

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS

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The Huntingdon Journal.

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POETRY.

From the Louisville Journal.
THE DESERTED FARM.

We gazed upon the peasant's home:
It was a pleasant scene,
Secluded in a little dell,
A stream kept ever green;
While a small strip of faded grass
Show'd where a swing had been—
Ah, wad a merry-hearted boy
Had frolick'd there, I ween,

My heart grew sad; the walls were bare,
No breathing thing was near,
And fancy sicken'd at the thought
That death had revelled here.
On the green sod we pitying dropped
A sympathetic tear,
To mourn the happy group that once
Had congregated here.

There was a wild rose trained with care,
A mark of woman's taste,
A drawing rudely scratched with chalk
Some childish hand had traced;
And every where the neat white walls,
With pictures rude defaced.
Oh, what had made this humble home,
So pleasant once, a waste.

New was the ruin, yet I found
A mark of man's decay;
A broken crutch, upon its floor,
In one dark corner lay,
Which once methought might have sustain'd
A dame or grandsire gray;
I called aloud—the echoing hills
Repeated—"Where are they?"

We left with hearts oppressed and sad
The desolate abode,
And saw a sturdy rustic lad
Come whistling down the road;
We asked, what caused that ruined scene
And begged him to direct us—
"Why, stranger, that was Brown's old place
Who BRUKE AND WENT TO TEXAS."

VERSAILLES.

LIFE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

We are born; we laugh; we weep
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why do the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong,
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then ere long,
Stone dead we lie.
O life is all thy song,
Endure and—die?

From the United States. ISAAC NEWTON HOBBS, Or the Lawyer's Transfiguration.

A Tale, intended chiefly for the perusal of Old People who have Promising children.—By L. A. Wilmer.

CHAP. I.

In one of the rectilinear streets of a city famous for the straight-forward habits of its population, there lived a manufacturer of rag carpet, whose name was Michael Hobbs,—a person of much industry, and, in most particulars, a good manager, but subject to some weaknesses which, as we shall presently see, were a considerable drawback on his worldly prosperity. Mr. Hobbs was ambitious—indeed, ambitiously so; to raise himself in the world had been the ruling motive of his life; but, at the age of forty-five, he began to despair of succeeding in his own person, and so determined to effect his object by proxy. The plan he struck out was to get married, to have a son, and one only, to make that son a prodigy, and to solace his own disappointments with the advancement of his representative to the highest dignities of the nation.

This scheme, you will admit, was most excellent, and the first part of it was found quite practicable and convenient. Mr. Hobbs got married; (he had hitherto been a bachelor; at a suitable time his wife bore him son. Thus far every thing went smoothly, and argued well for the final success of the enterprise. Had fate so ordered it that the first fruits of his wedded love had proved a daughter, the ardor of his expectations might have been somewhat damped; but in the birth of a son, according to his previous arrangement, he found a presage of every thing lucky and auspicious. All that now remained for him to do was, to mould that son according to the pattern of greatness he had fixed on in his own mind, and he trusted that unremitting effort on the part of his successor would do all the rest. Mr. Hobbs was one of those persons who imagine that the name of an individual has great influence on his fortunes, and in furtherance of the old gentleman's plans, the new born heir was invested with the imposing title of Isaac Newton Hobbs. Mrs. Hobbs was an amiable and tractable wife; her ideas and expectations were modelled precisely after those of her husband, and so the energies of both parents were all directed to the same object, viz. to make a great man of Master Isaac Newton Hobbs. With this sublime object in view, toil became a pleasure, and privation a sacred duty.

In the mean time, the young gentleman made his corporeal developments but slowly; at the age of five years, he was smaller by many degrees than children of that age usually are. This was a vivifying circumstance:—"Men of great intellect," remarked Mr. Hobbs, "are invariably small in body." A candid acquaintance observed that the child exhibited a very dull aspect. "Quite a philosophical phiz," exclaimed the fond dady, "all your philosophers have a sleepy look; the boy is as deep as a well, mind I tell you." "Ay, indeed," added Mrs. Hobbs, "it would make your hair bristle sometimes to hear how sensibly he talks in his sleep."

