

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. VI, No. 18.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1841.

[Whole No. 278.]

TERMS OF THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The *JOURNAL* will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, in **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 Peague, *Orbitonia*; David Blair, *Esq. Shade Gap*; Benjamin Leiser, *Shirleysburg*; Ebel Smith, *Esq. Chicottstown*; Jas. Brinken, *Jr. Coffee Run*; Hugh Madden, *Esq. Springfield*; Dr. S. S. Dewey, *Birmingham*; Jan. S. Moore, *Union Furnace*; John Smith, *Harpur Mark*; James Davis, *Esq. West town*; D. H. Moore, *Esq. Frankstown*; G. Fox, *Esq. Hollidaytown*; Henry Neff, *Alexandria*; Assen Baros, *Williamsburg*; A. J. Stewart, *Water Street*; W. N. Reed, *Esq. M. ris township*; Solomon Haner, *Neff's Mill*; James Dysart, *South Struce Creek*; Wm. Murray, *Esq. Grayville*; Ivan Crum, *Manor Hill*; Jas. F. Stewart, *Sinking Valley*; L. C. Kessler, *Mill Creek*.



POETRY.

THE FELON.

BY M. G. LEWIS.

Oh, mark his eye and hollow cheek,
And mark his eyeballs glare;
And mark his teeth in anguish clenched,
The anguish of despair!
Know, since three days his penance borne,
You'll low leit the jail;
And since three days no food has pass'd
Those lips so parched and pale.

"Where shall I turn?" the wretch exclaims,
"Where hide my shameful head?
How fly from scorn? Oh, how contrive
To earn my loaf at odd?
But when I work would gladly toil,
But when I work I pray,
Who sees this mark, 'A FELON' cries,
And looting turns away."

"This feast has greatly err'd, but now
What shall I do to good?
This hand is deeply stain'd, but yet
His face has been stain'd with blood;
For work or alms in vain I sue,
The scorners both deny,
I starve! I starve!—then what remains?
This choice—TO SIN, OR DIE!"

"Here the spurs me with disdain;
The pleasure spreads her soars;
Strong habits draw me back to vice,
And hunger gnaws my heart,
To die from shame or pain!
World, 'tis thy cruel will!—I yield,
And plunge in guilt again."

"There's mercy in each ray of light
That mortal eyes e'er saw;
There's mercy in each breath of air
That mortal lips e'er draw;
There's mercy both for man and beast
In God's indulgent plan;
There's mercy in each creeping thing,
But MAN HAS NONE FOR MAN!"

"Ye proudly boast! when ye heard
My wretched conscience groan,
Had generous hand or feeling heart,
One glimpse of mercy shown—
That set had made from burning eyes
Sweet tears of virtue roll;
If I find my heart, assur'd my faith,
And HEAVEN HAD GAINED A SOUL!"

A CUNNING THIEF.

Jack, by the constables entrapp'd,
Was destin'd to the law a prey;
But while his easy keepers napp'd,
He stole—guess what—he stole AWAY.

A PIECE OF A HUNDRED SOUS.

AN INTERESTING FRENCH TALE.

A **YOUNG** and handsome pair had just returned from the altar, where their destinies were irrevocably united. They were about to start for the country, and they had bidden a temporary farewell to the friends who were present at the ceremony. For a short time, while their equipage was preparing, they found themselves alone.

The newly-wedded husband took one of his bride's hands in his own.

"Allow me," said he, "thus to hold your hand, for I dread lest you should quit me. I tremble lest all this be an illusion. It seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which amused my boyhood, and in which, in the hour of happiness, some malignant fairy steps in to throw the victim into grief and despair!"

"Re-assure yourself, my dear Frederick," said the lady. "I was yesterday the widow of Sir James Melton, and today I am Madame de la Tour, your wife. Banish from your mind the idea of the fairy. This is not a victim, but a history."

Frederick de la Tour had indeed some reason to suppose that his fortunes were the work of a fairy's wand; for in the course of one or two short months, by a seemingly inexplicable stroke of fortune he had been raised to happiness and to wealth beyond his desires. A friendless orphan, twenty-five years old, he had been the holder of a clerkship, which brought him a scanty livelihood, when, one day, as he passed along the Rue St. Honoré, a rich equipage stopped suddenly before him, and a young and elegant woman called to him. "Monsieur, Monsieur," said she. "At the same time, on a given signal, the footman leapt down, opened the carriage door, and invited Frederick to enter. He did so, though with some hesitation and surprise, and the carriage started off at full speed. "I have received your note, sir," said the lady to M. de la Tour, in a very soft and sweet voice; and in spite of your refusal, I hope yet to see you to-morrow evening at my party."

