

# THE JOURNAL.

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## TERMS

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## AGENTS.

### The Huntingdon Journal.

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## POETRY.

From the Boston Post.

### THE VINK.

Whenever, Tomas, I reflect  
How many a sore temptation  
Ve are exposed to oftentimes  
In this life of probation,

I tremble, lest in evil hour  
Yieldin' the reins to Passion,  
And hurlin' Reason from the box,  
To ruin I shall dash on.

But, Tomas, what I've thus far writ,  
Is only prophesy  
To what I have yet to relate—  
A werry moral story:

I was a valkin' through the street  
One afternoon, a musin'—  
My hoptics on the passers by  
At the same time a usin'.

The veather—it was werry fair—  
So vere the vimmin's faces,  
And werry modest too, vithal,  
Except in a few cases.

Vell, as I moved on werry slow,  
Not vunce on evil thinkin',  
A voman near me did approach,  
Vith her left eye a vinkin'.

She vore a most enticin' look,  
Just like a painted pictur'—  
There was a struggle in my breast—  
But—conscience was the victor.

Oh, Tomas, if I had foreseen  
My dang'rous situation,  
I should have fear'd for the result,  
And prayed for an evasion.

But some kind spirit always vill  
Smile on our good intentions,  
And bring us off victorious  
O'er the enemy's inventions.

TONEY.

### THE GRAVE OF THE TWINS.

BY MISS J. H. KINNEY.

One winding-sheet enveloped them,  
One sunny grave was theirs,  
One soft, green plat of silken grass  
Received their mother's tears;  
And lightly did the night-winds breathe  
Their resting place above,  
As if it feared to wake them from  
Their sweet repose of love.

The rains came down, and forth there sprang,  
One bright and early Spring,  
Two rose-buds on one slender stalk,  
And closely did they cling;  
Yet never did they blossom there,  
But all untimely shed  
Their young leaves on that holy grave,  
Meet emblems of the dead!

## MISCELLANY.

### TALE OF THE MANIAC.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Curious fool, he still;  
Is human love the growth of human will?"  
BYRON.

When but a child, I loved Leonor.  
There was a dreamy stillness in her manner,  
which to me was ethereal, and I looked upon her as a being more than half belonging to another sphere. I had never owned a sister, on whom to fix my warm affection, and Leonor was to me a sister-fler voice, whether in the low tones of conversation, or when carolling forth some simple ditty, was as musical as the song of the summer bird; and her words were as guileless as those of a seraph. Her brow was open and unclouded, and a true index of the heart.

The current of our love ran smooth. We grew up together, with our years, our affection increased. I wooed her to become my bride; and though there were other suitors for her affection—others richer and more richer and handsomer than I, she accepted me. And we were wedded—yes, we were wedded; but it was long before I could believe in the real existence of my happiness. Long did I regard it as some bright and beautiful vision whose joyous figures the rude hand of wakefulness might shroud in oblivion.

Leonor loved me. Her affection was ardent but calm; warm, but chaste; mightily but subdued. When health shed its vigor over my frame, when prosperity gladdened my heart, and the world smiled upon me, then was Leonor light of heart, and gleesome as the mountain deer. But did sickness attack my form, sorrow seize upon my mind, and affliction sap the foundation of my joy then was she my better angel. Her voice re-animating my drooping spirits, her affectionate endearments brought back a store of happiness, and her caresses opened the fount of hope within my bosom. And did I not love her? Yes—with a love, not such as the devotee might bear to his shrine, not such as a miser should yield to his wretched treasure, nor that which the brutish bacchanal regards his wine, but the love which a human being might yield to a seraph—a mortal to a spirit.

And years flew by, and brought new pleasures in their train. But often as I gazed on the face of my adored, I would fancy a slight trace of care had corroded the beauty of her features, and feared that the demon disease might roll his dark wing over her head. I pressed her to my bosom, and as I gazed on her lovely face, a pang shot to my heart, for I saw the pallor of her cheeks, and the compression of her lips, as though in agony. Merciful God! was I to lose her! The thought carried madness along with it.

#### CHAPTER II.

Fell disease had made  
Her breast his resting place, and with a hand  
Unsparring, from the cheek had snatched  
The rose,  
To wear it in his own foul bosom.

AUTHOR.

Fate had decreed the death of Leonor. For days had the rose upon her cheek become paler and paler, and the lustre of her eyes brightened into a fiery brilliance. And as she turned her eyes upon me with all the energy of affection, and affection which increased with her suffering, my heart sickened, and I could have expired in agony did not hope, with her meteor glare, lure me along the path of life.