We have said that Mrs. Hobbs adopted most implicitly all the plans and opinions of her husband. Part of Michael's scheme was to have but one child, and Mrs. H., appreciating his motives, never bore him another.

A skillful phrenologist was called in to inspect the boy's head, and made a most favorable report, for which he was liberally remunerated by the father. Michael had previously been a little skeptical in relation to science, but now he became a bigoted advocate of its doctrines.

Little Isaac was sent to school, was well spoken of by his teachers, and at a suitable age was sent college, where he continued for some years, although his parents were sorely pinched to supply the requisite funds. At the age of nineteen, Mr. Isaac Newton Hobbs quit college and commenced the study of the law, and after the usual term of probation was admitted to the bar.

"Once a lawyer," soliloquized the elder Mr. Hobbs, "and the gates of preferment are open before him; nothing else but perseverance is necessary. Glorious prospects! Well done!—well done! old Mike Hobbs! Well done, at last, my boy! You shall hear, one of these days, the folks whispering, 'There goes Mr. Hobbs, Senior, father of the distinguished, celebrated, or illustrious Isaac Newton Hobbs, member of Congress, and so forth,—Secretary of State, perhaps,—or faith, who knows but it may be President?'"

Here the old fellow took the right course; for when people do build castles in the air, it is well to have them as lofty as possible. It is just as cheap to imagine one's self a Sultan as a Grand Vizier.

For several years, however, after the junior Hobbs had opened his office, he entertained the idea that the condition of a young limb of the law is a condition of more honor than profit. His father, nevertheless, supplied the "needful;" the shuttle flew merrily, and the money for Isaac's boarding, apparel and rent, was disbursed by the old man with a most willing heart. That moment which should hail him as the father of an M. C., a Secretary of State, or a President, would amply repay him for every sacrifice. At length the senior conceived the idea that the time had arrived when his son should begin to figure in politics, and accordingly advised him to commence the study of stump oratory. But what was the good man's consternation when Isaac modestly intimated that he had no talent for public speaking.

CHAP. II.

This communication from the young lawyer was the first damper on the father's hopes. Michael knew the value of eloquence, and would not permit himself to doubt that his son possessed that essential quality. Persuading himself that too much diffidence, (a very favorable symptom,) originated the startling declaration he had heard, he endeavored to rally the youth and encourage him to attempt speaking at public meetings, promising him that, on trial, he should find it much easier than he expected.

"To tell you the truth, father," said Isaac, "I am fully convinced that nature never intended me for orator, a lawyer, or any thing of the kind. I cannot utter half a dozen words in the court room without being laughed at, and I feel that I shall never do any better. As a lawyer, I must stand the lowest among lawyers;—had you made me a weaver or a tailor, I might have been first of my profession."

Astonishment, horror, dismay, and mortification, looked up the tongue of the old man for some minutes. At length he ejaculated in a sepulchral voice:—

"Isaac my son have you no ambition?"
"I hope so," replied Isaac, "I am ambitious to make a decent figure in any business I undertake. I should much rather be a skillful mender of shoes, than an indifferent expounder of the laws."

"Then I am the greatest wretch in the universe!" exclaimed the old man, wildly clapping both hands on his temples, and exhibiting a countenance wrung by the most intense anguish.

The son was struck with remorse and pity, and remained silent.

