

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1841.

[Whole No. 275

TERMS

OF THE

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.

FOR

The Huntingdon Journal.

Daniel Teague, *Orbitona*; David Blair, *Shade Gap*; Benjamin Lease, *Shirleysburg*; Eitel Smith, *Esq. Chiltonstown*; Jas. Franklin, *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. Gabbreath, *Esq. Hollidaysburg*; Henry Neff, *Alexandria*; Aaron Burns, *Williamsburg*; A. J. Stewart, *Water Street*; Wm. Reed, *Esq. Morris township*; Solomon Hamer, *Neff's Mill*; James Bysart, *South Spruce Creek*; Wm. Murray, *Esq. Grayville*; John Crum, *Manor Hill*; Jas. F. 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, *Adm's.*

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 casting 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.

STEEVENS & KENNEDY.

January 1, 1841.



POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker for March.

THE WARNING.

AFTER THE MANNER OF BERANGER.
BY R. M. CHARLTON.

Maiden of the blooming age,
O'er whose path the sunlight lingers,
O'er whose brow despair and rage
Ne'er have swept with loathsome fingers!
Virgin! pure in heart and mind,
Shun the spot where Love reposes;
Oh, beware! or thou wilt find
Sharpest thorns among his roses.

Damsel! thou whom time hath kissed
Slightly on thy lips of coral,
By the charms that thou hast missed,
Learn, oh! learn the simple moral;
Time may seem to thee unkind—
Love a brighter fate discloses;
Oh, beware! or thou wilt find
Sharpest thorns among his roses.

Warrior! from the battle field,
With thy laurel wreath around thee,
Arm thyself with sword and shield,
Fly, ere yet the foe hath bound thee!
Love, for thee a spell hath twined,
Where the eye of beauty closes;
Oh, beware! or thou wilt find
Sharpest thorns among his roses.

Father! thou whose tottering gait
Tells of lengthened years and sorrows—
Tells what soon will be thy fate,
Ere the sun brings many morrows—
Love will seek e'en thee to bind,
Ere Death's portal o'er thee closes;
Oh, beware! or thou wilt find
Sharpest thorns among his roses.

Maiden, damsel, warrior, sire!
Shun the spell of this enchanter;
Come not near his hidden fire,
Heed ye not his idle banter;
He is fickle, false and blind—
He the source of all our woes is;
Oh, beware! or you will find
Sharpest thorns among his roses.

WHY DON'T HE COME?

Why don't he come? He promised me
He surely would be here;
And dad and mam are out to tea,
For once the coast is clear.

I wonder what he wants to say?
When last his leave he took,
He asked me twice at home to stay,
I wonder how I look!

Oh! why I'm almost out of breath!
Suppose he asks! what then?
I'll certainly be scared to death,
I'm so afraid of men!

I think I'll have him though, at last,
But first I'll answer, no!
For many a girl by hurrying fast,
Outstrips her tardy beau!

Oh! here he comes—his steps I hear—
And now he'll soon begin;
I would not for the world appear
In haste to let him in!

AARON BURR

AND

HIS DAUGHTER.

The history of every nation is fraught with romantic incidents. England has the story of her Alfred, Scotland of her Wallace, her Bruce, her Mary, and her Charles Stuart, Ireland her Fitzgerald, France her Man with the Iron Mask and Maria Antoinette, Poland her Thaddeus, and Russia her Siberian Exiles. But we very much doubt whether any exceeds in interest the singularly touching story of Aaron Burr and his highly accomplished, his beautiful and devoted daughter Theodosia. The rise and fall of Burr in the affections of his countrymen, are subjects of deep historical interest. At one time we see him carried on the wave of popular favor to such giddy heights that the Presidency itself seemed almost within his grasp, which he only missed to become the second officer in the new Republic. He became Vice President of the United States. How rapid his rise! and then his fall, how sudden, how complete! In consequence of his duel with Hamilton, he became a fugitive from justice—is indicted for murder by the Grand Jury of New Jersey—flies to the South—lives for a few months in obscurity, until the meeting of Congress, when he comes

