

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS

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FOR

The Huntingdon Journal.

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POETRY.

THE MORNING DREAM.

Oh! thou morning vision,
Why so soon depart?
Bring thy joy Elysian
Once more to my heart!
Ah! let me behold them—
Dear ones I deplore!

Bring that best and fairest,
Her, Love could not save!
Why shouldst thou flowers the rarest
Earliest find a grave?
Let me gaze upon her,
Beautiful as when
First in youth I won her—
Let me gaze again!

Twine an orange blossom
In her raven curls,
And upon her bosom
Lay a cross of pearls:
Let her dark hair glisten,
Let her dark eyes shine,
While entranced I listen
To her song divine!

Ah! a moment longer,
Vision bright, beguile!
Sleep! in fetters stronger
Bind me yet awhile.
Vain! entreaty scorning,
Vision! thou hast flown!
And the cold, gray morning,
Sees me weep, alone!

SONG OF THE GREEK SLAVE.

Joy is a bird!
Catch it as it springs;
It will return no more
When once it spreads its wings.
Its song is gay but brief
The voice of sunny weather;
But ah! the bird and leaf
Vanish both together!

Joy is a flower!
Pluck it in its bloom;
I'll close its petals up,
If darker skies should gloom.
It is a lovely thing,
And formed of sunny weather;
But ah! the flower and spring
Vanish both together!

Joy is a child!
Seize it in its mirth:
For soon its lip will know
The withering taint of earth.
Its eye is bright as truth,
A type of sunny weather;
But ah! the smile and youth,
Vanish both together!

"Have you ever seen a snail?" asked a wag of a person not remarkable for speed. "Yes." "Then you must have met him for it is impossible for you to have overtaken one."

THE REPOSITORY.

A TALE.

"I cannot account for it, mother, but I feel so anxious, so timid at the thought of going to the Repository—I fear the ladies who manage the establishment, may not think these things worthy of a place in it," said Caroline Bradley, in a low voice, to her grief-worn widowed parent, as the latter sat holding on her knee and to her bosom a fair-haired boy, whose pale countenance and sunken eye testified that sickness and want had recently been exerting but too strongly their baneful influence upon his frame.

"And yet," continued Caroline, in a still more subdued tone, "poor Alice was always thought to draw so well."
The mother sighed deeply, casting at the same time a mournful expressive glance toward a corner of the meanly furnished apartment, where lay, asleep, on a low curtained bed, the fever-wasted form of her fair-haired and once blooming Alice, her beloved first-born. A tear dropped from the parent's eye. Caroline observed the look and its results. "Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "you do not think Alice, our own dear Alice, worse? She has slept soundly for these two or three hours, and we were told, you remember, that this would be a favorable sign; this is the first time she has slept so calmly and so sweetly."

Again the mother cast her eyes on the form that reposed on the humble couch, and said with a sad expression, "I would not ceaselessly depress your hopes, my kind Caroline, and I do think that the violence of the fever has abated, with Alice, as it has been for some days with this poor boy, but her father's death weighs sadly upon her, and there is another crushing load that lies upon her young affections, have you not heard her murmur in her broken dreams the name of her betrothed, and speak to him as if she believed him to lie under the deep sea? Edward Omer's silence for a year, or rather his deferred return, was pressing grievously upon your sister before this illness, Caroline, and now it is hastening her"—tears stopped the mother's speech, and Caroline could not and did not attempt to reply.

"But, Caroline, my devious, affectionate Caroline," continued Mrs. Bradley, when she had regained her composure, "we must not cease to exert ourselves, for while there is life there is hope. You have borne uncomplainingly, my child, the loss of fortune and of friends, you have been an administering spirit by your father's bed, and have followed his remains to the grave; you have performed every household drudgery, and have endured, unrepiningly, the neglect and scorn of those around us; all of this you have done, my good child, and you must still bear on, for the sake of these helpless ones and me."

