

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1841.

[WHOLE No. 305.]

VOL. VI, No. 45.]

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, Orbisonia; David Blair, Esq. Shade Gap; Benjamin Lease, Shirleyburg; Eliel Smith, Esq. Chiltonstown; Jas. Enriken, jr. Coffee Run; Hugh Madden, Esq. Springsfield; Dr. S. S. Dewey, Birmingham; James Morrow, Union Furnace; John Sister, Warrior Mark; James Davis, Esq. West township; D. H. Moore, Esq. Frankstown; Eph. Galbreath, Esq. Hollidaysburg; Henry Neff, Alexandria; Aaron Burns, Williamsburg; A. J. Stewart, Water Street; Wm. Reed, Esq. Morris township; Solomon Hamer, Neff's Mill; James Dygart, Mouth Spruce Creek; Wm. Murray, Esq. Graysville; John Crum, Manor Hill; Jas. E. Stewart, Sinking Valley; L. C. Kessler, Mill Creek.

NEW FOUNDRY.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends, and the citizens of Huntingdon county, that he has commenced a New Foundry at Alexandria, Huntingdon county, where he has at all times **Stoves of every Description,** Cook Stoves, Tea Plate Wood Stoves, Coal Stoves, Rador Stoves, made of Russian and American Iron. The above Stoves are always on hand and will be furnished at the lowest rates. Old metal will be taken in exchange.

He has also every variety of Tin ware which will be furnished at the same rates. ALSO, Improved Self Sharpening Ploughs, for two and three horses, always on hand.

ISRAEL GRAFFIUS.

Alexandria, Oct. 23, 1841. St. p

STRAYS.

CAME to the residence of the subscriber, about nine weeks since, living on Raystown Branch below Hauri's one

BLACK HEIFER

with white on her face and under her belly. She has a cut on the left leg above the hoof; and a bealing above the right ear. The other is a

RED CALF.

The owner is requested to call prove property pay charges and take them away; or they will be disposed of according to law.

THOMAS DEAN.

Oct. 26th 1841.

Executors' Notice.

LETTERS testamentary on the estate of James Morrow, late of Tyrone township, Huntingdon county, deceased have been granted to the undersigned.—All persons having claims or demands against the estate of said dec'd, will please make them known without delay; and all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate, are requested to make payment immediately.

NANCY MORROW, Ex'r.

JAMES MORROW, Ex'r.

October 27, 1841.

EVANS' AMOMILE AND APERIENT PILLS.

Dr. EVANS does not pretend to say that his medicine will cure all diseases that flesh and blood are heir to, but he does say that in all Debilitated and Impaired Constitutions—in Nervous diseases of all kinds, particularly in the DIGESTIVE ORGANS, and in Incipient Consumption, whether of the lungs or liver, they will cure. That dreadful disease, CONSUMPTION, might have been checked in its commencement, and disappointed its prey all over the land, if the first symptoms of Nervous Debility had been counteracted by the CAMOMILE FLOW-ER chemically prepared; together with many other diseases, where other remedies have proved fatal.

How many persons do we daily find tormented with that dreadful disease, SICK HEADACHE. If they would only make trial of this invaluable medicine, they would perceive that life is a pleasure and not a course of misery and abhorrence. In conclusion I would warn nervous persons against the abstraction of BLOOD, either by leeches, cupping, or the employment of the lancet. Drastic purgatives in delicate habits are almost equally improper. Those are practices too often resorted to in such cases, but they seldom fail to prove highly injurious. Certificates of cures are daily received which attest the efficacy of the great efficacy of this invaluable medicine, in relieving afflicted mankind. The above medicine is for sale at Jacob Miller's store, Huntingdon.

FLORENCE WILLESSEN :

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

'Tis a common tale,
An ordinary sorrow of man's life;
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed
In bodily form.

WORDSWORTH.