forth and again takes the Chair, as President of the Senate. After his term expires, he goes to the West, becomes the leading spirit in a scheme of ambition to invade Mexico; (very few will now believe that he sought a dismemberment of the Union)—is brought back a prisoner of state to Richmond, charged with high treason—is tried and acquitted—is forced to leave his native land and go to Europe. In England he is suspected, and retires to France, where he lives in reduced circumstances, at times not being able to procure a meal of victuals. After an absence of several years he finds means to return home—he lands in Boston without a cent in his pocket, an object of distrust to all. Burr had no tidings of his daughter, since his departure from home; he was anxious to hear from her, her husband, and her only child, in whom his whole soul seemed bound up. The first news he heard was that his grandchild died while he was an outcast in foreign lands, which stroke of Providence he felt keenly, for he dearly loved the boy. Theodosia, the daughter of Burr, was the wife of Governor Allston, of South Carolina. She was married young, and while her father was near the zenith of his fame. She was beautiful and accomplished, a lady of the finest feelings, an elegant writer, a devoted wife, a fond mother, and a most dutiful and loving daughter, who clung with redoubled affection to the fortunes of her father as the clouds of adversity gathered around him; and he was deserted by the friends whom he formerly cherished. The first duty Burr performed after his arrival here, was to acquaint Mrs. Allston of his return. She immediately wrote back to him that she was coming to see him, and would meet him in a few weeks at New York. This letter was couched in the most affectionate terms, and is another evidence of the purity and power of woman's love.

In the expectation of seeing his daughter in a few days, Burr received much pleasure. She had become his all on earth. Wife, grandchild, friends and all were gone; his daughter alone remained to cheer and solace the evening of his life and to welcome him back from his exile. Days passed on—then weeks—and weeks were lengthened into months, yet naught was heard of Mrs. Allston. Burr grew impatient, and began to think that she too had left him, so apt is misfortune to doubt the sincerity of friendship. At length he received a letter from Mr. Allston, inquiring if his wife had arrived safe, and stating that she had sailed from Charleston some weeks previous, in a vessel chartered by him on purpose to convey her to New York. Not receiving any tidings of her arrival, he was anxious to learn the cause of her silence.

What had occurred to delay the vessel? Why had it not arrived? These were questions which Burr could ask himself, but no one could answer.

The sequel is soon told. The vessel never arrived. It undoubtedly foundered at sea, and all on board perished. No tidings have ever been heard of the vessel, the crew, or the daughter of Aaron Burr—all were lost. This last sad revelation was only required to fill Burr's cup of sorrow. The last link was broken which bound him to life. The uncertainty of her fate had added to the poignancy of his grief. Hope, the last refuge of the afflicted, became extinct when years had rolled on, and yet no tidings of the loved and lost one were gleaned.

Burr lived in New York until the year 1836, (we believe) when he died. The last years of his life were passed in comparative obscurity. Some few old friends who never wholly deserted him, were his companions; they closed his eyes in death and followed his body to the grave, where it will rest till the trump of the Almighty shall call it to judgment.

Such is a brief sketch of the latter part of the strange and eventful history of Aaron Burr. None of the family now live—it has become extinct—and his name but lives in the history of his country and in the remembrance of those who knew him.

A True Story.

It is a remark generally applicable to the character of the "better half" of man, that though she be given to censure, and admonish her lord in those eloquent philippics familiarly called curtain lectures, or even enforce her precepts in the less delicate mode of applying the broomstick to his pate—yet, she will allow no mortal but herself to abuse, or wield the chastening rod over him with impunity—she is as ready to take up the cudgels for his defence as for his correction. And the rule has been noted to work both ways. It is a singular and admirable trait in woman, that she will unhesitatingly defend the life, property, honor, in short, "all and singular the rights and credits" of her husband, against all aggressions of third persons—even though she be most scandalously ill-treated and abused by him.