"Yes, dear mother," exclaimed Caroline, rising and throwing her arms round her parent's neck, "Yes, I understand you, I will go at once to the Repository."
"It is our last resource, for our money is nearly exhausted. Go, my dearest girl. I don't blame you for being timid and reluctant to make this first attempt to sell our little articles; I can fully enter into your feelings, but he who has armed you to undergo so much, will support you still."
"No more, my mother, it is enough," replied Caroline, and she immediately put on her bonnet, took up the little parcel, and left the humble abode which contained the wreck of her fallen family.

Caroline soon arrived at the Repository, (an establishment, it is scarcely necessary to tell our readers, where small ornamental articles of female workmanship were purchased and sold, and which was instituted and managed by a number of respectable ladies.) Caroline trembling knocked at this place, and, on its being opened, was ushered into a back apartment, where several females were awaiting the same object as herself. These individuals, however, unlike the new comer, were cheerful and happy, and as they waited to be received in turns engaged themselves in light hearted conversation. Poor Caroline placed herself in a corner, and sat unheeded by any of her temporary companions, who indeed, seemed to despise the unknown stranger, attired as she was in a sorely worn black cloak, and a large faded bonnet, which completely covered up her fine features. The object of their neglect, nay, we are sorry to say, of their sneers, heeded them not; her thoughts had wandered back to that poorly furnished home, where her beloved sister and brother languished in sickness and sorrow. The image of her mother kneeling and imploring a blessing upon her little ones; and then Caroline thought of her father; she pictured him clothed in the garments of the blest, and filling a place in heaven, as the guardian angel of his bereaved & sorrowing family. Happy thought, he is now watching over

us," exclaimed she involuntarily, clasping her hands. The words were unconsciously uttered aloud. They were the first Caroline had uttered, and they produced a look of compassion from some and a laugh from others.

One and another of the applicants had been called in succession, and then came Caroline's turn. She arose on being summoned—her heart beat quicker, and her cheek grew paler, but she uttered a fervent internal petition, and her agitation and timidity passed away, though she could not divest herself of a sense of the momentous importance of the decision about to be pronounced. Several ladies were in waiting to receive the work. "And pray, young woman, what have you brought?" said an elegantly dressed female, in a cold and haughty tone. "Some small ornaments, madam," was the reply. "Let me see them. Very well done, very tolerably done." Another lady observed, that one of the baskets was very neatly finished, and other remarks were made upon the remainder of the articles. Caroline was full of hope, but alas, the ladies were not speaking officially, they were only gratifying their own curiosity. After a time, the one who had first spoken observed, "Really, young woman, it would have been much better had you employed yourself in making some useful articles of needle work, such as children's caps, or any other thing of that kind. The Repository is so overstocked with ornamental articles, that we have resolved to take no more of them at present. Therefore I would advise you to return home and work for a week or two at common needle work, and, if it be well done, we may, perhaps receive it."

Caroline was so struck with disappointment, that she felt herself unable to speak in reply to this chilling decision. A sickening feeling of despair crept over her as she silently folded up the articles, and prepared to leave the room. Just as she was doing so, however, the door opened, and two ladies entered. The ladies of the Repository rose to receive the entrants who slightly acknowledged the courtesy offered to them. The eldest of the two fixed a penetrating glance on the retiring Caroline, and asked her kindly if her articles had not met with a sale. "I have made a mistake, madam," was the reply, in tremulous accents, for the heart of the speaker was swelling in her breast; "I was not aware that ornaments were so little wanted here, for this is my first attempt." "Perhaps you will allow me to look at them," said the lady in a kind tone. Caroline immediately produced them, and the elder of the two ladies, after looking at them attentively, addressed the managers of the Repository. "I think, ladies, you must have bestowed only a cursory glance at the performances of this young person, otherwise you must have observed the beauty of these flowers in this basket, and the excellency both of the drawing and coloring of the whole. Look at this—would not one almost imagine that nature herself had held the pencil here?"

Caroline's already softened heart was overpowered by these kind words. She burst into tears. "These flowers were painted by my sister," she sobbed, "alas, I fear—'You fear what, love?' said the elder lady, soothingly. 'I fear madam that she will never draw or paint flowers again,' returned Caroline. 'Is she ill, my dear?' asked the lady. 'She has been laboring under a low fever for months, and it was to enable us to purchase some comforts for her, that I came hither now,' said Caroline.