A village in the south of England is one of the loveliest sights in nature; and it is what it seems, the very nestling place of poetry, love and happiness. It glitters with its white-washed cottages and garden walls, among the green trees amid which it is embowered, like the golden fruits of Spain, peeping from beneath the rich foliage that does but partially conceal them. Its meadows, its streams, its tapering church spire; its hedge-rows; its lanes of sweet-briar and wild roses; its lattices, with their clustering jessamine and honey suckle; its gardens, with their bee hives; its orchards, with their odoriferous blossoms; and above all, its simple yet cheerful inhabitants, ignorant of the great world, and unwilling to have that ignorance enlightened; all combine to render a village in the south of England the most delightful spot in the universe. How sweet to retire from the world to such a haven of repose; and there to cultivate only the pure affections of one's nature, and keep the soul divided by a rainbow zone, from the grosser atmosphere of common existence. There are many little paradises of the kind I speak of, and I should be contented with any one of them, although I had my choice, I should perhaps fix upon Woodburn, in preference to all the rest. My predilection is the more singular, as all my associations connected with the recollection of that village are of a peculiarly melancholy cast. Even there the spoiler, sorrow, had found an entrance; and his victims were not unknown to me. I will endeavor to recal their story, it is a simple one; but it suits well the mournful temper of my mind, and I shall therefore avail myself of this opportunity to narrate it.

Let me paint her as I first saw her.—It was in her cottage garden, on a bright summer morning, when the dew was still sparkling on the flowers. She held a book in her hand, but she was not reading. She stood wrapped in a delightful reverie, with her eyes fixed on two young rose bushes. I knew not then that she was an old friend's only child, yet I stopped involuntarily to gaze upon her. I had never before seen one so beautiful; and that too, without the shadow of pretence. I cannot describe her features, but their combined effect was irresistible. There was a world of expression—an unfathomable depth of feeling, in her dark blue eye. I saw a tear start into it; but the thought that called it up was merely transient, for a smile gathered upon her lips immediately afterwards, and chased away with its light the harbinger of sorrow. At that moment, the gate was thrown open, and a youth entered. He was her lover; I knew it at a glance. A deeper crimson spread itself over her cheek, and her smile kindled into one of more intense delight. They stood together; England could not have produced a nobler pair. They seated themselves in the sunshine; the youth took the book and read aloud. It was a poetic page over which they hung.—She leant her white arm on her lover's shoulder, and gazed upon him with delight and breath less attention. Who is it that has said there is no happiness on earth? Had he seen Edmund and Florence on that calm, blue morning, he would have confessed the absurdity of his creed.

Edmund was the eldest son of the village rector;—a man "to all the country dear." Florence was the daughter of an old respected soldier, who had served in many a campaign, and who now lived in retirement, upon the small pension which was given him by government, as the reward of his long and valuable services. She had lost her mother almost before she knew her, and all her filial affection was centered in her only surviving parent; her heart she had bestowed upon Edmund and he was by no means insensible of the value of the gift. They had been companions from their infancy. All their recollections of times past were the same for all their amusements and studies had been similar. But Edmund had made considerably more progress than Florence Nature had heaped upon him all those mental endowments that constitute genius. She had given him a mind capable of the profoundest aspirations; a heart that could feel more deeply, a fancy that could wing a bolder flight, than those of most other youths of his age. He as yet, knew nothing of the state of society beyond the limits of Woodburn. He had never been more than twenty miles from home during his whole life.

But he was now eighteen, and Florence was only a year younger. They had ceased to be boy and girl. She, indeed,

would have been contented to have continued as she was forever, blest with her father's and her lover's affections; more than in the discharge of her domestic duties; in her summer evening rambles, in her books, her bees, her fruits, and her flowers. But Edmund, although he loved her with all the enthusiasm of a first love, had more ambition in his nature. He wished to mingle in the crowd, in the pursuit of glory; and he had hopes that he might outstrip at least some of his competitors. Besides, he was not possessed of an independent fortune, and exertion, therefore became a duty.