"To see me, madame!" cried Frederick. "Yes, sir, you—Ah! a thousand pardons," continued she, with an air of confusion, "I see my mistake. Forgive me, sir; you are so much like a particular friend of mine! What can you think of me! Yet the resemblance is so striking, that it would have deceived any one!" Of course, Frederick replied politely to these apologies. Just as they were terminated, the carriage stopped at the door of a splendid mansion, and the young man could do no less than offer his arm to Lady Melton, as the fair stranger announced herself to be. Though English in name, the lady, nevertheless, was of French origin. Her extreme beauty charmed M. de la Tour, and he congratulated himself upon the happy accident which had gained him such an acquaintance. Lady Melton loaded him with civilities, and he received and accepted an invitation for the party spoken of. Invitations to other parties followed; and, to be brief, the young man soon found himself an established visitor at the house of Lady Melton. She a rich and youthful widow, was encircled by admirers. One by one, however, they disappeared, giving way to the poor clerk, who seemed to engross the lady's whole thoughts. Finally, almost by her own asking, they were betrothed. Frederick used to look sometimes at the little glass which hung in his humble lodging, and wondered to what circumstance he owed his happy fortune.—He was not ill-looking certainly, but he had not the vanity to think his appearance magnificent; and his plain and scanty wardrobe prevented him from giving the credit to the tailor. He used to conclude his meditations by the reflection, that assuredly the lovely widow was fulfilling some unavoidable award of destiny. As for his own feeling, the lady was lovely, young, rich, accomplished, and no need for her sensibility and virtue. Could he hesitate!

When the marriage contract was signed his astonishment was redoubled, for he found himself through the lady's love, the virtual possessor of a large property, both in England and France. The presence of friends had certified and sanctioned the union, yet, as has been stated, Frederick felt some strange fears, in spite of himself, lest all should prove an illusion, and he grasped his bride's hand, as if to prevent her from being spirited away from his view.

"My dear Frederick," said the lady smiling, "sit down beside me, and let me say something to you."

The young husband obeyed, but still did not quit her hand. She began—
"Once on a time—"

Frederick started, and half seriously exclaimed, "Heavens! it is a fairy tale!"

"Listen to me, foolish boy!" resumed the lady, "There was once a young girl, the daughter of parents well born, and at one time rich, but who had declined sadly in circumstances. Until her fifteenth year, the family lived in Lyons, depending entirely for subsistence upon the labor of her father. Some better hopes sprang up, and induced them to come to Paris; but it is difficult to stop in the descent down the path of misfortune. For three years the father struggled against poverty, but at last died in a hospital."

"The mother soon followed, and the young girl was left alone, the occupant of a garret, of which the rent was not paid. If there were any fairy connected with this story, this was the moment of her appearance; but none came. The young girl remained alone, without friends or protectors, harassed by debts which she could not pay, and seeking in vain for some species of employment. She found none. Still it was necessary for her to have food. One day passed, on which she tasted nothing. The night that followed was sleepless—Next day was again without food, and the poor girl was forced into the resolution of begging. She covered her face with her mother's veil, the only heritage she had received, and, stooping so as to stimulate age, she went out into the streets. When there she held out her hand. Alas, that hand was white, and youthful, and delicate! She felt the necessity of covering it up in the folds of the veil, as if it had been leprosiol. Thus concealed the poor girl held out the hand to a young woman that passed—one more happy than herself, and asked, "A sou, a single sou to get bread?" The petition was unheeded. An old man passed.—The mendicant thought that experience of distresses of life might have softened one like him, but she was in error. Experience had only hardened, not softened his heart."

"The night was cold and rainy, and the hour had come when the police appeared to keep the streets clear of all mendicants and suspicious characters. At this period, the shrinking girl took courage once more to hold out her hand to a passer-by. It was a young man. He stopped at the silent appeal, and, diving into his pockets, pulled out a piece of money, which he threw to her, being apparently afraid to touch a thing so miserable. Just as he did this, one of the police came to the spot, and, placing his hand on the girl's shoulder, exclaimed, "Ah, I have caught you, have I?—you are begging. To the office with you! come along!"

