two magnificent mosques occupying the site of Solomon's Temple. The one on the north is the celebrated mosque of Omar; that on the south is the Mosque El Aksa. They are close to that portion of the city walls which immediately borders in the Mount of Olives, and with the courts, porticoes, and gardens attached to them, they occupy a fourth part of the whole place, and present a most imposing appearance. The town rises gradually above these, and the most prominent object beyond is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with its two domes of striking aspect; the one being white, and the other almost black.

Here and there a lofty tower or a tapering minaret rises above the gloomy stone houses of the natives. Of these the lofty tower or minaret said to be built on the site of the house of Pilate, with its galleries and Saracenic decorations, appear most prominently to the eye, and the minarets of Ben Israel, of the Seraglio, and the one said to be placed on the site of Herod's palace. Most of the private dwellings were covered with low domes, and my intelligent cicerones pointed out to me the different churches and convents, and a long range of stone buildings surrounded by small cupolas, which he said was a college of dervishes. Altogether the city, as seen from the summit of the Mount of Olives, may be ranked as one of the finest of Oriental cities in its external aspect. A long line of battlemented walls, with their towers and gates, extends the whole way round the town, and a few cypresses and other trees throw up their leafy branches amid the porticoes and gates of the mosques. After the surprise and admiration which this prospect at first naturally excites has subsided, the bare, rocky, and desolate aspect of the surrounding country, and the solitude and silence of the city itself, most forcibly attract the attention. Neither in the streets at the gateways, nor along the rocky mule-track leading therefrom, is there aught of life or animation. Some solitary woman with her water-pitcher, climbing the craggy eminence, or some slowly moving pilgrims are alone seen. The eye on a closer scrutiny discovers large tracts of open and waste ground within the walls and many a ruined house and dilapidated building.

There is none of the bustle and animation ordinarily perceptible about a large

town. No moving crowds traverse the public thoroughfares; the ear strives in vain to catch the noise and hum of a large city, for such it appears to be; all is strangely and sadly silent. "The noise of the whip, and the noise of the wheels, and of the pancing horses, and of the jumping chariots," are no longer heard in Jerusalem. If we search for some carriage road or great public thoroughfare leading from the province into the city we shall discover nothing beyond a narrow rocky mule-path winding along the valley, and among the opposite precipitous elevations. We see no luxuriant foliage and verdant gardens watered by running streams, as at Napolous, Damascus and at many other places to the northward; but on all sides bare rocks rear their sharp and craggy points, and a few wandering zigzag paths lead between them.

Every where around the city is extended a wild and solitary country, and to the eastward the eye ranges over the summits of bare arid elevations, and at last rests on the lofty and majestic ridge of the blue mountains bordering on the Dead Sea. Here on the summit of the Mount of Olives, we may legitimately indulge in the varied associations and recollections which the surrounding landscape is so eminently calculated to draw forth. Here undisturbed by the doubts which must invade every mind with regard to the identity of the different sacred places pointed out below, we can leisurely survey the whole prospect, and take in at a glance the theatre of the great events in Jewish history, and all the interesting circumstances attending the close of our Saviour's life.

On that consecrated enclosure immediately beneath our feet, once stood the gorgeous temple of "the wisest of kings," and in place of the clear deep chant of the muezzin, which is the only sacred music now heard proceeding from the spot, once issued the sublime sounds of praise and thanksgivings to the one true God, which accompanied the solemnities of the Jewish worship, when "the Levites, which were the singers, being arrayed in white linen, having symbols, and psalteries and harps, and with them an hundred and twenty priests, sounding with trumpets, were as one, of making one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals, and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever." [Metropolitan Magazine.]

SOMNAMBULISM—WALKING INTO THE WRONG CHAMBER.