She drooped away like the flower on the stalk, and I was fated to behold a ruin I could not prevent. Day after day, did I weep for her fate; but my sorrow was concealed from her, and in her presence I was gay, and apparently happy. My heart was wearing away with the long attrition of grief, and my hopes, which at the onset were green, had become withered and decayed. Sadly did I gaze on the face of Leonor, and gloomy were my thoughts as I gazed. I beheld her as she first appeared to me in the days of childhood, ere care had laid his iron fingers upon her. I thought of the blissful day of our union, and I was for a moment happy; I turned to gaze upon her face, and sorrow resumed her sway.

She breathed with more difficulty. While I stood gazing on her, she awoke. I took her hand in mine, and felt its clammy coldness. She gazed upwards in my face, and smiled, then essayed to speak, and I bent my head towards her face to catch the tones. The words were indistinct, and she made an endeavor to repeat them—but her voice suddenly ceased—the pulse stopped, the hand became colder—a film came over her eyes—She was dead!

## CHAPTER III.

"Away! the foul fiend follows me!  
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.  
Humph! go to thy cold bed and warm thee!"  
SHAKESPEARE.

I was in the centre of the icy pillars of the north, the eternal barriers which prevent man from penetrating to these unknown regions, and scowl with cold aspect on his attempted intrusions. I was frozen to an enormous iceberg; but I could not die! Hunger assailed me, and I endured its pangs, though unable to alleviate them. At last my icy tenement parted from its fellows, and moved towards the south. On—on, for months did we sail, and the farther we moved the thinner became the walls of my prison. We neared the equator, the bright sun thawed my bones—freeing me from my icy bondage, to consign me to the great deep. I was free, and struggling upon the surface of the big waters. Down I went, deeper and deeper. Deeper still did I sink, until at last I reached the floor of the mighty ocean. How gorgeously was it carpeted! There were diamonds, and pearls and gold, strewed in huge masses around; while human skulls and piles of bones, were tastefully arranged at regular distances. How picturesque!—The gold and the gems glittered before mine eyes, the fishes gazed steadily on my form, and the skulls gazed at me from their deep sunken orbits. I shuddered, and wished to die; but I could not. I fell, and felt no more.

I was on a comet. Seated on its luminous disk, I traversed the boundless realms of space, and roved through the immense fields of air. Worlds and systems flew past me, but I stopped not. Ages passed away, and still I sped on; but at last, the comet on which I rode came in contact with the sun, and was dashed into a thousand atoms. I fell—but a centripetal force swayed me from it; and between the efforts of the two, I revolved in an orbit around the great source of light. Around I went—faster, faster, faster—till I felt and saw no more. Consciousness fled before the quickness of motion.

I found myself within a cell, with bands upon my limbs, chained like a felon. I attempted to rise, but could not, for I was secured to the bed. I yelled with all the force of voice I could command, and aroused my keeper who entered. I inquired where I was, and was answered—"Bedlam!"

Yes, I had been mad, and they tell me I am still, but I believe it not. Nay, they will persuade me that I never have been married, and that Leonor, my own beloved Leonor, existed nowhere, save in the recesses of my imagination.—Foolish attempt!

How long I have been confined here I know not; but I feel the weight of years upon my brow and they bring with them no decrepitude. I am as strong and vigorous, as I ever was in the palmy days of my youth; and I can shout as loud and as long as I could then do. I grieve no longer for the fate of Leonor, but spend nights and days plotting an escape from this horrid den. But in vain do I plot. These demonic servitors who do their master's work upon me, discover and circumvent my schemes; and then they beat me!—Oh! any torture, but that! Never do they give me peace; for in the dead watches of the midnight, their fiends sit around my bed, and torment me with their horrid mirth. There they are now, with their green sallow eyes, and their leering looks. Away! away!—I am mad!—I am mad!

### Mechanics' Wives.

Speaking of the middle ranks of life, a good writer observes—

"There we behold woman in all her glory; not a doll to carry silks and jewels, not a puppet to be flattered by profane adoration, revered to-day, discarded to-morrow; always jostled out of the place which nature and society would assign her, by sensuality or by contempt; admired, but not respected; desired, but not esteemed; ruling by passion, not affection; imparting her weakness, not her constancy, to the sex she would exalt; the source and mirror of vanity; we see her as a wife partaking the cares and cheering the anxiety of a husband, dividing his toils by her domestic diligence, spreading cheerfulness around her for his sake, sharing the decent refinements of the world without being vain of them, placing all her joys and her happiness in the man she loves. As a mother, we find her the affectionate, the ardent instructor of the children whom she has tended from their infancy, training them up to thought and virtue, to piety and benevolence; addressing them as rational beings, and preparing them to become men and women in their turn. Mechanics' daughters make the best wives in the world."

## Too Handsome for any thing.

BY SIR E. L. BULWER.

