

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. VI, No. 12.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1841.

[WHOLE No. 272.]

## TERMS

### OF THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, and 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. No subscription received for a less period than six months, nor any paper discontinued until all arrearages 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, and for every subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents per square will be charged. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS.

### The Huntingdon Journal.

Daniel Teague, Orbisonia; David Blair, Esq., Shade Gap; Benjamin Lease, Shiregburg; Eliel Smith, Esq., Chittotstown; Jas. Brinken, Jr., Coffee Run; Hugh Middleton, Esq., Springfield; Dr. S. S. Dewey, Birmingham; James Morrow, Union Furnace; John Sisler, Warrior Mark; James Davis, Esq., West township; D. H. Moore, Esq., Frankstown; Epa. Galbreath, Esq., Hollidaysburg; Henry Neff, Alexandria; Aaron Baras, Williamsburg; A. J. Stewart, Water Street; Wm. Reed, Esq., Morris township; Solomon Hamer, Jeff's Mill; James Dysart, Mouth Spring Creek; Wm. Murray, Esq., Grayville; John Cream, Manor Hill; Jas. E. Stewart, Sinking Valley; L. C. Kessler, Mill Creek.

## ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

IN pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, will be exposed to sale by public vendue or outcry, on the premises, on Monday the 29th day of March next, the following described real estate, late the property of Benjamin Cornelius, dec'd. to wit—A certain lot or parcel of land situate in Cromwell township, in said county, adjoining another lot of said dec'd. and the Black Log mountain; containing two acres and one quarter, more or less, with a small tannery and a two story dwelling house thereon erected.

Terms of Sale:—One half of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, and the residue in one year thereafter with interest, to be secured by the bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

By the Court,  
JOHN REED, Clerk.  
Attendance will be given at the time and place of sale by the undersigned, Administrators of the said dec'd.  
JOSEPH CORNELIUS, Adm.  
GEORGE CORNELIUS, Adm.  
February 10, 1841.

## NOTICE.

THE business at the Juniata Rolling Mill, Huntingdon County Pa., after the 1st of January 1841, will be conducted by Samuel Hatfield, John Hatfield, and Samuel Hatfield jr., under the name of Samuel Hatfield & Sons; and they solicit the attention of the public to their superior article of

### Boiler Sheet, Flue and Tank Iron.

### CAR AXLES

AND  
BAR IRON OF ALL SIZES  
made out of the best Juniata Blooms which will be furnished on as accommodating terms as heretofore, and they at the same time thankful for past patronage  
Samuel Hatfield,  
John Hatfield,  
Samuel Hatfield jr.

Juniata Rolling Mill, Huntingdon County, Pa. Jan. 1st 1841.

## ROCKDALE FOUNDRY.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform the citizens of Huntingdon and the adjoining counties, that they have repaired and newly fitted up the Rockdale Foundry, on Clover Creek, two miles from Williamsburg, where they are now prepared to execute all orders in their line, of the best materials and workmanship, and with promptness and despatch.

They will keep constantly on hand stoves of every description, such as  
**Cooking, Ten Plate, Parlor Coal and Wood Stoves:**

Ploughs, Anvils, Hammers, Hollow-ware, and every kind of castings necessary for farms, mills, or machinery of any description; wagon boxes of all descriptions, &c., which can be had on as good terms as they can be had at any other foundry in the county or state. Remember the Rockdale Foundry.

STEEVENS & KENNEDY.  
January 1, 1841.



## POETRY.

From the Christian Journal.

### THE FATHER TO HIS MOTHER-LESS CHILDREN.

Come gather closer to my side,  
My little smitten flock—  
And I will tell of him who brought  
Pure water from the Rock;  
Who boldly led God's people forth  
From Egypt's wrath and guile—  
And once a cradled babe did float  
All helpless on the Nile.

You're weary, precious ones, your eyes  
Are wandering far and wide,—  
Think ye of her who knew so well  
Your tender thoughts to guide?  
Who could to Wisdom's sacred lore  
Your fixed attention claim—  
Oh! never from your hearts erase  
That blessed mother's name.

