

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1841.

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## TERMS

OF THE

### HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, 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, Shireysburg; Eitel Smith, Esq. Chilcotstown; Jas. Enriken, jr. Coffee Run; Hugh Madden, Esq. Springfield; Dr. S. S. Dewey, Birmingham; James Morrow, Union Furnace; John Siler, Warrior Mark; James Davis, Esq. West township; D. H. Moore, Esq. Frankstown; Eph. Gabrecht, Esq. Hollidaysburg; Henry Neff, Alexandria; Aaron Burns, Williamsburg; A. J. Stewart, Water Street; Wm. Reed, Esq. Morris township; Solomon Haener, Neff's Mill; James Dysart, Mouth Spruce Creek; Wm. Murray, Esq. Grayville; John Crum, 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's.  
GEORGE CORNELIUS, }

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 forges, 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.

STEVENS & KENNEDY.  
January 4, 1841.



## POETRY.

### A POLICE SCENE.

COURT.—"Girl, have you any witness to call in your defence?"

PRISONER.—"No, your worship, I have not a friend upon the face of the earth."

MEET epiphon for such as thou,  
With wasted frame and drooping brow!

On whom this instant every eye  
Rains scorn's condensed artillery—

The clown's coarse laugh—the ribald's leer;  
The juror's state affecting sneer—

Th' official's shrug—the counsel's smile  
(Nobling his idle pen the while)—

The judge's sly but solemn pun—  
Have all not galled thee, guilty One?

Thou common mark for shafted mirth—  
Thou wretch, without a friend on earth!

What's writ is writ—thou'st heard thy doom;  
Depart, and give fresh felons room;

Hence! thy slotted time to dwell  
With those who make their bed in hell,  
Beneath thy fierce taskmaster grim,  
To toil with trembling weary limb—

The long laborious day to curse,  
Yet dread night's sleepless fever worse—  
To chafe and fret till thou attain  
Thy haunts of gin and guilt again;

Leper! from every human hearth!  
Cast out, without a friend on earth!

Thou'rt gone;—but yonder greedy gate,  
Again shall lend thee to thy fate—  
Amid thy co-mates' ruffian din,  
Once more to shiver and to sin;

Through London's midnight streets again  
To splash in winter's killing rain;  
Stiffing that dread sepulchral cough,  
That soon or late must cut thee off—

Must give thee, huddled to thy shell,  
From some foul garret's fetid cell,  
A home within the grave-yard's girth  
At last, thou friendless on the earth!

No Stoic I—of crime and care  
I've had my birthright's ample share;  
Yet sooner than possess his heart,  
Who, with a fiend's consummate art,  
First lured thee from thy father's cot,  
(Perhaps in some green sheltered spot),  
And led and left thee, till despair  
Produced thee bound, a felon there,—  
Sooner—through bribed by jeweled Power—  
Than risk his deathbed's damning hour,  
I'd toil for bread—in misery's death—  
Through life, without a friend on earth!

THE CIRCASSIAN BRIDE.

By E. WITHERALD.

"She walks in beauty like the night,  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."

NERINDA was the daughter of a shepherd who dwelt in one of the charming portions of Circassia. If beauty was a blessing, Nerinda was blessed beyond the ordinary lot of mortals, for the fame of her loveliness had extended through the neighboring valleys, and at the early age of fourteen her hand had been sought by many, with an earnestness which showed her parents what a treasure they possessed in their eldest born. But no one had been able to obtain her.