About two weeks since, a gentlemanly looking fellow, calling himself Alexander James, induced a gentleman of this city with whom he had become somewhat acquainted, to introduce him to the Exchange Hotel so that he might get lodgings there for one night, as he was locked out. The gentleman consented, and as mine host of the Exchange is rather particular whom he accommodates, the gentleman went with Mr. James, and on his recommendation was accommodated. The whole household save the watchful porter, was sunk into slumber, when near morning, Mr. James, ready equipped, crept softly from his room & feeling cautiously about, opened a door, listened and entered; "who's there?" asked a lodger starting up. "I beg pardon, sir," said Mr. James, "I thought this was the way down stairs. Pleasant dreams to you." Slipping out of that room, the erratic Mr. James seemed to get still further astray, for he entered another chamber and the inmate being asleep, he just in a spirit of investigation, felt the pockets of his pantaloons, and knowing that a little learning is a dangerous thing, he pursued his inquiries until he took a pocket book out of the pocket. At this stage of his studies, the gentleman awoke, and demanded Mr. James's business. He was too modest to stand talking to a gentleman in his disabill, and therefore retired in haste, and in his perturbation put the book in his pocket and ran down stairs and out of the house. The alarm was given, but Mr. James had vanished. Cook, Zell and Ridgely were applied to, and from that time up to the present, their search for the person had been unceasing. The pocket book and papers it contained were found in Water street, but a quantity of broken bank bills, the only money that was in it, the thief had taken as his share. No other trace of Mr. James could be obtained until yesterday, when one of the officers observed a person answering the description going along Mercer street, with a bundle under his arm. Two of them followed him through Light street and Wine street into Charles, and down Charles to a second hand clothing store near Pratt street, which the person entered and was at the same instant arrested. At first he refused to accept the invitation of the officers to accompany them but a little impressive force being used he

agreed to go. He was identified by several individuals as Mr. James, the inquisitive somnambulist, and he was sent to walk by night or by day as best may suit him, behind the bars of Fort Herring. A green box coat and a black umbrella were found in his possession, and persons having lost such articles would do well to call at the office in Mercer street near Light, and examine them. [Balt. Sun.]

THE LATEST CASE OF FORGETFULNESS.—The greatest piece of forgetfulness we have ever heard of, recently occurred on one of the Western Canals. An emigrating Yankee, with his wife, child and other "household plunder," was making his way 'out west' on board a canal boat. On arriving at the end of the canal he moved his bed and bedding, chairs, tables and pans, on board some other conveyance, leaving his wife and child behind. He looked over everything to see that all was right. Something was missing. He scratched his head, thought the matter over, but still could not make out what he had left. Back to the boat he went, and meeting the captain on the wharf he inquired, "I say you, captain, haint I left sumthin' aboard your boat?" "Not that I know of; have you missed any thing?" "Yes, I du. I missed sum of any thing, but I'm darn'd if I can make out what they are." "Have you looked over every thing?" "Every bag and bundle—overhauled my duds twist—know there's somethin' a missin' jess as easy as nothin', and here the other craft is about startin', and I've got to go off and leave it. It's too darned bad I sump it is." "Well there's not a thing on board the boat to my knowledge except your wife and child." "Them's um—they are what I missed," said the Yankee, jumping for joy. "Now whod'a thought it? Here I was, goin' off and leavin' the old woman and little Sally Ann behind! I s'pect I should a missed um afore I got to my jorney's end, but I'll be conarned if I could make out what I left. I would have been a good joke, wouldn't it, if I'd gone clean out to the lur west and forgot um entirely." So saying the Yankee "packed off," with his wife and Sally Ann, rejoicing. There are a good many men who would not mind leaving such trifles as a wife and child behind, but this forgetful Yankee was too honest. [Pica-yune.]

A COMPASSIONATE MERCHANT.

'James,' said a merchant on Main street to his clerk the other morning 'go down to Water street to Mr. ——— and tell him his rent must be paid to-day; I can't wait any longer, as he is already two quarters in arrear.'

The clerk obeyed the direction and soon returned with great appearance of mildness about the eyes. 'Mr. ——— wants to see you, sir, about that rent very much.'

The merchant happily was at leisure, and went at once to visit the tenant. He found him extended upon a coarse bed, in an insensible state, of a dangerous malady. His wife was busy over a scanty fire, apparently preparing some simple aliment for her sick husband. Three little children sat shivering in a corner. His approach was unnoticed.

'Ma,' said one of the little urchins, 'when be you goin' to get breakfast?'

'Breakfast, my dear child, that is more than I can tell.'

The merchant advanced.

'My good woman—my good woman—them—that is—' and the worthy man felt very much like choking. He grasped his pocket-book convulsively, and laid some bills upon the table—he opened the door and disappeared.