The lady instantly drew out her purse, and was about to place it hastily into the weeping girl's hands, but instinctive delicacy checked her, or perhaps something in Caroline's appearance—the gracefulness of her form, which the humble dress could not hide—the purity of her language, and elegance of manner—these circumstances it may be, led the sympathizing lady to restrain the first impulse, and give her charity a form less calculated to hurt the feelings of its object. She took up Caroline's little packet of ornamental articles, and exclaimed, "I will purchase these things from you—you shall not have come in vain for relief to your poor sister. Take this purse. Nay," continued the lady, observing Caroline to hesitate on account of the seeming value of its contents—"nay if it be too much, you shall make some more things for me—your sister, when she recovers, will do it." Caroline took the purse, and seizing the generous giver's hand, pressed it to her lips, exclaiming while the tears fell fast, "Oh, madam, you do not know how much good you have done by this! You and yours will have our prayers forever! Ah if my sister recovers, she will do all that you wish!" The poor girl could say no more, but again kissing her benefactor's hand, she turned to depart. She was stopped, however, for a moment by the lady, who made her promise to return again within a few days, to the Repository. Caroline, though to use the expressive language of

Shakespeare, 'her pride fell with her fortune,' was gratefully sensible of the lady's delicacy in not inquiring into the abode of the family whom she had relieved, and promised at once to meet the generous friend at the same place in the course of the following week.

Leaving the Repository and its managers, who, to do them justice, were somewhat moved at the scene which had taken place, Caroline took her way toward the mean, dark alley where her abode was situated. She held as she went, the purse firmly grasped in her hand, and for the first time in her life was covetously afraid of losing it. "It may save them," she murmured, as she passed it to her bosom, "it may save them—it may be the means of restoring them to health, and then I will work for them—oh! how I will work for them. Though I cannot draw or paint so well as Alice, I can do plain work, that at least will be taken at the Repository." The heart of Caroline lighted as she thus communicated with herself on her way homeward. As she drew nigh that house she even checked herself on for the cheerfulness of her feelings, as a mood of mind, unsuited to the situation of those she loved. One thought, too, of her father, came across her memory and subdued her buoyancy. But what was her surprise, on reaching the door of her abode, to hear a merry laugh from her little brother, such as he used to vent in former days, but which had long been unheard from his lips! A manly, cheerful voice also sounded from the dwelling, the tones of which were at once familiar and strange to Caroline's ear. Amazed at what she heard, she opened the door, and a most unexpected scene met her eye. Her sister Alice was sitting partly dressed on her low couch; her pale countenance lighted up with a beaming smile, and her head supported on the bosom of a tall handsome youth, whose fine features exhibited a striking mixture of sorrow and delight as he hung over the wasted, tho' lovingly being enfolded in his arms. The mother sat gazing fondly on this pair, with an expression of hope once more illumining her aspect, and the little boy was delightedly playing with the sword of the stranger, who was dressed in a naval uniform.

All this Caroline saw at a glance, and she required no more than a glance to comprehend the cause. "Edward Omer!" she exclaimed rushing joyfully to the side of her sister's bed. "Yes," said the young officer, as he imprinted a brother's kiss on Caroline's brow: "yes Caroline, it is Edward Omer, returned to his Alice—Oh, that I should find her thus!" said he, bending a look almost of agony on the thin pallid cheek that rested his breast, and pressing his lips to it again and again, "but she is still mine, she is still spared to me, and we shall yet be happy." "Edward! Edward!" interposed the anxious mother, "this agitation is too much for the poor child." "No mother," murmured the weak tone of Alice, his words, his voice, his love was light to me."

Mrs. Bradley, however, persuaded her lover to permit his betrothed—for such Alice had long been—to take her pillow. Subsequently, seated by the side of his mistress, and with her hand locked in his, Edward Omer detailed to them his adventures, and the cause of his protracted absence.—He had been seized with a fever, as the vessel to which he belonged was in the Eastern seas, and had been left on shore by his companions, as one passed all hope. After his recovery, he had long been detained, contrary to his expectations, by being employed on a local mission connected with the affairs of the great Company of which he was a servant. He had written several times by the hands of private friends to Alice, but the altered situation of the Bradley family had prevented his letters from ever reaching their destination.

