

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1841.

[Whole No. 274

## TERMS

### HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, if 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, *Shirleysburg*; Eliel Smith, *Esq. Chiltonstown*; Jas. Entriken, 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. Gabreath, *Esq. Hollidaysburg*; Henry Neff, *Alexandria*; Aaron Burns, *Williamsburg*; A. J. Stewart, *Water Street*; Wm. Reed, *Esq. Morris township*; Solomon Hamer, *Jeff's Mill*; James Dysart, *Mouth Spruce Creek*; Wm. Murray, *Esq. Graysville*; 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 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. } 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 stores 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 7, 1841.



## POETRY.

### TEMPERATE DRINKING.

"'Tis but a drop," the father said,  
And gave it to his son;  
But little did he think a work  
Of death was then begun.  
The 'drop' that lured, when the babe  
Scarce lisped his father's name,  
Planted a fatal appetite  
Deep in his infant frame.

"'Tis but a drop," the comrades cried,  
In truant school boy tone;  
"It did not hurt us in our robes—  
It will not now we're grown."  
And so they drank the mixture up,  
That reeling youthful band;  
For each had learned to love the taste,  
From his own father's hand.

"'Tis but a drop," the husband said,  
While his poor wife stood by,  
In famine, grief and loneliness,  
And raised the imploring cry.  
"'Tis but a drop—I'll drink it still—  
'Twill never injure me."  
I always drank—so, madam, hush!  
We never can agree."

She wept in vain—in vain she plead  
The hunger of her child,  
And her own tatter'd dress—the wretch  
Her mournful words reviled.  
He took the cup with fiend-like air,  
And deep and long he drank;  
Then dash'd it down, and on the earth,  
Insensible he sank.

"'Tis but a drop—I need it now,"  
The staggering drunkard said;  
'T was my food infancy—  
My meat, and drink, and bread,  
A drop—a drop—oh, let me have,  
'Twill so refresh my soul!"  
He took it—trembled; drank—and died,  
Grasping the fatal bowl.

### WOMAN'S LOVE.

Oh! is there in this world of sorrow,  
Where hopes are blighted, joys decay,  
One charm that lasts beyond the morrow,  
To bid our longing spirits stay?

Oh! is there, when by grief and sadness,  
Our aching hearts are oft oppress'd,  
One friendly star of joyful gladness,  
That shines more brightly than the rest?

Ah! yes, there is one charm that bindeth  
Our youthful hearts 'round virtue's shrine;  
There is one star that brightens shewith,  
When other orbs have ceased to shine.

There is one ray of light to guide us,  
While thro' this darksome wild we rove;  
Whatever may on earth betide us,  
'Tis WOMAN'S NEVER-DYING LOVE!

### Mothers after all.

Colonel Ethan Allen was a bold officer of the American Revolution. He could face the enemies of his country with the most undaunted bravery, and in the field of battle he never shrunk from danger.—But he was an opposer to Christianity, and gloried in the character of an infidel. His wife, however, was a pious woman, and taught her children in the way of piety, while he told them it was a delusion. But there was an hour coming when Col. Allen's confidence in his own sentiments would be closely tried.

A beloved daughter was taken sick—she received a message that she was dying; he hastened to her bedside, anxious to hear her dying words.

"Father," said she, "I am about to die: shall I believe in the principles which you have taught me, or shall I believe what my mother has taught me?"

This was an affecting scene. The intrepid Colonel became extremely agitated, his lip quivered, his whole frame shook; and after waiting a few moments, he replied, "Believe as your mother has taught you!"

### Printing.

In casting light upon the habitable world, it is second to nothing but the sun himself. Wherever the Art of Printing is encouraged, there you will see superstitious flee, to make way for truth, liberty, and intelligence. Kings turn ghastrly pale at the thought of this "angel of light," scanning their character, and demonstrating to their subjects that they are capable of ridding themselves of tyranny, by dethroning Royalty and instituting free government in its stead.

## From the Cincinnati Mirror. THE COMPROMISE.

A TALE FOR 'TRUE LOVERS.'

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

When persons have arrived at a certain period in life, it is astonishing with what grasp habits cling to them. You may rectify a crook in a sapling, but you can never untwist a knot on a grown-up tree. Cross-grained it is, and do what you may—cross-grained it will remain. Speaking of knots and cross-grained things puts me in mind of a knotty friend I once had. People are very much mistaken, by the way, when they say old bachelors are crusty. They are not crusty—that is if you have a crust of bread or a crust of ice in your mind—for they are of a hardness or iciness from rib to back-bone, and therefore no crust about them. That they are knotty, I admit; and if you have ingenuity to unite one who has been in the habit of consulting his own will, you may as well not despair of finding the philosopher's stone yet, as your sagacity is fully up to the discovery of any thing.