His resolution was at once formed; he determined to fix his residence in London for at least a couple of years, and ascertain whether, in truth, ability was there its own reward. It was sad news to Florence; but on reflection on the advantages which Edmund might derive from the execution of the scheme, she looked upon her grief as selfish, and endeavored to restrain it. The evening before he left Woodburn, they took a farewell together in her father's garden. Florence had succeeded in keeping up a show of cheerfulness during the day; but as the yellow beams of the setting sun came streaming through the poplars and elms that lined the wall, as she thought how often they had seen the sun set before, and how long it would be ere they would see it again, a chord was touched that vibrated through her heart, and she could no longer restrain her tears. Edmund besought her with the utmost tenderness of manner, not to give way to emotions so violent; but she only locked his hand more firmly in her own, and amid the convulsive sobs, repeated again and again—"Edmund! we shall never meet more! I am not superstitious, but I know that I am right;—we shall never meet more!"

Her lover had recourse to every soothing argument he could think of; but that she at length became calm, a gloomy presentiment of future evil seemed to have taken possession of her mind.

A year had elapsed, and Edmund's early dream had been more than realized. He had risen into fame at once; his reputation as a man of genius was acknowledged throughout his native land. His fortune was secured, and his name had already become illustrious. Every where was his society courted, and his opinions listened to with deference and admiration. There seemed to be no honors to which he might not hope to attain. His ardent spirit, and his growing ambition, became once and more insatiable. Every difficulty had yielded before him; he had flown upon the wings of success; his life had hitherto been a brilliant dream—a dream from which he saw no prospect of immediate awakening.

It was evening, and he was alone in her splendid drawing room, with the loveliest woman in London—a daughter of a vicar. A hundred lamps reflected by a hundred mirrors, shone around them. There was to be a magnificent entertainment, but the company had not yet arrived. Edmund, and the lady Matilda, would not have cared had they never arrived at all. They sat near each other, and talked in low, soft tones, of all that youth and beauty love best to talk about. Edmund had never felt so vain in his life before; for there were hundreds in the metropolis blest with all the advantages of rank and birth, who would have given both their titles and their fortunes to have secured one of those smiles which the proud maiden now lavished upon him.—And she—she had read his works, she thought of his fame, she looked upon his elegant form and handsome features, and forgot the hundred scions of nobility who had offered up their incense at her shrine. A carriage was heard to stop, and they were soon to be interrupted. "I have taken a fancy to that emerald ring of yours," said lady Matilda, "will you exchange it for one of mine?" She took a glittering diamond from her finger, and put it on Edmund's; and at the same time his emerald became one of the ornaments of the prettiest hand in the world. It was a ring that Florence had given him, the very morning he left Woodburn.

The two years he was to be away had expired.—"Florence," said her father to her one morning, "I never saw you looking so well, your cheeks are all roses, my sweet girl; have you been watching the sun rise?" Florence turned away her head for a moment, to brush a burning tear from her eye, and then answered cheerfully to her unsuspecting father, that she had seen the sun rise. There was not a person in Woodburn, except her father, who had not observed how dreadfully Florence had altered—not in her manners nor habits, nor conversation; but in her looks. Her cheek, it is true, was red, but it was the hot flush of fever; her eye was bright, but it was the clearness of an insidious malady.

She had heard of Edmund's success, and there was not a heart in the world that beat so proudly at the intelligence;

but she soon heard of more than his success, and his letters became fewer, shorter and colder. When her father was from home, she would sit for hours in her garden, by herself, listening, as she said, to the chirping of the birds, but weeping bitterly all the while.

"I have not heard you speak of Edmund lately," said her father to her one day, about the beginning of June. "I do not think of him less," answered Florence, with a faint smile. The old man knew nothing of his apostasy—"I have good news for you," said he, "I saw the rector to day, and Edmund is to be in Woodburn by the end of the week."—Florence grew pale; she tried to speak, but could not; a mist swam before her eyes, she held out her hand, and threw herself into her father's arms.