'Tis time to sing your evening hymn—  
My youngest infant dove;  
Come press the velvet cheek to mine,  
And learn the lay of love.  
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,  
My poor deserted thing;  
Cling as you used to cling to her,  
Who sings the Angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds, the accented strain—  
Come warble loud and clear—  
Alas! alas! you're weeping all,  
You're sobbing in my ear.  
Good night—go say the prayer she taught,  
Beside your little bed;  
The lips that used to bless you there,  
Are silent with the dead.

A Father's hand your course may guide,  
Amid the thorns of life—  
His care protect these shrinking plants,  
That dread the storms of strife;  
But who upon your infant hearts,  
Shall like that mother write?  
Who touch the springs that rule the soul?  
Dear mourning babes, good night!

### Distinctions in Society.

There are many persons who affect to hold mechanics, and indeed operatives generally, without regard to their moral or intellectual characters, in superlative contempt. These persons, too, call themselves republicans and democrats, and profess to acknowledge no other distinction but merit and morality, yet we find them creating the same distinctions in society, and upholding the same causes which characterize the society of the most aristocratic governments, where no such professions are made, and instead of merit, intellect, good breeding, and decency being the standard qualities which ought to elevate a man to the best society in the land, we find ignorance, dandyism and idleness, generally combined with money, predominating, and the man who can boast of the largest share of these 'very desirable accomplishments,' usurps the place which virtue, morality and intellect should occupy.

We find many of our young men generally known by the term 'fashionable,' who have sprung from honest and industrious ancestors, who by their honesty and industry have acquired a competency, spending the earning of their forefathers in idleness and dissipation, and boasting of their illustrious ancestry, who were perhaps plain farmers or tradesmen, and applying epithets as 'vulgar mechanics,' 'low people,' and such like, to persons whose abilities and merits are equal if not superior to their own; and affecting to despise those very employments which their ancestors were glad to cherish, and but for the profits arising therefrom, they would have remained in that obscurity which their birth alone would place them.

This perverted notion of the respectability of occupations, which has been derived from the false distinctions of monarchies, where mechanical professions are menial, prevades the whole land, and is becoming an evil of the first magnitude. It is mischievous in the highest degree—inconsistent with the spirit of our institutions, and the only way to cure the evil is to go to the root of it, and show such persons as imagine they will increase the respectability of their families by making their sons lawyers, doctors, or merchants, that it is sheer delusion, for 'the highest point of respectability is honest industry' and that mechanics, as a profession, is as 'respectable' as law, physic or commerce.

JOHN SPYGLASS.

"I'm lost in grief," as the fly said when it was drowned in a tear.

### "THE TWO COATS."

William Cox, whose essays have done more than those of any one other individual to give character to the "New York Mirror," has lately given an essay under the above title, in which a philosophical German in England tries the world under very different auspices—at first in a spruce coat; afterwards in a shabby one. His adventures are barely amusing; but the conclusion is of a character "too true to make a jest of."

"Spent and breathless, I threw myself into a chair.—My landlady stood gazing upon me apparently deprived of utterance by the excess of her amazement. In order to appease the good woman's anxious curiosity, I collected my remaining faculties, and detailed to her as briefly as possible, the fatigues, insults, vexations, and persecutions I had undergone in the course of the ill-fated day, expecting, as a matter of course, a large return of wonder and sorrowful sympathy. To my utter astonishment, however, my narrative appeared to create but little surprise; but, gazing at me more intently than ever, my landlady set down the candle, lifted up her hands and exclaimed, 'Why la! sir! what else could you expect! YOU HAVE BEEN OUT ALL DAY WITH YOUR OLD COAT ON!'"

"Instantly, and for the first time that day, I looked at the sleeves. It was even so. The mystery was solved—the truth revealed. An old black coat—old when I went on shipboard, and which had been worn, torn, and soiled on the passage, until it had sunk one hundred degrees below respectability—had been brought on shore and laid in my bed-room by an over-careful German servant. On this eventful morning I had, somehow or other, found my way into it; and, deeply immersed in the Kantian system until a late hour had, without further thought, started up & proceeded to pay my visits with this piece of sordid and degradation on my back! It was plain now why I was a scoundrel, a vagabond, and a suspected pickpocket. I said not a word, but wishing my landlady good-night, went to bed and slept.

"When I awoke the next morning there hung the coat. My determination on the preceding evening had been to have it destroyed—burnt—rent into fragments and scattered to the winds of heaven! but

'A sadder and a wiser man  
I rose the morning morn.'