'James,' said he again to his clerk, 'take this order to Mr. ———, and tell him to have the provision delivered immediately.'

The merchant felt much better than he would have done if he had got the rent. There is something in a good action that makes one's heart feel lighter; warmer; better. We would publish the good man's name, but we know he would not forgive it, and we could not for all the world offend him—Buffalonia.

It would afford us much gratification to have the opportunity of recording numerous instances similar to the above. We hope the day is not far distant when the maxim of the apostle to the Gentiles will be universally practised upon.

'Let the strong bear the burden of the weak.' The promise contained in the Bible to the benevolent man are neither few nor of small import. 'He who gives to the poor lends to the Lord.' 'There is that sattereth and yet increases,' with numerous other passages of a similar nature.

'Thou know'st that I love thee!' as the cat said to the mouse.

'Don't run,' as the fellow said ven he gave the constable leg bail.

'Vot a devil of a scrape,' I'm in now,' as the fish said to the woman who was rubbing down his back with a knife.

LOVING LOVE LETTER.

The following epistle from a damsel in Illinois, to her "lover" in Pennsylvania, is warm enough to melt wax. Its tender, touching, and transporting pathos must have so effected "my sweet henry, my turkle dove," that he must at once have exclaimed, in the pathetic language of his deary, "I must git marrud, because I've let it run on too long already!"

SUSPENDER-BURG. Away in Ill-you-noise, April the 2th.

1,000; eight hundred & 30 mne.
My Deer Dere Henry; i embrace this present oportoonity to let you know as how i am had a spell of the agur, and i hope these few lines may find you enjoyng the same Blessin! Why don't you only rite i sweat line to your sufferin Kathurn allabout her purty sweet Henry. Oh my sweet henry; my turkl dove; my piging; my deer deare henry; how my soul is longng for your sweet voice; think i hear him singng yanky doodle as he kums from his plow now. Mary Melden has got a baba!! Oh dear henry do cum out and lets [git married. So no more at present but remain' your loving.

Katharine an Tilden.
To my sweet henry.

P. S. Part Sekkund. Jeemes Baslett has raised a noo house, and Sally does live so snug; but she fites him sometimes, when he's a little Anthony over. My sweet Henry lets us keep house, and if you love me i wont whip you indeed, nor i wont look at nobody else, so i wont. Daddys says as how i must git married because i've let it run on too lyag already. So no more at present.

P. S. Part Third.
my pen is bad, my ink is pail,
my luv to you shall never fail,
for henry is my own tru luv,
my Lark, my Duck, my Turkle Duv
So no more at present.

K. A. Tilden.
P. S. Part Fourth "He had a metein in the blac smith shop last nite. Lickers iz riz iz wundar whi mi swete henry dont cum out car and let me grip mi arms round his blessed boddy, so that i can feel mi hart bete again bizzen it betes lyke a little trip hamur now henry of yu dont cum out pra for me. Sazz iz skoroe out car ekept squirrels and kat fish and korn mele and sich vegetables."

P. S. Noty Beny. Mother's dead, and Robert has the fever. So no more at present from your luvng

Kathurn An:
To my dear henry over the Nallyganees in the Pennsylvaney State.

AN INNOCENT TRICK WITH DELICIOUS CONSEQUENCES.

The Cincinnati Sun tells a capital story of a young gentleman in that city, who resorted to an innocent trick to get a kiss all around from a couple of young ladies he was waiting upon home from a fashionable party. In Cincinnati, as well as here and elsewhere, the girls have a pretty and innocent custom of kissing each other at bidding good night, and in fact upon many other occasions. The gentleman in question waited upon the young ladies, two of the fairest daughters that ever bloomed among the Buckeyes, to their father's residence. Knowing the little parting ceremony was to be performed, he watched his opportunity, and just as their pretty lips were on their way to meet each other, he poked his face in between, receiving a delicious kiss on either cheek, for his audacity or ingenuity. Only think of it! I exclaim the Pica-yune, a double-barrelled shot from Cupid, and both fired at once! We have half a mind to make a regular business of seeing the girls home, two at a time. Wouldn't it be delightful?

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.

The Chronique de Paris relates the following extraordinary scene as having taken place at the Court of Assizes. A youth of about 19 was brought to trial for having broke the window of a baker's shop and stolen a two pound loaf!