MR FERDINAND FITZROY was one of those models of perfection of which a human father and mother can produce but a single example, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was therefore an only son. He was such an amazing favorite with both his parents, that they resolved to ruin him; accordingly, he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a book, and had as much plum-cake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he always have eaten plum-cake, and remained a child. "Never," says the Greek tragedian, "rebekon a mortal happy till you have witnessed his end." A most beautiful creature was Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes,—such hair,—such teeth,—such a figure,—such manners, too,—and such an irresistible way of tying his neckcloth! When he was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to read and write. Though not without some difficulty he convinced them;—for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments concerning the nurture of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally (I am not joking now) a very sharp, clever boy; and he came on surprisingly in learning. The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome children. "What a genius will Master Ferdinand Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him?" said she to her husband.

"Pooh my dear, it is of no use to take pains with him."

"And why, love?"

"Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be a scholar."

"And that's true enough, my dear!" said the schoolmaster's wife.

So, because he was too handsome to be a scholar, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy remained the lag of the fourth form.

They took our hero from school. "What profession shall he follow?" said his mother.

"My first cousin is the lord chancellor," said his father, "let him go to the bar."

The lord chancellor dined there that day; Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was introduced to him; his lordship was a little, rough-faced, beetle-browed, hard-featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing,—and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer.

"Send him to the bar!" said he, "no, no, that will never do!—Send him into the army; he is much too handsome ever to become a lawyer."

"And that's true enough, my lord!" said the mother. So they bought Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy a cornetcy in the — regiment of dragoons.

Things are not learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; he was, therefore a very indifferent horseman; they sent him to the riding-school and every body laughed at him.

"He is a d—d ass!" said Cornet Horsephiz, who was very ugly; "A horrid puppy!" said Lieut. St. Squintem, who was still uglier; "If he does not ride better he will disgrace the regiment!" said Captain Rivelbath, who was very good looking; "If he does not ride better, we will cut him!" said Colonel Everdill, who was a wonderful martinet; "I say Mr. Bumpemwell to the riding-master make that youngster ride less like a miller's sack."

"Pooh, sir, he will never ride better,"

"And why the d—d will he not?"

"Bless you, Colonel, he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer!"

"True!" said Cornet Horsephiz.

"Very true!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem.

"We must cut him!" said the colonel.

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut.

Our hero was a youth of susceptibility, he quitted the — regiment, and challenged the colonel. The colonel was killed!

"What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" said the colonel's relations.

"Very true!" said the world.

The parents were in despair!—They were not rich; but our hero was an only son and they sponged hard upon the crabbed old uncle.

"He is very clever," said they both; "and may do yet."

So they borrowed some thousands from the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in Parliament.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious, and desirous of retrieving his character. He fagged like a dragon,—conquered pamphlets and reviews,—got Ricardo by heart,—and made notes on the english constitution.

He rose to speak.

"What a handsome fellow!" whispered one member.

"Ah, a coxcomb!" said another.

"Never do for a speaker!" said a third, very audibly.

And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and heard!—Impudence is only indigenus in Milesia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed.

"Told you so!" said one of his neighbors.

"Fairly broke down!" said another.

"Too fond of his hair to have anything in his head," said a third, who was considered a wit.

"Hear, hear!" cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy sat down,—he had not shone; but, in justice he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker had begun worse; and many a country member had been declared a phoenix of promise upon half his merit.

Not so thought the heroes of corn laws.

"Your Adonises never make orators!" said a crack orator with a wry nose.

"Nor men of business either," added the chairman of a committee, with a face like a kangaroo's.

"Poor devil!" said the civilest of the set.

"He's a duced deal to handsome for a speaker! By Jove, he is going to speak again,—this will never do; we must catch him down!"

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down.

Our hero was now seven or eight and twenty, handsomer than ever, and the adoration of all the young ladies at Almack's.

"We have nothing to leave you," said the parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it.—"You are the handsomest man in London; you must marry an heiress."

"I will," said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming lady, with a hare-lip and six thousand a year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus then our hero paid his addresses.

Heavens! what an uproar her relations made about the matter. "easy to see his intentions," said one; "a handsome fourtune hunter, who wants to make the most of his person!"—"handsome is that handsome does," says another; "he was turned out of the army and murdered his colonel."

"Never marry a beauty," said a third; "he can admire none but himself."—"Hill have so many mistresses," said a fourth.

"Make you perpetually jealous," said a fifth.—"Spend your fortune," said a sixth.—"And break your heart," said a seventh.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent & wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said; and was sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our heroine had no aversion to a lover, especially such a handsome a lover as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Accordingly, she neither accepted nor discarded him, but kept him in hope, and suffered him to get into debt with his taylor and his coachmaker, on the strength of becoming Mr. Fitzroy Convolvulus. Time went on and excuses and delays were easily found, however, our hero was sanguine, and so were his parents. A breakfast at Chiswick and a putrid fever carried off the latter, within one week of each other; but not till they had blessed Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for.