In their turn, Mrs. Bradley and Caroline communicated to Edward the sad story of their reverses, (which were the consequences of a lawsuit of Mr. Bradley's death, and of the illness with which the family had been visited. Many, many were the praises which Edward bestowed on Caroline, as the details of her unwearied exertions, and her affectionate watchings by the sick bed of her father, and her sister, and her brother, fell from her mother's lips. Caroline's kind heart was deeply gratified by his thanks. But she would give Alice her due, and undeterred by any feeling of false pride, she told her sister's beautiful work had attracted the notice of a generous lady, and the consequences that had ensued from it.

We have not now very much of the story to tell. Alice recovered rapidly from the effects of her fever, a result owing partly, it may be supposed, to her removal to a better abode, and also to her lover's constant attendance on her during her convalescence. When that convalescence had ripened into confirmed health, Edward Omer and she were united. Long ere this time, however, a considerable change had taken place in Caroline's po-

sition. At the time appointed she had met the person who had been her benefactor on the former occasion at the Repository, and had explained the whole history of her family to that lady, as well as the happy prospects that had recently dawned on Alice. Afterwards the kind old lady, who was the widow of the English peer, visited Mrs. Bradley, and from what she heard from the fond mother, became more and more interested in Caroline, whom she found to be as highly accomplished as she was finely endowed in disposition. The consequence was, that the worthy lady exerted her influence among her friends, and speedily obtained so many pupils for Caroline, as gave her the prospect of maintaining her mother and brother in respectability and comfort.

This true history is ended. Caroline Bradley has now remained in the position I have just described for several years, and has not belied the expectation of the noble hearted lady who placed her in it. Caroline's pupils, indeed, actually idolized her, and this it is said, is the principal reason which has prevented her from listening to certain overtures on the part of Captain Omer's brother, a rising member of the mercantile world. The happiness of Alice with Captain Omer, will, however, it is thought, tempt Caroline some day soon to leave her beloved pupils to the care of some other guide and instructor. This supposition receives some countenance from the fact, that her brother, having shown a decided likeness for the profession of a merchant, has recently been placed under the care of the gentleman referred to.

A lady who was desperately fond of play, was confessing herself. The priest, among other arguments to dissuade her from gaming, said that she ought to consider the loss of time. "Ah, father," said she, "it is always what vexes me—so much time is lost in shuffling the cards!"

"I can tell you how to save that ere loss," said a darkey to a man in West street, who was looking very earnestly at a skeleton of a horse attached to a vehicle heavily loaded with oysters. "Will you?" said he. "Why just slip him away while the crows are at roost."

A backwoodsman about to encounter a bear in the forest, and distrusting his own strength a little, made the following very sensible prayer: "Oh Lord! here's a going to be one of the greatest bear fights you ever did see! Oh Lord, help me—but if you can't help me, for God's sake, don't help the bear!"

"The beth vegetable," said a lisping old maid, "that ever I eat with a clam." She ought to marry the Irishman who said,—"of all shell fish I prefer an egg." Or the one who said, the best piece of meat he ever eat was "a raw roast potato boiled."

"Have you Goldsmith's Greece?" asked a gentleman on entering a bookstore in Broadway. "No sir; but they have some excellent bear's oil in the next door," replied the counter boy.

The arrogant air of foppish indolence always disgusts a man of common sense. One honest, industrious mechanic is worth the whole herd of perfumed exquisite, who infest our streets with their collars turned down and not a cent in their pockets.

Milton was asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different languages—to which he replied, "No sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

LIFE IN THE WEST.—Some idea may be formed of the state of society in some portions of the western country, by the following advertisement which we clipped from a paper in the back woods:
Work Done Cheap.—The subscriber is prepared to do all the fighting for his neighbors within fifty miles; men will be knocked down and dragged out at a reasonable price, and payment received in grain, potatoes or whiskey. Apply to Wilson Williams, at his cabin in Stricker's Settlement.