We have not ventured these speculations without a "case in point" to back us. A respectable old acquaintance of ours says, when he was a young man, full of the ardor and chivalry of youth, this adventure befell him. While traveling in a strange part of the country, he came upon a cabin from which he heard the angry voice of a man, mingled with the screams of a woman, and at regular intervals a hickory stick singing through the air as if well laid on. He rode round to get sight of the cause of all this clamor, when he saw a burly looking fellow thrashing his wife like fury, with a stick too formidable to be within the meaning of the statute. On perceiving our friend, the belterants suspended operations—the "shower of timber" ceased to fall, and there was a great calm of a few moments' duration. The young man, whose wrath had suddenly waxed hot against the cruel husband, cried out, "You brute! you rascal! throw down that whip, and don't touch the woman again, or I'll wear it over your own ugly carcass! you savage you!" Who should respond to this valiant defiance but the injured lady herself! Turning her blonzed hair out of her face, and giving her fist a portentous shake, she quailed out,—"He's as good as you are, you gawky, good for nothing creeter you!"

"Night and Morning."

EXTRACTS FROM BULWER'S NEW NOVEL.

DEATH.—The funeral was over—the dead shovelled away. What a strange thing does it seem, that that very form which we prized so dearly, for which we prayed the winds to be gentle, which we lapped from the cold in our arms, from whose footsteps we would have removed a stone, should be suddenly thrust out of sight—an abomination that the earth must not look upon—a despicable loathsomeness, to be concealed and to be forgotten! And this same composition of bone and muscle, that was yesterday so strong—which men respected, and women loved, and children clung to—to-day so lamentably powerless, unable to defend or protect those who lay nearest to its heart—its riches wrested from it, its wishes spelt upon, its influence expiring with its last sigh! A breath from its lips making all that mighty difference between what it was and what it is!

THE WORLD'S ESTIMATION OF A WORTHY MAN.—He never committed any excess—never gambled or incurred debt—or fallen into the warm errors most common with his sex. He was a good husband—a careful father—an agreeable neighbor—rather charitable than otherwise to the poor. He was honest and methodical in his dealings, and had been known to behave handsomely in different relations of life. Mr. Robert Beaufort, indeed, always meant to do what was right—in the eyes of the world! He had no other rule of action but that which the world supplied—his religion was decorum—his sense of honor was regard to opinion. His heart was a dial to which the world was a sun: when the great eye of the public fell on it, it answered every purpose that a heart could answer; but when that eye was invisible, the dial was mute—a piece of brass, and nothing more.

HOPE.—At sixteen, what sorrow can freeze the hope, or what prophetic fear whisper "fool" to the ambition? He would bear back into ease and prosperity, if not into affluence and station, the dear ones left at home. From the eminence of five shillings a week he looked over the Promised Land.

SMOKING.—A pipe! It is a great comfort! a pleasant comfort! Blue devil fly before its breath! It ripens the brain; it opens the heart—and the man who smokes, thinks like a sage, and acts like a Samaritan!

SPIDERS versus LAWYERS.—There is one class of spiders, industrious, hard-working octopodes, who, out of the sweat of their brains, (I take it, by-the-by, that a spider must have a fine cranialogical development) make their own webs and catch their own flies. There is another class of spiders who have no stuff in them wherewith to make webs, they, therefore, wander about, looking out for food provided by the toil of their neighbors. Whenever they come to the web of a smaller spider, whose larver seems well supplied, they rush upon the domain—pursue him to his hole—eat him up if they can—reject him if he is too tough for their maws—and quietly possess themselves of all the legs and wings they find dangling in his meshes: these spiders I call enemies—the world calls them lawyers!

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—There is so divine a holiness in the love of a mother, that, no matter how the tie that binds her to the child was formed, she becomes, as it were, consecrated and sacred; and the past is forgotten, and the world and its harsh verdicts swept away when that love alone is visible; and the God who watches over the little one, sheds his smile over the human deputy, in whose tenderness there breathes His own!