Now, then, our hero depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Helen Convolvulus;—the former though a baronet and a satirist, was a banker and a man of business;—he looked very distastefully at the Hypenian curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

"If I make you my heir," said he, "I expect that you will continue the bank."

"Certainly sir," said the nephew.

"Humph!" grunted the uncle, a pretty fellow for a banker!

Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus. "It is a dangerous thing," said she, timidly, to marry a man so admired, will you always be faithful?"

"By Heaven!" cried the lover.

"Hegho!" sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pumlion entering the conversation was changed.

But the day of the marriage was fixed; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new curricule. By Apollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding the uncle died. Miss Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in her condolence.

"Cheer up, my Ferdinand," said she, "for your sake I have discarded Lord Rufus Pumlion."

"Adorable condescension!" cried our hero; "but Lord Rufus Pumlion is only four feet two, and has hare like a peony."

"All men are not so handsome as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy," was the reply.

Away goes our hero, to be present at the opening of his uncle's will.

"I leave," said the testator (who, I have before said, was a bit of a satirist) "my share in the bank, and the whole of my

fortune, legacies excepted, to (here Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief, exquisitely brode) "my natural son John Spriggs an industrious, pains-taking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I once intended to have made my nephew Ferdinand my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker; his good looks will, no doubt, win him any heiress in town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing case, a thousand pounds."

"A thousand devils!" said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, lunging out of the room. He flew to his mistress. She was not at home. "Lies," says the Italian proverb, "have short legs;" but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terrible long ones! The next day Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal.

"I wish you every happiness," said Miss Helen Convolvulus, in conclusion, "but my friends are right; you are much too handsome for a husband!"

And a week after, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Pumlion.

"Alas! sir," said the bailiff, as, a day or two after the dissolution of Parliament, he was jogging along with Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, in a hackney coach, bound to the King's Bench, "alas! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison!"

### Cousin Tilly's Bet.

As soon as the Harrisburg Convention nominated the old Hero of Tippecanoe as a suitable person to preside over our beloved country, Frank Smith looked around among his female friends to select a suitable individual to preside over his attentions. Frank was a whole-souled Whig, and reposed the utmost confidence in the success of the nominee of the convention. He was engaged in business, and only declined taking a wife on account of the uncertainty of the times. He kept an old dirty bachelor's hall, which was genteelly furnished with every thing requisite for housekeeping. All that was wanting to complete his happiness was a beautiful companion, with a heart like his own.—

Frank was as fine a young fellow as ever rallied around the Tippecanoe flag, and might have made quite a conspicuous figure in the world, if he had been gifted with less diffidence.

Frank soon came to a decision. He silently nominated to the highest office in the gift of his affections, a young lady who was in every particular worthy of his noble heart. She was a distant family connection—a charming, cherry-cheeked, cheerful, capricious creature of a cousin—about as old as himself, and endowed with a proper share of that good common sense for which our fair countrywomen are so eminently distinguished all over the world.

Frank Smith embarked enthusiastically in the double care of love and politics.—He carried both with him, hand in hand; but it might have been observed that he conducted one cause with eloquent words, and the other with eloquent looks. He often told his fair cousin Tilly that General Harrison was his choice for the highest office in the gift of the people; but never once did he tell her that she was his only choice for the highest post in his own gift. But should he have told her so? She knew it as well as he did. His eyes had many a time told her the story too plainly to be misunderstood.

Frank had made at least a dozen attempts to disclose his feelings to his cousin; but his lips invariably refused to obey the promptings of his heart.

One evening just before the presidential election, the two were together, engaged, as every body else was, in talking over political matters; for Tilly, like all other pretty girls, was a thoroughgoing Harrisonian.

"Cousin Tilly," said Frank, "it is now certain that old Tip will be our next President. The people will then once more be prosperous—business will revive, and those young men who have all along hesitated about changing their condition, may now just as well look out for helpmates. What say you to that?"

"I certainly think," said she, "that our sex should now, that this long contest is about to close, receive a share of their attentions."

"Yes, cousin Tilly, Harrison is good for the next four years—that's certain.—You must have noticed, cousin Tilly, that I am heartily tired of this confounded bachelor life; and from the attentions I have paid to you, the object of my affection is—the—the—that you are—the—I was about to—oh! listen to the glorious Tippecanoe song in the street."

For all the world seems turning round For Tippecanoe, and Tilly too.

Frank's incoherent love-speech was cut short, fortunately for him, by a crowd in the street, singing lustily the famous song of 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too.'