The President. "Why did you steal the loaf?"

Prisoner. "I was driven by hunger."
"Why did you not buy it?"
"Because I had no money."
"But you have a gold ring on your finger; why did you not sell it?"

"I am a foundling; when I was taken from the bank of a ditch, this ring was suspended from my neck by a silken cord, and I kept it in the hope thereby discovering at least who were my parents; I cannot dispose of it."

The Procureur de Roi [King's attorney] made a violent speech against the prisoner, who was found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment for five years. Immediately upon this, a woman more worn down by poverty than age, came forward and made the following declaration:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: Twenty years ago, a young woman was seduced by a young man of the same town, who, after deceiving, abandoned her. Poor and distressed, she was obliged to leave her child to the care of Providence. The child has since grown up, and the woman and the seducer have grown older; the child in poverty, the woman in misery, and her seducer in prosperity. They are all three now in court. The child is the unfortunate prisoner whom you have just pronounced guilty; the mother is myself; and there sits the father!" pointing to the Procureur de Roi.

FREAKS OF WEALTH.

The wealth which now exists in Amsterdam falls much short to what it was previous to the French Revolution, or during the period of Dutch commercial pre-eminence. It is not long since strangers, in visiting Amsterdam, were shown the spacious house of a merchant, who, after lavishing much on furniture and painting actually caused the floor of one of his apartments to be laid with Spanish dollars set on end. Whims equally ridiculous for disposing of an overplus of wealth appear to have been far from uncommon in former times in Holland. A gentleman of my acquaintance, passed through Arnhem a few days ago, had his attention directed to an old fantastical looking dwelling, concerning which he gathered the following historical reminiscence. The original owner was a Jew, and he erected the house out of pure revenge. His coffers were so well replenished, that he was at a loss how to employ his superfluous cash, at last he hit upon a fanciful expedient. He determined to make a pavement before his residence of large massive plates of silver, and to surround it with an ornamental chain of the same costly metal. Before carrying his plan into effect, it behooved him to obtain the sanction of the authorities. These worthies, however, void of sympathy, set their face against a proposition which might have compelled them to increase the strength of the town guard. Enraged at their non-compliance, Moses determined to punish them. He ordered his dwelling, situated in the principal street, immediately to be pulled down, and on its site erected the one now standing. It is literally covered with diabolical figures, amounting it is said, to 365,000.—Chamber's Continental Tour.

FREEDOM OF OPINION.

* * * "What barrier is there against the universal despotism of public opinion in this country, but individual freedom? Who is to stand up here, but the possessor of that lofty independence? There is no king, sultan, no noble, no privileged class; nobody else to stand against it. If you yield this point, if you are forever making compromises, if all men do this, if the entire policy of private life here is to escape opposition and reproach, every thing will be swept beneath the popular wave.—There will be no individuality, no hardihood, no stern resolve, no self subsistence, no fearless dignity, no glorious manhood of mind, left among us. The holy heritage of our fathers' virtues will be trodden under foot, by their unworthy children. They feared not to stand up against kings and noble, and parliament and people. Better did they account it, that their lonely bark should sweep the wide sea in freedom; happier were they, when their sail swelled to the storm of winter, than to be slaves in palaces of ease. Sweeter to their ear was the music of the gale, that shrieked in their broken cordage, than the voice at home that said 'submit, and you shall have rest.' And when they reached this wild shore, and built their altar, and knelt upon the frozen snow and flinty rock to worship, they built that altar to freedom, to individual freedom, to freedom of opinion; and their noble prayer was, that their children might be thus free. Let their sons remember the prayer of their extremity, and the great bequest which their magnanimity has left us.

I know of but one thing safe in the universe, and that is truth. And I know of but one way to truth for an individual mind, and that is unfettered thought. And I know but one path for the multitude to truth, and that is thought freely expressed. Make of truth itself an altar of slavery, and guard it about with a mysterious shrine; bind thought as a victim upon it; and let the passions of a prejudiced multitude minister fuel; and you sacrifice upon the accursed altar, the hopes of the world!

"Ven are you going to Texas!" as the boy said to the man vot wanted to get trusted at the printing office.

"The last link is broken that bound me to Texas," as the convict said ven he escaped from his chains.