From the New York Express.

MAJOR DOWNING.

We commend the following letter especially to our transatlantic brethren, simply remarking that in representative governments, like England and the United States, the action of Government must mainly depend on public sentiment.

A large portion of the present generation of both countries know little personally of the horrors and crimes of war, and this fact may account, in part, for the light and careless manner so grave a subject is treated by many.

We approve of the major's temper in discussing the matter, and hope within him to live to see the great Anglo-Saxon race spread far and wide, improving as they extend, with good laws, good morals, and a general disposition on human happiness.

WASHINGTON, March 8, 1841

To John Bull Esq.

SIR—I see, in reading the newspapers, that you are the man most folks out of office write to, who have any business with your Government in foreign matters. I did think, at first, I would send this letter to the Queen herself, so there would be no mistake about it, as I find the best way, after all is to go right to the head of the family—but it is now going on thirteen years next grass since I wrote a letter to any kind of woman folks, and the last was to Miss Hepsy Ann Appleby, who kept a school at Saco, about a little courting matter; and I riled her considerably by calling her an *angle* instead of an *angel*, and she sent me back as sharp and sour an answer as ever a man got—there wasn't a bit of that paper that wouldn't turn a pan of milk as quick as a piece of runnet—and all owing to that accident in my putting an L before an E, and she having a leetle crook in the back which I never thought on—but women are particular folks in such things, and if you touch 'em on a soft spot, the fat is in the fire right off—and so I said I never would again try my hand in writing any on 'em a letter again; and that is the main reason why I don't send this letter to the Queen instead of you.

I have been considerable about this country from East of sunrise to West of sunset, and from the North where the wild geese go in summer, to the South where they pass the winter, and I have got a notion that I know pretty much how folks feel and think here about most matters, and there is no way in the world to get this knowledge, unless by tumbling about with folks, and talking *politics* and *farming and lodging*, and *steam boating*, and *rail roading*, and matters of that nature, and no man can tell exactly how things are likely to work in this country, unless he has wet his feet and watered his licker from the Penobscot to the Mississippi—and supposing you would like to get the honest notions of such a man, and seeing that there is some matters of misunderstanding getting up betwixt the two countries, I thought it best to send you a letter; and that you might know it is genuine, I let my printers print it, and put my figure head at the top of on't—so if one mail miscarries the next may reach you.

In reading over the newspapers and the proceedings of your Congress, I see that there is a notion in England that folks in this country want to take Canada, and to prevent this, reports say you are going to push more troops with red coats into Canada, and are going to build war steamers on the Lakes, and also to organize troops with black faces in the West Indies, and so forth. If these reports are true, you are making about as great a mistake as if you was to put on your shirt tail end upmost, unless you want to bring on a difficulty, and if that is the case, then you are doing exactly right.

The truth of the matter is, that excepting a few unruly scamps, chiefly from Canada, along the lines, there ain't a corporal's guard in all this country nat'ally disposed to disturb the power of Canada, much less taking possession; and the less able Canada was to oppose a conquest by the States the more secure she would be from it, for our folks would go right in and help thrash out any set of scamps who should go in there to disturb the peace. But if you don't believe in this state of public feeling, and on the contrary go on and crowd in fighting folks, and build war steamers on the Lakes, our folks must do the same to keep an eye on you, and when we come to calculate the expense on't, we may come to the notion that your folks are expensive neighbors, and the best way would be to get rid of such neighbors, and then would come bad blood and fighting and if that begins it won't end till one or the other knocks under, and you can guess which is the most likely to do so as well as I can. War is bad enuf between foreigners, but it is shocking unnatural and ugly between folks speaking plain English.