If our young lawyer was insensible to the charms of glory, as his poor old father suspected, he was not insensible to the charms of a certain Miss Harriet Pedle, the daughter of a flourishing baker, who resided and kept his shop exactly opposite Mr. Hobbs' office. When a young man is expatiating on such a dry subject as law, there is something particularly tedious in the proximity of a fascinating young lady. It was a good idea of Demosthenes to retire to a cave on the sea shore, when he prosecuted his studies, he knew the expediency of avoiding all objects of interest that might draw off his attention. Mr. Hobbs, Jr. was not willing to make a similar sacrifice. He would not have missed the satisfaction of gazing on Harriet Pedle, if by means of such self denial he could have rivaled the reputation of Demosthenes. It is probable, however, the Athenian never met with as pretty a girl as Harriet, or he might have been as little celebrated as Isaac Newton Hobbs. By means of a deep laid scheme, viz. crossing the street three times a day to purchase ginger nuts at the baker's counter, Isaac had established a speaking acquaintance with Miss Pedle, who attended to the calls of customers. The conversation which commonly passed between the young people may be imagined to be as sweet and spicy as the small article of confectionary which served to introduce it, and the consequence was that in a very short time acknowledgments of love and rows of constancy were reciprocated. Mr. Pedle, Harriet's father, had observed the growing intimacy between his daughter and his legal neighbor, but any occasional warmth he observed in the maiden's deportment he attributed to an excellent tact of hers for drawing custom. Had he suspected that a genuine love affair was on the tapis, it is possible that his indignant feelings might have overbalanced the pleasure of selling Mr. Hobbs nine cents worth of gingerbread per diem; and in that case, Isaac would have been forbidden the premises. Mr. Pedle had a surprising prejudice against young lawyers, of whom in the mass, he spoke as idle, worthless, and poverty stricken objects; declaring often, to poor Harriet's great discomfort, that he would rather unite his daughter to a boot-black than to one of the troy of jurisprudence. Mr. P. did not use those very words, but something to the same purpose.

CHAP. III.

Whilst these matters were in progress, Mr. Michael Hobbs, in assuming the responsibility for several considerable debts contracted by his son in the purchase of books, clothes, &c., had involved himself in much pecuniary trouble, and soon saw his household furniture, looms and every thing else, swept away by his creditors and landlord. Farther claims coming against him, he was committed to the debtors' apartment of the county prison. But all these afflictions and mortifications were trifles with old Michael; he had not a sigh of regret, a groan of anguish to bestow on any subject but the sad disappointment he had received in the prospects of his son. The same tempest of misfortune which stripped the elder Hobbs of all his earthly possessions and consigned him to a dungeon, took effect on Isaac himself. The latter was ejected from his office in consequence of arrearages of rent unpaid, his personal property was seized by the legal cormorants, and with a heavy heart and light pocket he crossed over to Mr. Pedle's to purchase his final treat of ginger nuts, and to bid, as he thought, a last adieu to the enchanting little Harriet.

After much sorrowful discourse, and many promises and protestations, Harriet, with faltering accents, communicated to young Hobbs a piece of intelligence which produced a wonderfully renovating effect on his spirits.

"There was one condition," she said, "on which her father had promised his consent to their union; but that condition—(here she could scarcely speak for modest confusion)—that condition was one which she could never expect her dear Isaac to comply with. No; she would not even mention it to him; it was asking too great a sacrifice; it would be cruel to propose it."

Here Isaac volunteered something like an oath, that he would embrace it with as much rapture as—

While he paused for a simile, the glass door between the shop and the back parlor slowly opened, and Mr. Pedle, with an awful dignity of aspect, appeared before them. The fond pair stood with downcast looks and palpitating hearts before the disposer of their destinies. A dead silence prevailed for some minutes, when venturing to raise their eyes to the countenance of Mr. P. they recognised a most sublime expression of benevolence and compassion, as he commenced speaking as follows:—

"Young man, I find my daughter likes you, and you like her. That's very reasonable. Your father came here the other evening and bought some small matter—ginger nuts, I believe;—Harriet, did you show Mr. Isaac Hobbs those improved ones of my own invention there?"

Isaac hastened to say that he had already purchased some, and exhibited a handful by way of confirmation.

"Very good," resumed Mr. Pedle, "you will find them capital. I studied the composition of them, day and night, for more than a fortnight; that's very reasonable, as it's my business. Well, your father came in here the other evening, (he and I have some acquaintance,) he seemed to be down-hearted, and I recommended him to try a few of them very ginger nuts, as they are first rate for raising the spirits. So when he had tasted a few of them, and recovered the use of his speech, he says, 'that son of mine, Mr. Pedle, will bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave; and I wish, (says he,) that he had never been born.' It's very reasonable for you to say so, says I, considering that you are his father; but what has turned up?—'Turned up?' says he, and seemed very angry, 'why he's turned up a fool, that's all; though his schooling cost me more than eight hundred dollars. He's no more ambition than my old boots.' Well, I thought to myself, that's reasonable enough, and ten to one it turns out that the young man has more sense than the old one; that's very reasonable. I thought this, but I said nothing. Now what I am going to say to you is, that if you will give up the law and take to the baking business, I will give you my daughter in wedlock, and teach you the trade in the bargain. Will you?"