"The young man here interposed. He took hold hastily of the mendicant of whom he had before seemed afraid to touch, and addressing himself to the policeman, said reprovingly, "This woman is not a beggar. No, she is—she is one whom I know." "But sir," said the officer—"I tell you, that she is an acquaintance of mine," repeated the young stranger.—Then turning to the girl whom he took for an old woman, he continued, "Come along my good dame, and permit me to see you safely to the end of the street.—Giving his arm to the unfortunate girl he then led her away, saying, "Here is a piece of a hundred sous. It is all I have, take it, poor woman?"

"The crown of a hundred sous passed from your hand into mine," continued the lady; "and, as you walked along, supporting my steps, I then, through my veil distinctly saw your face and figure."—"My figure!" said Frederick, in amazement.

"Yes, my friend, your figure," returned his wife; "it was to me that you gave alms on that night! It was my life—my honor, perhaps—that you then saved!"

"You a mendicant—you so young, so beautiful, and now so rich!" cried Frederick.

"Yes my dearest husband," replied the lady, "I have in my life received alms—once only and from you; and those alms have decided my fate and for life. On the day following that miserable night an old woman, in whom I had inspired some sentiments of pity, enabled me to enter as a seamstress into a respectable house. Cheerfulness returned to me with labor. I had the good fortune to become a favorite with my mistress whom I have served, and indeed I did my best, by unwearied diligence and care, to merit her favor. She was often visited by people in high life. One day, Sir James Melton, an English gentleman of great property, came to the establishment along with a party of ladies. He noticed me. He returned again.—He spoke with my mistress, and learnt my whole history. The result was that he sat down by my side one day and asked me plainly if I would marry him."

"Marry you!" cried I in surprise.

"Sir James Melton was a man of sixty, tall, pale, and feeble-looking. In answer to my exclamation of astonishment, he said, "Yes, I ask if you will be my wife? I am rich, but have no comfort—no hap-

piness. My relatives seem to yearn to see me in the grave. I have ailments which require a degree of kindly care that is not to be bought from servants. I have heard your story, and believe you to be one who will support prosperity as well as you have done adversity. I have ailments which require a degree of kindly care that is not to be bought from servants. I have heard your story, and believe you to be one who will support prosperity as well as you have done adversity. I made my proposal sincerely, and hope that you will agree to it!"

"At that time, Frederick," continued the lady, "I loved you. I had seen you but once, but that occasion was too memorable for me ever to forget it, and something always insinuated to me that we were destined to pass through life together. At the bottom of my soul I believed this. Yet every one around me pressed me to accept the offer made to me, and the thought struck me that I might one day make you wealthy. At length my main objection to Sir James Melton's proposal lay in a disinclination to make myself the instrument of vengeance in Sir James' hands against relatives whom he might dislike without good grounds.—The objection when stated, only increased his anxiety for my consent, and finally, under the impression that it would be, after all carrying romance the length of folly to reject the advantageous settlement offered to me, I consented to Sir James' proposal."

"This part of my story, Frederick, is really like a fairy tale. I, a poor orphan, penniless and friendless, became the wife of one of the richest barons of England. Dressed in silks, and sparkling with jewels, I could now pass in my carriage through the streets where a few months before, I had stood in the rain and darkness—a mendicant!"

"Happy, Sir James," cried M. de la Tour, at this part of the story; "he could prove his love by enriching you?"

"He was happy," resumed the lady.—"Our marriage, so strangely assorted, proved much more conducive, it is probable, to his comfort, than if he had wedded one with whom all the parade of settlements and pin-money would have been necessary. Never, I believe, did he for an instant repent of our union. I, on my part conceived myself bound to do my best for the solace of his declining years; and he, on his part, thought it incumbent on him to provide for my future welfare. He died, leaving me a large part of his substance—as much, indeed, as I could prevail upon myself to accept."

"I was a widow, and, from the hour in which I became so, I vowed never again to give my hand to man, excepting to him who had succored me in my hour of distress, and whose remembrance had ever been preserved in the recesses of my heart. But how to discover that man? Ah, unconscious ingrate! to make no endeavor to come in the way of one who sought to love, to enrich you. I knew not your name. In vain I looked for you at balls, assemblies, and theatres. You went not there. Ah, how I longed to meet you!"