It was Saturday evening, and she knew that Edmund had arrived early on the previous day, but she had not seen him. She was sitting in the summer house of her father's garden when she heard a step on the gravel walk; she looked through the willows and honey suckle; it was he! he himself—in all the bloom and beauty of dawning manhood. A strange shivering passed over her whole frame, and her color went and came with fearful rapidity. Yet she retained her self possession, and with apparent calmness, rose to receive him when he entered. The change in her appearance, however, struck him immediately; Good God! have you been ill! you are altered, sadly altered, since I saw you last. "Does that strike you so very wonderfully Edmund?" said Florence gravely; are you not altered, too? "Oh, Florence! I have behaved to you like a villain! I see it now, cruelly, fatally do I see it!" "Edmund, that I did love you, you setting sun, which shone upon us when we last parted, can still attest, for it was a witness of my grief. It has been the witness, too, of the tears I have shed in my solitude, tears which have been revealed to no earthly eye; and it shall be the witness even yet," she continued, an almost heavenly smile illuminating her countenance, "of our reconciliation for the wanderer has returned, and his errors are forgiven." She held out her hand to him as she spoke, but he shrunk back; "I dare not—I dare not take it! It is too late! Florence, I am married!" There was not a sound escaped her lips, but her cheeks turned deathly pale; her eyes became fixed as a stone, and she fell on the ground like a marble statue. Her grave is in the church-yard at Woodburn; she lies beside her father. There is no urn nor monumental tablet to mark the spot, but I should know it among a thousand. Edmund's fame has travelled into other countries, and men have looked upon him as a demi-god. Florence Willesden was never heard of beyond the limits of Woodburn till now.

The Christmas Wedding.

James Campbell was a true New England sailor. He arrived in Boston after a voyage of eighteen months to the East Indies, in the good ship Tompion, of which he was second mate; and as soon as the ship was discharged he obtained leave to be absent a few weeks on a visit to his friends, who resided in a beautiful village in the valley of the Connecticut. When he bade farewell to Captain Seawell, that worthy man, who regarded James as a son, and felt deeply interested in his welfare, gave him a bit of advice.

"I'll tell you what it is, James," said he, "you are going home, and will doubtless see many old acquaintances of both sexes in the course of your visit; and if you are wise, you will get spiced before you get back. Some folks say that a sailor has no business with a wife. This is an error; a sailor should let slip no opportunity of getting well married. A prudent, virtuous wife will not only always make his home welcome, and with her smiles compensate him for all his dangers and self denial when abroad, but her image deeply impressed on his mind, will act as a talisman to preserve him from the vortex of dissipation and licentiousness, and to guard him from the temptations which so oft beset the path of the sailor. It is a hard case, James, if a sailor is to be deprived of the comforts of matrimony, which are not denied the lubberly landsman. A home—a joyous home, brightened with the smiles of affection, is more important to a sailor than a landsman. Get married, James, get married. Look around you, when you get home, for a tight little country craft, with a handsome run and neatly rigged; run boldly alongside, throw your grappling irons on board, and then see that she is well manned, your rogue."

"Get married?" muttered James to himself, as he wended his way to the stage office—"what does the old man mean? It is easier said than done. I'll think of it—but there's no hurry—I am only twenty two yet."

It was about 10 o'clock, on a clear and

cold evening in the month of December, when the stage sleigh, in which James Campbell had taken passage, reached the village in which the young mariner was born. The moon shone brightly in the heavens, and her silver beams were reflected by the surface of the snow, causing night almost to rival day, so far as light was concerned, and to surpass it in beauty and splendor. James longed to be with his parents and sisters; and after ordering his baggage to be deposited in the bar-room of the tavern, he hastened with eager steps along a cross-road, towards the old family mansion, which was situated on an eminence about three quarters of a mile from the tavern. He had accomplished about half the distance, when he was astonished at hearing the loud piercing shrieks of a female; and the brave and chivalrous sailor, always ready to relieve distress and extend a helping hand to the weak and oppressed, eagerly rushed forward to learn the cause of the cries which reached his ears.