"Will I?" exclaimed Isaac, enthusiastically, "ay indeed, and thank you for the offer. Here's my black coat," he continued, stripping off the garment, "the only coat I have; take it, burn it, drown it, cut it up for carpet-rags—I am done with black coats and Blackstone forever!"

"No, no," soothingly remarked Mr. Pedle, "the coat fits you well; wear it; wear it out in the service of a better trade than that you have been following; wear it by all means; it will be a triumph, a trophy as the novel books call it; a signal of victory, as it were, gained by your new profession over your old one."

That very evening did Mr. Isaac Newton Hobbs, (who had been discarded for want of funds from his boarding house,) take up his residence in the family of Mr.

Pedle. "How much better," thought the youth, "to make bread, as a baker, than to take it out of the mouth of widows and orphans, as a lawyer!" Before the expiration of a week, Isaac had learned sufficient of his new vocation to be useful to his father-in-law; for the first time in his life, he felt that inexpressible satisfaction which must reside in the bosom of every man of spirit, when he can depend upon his own exertions, when he finds himself released from the humiliating and soul-harrowing necessity of asking or accepting favors.

Two months were to elapse before the arrival of that day of perfect felicity fixed on by Mr. Pedle as the wedding day of Isaac and Harriet. In the interim, the thoughts of our fortunate young gentleman dwelt on the situation of his unhappy parent, who still remained in prison, and refused to be comforted. The day after the business and matrimonial arrangements had been effected between Isaac and Mr. Pedle, old Hobbs was sitting in his cell in a state of gloomy abstraction, when he observed through the grating in the door some person who, when the face was presented, he took to be his son, but when the individual turned his back to speak to the jailer, Michael was confounded by the appearance of his dress. He was scarcely less perplexed, when the door was unlocked and the visitor admitted.

"Isaac!—no; can it be?—yes, I see; he has gone crazy. Poor unfortunate boy, where have you been?—rolling in the mud, eh? Well, no wonder—it is enough to madden a saint in paradise. Wretched father and miserable son!—better that you were both buried in one grave together!"

Isaac, with a cheerful countenance, communicated the intelligence that, by the kind assistance of Mr. Pedle, he had been enabled to discharge all pecuniary obligations, to obtain his father's liberation, and even to redeem the household goods, implements of trade, &c. Old Hobbs heard him with little appearance of satisfaction.

"And why this masquerade?" said he, glancing at Isaac's apparel.

Appearances seemed, indeed, to require some explanation. Isaac's black suit was powdered profusely with the dust of the bake house, making him an exact representation of the lawyer delivered from the sack, in the farce of "No Song, no Supper."

"I am a lawyer no longer," said the young man man resolutely; "I have embarked in the baking business, under the tuition of Mr. Pedle."

The declaration was too horrible to be withstood by old Hobbs; he sat with a petrified aspect, glaring at his son for several minutes. Isaac proceeded to justify the decisive step he had taken, remarking that by this change of vocation he had been enabled to raise the necessary funds for the liberation of his father, and the redemption of his goods.

"And do you think," exclaimed the old man, "that I would not rather have lain in this jail to the last hour of my life, never to look on the light of day, or to breathe the pure air of heaven—than to hear you acknowledge yourself such a base minded rascal?—go, I have done with you. Say no more—not a word; by heaven, the sight of you is torment! Leave me leave me instantly!"

Observing that the old man's excitement was very great, the son thought it most prudent to retire and to wait a calmer moment, when he hoped to convince his father that the course he had taken was all for the better. Soon after Isaac's departure, the jailer formally announced to old Hobbs that he was no longer a prisoner.

"I am as well here as any where else," said Michael, doggedly.

"I am really very sorry," observed the man of keys, "that we are not able to accommodate you any longer. You are aware that our rules make the thing impossible; otherwise," he continued in a tone of great gravity, "I should be happy to entertain you for a whole life time, and I assure you it will afford me infinite pleasure to receive you again, when I am authorized and empowered to do so."