"As the lady spoke, she took from her neck a ribbon, to which was attached a piece of a hundred sous. "It is the same—the very same which you gave me," said she, presenting it to Frederick; "by pledging it, I got credit for a little bread from a neighbor, and I earned enough afterwards in time to permit me to recover it. I vowed never to part with it."

"Ah, how happy I was, Frederick, when I saw you in the street! The excuse which I made for stopping you was the first that rose to my mind. But what remorse I felt, even afterwards, lest you would have been already married. In that case, you would never have heard aught of this fairy tale, though I would have taken some means or other to serve and enrich you. I would have gone to England, and there passed my days, in regret, perhaps, but still in peace. But happy it was to be otherwise. You were single."

Frederick de la Tour was now awakened, as it were, to the full certainty of his happiness. What he could not but before look upon as a sort of freak or fancy in a young and wealthy woman, was now proved to be the result of deep and kindly feeling, most honorable to her who entertained it. The heart of the young husband overflowed with gratitude and affection to the lovely and noble-hearted being who had given herself to him. He was too happy to speak. His wife first broke silence.

"So, Frederick," said she, gaily, "you see that if I am a fairy, it is you who have given me the wand—the talisman that has effected all."

"The SOUL.—The best definition of the soul drawn by material things, is that of Dryden. He calls it "a blue flame running about with us,"

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Tom Slinger,

THE MAN WHO DREADED HIS WIFE'S TONGUE

On Thursday night when the theatres had closed, when the firemen, after the marching of the day and the amusements of the evening, had retired to rest, when the doors of the taverns were temporarily shut, when the birds and beasts in the menagerie, like most other birds and beasts out of the menageries, had sunk into the corner of their cages under the influence of sleep, and when a cab only, "coming from the ball," or the watchman's stave on the curb-stone broke the prevailing stillness, Tom Slinger was making divers "tracks" on the banquette in St. Charles street, with the evident intention of heading Lafayette Square.

If his mind was to be judged from the course of his progress, it would certainly be pronounced most fickle and undecided. At one moment it seemed to be a fixed principle with him to endeavor to get admission into the St. Charles Exchange, and then made a diagonal drive for Shipman's American.

Tom belongs to that numerous sect of philo-sophers who neglect the outer for the inner man, and who believe there is more real personal comfort to be derived from a gin-sling than a clean shirt, and that brandy and water, taken inside, is at all times preferable to soap and water used outside.

Tom's hair was strong and bristly, and stood out from his head like the wires on one of those machines invented by the Humane Society for sweeping chimneys; his forehead was like a pattern piece of English corduroy, with the stripes running crossways; his eyes were like the orbits of a boiled catfish; his proboscis resembled the sign of a bunch of grapes over a tavern door, and his mouth might be mistaken for a miniature model of the Croton aqueduct. Indeed, so unwashed and unshaven did he seem, that his whole face looked like the keel of an old boat covered over with barnacles.

As he navigated by Rev. Mr. Clapp's church, he was singing that good old song so pathetically descriptive of teetotalism and conjugal fidelity—

"I'll go rolling home, boys,
I'll go rolling home, boys;
Many a man who has a wife,
Would wish that he had none, boys."

"I guess you're married, ain't you?" said the watchman, coming up to Tom.

"Who-who, what is that you say, Mister?" said Tom, slapping his old hat on the crown by way of fastening it more securely upon his head, then stuffing his hands into his breeches pocket to give himself an air of importance, and spreading out his legs the better to maintain his equilibrium—"What is your question, individual?"

"I asks you," said watchy again, "if you ben't married?"

"Well," said Tom, "what a particular d—d fool you must be, to ask me such a question. Am I a married man? Is Gen. Harrison President of the United States? Has the U. S. Bank stopped specie payment? Was that a live elephant that was in the procession to-day? Ask all these things, for they admit of doubt, but never insinuate my feelings by asking me if I am a married man, because there is too much painfully distressing reality in it. I'm a miserable, married man; can't you see it sticking out a feet all around me?"

"Why, you doesn't appear as a man what's very happy in his domestic relations, sure enough," said the watchman, "and that's the reason why you can't have no objection to come to the watch house."