Insolence Rebuked.—Beaumarichais, the author of the "Marriage of Figaro," was the son of a Parisian watchmaker, but raised himself to fame, wealth, and rank, by the mere force of his talents. A young nobleman, envious of his reputation, once undertook to wound his vanity and pride by an allusion to his humble origin—handing him his watch, and saying "Examine it, sir; it does not keep time well; pray ascertain the cause." Beaumarichais extended his hand awkwardly, as if to receive the watch, but contrived to let it fall on the pavement. "You see, my dear sir," replied he, "you have applied to the wrong person; my father always declared that I was too awkward to be a watchmaker."

The Stamford Sentinel says, they have got a man in that place y'clept Noah Webb, who is a real Jack at all trades. If the following is true of him, Noah could have "held a candle" at least, to his great namesake of Ark building memory.

Besides letting out boats and repairing jewelry, opening oysters and teaching the accordion, cutting hair, and dealing in stoves, mending furniture, and cleaning watches, selling fruit, and pulling teeth, selling fish, and buying shares in the Atlantic Steam Packet Company, teaching dancing, and the best way to hoe potatoes; he lectures his customers on the science of phrenology, while he is descending on the favors of his round claims. He also "takes the papers."

The New Orleans Times says that the "honey moon" was called thus, because so many in seeking the honey of matrimony, get stung after the first month.

LAUGH WHEN YOU MUST.—Connubial Felicity.—Mr. Slang used to say "my horses, my boys." Mr. Slang now invariably says, "our horses, our boys," or our farm. This substitution of our for my, by Mr. Slang, was brought about thus:

Mr. Slang had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding, Mr. Slang casually remarked, "I now intend to enlarge my dairy."
"You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Slang.

"No," quoth Mr. Slang, "I say my dairy."

"Say our dairy, Mr. Slang."

"No, my dairy."

"Say our dairy, say our," screamed Mrs. Slang, seizing the poker.

"My dairy, my dairy!" vociferated the husband.

"Our dairy, our dairy!" re-echoed the wife, emphasising each "our" with a blow of the poker upon the back of the cringing spouse.

Mr. Slang retreated under the bed clothes, and remained under several minutes, waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from his shell.

"What are you looking for, Mr. Slang?" said she. "I'm looking my dear," snivelled he, "to see any thing of our hat." The struggle was over. It was our horses, our dairy, and on the next Sunday morning he very humbly asked her if he might not wear our clean linen breeches to church.

AN OPINION.—The man who stops his paper, solely because he is asked to make payment for it, would, without weeping, stand by and see his grandfather hung. Them's our sentiments. The Cincinnati Sun thinks so, too. Don't you, brother Peck?

A VALUABLE PRESCRIPTION.—A gentleman gave his wife a dollar a day for every day she did not complain of ill health. If she uttered any complaint her wages were stopped for that day. She was perfectly cured by this treatment.

An old coquette, looking into her glass, and seeing her wrinkles, cried, "This new glass is not worth a farthing. They cannot make mirrors as well as they used to do."

WOMAN'S VOICE.—How consoling to the mind, oppressed by heavy sorrow, is the voice of an amiable woman! Like sacred music, it imparts to the soul a feeling of celestial serenity, and as a gentle zephyr, refreshes the wearied senses with its soft and mellifluous tones. Riches may avail much in the hour of affliction; the friendship of man may alleviate for a time the bitterness of woe; but the angel voice of woman is capable of producing a lasting effect on the heart, and communicates a sensation of delicious composure which the mind had never before experienced, even in the moments of its highest felicity.

A witness being called to give his testimony in court, in the State of New York, respecting the loss of a shirt, gave the following:

"Moshet said that Ruth said that Nell said that Poll told her that she see a man that see a boy run through the street with a streaked flannel shirt all checker checker; and our gals won't lie, for mother has whipped them a hundred times for lying."

"Some love to roam," as the fellow sung when he run away from the Constable.—Rochester Daily Advertiser.
We can better that. "Some love to roam," as Van Buren's Sub-Treasurers sang when they run away with the people's money.—Ed. Buffalo Journal.

IT IS SAID the reason why old maids are so fond of cats, is because they give out sparks when rubbed.