"Welcome, old friend!" said I, as I took it up: 'I have seen deeper into the heart of things—I have learned more of the mysteries of civilization and of men and men's ways by vearing thee one day, than years of superfine cloth and silken prosperity might have taught me.' I spread it out on the table. It appeared a mere old coat no longer. It became a map of moral geography in my eyes, whereon were laid down all the sins and vices of society. What a want of principle the two holes in the elbows denoted!—What atrocities lurked in the rent in the skirts! and what manifold shames and infamies lay clustered upon the worn-out collar! Then the utter lack of refinement and intelligence evinced by the bare seams of the back! while the smaller spots and bald places, scattered plentifully over the surface, admirably typified the minor faults and follies of humanity. But yesterday, it was in my eyes a piece of old, useless cloth; to-day it seemed to me of greater potency than Prospero's wand, and endowed with more miraculous powers of transformation. Hang this coat, thought I, upon the back of Talent, and Talent forthwith degenerates to Mediocrity; transfer it to Mediocrity, and Mediocrity immediately sinks to something below contempt. Clothes Honor in it, and Honor becomes coarseness; put it on Wit, and Wit is Wit no longer, but straightway takes the name of forwardness, insolence, and impertinence. How would a delicate flight of fancy now be neutralized by that threadbare cuff; and what a world of playful satire would the uncovered buttons annihilate! How pointlessly (continued I, pursuing my vein of speculation) would fall jests from the unfortunate proprietor of this, which proceeded from the wearer of one of its impeccable brethren would 'set the table in a roar,' and shake the sides of respectful and admiring listeners with extinguishable laughter. Let even Genius himself throw off his mantle, and cover himself with this, and his most ethereal flights would straightway be considered but as the ravings of insanity, and his most profound thoughts but as the mysticisms of dullness. Or, if, were possible, let Shakspeare be forgotten, and send Genius in this garment, with Hamlet in his pocket to the manager, and oh! the exquisite criticism he would have to endure! the unchecked rudeness; the mock civility—the paltry condescension he would have to bear! How would such a coat obscure the divinity of the thoughts and heighten the improbability of the plot; and how the

insolent laugh, the small witticism, and the superficial sneer circulate round the green-room! Why even the sordid-headed supernumeraries would feel privileged to twit Genius in such a vestment; and back he would come, unrepented, with Hamlet in his pocket, to bear as he best might.

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
Which patient merit from the unworthy takes."

"There is more in this than nature," said I, "if Philosophy could find it out; and grateful as I felt for the lesson I had received, never did I go forth again, during my residence in London, without instinctively glancing at the habiliments in which I had bestowed myself, being well assured by experience, that the man is little—the coat is much."

MIRROR.

From the N. O. Picayune.

### A LEAP YEAR STORY.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

"But why don't you get married?" said a bouncing girl, with a laughing eye, to a smooth-faced innocent looking youth who blushed up to the eyes at the question.  
"Well, I—," said the youth, stopping short with a gasp; and fixing his eyes upon vacancy with a puzzled and foolish expression.

"Well, go on, you what?" said the fair cross-questioner, almost imperceptibly inclining nearer the young man. "Now just tell me right straight out, you what?"

"Why, I—Oh, pshaw, I don't know!"  
"You do, I say you do know, come I want to know."  
"O, I can't tell you—"

"I say you can. Why you know I'll never mention it, and you may tell me of course, you know, for hasn't I always been your friend?"  
"Well, you have, I know" replied the beleaguered youth.  
"And I'm sure I always thought you liked me," went on the maiden in tender and mellow accents.

"O, I do, upon my word—yes indeed, I do Maria," said the unsophisticated youth, very warmly, and he found that Maria had unconsciously placed her hand in his open palm.  
Then there was a silence.  
"And then—well, John?" said Maria, dropping her eyes on the ground.  
"Oh! Oh—well!" said John dropping his eyes and Maria's hand the same moment.  
"I'm pretty sure you loved somebody, John; in fact," said Maria, assuming again the tone of rivalry, "I know you're in love and John why don't you tell me all about it at once?"

"Well, I—"  
"Well, I!—O, you silly mortal, what is there to be afraid of?"  
"Oh, it ain't because I'm afraid of any thing at all, and I'll—well now Maria, I'll tell you."