Money is not so plentiful in the vales of Circassia, as in the mart of Constantinople; and few of the neighboring youths might venture therefore to aspire to her hand. There appeared every day, less probability that the fair girl would be permitted to pass her life amidst scenes endeared to her by a thousand childish and tender recollections. Nerinda felt this and her eye became less bright, and her step less buoyant, than when she trod the flowery turf a few months before, a happy careless child, attending the flocks now abandoned to the care of younger children. She became pensive and melancholy. Her rich color faded, and her parents saw with surprise and concern that the dazzling beauty on which so much depended, would be tarnished by the very means they were taken to preserve it.—What was to be done? She must resume her old employments, since healthful exercise was of such consequence to her appearance; she would do so in the neighboring meadows without danger, accompanied by her sister Leila. Oh! how happy was Nerinda when she received this unlooked for indulgence; with what haste did she braid and arrange her beautiful hair, and fasten on the veil without which she must not be seen; then joining her sister, she visited every spot endeared to her by memory, and at length, seating herself on a mossy bank which separated her father's possessions from those of a neighboring shepherd, began to arrange the many flowers she had culled into beautiful bouquets and chaplets, an occupation befit-

ting one so young and lovely; but even whilst her hands were thus employed, it was evident her thoughts were far distant for she fell into reveries so deep that her sister, unable to arouse her from her abstraction, became weary of attempting it, and returned to her fleecy charge, leaving Nerinda to muse alone.

Nerinda believed herself alone, but immediately after the departure of Leila, a finely formed youth had crossed the stream, and stood at the distance of a few paces, gazing on her with a passionate tenderness which betokened the strength of his attachment. Almost afraid to disturb her meditations, yet anxious to obtain a single word, a single glance, he remained motionless; waiting, hoping that she might raise her eyes, and give him permission to advance. She raised them at length, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and in a moment the youth was at her feet. "Nerinda! Hassan!" were the first words that escaped their lips.

"Did I indeed see thee? and dost thou still love thy Nerinda?" said the maiden. "Love thee?" replied the youth in an impassioned tone, "thy image is entwined with every fibre of my heart. They may tear thee from me, they may destroy me if they will, but while life remains I cannot cease to love."

"Alas!" said Nerinda, "weeks have passed since I saw thee and I feared—!" She stopped confused, for Hassan had seized her hand, and was pressing it to his lips with an energy which showed how well he understood what was passing in her mind.

"Oh! Nerinda," said he, "I have entreated, I have implored thy father to bestow thee on me, but in vain, for all the money I could offer was not one tenth of the sum he requires; yet do not despair," he said, as the color faded from her cheek, "I still may hope if thou remains constant."

"This very morning," continued Hassan, "I sought thy father; at first he was unwilling to listen to me. At length I prevailed on him to hearken, even if he refused his assent to what I proposed; but he did not refuse. Pleased with my anxiety to obtain thee, he has promised that if in two years I can gain the required sum thou shalt be my wife; if I cannot he will wait no longer, but part with thee to him who will pay the highest price."

The voice of the youth faltered—he was scarcely able to continue, in two days I am to take all the money my father can spare, and join the caravan which proceeds to the south; fear not," said he, replying to the alarm expressed in her varying countenance, "there is no danger, the caravan is large, and if fortunate as a trader, I shall return before two years have passed to claim my plighted bride. Wilt thou be true? may I trust thee?" were questions the lover asked, though he felt sure the answers would be such as he could desire, and when the assurance was given, he for the first time ventured to impress a kiss on those beautiful lips.

Long did they thus converse, but at length they parted; Nerinda promising to come to the same spot on the next morning to bid him farewell.

They parted, Hassan vainly endeavoring to inspire Nerinda with his own hopes—She almost sank under the trial, and it was many days before she had strength to revisit the banks of turf, their accustomed trysting place. When she did, how changed did all appear; the flowers were still blooming around; the stream flowed on with its accustomed murmur; the birds carolled sweetly as of old; where then was the change? Alas! it was her own heart; joy and happiness had fled with Hassan, and melancholy had taken their place.