Well, I had a knotty friend, named Will Tompkins, who never perpetrated but one pun in his life, and that was when a certain lady told him once that he was the most knotty fellow she ever saw. Will, with a leer in his left eye, replied that she was more *notty* by half, as he had been beseeching her to get ready for the altar and bridal for the last six months and every time he asked her if she was ready, she replied she was not—not—not. And that continued Will, is evidence enough that there are more *nots* about you than there are about me.

"You want me to get ready for the bridal and the altar, do you Mr. Will Tompkins?" replied the fair one; "I will let you know that I am neither a horse nor a culprit, and therefore I will not have a *bride* in my mouth, nor a *halter* about my neck."

I forgot to describe this couple, and I therefore have got for to do it, as the old ballad phrase it. Will was three and thirty; corn-fed and corpulent—with telltale marks of red on the extreme end of his nose—fond of the sex, and consequently of good living—and a lover of jokes and his own way of doing things. Will had a streak of waggishness in his flesh—his natural lymph was all turned to good humor—and was altogether unequalled for the heartiness of his laugh, which emotion would cause his cheeks to be lifted up to the almost total eclipse of that bright little luminary, his eye, which would twinkle in the shadow cast upon it, in a manner provocative of the most ludicrous glee. How did Will manage to preserve his celibacy? Ah! thereby hangs a tale, which, if you will give me time, I'll tell you. But I must describe Miss Susan Hawthorn first. She was twenty-five—single ladies never get into the second quarter of a century—she had a black eye, which Will told her looked like Venus, because it was bright and cold; and he used to worship it every evening, as they do the evening star in Persia. Miss Hawthorn's cheek was like one of those roses which are always in bloom—her brow was white like a lily—her lip was red like a honey suckle; and thus much for the botany of her face, which like an eglantine blossom, was fair and delicate, and wholesome to look upon.

There was an attachment subsisting between Will and Miss Hawthorn, of some years' standing. The people wondered why matrimony, or a squabble or some such interesting issue, was not forthcoming. In vain did they attack either of the parties—there was a crotchet somewhere, but what it was, was the question which no one could answer. All the girls thought it must be Miss Hawthorn's fault, and all the men suspected Will. Thus were the sexes by the ear. Many were the ingenious speculations as to the cause, which were set afloat, as month after month rolled away, and Will visited Miss Hawthorn and she did not change her name. Nobody suspected them of a Platonic attachment, as neither of them were poetical enough for any thing of that nature. Might it not be romance? Is there no room for romance about an old bachelor's head, or an old maid's heart? The truth is, people are not aware that romance plays around a brow that has a wrinkle in it, although some of the most romantic beings in the world are those who have survived the "equinoctial line of life," thirty years, and have preserved their single blessedness without a flaw. Did you never see an old bachelor, with a few grey hairs lightly sprinkled over a silver crown talking about moonshine and Moor's melodies, sentiment and sonnets, to a lady with a withering blossom on her cheek, while she sighed, and fidgetted, and blushed, as his words stole unconsciously to her heart?—Did you never see anything of this kind? Then, I can tell you that you have never witnessed the most interesting

exhibition of romance, which is indicated in human actions.

Will and Miss Hawthorn took their own time to arrange their affairs, and the world wondered on. Public curiosity does not act like a spur on these ancient folks. They are deliberate on the serious business of matrimony, and they are not to be forced into it precipitately by any amount of scandal and small talk that a generous public can bring to bear upon them.

Among those who wondered most at the dilatoriness of our young hero and heroine, was a lady by the name of Mary Warland. It was her opinion, that if they meant to marry for the sake of the happiness which was to result from the connexion, it was high time they were about it. Miss Warland was a faded beauty of thirty—that is to say, twenty-five. Rumor, which never lies, asserted that about ten years previously, Will had offered himself to, and was rejected by Miss Warland, who at that time had an eye on a naval officer, who was flourishing like a moth about the brilliancy of her beauty, and getting signed at every turn. The lieutenant was suddenly called away to the service, and Miss Warland, after sobbing and languishing for a week, turned her eye with a mollified expression on Will. But Will, like a philosopher, had already begun to besiege another lady's affections; and Miss found out, too late, that she had committed a sad blunder when her hopes of an officer induced her to consign Will to all the pains and penalties of unrequited love.