"Well now, John?"  
"I—"  
"Oh!"  
"Yes!"

"I am in love!—now don't tell—you won't will you?" said John, violently seizing Maria by the hand, and looking in her face with a most imploring expression.

"Why of course you know, John I'll never breathe a word of it; you know I won't, don't you John?" This was spoken in a mellow whisper, and the cherry lips of Maria were so near John's ear when he spoke, had he turned his head to look at her there might have occurred an exceedingly dangerous collision.

"Well, Maria," said John, "I've told you now, I have always thought a good deal of you, and—"

"Yes, John."  
"I am sure you would do any thing for me that you could—"  
"Yes, John, you know I would."  
"Well, I thought so, and you don't know how long I wanted to talk to you about it."

"I declare, John I—you might have told me long ago if you wanted, for I'm sure I never was angry with you in my life."  
"No, you wasn't; and I have often felt a great mind to,—"  
"It's not to late now you know, John."  
"Well, Maria, do you think I'm too young get married?"

"Indeed I do not, John; I know it would be a good thing for you too, for every body says the sooner young people are married the better, when they are prudent and inclined to love one another."

"That's just what I think; and now Maria, I do want to get married, and if you will just—"

"Indeed I will John, for you know I was always partial to you, and I've said so often behind your back."  
"Well, I declare I've all along thought you might object, and that's the reason I've been always afraid to ask you."  
Object! no, I'd die first; you may ask of me just any thing you please."

"And you will grant it?"  
"I will."  
"Then, Maria, I want you to pop the question for me to Mary Sullivan, for—"  
"What!"  
"Oh!"  
"Do you love Mary Sullivan?"  
"O, indeed I do with all my heart!"  
"I always thought you was a fool!"  
"Eh?"  
"I say you're a fool, and you'd better go home your mother wants you—you—you—"  
"Stupid!" exclaimed the mortified Maria in a shrill treble, and she gave poor John a slap on the cheek sent him reeling. It was noon-day, and John declares he saw myriads of stars flashing all around him, more than ever he saw before in the night time. Poor Maria.

"Never told her love,  
But let concealment like a worm 'in' the bud,  
Prey on her delicate cheek."  
Thus, alas, how often are the germs of young affection cast away! For it is but too true, as David Crocket beautifully expresses it,  
"The course of true love never did run smooth!"

## INCIDENTS OF

### THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL. DEATH AND CHARACTER OF WARREN.

BY A. H. EVERETT.

During the progress of this famous battle, which took place June 17th, 1775, a little incident occurred, in which General Putnam, and Major Small of the British army, were the parties concerned, and which throws over the various horrors of the scene a momentary gleam of kindness and chivalry. These two officers were personally known to each other, and had, in fact, while serving in the former wars against the French, contracted a close friendship.

After the fire from the American works had taken effect, Major Small, like his commander, remained almost alone upon the field. His companions in arms had been all swept away, and standing thus apart, he became immediately, from the brilliancy of his dress, a conspicuous mark for the redoubt. They had already pointed their unerring rifles at his heart, and the delay of another minute would probably have stopped his pulses for ever.

At this moment General Putnam recognized his friend, and perceiving the imminent danger in which he was placed, sprang upon the parapet, and threw himself before the levelled rifles. "Spare that officer, my gallant comrades," said the noble-minded veteran, "we are friends; we are brothers; do you not remember how we rushed into each other's arms, at the meeting for the exchange of prisoners?" This appeal, urged in the well known voice of a favorite old chief was successful, and Major Small retired unmolested from the field.

General Warren had come upon the field, as he said, to learn the art of war from a veteran soldier. He had offered to take Col Prescott's orders; but his desperate courage would hardly permit him immediately to retire. It was not without extreme reluctance, and at the very latest moment, that he quitted the redoubt; and he was slowly retreating from it, being still a few rods distant only, when the British had obtained full possession. His person was of course in imminent danger.

At this critical moment, Major Small, whose life had been saved in a similar emergency by Gen Putnam, attempted to require the service by rendering one of a like character to Warren. He called out to him by name from the redoubt, and begged him to surrender. At the same time ordering the men around him to suspend their fire. Warren turned his head, as if he recognised the voice, but the effect was too late. While his face was directed towards the works, a ball struck him on the forehead, and inflicted a wound which was instantly fatal.