Two years and six months had passed since the departure of the youth, and there seemed little probability of his return; even his venerable father mourned him as dead, when a company of traders entered the mountains. One of them was an old acquaintance in the valley. He renewed his solicitations to the father of Nerinda that she might be placed under his charge; offering the highest price, and promising that her future lot should be as brilliant and delightful as her past had been obscure. The shepherd was greatly disappointed by the non-appearance of Hassan, for he would have preferred keeping his daughter near him if he could have done so with advantage to himself, but being poor and avaricious, and imagining he should be perfectly happy if possessed of so much wealth as the trader offered, he consented to part with her, who had ever been his chief delight and the pride of his heart.

Language cannot paint the consternation of Nerinda when she learned her father's determination. The delay of Hassan she accounted for by supposing he had not yet acquired the full amount necessary for his purpose, and hoped that after a while he would return to call her his. Now all hope was at an end. Hassan might still come, but she would be far distant, perhaps the wife of another. Her mother and sister too shared her grief, for

they thought 'it would be impossible to live without Nerinda; but all entreaties & lamentations were vain, the shepherd made the bargain and would abide by it; and she was hurried to the caravan in a state little short of insensibility.

And where was Hassan? He had determined in the first place to proceed with the caravan to Mecca, whether it was bound, and laying out the money he possessed in merchandise, to trade at the different towns on their route. Before they arrived at the holy city he had consequently so greatly increased his store, that he felt no doubt he should be able to return before the time appointed; but meeting soon afterward with a heavy loss, he was thrown back when he least expected it, and at the end of the two years had not more than half the amount required. To return without it was useless, and he set about repairing his loss with a heavy heart. Six months passed in his endeavor, at the end of which time he found himself rich enough to return, but it was necessary he should proceed to Constantinople to settle some business, and join a caravan which was going toward his native country. His anxiety increased every day; of what avail would be his wealth if she, for whose sake it had been accumulated was lost forever?

The day before the one fixed for his departure from Constantinople, a company of traders arrived, bringing with them Circassian slaves. He happened to be passing by the slave market, and impelled by sudden curiosity entered the room. He had scarcely done so when he was struck by the graceful figure of one of the girls, which reminded him of Nerinda. He felt almost afraid to have her veil removed, then recollecting that it would be impossible for her to recognize him in his present dress, and determined to suppress his emotions whatever the result, he made the request which was immediately complied with. It was indeed Nerinda, but how changed! She stood before him pale as marble, with downcast eyes, looking as if no smile would ever again illumine those pensive features; once only a faint color tinged her cheek as he advanced toward her, then instantly gave place to more deathly paleness. The price was soon agreed upon, for the trader was now anxious to get rid of his fair slave as he had been desirous to obtain her; having resigned the hope of making an immense profit in consequence of the continual dejection and grief she indulged, which had greatly impaired her health and beauty. Hassan ordered the trader to send her to his apartments immediately.

When he had entered the room to which she had been conducted, he gently raised her veil. She looked up and recognized him instantly; her joy was as unbounded as his own, but was displayed in a different manner. She threw herself into his arms and sobbed and wept. She was, however, at length able to listen tranquilly to the account of his adventures, and to relate her own.

The remembrance of his aged parent, doubly endeared by absence, and of his joyous childhood, were still alive in the breast of Hassan; and after a few days spent at Constantinople, he proposed to return to his native valley.

They sat out the health & beauty of Nerinda improving, in spite of the fatigues of their journey. The joy with which they were greeted was unbounded. All had given Hassan up for dead, and Nerinda was regarded as lost to them forever. Even her father had repented of his avarice, and would willingly have returned his gold, could he have once more had Nerinda by his side. Her mother and sisters hung around her with tears of joy; and the whole valley welcomed her return with glad rejoicings.

The young couple took up their residence with Hassan's father; many a visit did they pay to that bank of turf, the scene of their former meetings, and never did they look on that spot without feeling their bosom swell with the emotions of gratitude towards that kind Providence who had disposed of all things for their good and had watched over and protected them even when they believed themselves deserted.