Judge of Miss Warland's surprise, then when Will, ten years after, again returned to her, with visits most flattering to their frequency. She fancied she saw in his attentions, indications of a genuine passion in its incipency. She forthwith made up her mind that she was wiser than she had been before, and that if Will, like the prodigal son, after years of wandering abroad, should return to her house she would extend both her arms and give him the embrace of a hearty welcome. Her heart had expelled its love for military glory, and renewed the palpitations of its younger days, whenever Will favored her with his presence. Our hero visited her frequently, and attended to all her pleasure with wonderful assiduity for several months, and the town began to think that the affair between Miss Hawthorn and himself was out—that is to say, that Miss Warland would, after all, be the chosen object of Will's heart, and the depository of his most sacred affections.

Suddenly, Will deserted Miss Warland wheeled right about, and resumed his attentions towards Miss Hawthorn, who had evidently pined away as long as Will made his devoirs at the shrine of her rival. There was a mystery in all this which people could not solve. Shall I do myself the pleasure of solving the affair for you?

Being Miss Hawthorn's age in mind, it will not appear singular if she was a little, just a little, squamish, and quite fastidious. She had a few prejudices which seemed to possess unconquerable force. For instance, she would have died, rather than have dwelt under the same roof where a kitten inhaled the breath of life. Next to her hatred of kittens, was her hatred of tobacco—particularly of segars. She protested it would kill her to look upon the mouth of her husband smoking like a foul chimney of a damp day. Now Will, of all things, loved a fragrant segar, and next to it he loved Miss Hawthorn, and he loved his own will better than the will of any body else. A dilemma is now easily imaginable. Miss Hawthorn had engaged herself to Will, before she was aware of his failing, and one night as he was about saluting her in a most affectionate manner, she shrunk back from his embrace, and—fainted. She came to, and assured Will that it was the odor of his breath, tainted with pestilential segar smoke, which had caused her syncope. She besought him to forsake the filthy practice, and he promised her that he would not! She was vexed, and hastily declared she would never marry him, or suffer him to take any liberty with her, until he had desisted from the practice of smoking.

Here, then, they were at an issue. Alas says the poet—

'Alas! how slight a cause may move  
Dissension betwixt hearts that love.'

They exhausted their powers of eloquence and argument, on the question of smoking. Neither party flinched from their original position. Thus they courted, and quarrelled for two years. One night Will, whose patience was well nigh exhausted, went to see Miss Hawthorn as usual. The lady received him, as she always did, with kindness. For an hour they talked over the affairs of the neighborhood, and then Will told her that he had made his mind up to one thing. Will the lady listened with great attention, Will deliberately drew from his pocket a

match and paper, placed a segar in his mouth, made fire and lit it.

"Now,—Miss—Susan—I—want—you" said he, with a puff at every word,—to give me a final answer. Will you accept me, as I am?

"I will not, so long as you are so filthy as to smoke."

"Is—that—final?"—said Will, puffing.

"Yes—and your impudence is most unexampled."

"Farewell," said Will, and off he started, with a volume of smoke wreathing about his head.

Several nights went and came, but Will came not. Miss Hawthorn scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry, at what she termed his obstinacy. She was not a little alarmed, when tidings reached her, that Will, instead of shooting a bullet through his heart, was engaged in the very silly business of shooting darts at Miss Warland's heart. Gradually the flower faded from Miss Hawthorn's cheek, and the lustre forsook her eye, and a pain gathered in her breast. She thought she would have the consumption, and become the victim of a broken heart. Never was maiden in so sad a plight. Should she give way? No, the mere thought of smoke was insufferable. She would discard Will, she thought so she would; and then she shed a flood of tears to moisten and keep alive her resolution.

One day, as she was lamenting her desolate condition, Will came upon her—segarless! He told her his affections were all her's—with the exception of a moiety, which belonged to segars—and if she was willing to take him with his infirmities, he was at her disposal; if not, he would take her rival, Miss Warland. She told him her mind was fixed, irrevocably, and then burst into tears. Will could brave the battery of her vocal eloquence, but there was a pathos in her tears, which unmanned him, and he left her. In an hour after, she received a pink billet.

"Dear Susan: I will meet you half way. I will compromise our difficulty. I now smoke six per day—I will come down to three—one after each meal. I will die, or what is worse, marry —, if you do not agree to this proposition.  
Yours, ever,  
WILL."

This proposition wrought a mericle, and the quarrel ended in smoke. The chasm between the lovers was bridged, Miss Hawthorn's visage amended hourly, Miss Warland was left in the lurch, and Will departed away, and faced the form of his inamorata, in smoke which reached above him.

For fear of farther difficulties, they proceeded to the issue with commendable expedition, and in a fortnight Will led the blushing damsel to the altar.

## Useful Hints.

The world wants regulating; things are not going on as they should do, and we'll just drop a few hints that may be found useful in setting it right.

First and foremost, people all through the country are so scrupulously exact in paying for newspapers. Papers were never printed to be paid for; it is a vulgar error to suppose so.