"To the watch house?" says Tom—"my dear fellow, I look upon you as my protector, my deliverer—take me in here to the menagerie and lock me up with the hyena, pitch me on the tusks of the elephant Columbus, or force me into a set-to with the Bengal tiger, but don't bring me home to my wife. O, horror of horrors! and he trembled so at the thought, that his limbs seemed unable longer to support him."

"Why, you is afraid," said the watchman—"you is a coward."

"I'm afraid of nothing in this world," said Tom, "but my wife's tongue, and I vould believe if that could have been brought to bear upon the Florida Indians, the war would have been over long ago."

Charley deposited Tom's person in the watch house, and when we entered the next morning, there he sat on the box, and behind him, outside the bar, stood a little hard featured woman, from whose withering glances Tom seemed anxious to escape, but could not.

"Tom Slinger?" asked the Recorder.

"This is he, here—the wretch!" said the little sharp featured woman, in a shrill treble voice, something like the whistle of the Pontchartrain locomotive. "He was out again last night, and was seen talking to Mrs. Fanshaw in the evening."

as young Hamlet does at the ghost of his father.

Mrs. Slinger—"O, you"—

"Silence!" said the watchman. "Put her out," said the Lieutenant, and Mrs. S. was politely requested to leave, which she did, but in the meantime showed a selection of choice epithets on Tom. The Recorder questioned Tom, and told him he might go on paying jail fees.

"But can't you do anything with her?" asked Tom.

"With whom?" enquired the Recorder. "My old woman," said Tom.

"I can bind her to keep the peace," said the Recorder, "if you swear you are afraid she'll assault you and do you bodily injury."

"I am only afraid of her tongue," said Tom "and I dreads that more than thunder and lightning."

"Yes," said the Recorder, "but the law does not provide for that evil, so I fear you will have to bear it."

Tom left the office with an assumed air of resignation, as if he were prepared to meet the worst.

From the Cadiz (O.) Republican.

A Dialogue.

The Printer has assumed the duties of editor; he sits at his table—just finished an editorial, and is upon the point of opening a newspaper. Enter Mr. A. in apparent haste.

Mr. A. Good morning, Mr. Printer—I am in a hurry. I see by your last paper that you are in the want of money; I make it a point to pay the printer punctually.

Printer. So we have found you, sir—should like a thousand such patrons—our call was intended, of course, for those who are not punctual.

A. Right—all right, sir; please make up my bill to this date, and here's a five dollar bill on the Lincoln bank—hand me the change.

Pr. But, friend A. do you wish to discountage?

A. Why—yes, I think I must—My bill for papers is quite large—I take no less than 7 or 8 papers; I must economize a little; and, besides, I don't seem to need a political paper at present—loco focoism will hardly need much attention for two or three years, it is so shockingly used up—in our section we can scarcely find one for feed.

Pr. Allow me to enquire, friend, if all your papers are political.

A. No—three of them belong to this class, and then I have one large family paper from Philadelphia, (a murder paper as it is called,) two from N. York, and one from Boston.

Pr. Allow me to enquire, still further, which class of these papers you intend to curtail.

A. Why, I think I must stop the political papers, of course, the others contain twice or three times the reading.

Pr. Now, friend the people of this country have accomplished a great victory over the prevailing corruptions of an unprincipled administration, will you be so kind as to inform me how the people were enabled to concentrate and to carry forward all their operations to secure this triumph; and, even how it became so generally known, that the causes had existence which demanded this triumph?

A. This is a plain case; it was through the agency of the public press; here was the great lever, after all!

Pr. True! but the press is of two classes; was it your natural family papers, or your faithful political journals, that sounded the alarm, and so zealously pointed out the dangers?

A. There is something in this, I confess. Our political papers are most necessary, after all I feel obliged for the hint. You may keep the change, and here is another dollar you may add to it. I must be going now, but in a few days I will send you three or four new subscribers. Good morning.

Pr. [bowing] Good day, sir!—Call again! [Exit Mr. A.]

FEMALE EDUCATION.—What will the "school marm" say when she reads the following extract of a letter?

"I shall write to you again ear long, jo cummins told me a orful story about zake tyler but i diddent pay no attenshun at all to his sickening tail yarn till deth parts both on us."

JERUSHY BIGLOW.

POLITENESS ON ALL OCCASIONS.—At a wedding recently, which took place at the altar when the officiating priest put to the lady the home question "Wilt thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest curtsy, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please, sir." Charming simplicity.