### What is Gentility.

Every body can distinguish what they call a gentleman, from a man whom they do not consider to be one. It is true, however, that every body has not the same standard for gentility, and what one might consider to be gentler another might consider to be very far from it. It is therefore impossible to give such a definition to gentility as would accord with the ideas of every one; or, if such a definition could be given, there would be a wide difference of opinion as to the rules that might be laid down for carrying it out. If we were to venture an opinion on the subject, we would say that gentility is that deportment, whether at home, in society, or in the street, which is the result of a desire to avoid doing or saying any thing that could give offence to others. A strict

observance of this law, would undoubtedly secure for its observer the respect of all with whom he would be brought into contact, and in carrying it into practice, if he aims at the highest standard of gentility, he must consult the taste of the most refined and even the most fastidious, or else he may fall short of his object, and be considered as genteel by one set of persons, and vulgar by another. A man who should act up to the following standard, could hardly fail to be considered as a gentleman by every body, although we are free to admit that he might be considered by many as rather too much of one:

It is not genteel to swear.

It is not genteel to indulge in licentious conversation.

It is not genteel to talk loud in company.

It is not genteel to laugh loud.

It is not genteel to interrupt others in conversation.

It is not genteel to be quick and abrupt in talking.

It is not genteel to advance your opinions in a dogmatical and positive manner.

It is not genteel to attempt to give force to your assertions by hammering on the table, or by any extraordinary gesticulations, as if you were infallible.

It is not genteel at an evening party where refreshments are served, to fill a lady's plate with terrapins, or oysters, or chicken salad, as if she had eaten no dinner.

It is not genteel to put your mouth so close to the face of the person you are talking to as to incommode him with your breath, even though you may fancy it to have the odour of a rose-gay.

It is not genteel to slam a door in going in or out of a room where there are other persons.

It is not genteel to take the wall of a lady in the street, whether you be a white or a black gentleman.

It is not genteel to carry with you into company the fumes of cigar smoke.

It is not genteel to chew tobacco in company, or to spit tobacco juice upon a carpet or into a snuff fire place.

It is not genteel to smoke cigars in the street, as some respectable looking strangers are often seen to do.

It is not genteel for *tweedledum* to turn up his nose at *tweedledee* in company.

It is not genteel to talk at concerts or lectures so as to prevent others from hearing.

It is not genteel to whisper in company.

It is not genteel at a table to begin before the rest of the company are helped.

It is not genteel to eat fast, or to put a large quantity into your mouth at once.

It is not genteel to finish a meal until others have had time to make some progress with theirs.

It is not genteel to eat so slow as to eat after the others are done.

It is not genteel when you are invited to a party to meet a stranger, to go away before the stranger.

It is not genteel to salute a gentleman whilst walking in the street with a lady, with a nod of the head.

It is not genteel to contradict others.

It is not genteel to lean back in a chair in company.

It is not genteel to rub your head, whilst seated on a sofa, against the newly papered wall of a parlor in which you are a visitor.

It is not genteel to stand before a fire place and intercept the heat from others who are as cold as yourself.

It is not genteel in company to comb your hair with your fingers.

It is not genteel to talk in company more than your full share.

It is not genteel at the Institute, or any other public place, to stick your feet upon a chair or on a table.

It is not genteel to whistle or hum a tune in presence of strangers or ladies.

It is not genteel to say or do any thing in presence of others, which if said or done by them would offend your feelings or sense of propriety.

These are no sketches of fancy. They are pictures drawn from real life, and perhaps there is hardly a man that will not find one or more of the hints that will fit his case.

### A Queer Story.

Astonishingly Mysterious.—The New York Herald relates the following tale:

"A most singular affair took place last week at a village about ten miles this side of Newburg—Bloomburg grove, we believe. On Thursday about 11 o'clock in the morning, as a stout, hearty good looking young fellow was working in a field there close to the road, an open carriage, drawn by two handsome horses, and driven by a negro, containing a gentleman and a very beautiful young lady drove up, and stopped just opposite to where the young man was at work.