There is a foolish prejudice still extant concerning umbrellas; some eccentric people maintain that a man should use his own instead of any other that he may happen to pick up. This cries loudly for correction.

When in an editorial sanetum, many persons imagine it necessary to be speedy in doing what business they may have with the editor, thinking they must not tumble over papers, examine manuscript, &c. This is all nonsense. The way for a man to make himself agreeable in an editor's office, is to open all the exchange papers, read, and throw them aside anywhere; talk loud, and, if about nothing, so much the better; pick up what the editor has written, read and criticise; take the arm chair, and don't forget to put your feet upon the table; in short, make yourself perfectly sociable, and you'll do. If the editor is in your way, kick him out.

Tailors of late years have grown into an impudent habit of asking payment of their bills, and some honest simpletons countenance them in it. Never pay tailors.

Don't be foolish, and give or lend to poor relations, or any person in distress. The world is entirely too much given to this.

Keep your memory awake, and don't forget lunch at eleven and a half o'clock, in the morning. These lunch observances are too much neglected in New Orleans.

When you purchase a ticket in the lottery, be sure to draw a prize; it is a known fact, though nobody can account for it, that several persons have drawn blanks lately.

Eat and drink by all means; never let

a day pass without eating and drinking. Just attend to this hint, and after a little practice you will find there is a great deal of pleasure in following the habit.

Never take an umbrella into the street when rain is falling. It is quite a common custom to do so, and the article is sure to get wet.

If you have a remarkable fine set of teeth, never laugh.

When a man treads on your corns, never forget to thank him kindly, and request a continuance of further favors.

When introduced into a painter's "atelier," be sure to recognise none of his portraits, and you will render yourself still more agreeable by suggesting some little improvements in coloring to the artist.

If you have been poor and have grown rich, be sure to forget every one of your former acquaintance, and that as speedily as possible.

Above all things, never take a hint, for there is always something more substantial in reserve, which you may as well have as not.

## Horse Trading.

It is sometimes amusing to hear a couple of jockies trading in horse flesh. They are generally the "hit or miss" portion of community, and rely more upon 'chances' than any other class of business men.—An instance of this kind, in which one of our neighbors was concerned, came off the other day, and exemplifies the gravity with which the sucker swallows a costly joke.

"How will you trade?" was the interrogatory of the stranger.

"Unsignt, unseent," replied neighbor B.

"Agreed," said the stranger, "provided you answer my questions, and pay five dollars for every falsehood you tell me."

"Done," said Mr. B.

"Is he sound in his limbs?"

"Yes."

"Is he sound in wind?"

"Yes."

"Has he good eyes?"

"Yes."

"Then how will you trade?"

"Give me seventy-five dollars."

"I'll give you fifty."

"Done."

The money was counted down, and neighbor B. putting \$45 in his pocket, handed back \$5 to the stranger.

"What is that for?"

"Why I told you one falsehood."

"What was it?"

"My horse is wind-broken."

It is needless to add any thing more by way of comment. "The thing was out!"

—Pottsville Emporium.

## A Temperance Story.

The Baltimore Clipper relates a pleasant anecdote in relation to a Temperance Pledge, as follows:

"A very beautiful young lady on the Point, not long since, signed her name to a temperance pledge, one article of which prohibited her receiving the affectionate attention of any young gentleman who was in any way given to intemperance. It happened that the tender hearted dame had at the very time she had put her name to the paper, a beau with whom she was well pleased, but who, unfortunately, (according to report) took occasionally "a teetle too much." The maiden was therefore under the painful necessity of addressing her 'fondly loved one,' a polite note, stating her situation, the nature of the pledge she had taken, and the utter impossibility of her ever after receiving his attention as a lover.

"I love you as purely as ever," was the language of the note, "but my word has gone forth, and honor bids me to respond to your kindness, only in the light of a friend."

The young man found himself completely subdued. The words "I love you as purely as ever," were too potent. Determined not to forfeit such affection, he sought the earliest opportunity to be a temperance advocate himself, signed a pledge and is now a member of the Washington Temperance Society. Young love's dream with them have already brightened into engagement, and is, we understand, shortly to be consummated in matrimony. Powerful and beautiful is thy influence oh woman!"

## A Drink.

He drank a jug of beer—he revelled in the foam-covered liquid—he swallowed it wildly, furiously—paused for breath—again sank his mouth, chin, and nose into the gigantic tankard, and with a deep gulf of satisfaction, tossed the empty utensil into the fire, and with an appalling cry that shook the rafters of the crazy old barn, shouted, "Is done, ha! ha! I've swigged it all—al, every drop, ha! ha!"