I see also that some of your folks in England think there is a nat'ral animosity growing up betwixt the two nations of

late. If this is so it is owing mainly to yourselves, and it will keep growing just as fast as you take the measures you do to protect, as you say, "her majesty's dominions." But this animosity, if any there is, is not because Canada is English—for, if the folks along that line had any other mother tongue than English, we should have changed the boundary line long and long ago. Do you think that we would be able to work along peaceably with neighbors whose line fence divides rivers and lakes with us—dipping in here and cutting across there—if their mother tongue made "ou" or "jks" spell *you*?

See what quick work our folks made off Texas! We are chips of the old Anglo-Saxon block, and think the safest boundary line betwixt us and the nations that don't speak plain English, is salt water. It was just so when you owned this country—there was no peace and quiet so long as the "Qui" folks owned Canada Nova Scotia; and when at last you conquered them, the only mistake you made was in letting that lingo be spoken there in laws—This kept up a constant inward discontent and grumbling, until a few years ago it broke out in a fresh spot, and your soldiers was set on them and cut their throats and burnt their houses, and this was considered so strange and inhuman by some of our folks near the lines, who could not see the necessity in a country of laws for this unnatural severity, that they bristled right up, by a sort of a nat'ral animal sympathy, just as the pigs do when they hear a squeal of one of their kind caught by a gate or a dog—without stopping to enquire whose pig he is, bristles up and shows fight. This is about the amount and cause of present frontier feeling, and it seems nat'ral to the Anglo-Saxon family, and dies a nat'ral death as the cause is explained and examined into.

I don't care to say any thing in this letter about the N. E. boundary line, or the burning of the Caroline, or the capture and trial of McLeod, or the taking or examining our vessels on the Coast of Africa, or the Oregon claims, and things of that nature—and all that is the business of the Government, and they are all matters of law and treaty, and will go through that mill, and will, and must, come out straight, no matter whose toes are pinched. But there is one thing I will say—that the law will have its way here, from a justice's Court to the Supreme tribunal, and no man, or set of men can prevent it, and no nation can awe it—and it all good old English law. If a treaty says a line shall run thus or so—thus or so it will go—just as a deed of a farm runs. If in free countries, like England and America, folks have a right to go where they please they may go, and if they invade other countries, and get caught, it is there look out and they must suffer the consequences—they can't claim the law of their country to protect them, though they may claim, if they can, its animal sympathy.

Now, to show you now this works—what has been done by this country to shield the folks that got caught in Canada, making war there from this side? Nothing. You hang some, and others you sent to Bottany Bay, *by the law*—and that was right, presuming they had a fair trial—and we shall do the same on all occasions, and that will keep things straight—*by the law*,—and be assured of one thing, that we shall never hang a man here, unless it is clearly shown by the law he richly deserves it,—for a man has to make considerable interest here to get hanged; and the nature of our folks preferring to shut him up if he is a bad man, and keep him from doing harm 'till he is fit to let out, and get an honest living.

But to return to general matters—if you will take my advice—and it is honest though it may not be understood—if you desire to keep pace between two important branches of the great Anglo-Saxon family, and thereby escape the scandal of a great family quarrel, (the worst of all quarrels) don't give cause of jealousy between your passions on this Continent and ours; and bear in mind what you call *protecting against attack*, may be considered here as *intention to attack*, and that may bring gun for gun, and then guns want scaling occasionally, and a salute may be mistaken—4th of July, and 22d February, and 8th of January may not agree with some of your great days, and slight mistakes may lead to great events; and our folks don't wish to pay for the expense of watching neighbors. You would see this at once, if a line of boundary divide your river Thames, or cut across one of your counties, and red coats on one side and blue coats on t'other.

It may be that you think that force, and the fear of being licked may keep us quiet. This would be a *fatal mistake*, for it would be the very thing, of all others, that would stir up strife.

I don't pretend to account for it: but such is the nature of the breed: a willingness to fight if only to show that they are not afraid of being licked; and there is no other people since the days of Adam who have shown this like the people who speak English nat'rally. They never was known