The gentleman who was dressed in

black, then jumped out; and the young man thinking he wanted assistance, advanced towards the carriage, and met the strange gentleman, when the following conversation took place:

GENTLEMAN—My young friend, are you a married man?

LABORER—No, sir.

GENT.—Would you like to be married, if you had a good chance?

LAB.—Well, I've never thought much about it.

GENT.—But would you get married to a handsome young lady, if she had money enough to support you and herself comfortably for the rest of your lives?

LAB.—Well, I rather think I would.

GENT.—Come, then, you shall be married at once to a lady whom I have in that carriage.

LAB.—No, stop; I must go home and dress first.

GENT.—Oh, no! Never mind you dress—come right away.

So saying they approached the carriage, when the gentleman handed out the young lady, who was most splendidly dressed. She shook hands with the farmer, asked him his name, and then enquired where the "Squire could be found, whilst a slight moisture stole into her eyes, notwithstanding her attempt to smile and appear cheerful. The young man replied that he would lead the way. Leaning on the arm of the gentleman, she reached the residence of the "Squire, who soon united her fast in the bonds of wedlock to the young man. Whilst at the altar, she was very pale, and shed tears. After the knot was tied, the lady asked for and received the marriage certificate, which she put into a silk velvet bag, and then all three went towards the carriage. When they reached it, the driver was mounted on the box, ready to start, with the horses' heads turned in the direction whence they had come; the old gentleman handed the lady in, turning sharp round to the young husband, and putting a purse in his hand, exclaimed with some energy, "Good bye—God bless you—we may see you again," jumped into the carriage which was driven off with the speed of the wind, before the astonished husband could recover himself from the surprise of what he saw and heard. Finding all efforts to follow them useless, he opened the purse, and found it contained \$500. He then made his way into the village, to tell the result of this strange affair to his relatives and friends. By some he was laughed at, and by others abused, for his folly in letting the young lady slip through his fingers."

From the N. O. Picayune.

### Sewing Room Chat.

Bachelors are doubtless often exceedingly interested in the conversation of young ladies over their sewing, the delightful little technicalities of sewing phraseology are so profoundly and interestingly inexplicable. A plough boy, listening to a scholastic disputation in Greek, may know just as much about what is going forward, as a bachelor in a back parlor when young ladies are plying the needle. "Cut it bias, and stitch it with herring bones, then take the gusset and fasten it up with a stomacher!" Now, what can such talk as that mean? What is a gusset? Will any lady tell us what a gusset is? "Hem stitch the gore!"—What is a hem stitch? and what is a gore? Are there any such words as these in the English language? Ought women to be allowed the use of such an unknown tongue? Why is it dangerous? Who knows what conspiracies and rebellions they may contrive and arrange within reach of our ears, before our faces, under our very noses, by means of this unintelligible and mysterious language? If secret institutions are supposed to be dangerous to society, what are we to think of such an occurrence as this? Gracious powers! Our wives and daughters discoursing beside us in sounds that convey no meaning to our ears! A dozen female visitors chatting, and we not understand one word of the conversation! Is it not time to look into this subject and see how far our negligence has betrayed us into danger? Who, at this very moment, knows but the whole family race is about to rise up and revolutionize mankind!—Under the new administration we hope to see this subject investigated. They should be made to tell what they mean by "pop-in," "gussets," and "goars," and such outlandish and unchristian words that no honest man can comprehend. "Cutting bias" may mean cutting throats, for all we know. In the name of sense what are we to understand by "herring bone stitches?" What subtle mischief may there be at the bottom of all this? Let it be seen to! In the name of safety, let the women be opinionated!

He who rides a borrowed horse, does not ride often.—[Turkish Proverb.]

True, but he generally rides fast enough and far enough to make up for the difference.—[Buff. Rep.]