So saying, the jailer, who was a perfect model of courtesy, handed Mr. Hobbs out of the apartment, conducted him through the various passages, and finally dismissed him from the outer gates of the establishment. Michael proceeded to his place of residence, where he found one sympathizing friend in his wife; and the ancient couple talked and wept over the wreck of their long cherished expectations.

CHAP. IV.

I wish most devoutly that half our junior professors of law could have contemplated the comforts and enjoyments of Isaac's present situation, and contrasted that situation with the one he abandoned; if most of them, with such an example before them, would hesitate to apprentice

themselves to useful trades, then I must remark that most young lawyers have less intelligence and sound judgment than is usually accredited to them. The only drawback on the felicity of young Hobbs was the displeasure of his parents, for both of the old people continued irremediable. To compensate him for this, he had the smiles of Harriet and the encouraging exhortations of Mr. Pedle. The good baker often gazed on the legal suit, (i. e. the black coat and pantaloons which he had perstaded Isaac so convert into a common working dress,) with great triumph and satisfaction.

"It seems to me, Isaac," said Mr. P., "when I look at that coat, and see how it begins to change color—for it was black once, and now it is almost white—it seems to me that good principles are getting the upper hand of bad ones. That's reasonable. White, I have read somewhere, is the emblem of innocence; and black represents all sorts of villainy and rascality. That's very reasonable. It has struck me that by the time that coat turns completely white, which it will do when the flour gets incorporated with the grain of it, then all the lawyer will be worked out of you, and you will be as honest a fellow as one would wish to meet with. Don't you see the coat, on no consideration; make it pay for the mischief it might have done. Ha, ha, ha—that's very reasonable."

Thus encouraged by the amiable family in which he lived, Isaac found the two months which were to precede his nuptials not very tedious, and when the specified time arrived the wedding solemnities were performed with a good deal of taste and elegance. There was no scarcity of cake, for Mr. Pedle himself was expert in preparing confectionery, and his ginger-bread enjoyed an unrivalled reputation throughout the city.

From that period, fortune smiled on all the worldly affairs of Isaac Newton Hobbs. The resentment of his father and mother gradually subsided, and parental affection once more had the ascendancy. Mr. Pedle took Isaac into partnership, and the firm of Pedle & Hobbs did an astonishing business; in less than five years Isaac was a man of wealth and influence. He became celebrated for his public spirit, was universally esteemed for his integrity, and generally beloved for his benevolence and urbanity. In consequence of this favorable impression on the public mind, he was nominated to Congress, and elected by a large majority.

On going to pay his respects to his parents the morning after his election, Isaac was received by the venerable pair with every mark of contrition; they acknowledged their error in condemning his abandonment of the legal profession, and admitted, (a sad and humiliating admission for parents,) that their son had thought and acted more wisely than themselves.

DISTINCTIONS.—A French Abbe travelling in the stage, was asked by a young clerk, a would-be wit and atheist, if he knew what difference there was between a priest and an ass, and upon being answered in the negative, said that the priest carried the cross on his breast, and the ass on his back.

After the laughter had subsided, the Abbe asked if the clerk knew the difference between a clerk and an ass, "No," was the reply—"Nor I," rejoined the Abbe.

Twelve Spanish silver dollars were lately deposited in the savings Bank in this city, which had been in the family of the depositor between fifty and sixty years. If they had been at compound interest they would have increased to \$376 00. Although coined nearly one hundred years ago, they were not worn and were as bright as new dollars.—[Hartford Courant.]

A Man of Family.—A man and his wife and sixteen children arrived recently at Milwaukee, on their way farther west. It was understood that he had left part of his family behind.

Pudicia says that the most innocent sights in the world, are, a baby biting its toe, and a kitten in active pursuit of its tail.

"I must exchange my quarters," as the counterfeit of 25 cent pieces said when he heard the police were after him.

The city of St Louis has commenced the issue of small bills, denominated warrants.

Bulwer says that honesty exists in the breeches pocket, and likewise that worth makes the man and the more a man is worth the worthier he is.

"My brethren," said a staid and learned oracle, "there is a great deal to be did and it is time we were all up and didding on't."