Had it been the fortune of Warren to live out the usual term of existence, he would probably have passed with distinction through a high career of usefulness and glory. His great powers, no longer limited to the sphere of a single province, would have directed the councils, or led the armies, of a vast confederate empire. We should have seen him like his contemporaries and fellow patriots, Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, sustaining the highest magistracy at home, or securing the rights and interests of his country in her most important embassies abroad; and, at length, in declining age, illuminating like them, the whole social sphere, with the mild splendor of a long and peaceful retirement. This destiny was reserved for them—for others.

To Warren, distinguished as he was, among the bravest, wisest, and best of the patriotic band, was assigned, in the inscrutable decrees of Providence, the crown of early martyrdom. It becomes not human frailty to murmur at the will

of Heaven; and however painful may be the first emotions excited in the mind by the sudden and premature eclipse of so much talent and virtue, it may, perhaps, well be doubted, whether by any course of active service, in a civil and military department, General Warren could have rendered more essential benefit to the country, or to the causes of liberty through out the world, than by the single act of heroic self devotion which closed his existence. The blood of martyrs has been in all ages, the nourishing rain of religion and liberty.

There are many among the patriots and heroes of the Revolutionary war, whose names are connected with a great number of important transactions; whose biography, correspondence, and writings, fill more pages; and whose names will occupy a large space in general history; but there is hardly one whose example will exercise a more inspiring and elevating influence upon his countrymen and the world, than that of the brave, blooming, generous, self devoted martyr of Bunker's Hill.

The contemplation of such a character is the noblest spectacle which the moral world affords. It is declared by the poet, to be a spectacle worthy of the Gods. It awakens, with ten fold force, the purifying emotions of admiration and tenderness, which are represented as the legitimate objects of tragedy.

A death like that of Warren, is, in fact, the most affecting and impressive catastrophe that can ever occur in the splendid tragedy which is constantly going on around us—far more imposing and interesting, for those who can enjoy it, than any of the mimic wonders of the drama—the real action of life. The ennobling and softening influence of such events is not confined to contemporaries and countrymen. The friends of liberty, from all countries, and throughout all time, as they kneel upon the spot that was moistened by the blood of Warren, will find their bitter feelings strengthened by the influence of the place, and will gather from it a virtue in some degree allied to his own.

### A Virtuous Man.

During the war in Germany, the captain of a troop of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He marched at the head of his troop to the quarter assigned him, a solitary vale, uncultivated, and nearly covered with wood. In the middle of it stood a small cottage—the residence of a poor man, one of the Moravian brethren. On perceiving the hut, the captain knocked at the door, when the aged, pious son of poverty made his appearance. His beard and locks were silvered by old age, while his countenance bespoke that inward peace which the world cannot give nor take away.

"Father," said the officer, "show me a field, so that I can set my troopers foraging."  
"I will presently, if you will follow me," replied the old man.

After leaving the valley, about a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley.

"There is the very thing we want," said the captain.

"Have patience for a few minutes," replied his guide, "and you shall be satisfied."

"They went on, about the distance of a quarter of a league farther, when they arrived at another field of barley. The troopers dismounted, cut down the grain, bound it up, and re-mounted while the guide looked on. When they were about to depart, the officer said:

"Father, you have given yourself unnecessary trouble in coming so far; the field we first saw was much better than this."

"Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

This stroke (says the author very justly), goes directly to the heart. I defy an atheist to produce any thing to be compared to it. Surely he who does not feel his heart warmed by such an example of exalted virtue, has not yet acquired the first principle of moral taste.

### To Careful Daddies.

"Young ladies will fall in love, and the worst of it is, they will take as an object some man that Pa does not like. This is a growing evil, but it must, to some extent, be endured. One word to Pappas—if you wish your daughter not to love Mr.—, praise him to the skies, invite him to your house—let Miss Julia see him as much as possible, and our word for it, in a week she will yawn when he comes in. Take the opposite course to make her love, and be sure that neither mamma or married sister interfere by 'speaking a good word.' Woman, in their adolescent state, are obstinate and self-willed, and though it may be 'yes papa,' and 'no papa,' do not believe a word of it. We know them, and why should we not?—we have been years finding them out.—N. Y. Planet.