He soon reached the spot from whence the sounds proceeded, and found a woman struggling with a ruffian who was endeavoring to prevent her loud and constant cries for succor. James seized the fellow by the collar with giant's a grasp, and as the scoundrel turned with savage fury upon the defender of outraged innocence, without saying a word, the young and vigorous sailor gave him no very gentle tap on the side of his head, which laid him senseless on the ground.

James found, on inquiry, that he had rescued a young and gentle maiden from the insults and outrages of a fiend in human form—who, instigated by the demon Intemperance, had waylaid her on her return from a neighbor's house, for the purpose of pressing upon her his odious suit. The scorn and contempt with which she treated him, had excited less indignation, and she was compelled to call for assistance against the attacks of the monster. The maiden, to whose assistance he had thus gallantly rushed, he soon recognised as Harriet Williams, a lovely, lively, laughing girl, the daughter of a near neighbor of his father's and intimate friend and almost constant companion of his sister Maria.

Some persons attracted by Harriet's cries for assistance, had approached the spot; the drunken ruffian was secured, and escorted to the house of a magistrate, from whence he was sent to prison for examination on the following day.

Harriet soon recognised her deliverer, and in expressive language, and with a sweet musical voice, which formed a wonderful contrast with the gruff, guttural sounds, which he had been in the habit of listening to for many months previous, gave utterance to the grateful feelings which had taken possession of her heart. He accompanied her home, and when he had taken leave of her and was once more, with rapid steps, lessening the distance which separated him from his parents, he caught himself muttering—"I am by no means sure that captain Seawell is not more than half right, after all. I always thought he was a sensible man."

It is needless to say that James Campbell was warmly welcomed beneath the paternal roof. He was beloved by his parents, and he deserved, by his correct habits and the integrity of his character, all their affection. The fatted calf was killed on the occasion of the return of the wanderer, and his presence increased the joy and gladness of the happy family.

It was but natural that James should step over to Deacon William's the next forenoon, to inquire after Harriet's health, and learn if she had suffered any inconvenience from her fright of the previous evening. Indeed politeness alone would have dictated this course. It is not improbable that Harriet, herself expected something of the kind, for she met him at the door with a smile that would have softened the iron in the bosom of an anchorite, and was dressed as neatly and looked as pretty, as if she had just crept out of a band-box. The interview was, apparently a pleasant one to both; and James afterwards declared—and I doubt not, truly—that he would rather pass one such hour in a pleasant room by the side of a cheerful fire, and in lively chat with a virtuous and intelligent girl, than pass two hours on the weather ear-rings for a close reef in a snow storm, on the winter's coast.

James afterward had a long talk with his sister about Harriet Williams. He had known but little of her for some years. He heard that she was as good as she was beautiful—was a dutiful and affectionate daughter and a faithful friend—"and," whispered he to himself, such a girl would surely make an excellent wife!" "But," said his sister, smiling, and with a shake of the finger as she left the room, "take care, James, don't fall in love with Harriet; there are many suitors for her."

The caution however came too late. Cupid's bird-bolt had already flown. James could not contend against Harriet's

laughing black eyes, musical voice, and captivating smiles. He had already made up his mind to surrender at discretion, but she hoped she would be prevailed upon to quarter. He had been so long accustomed to the ungainly forms, rough language, and rugged features of his shipmates, on the previous voyage, that a woman, young and blooming, with a cultivated mind like Harriet Williams seemed to him like a superior being, sent by a benignant Providence, to wait him to happiness.

James not induced to change his determination by his sister's remarks. He surrendered at discretion, but humbly sued for quarter, and Harriet's looks corresponded with her character; she was not cruelly disposed.

One evening, after he had been at home about ten days or a fortnight, as the family were seated around the supper table, the father turned toward his son and said, abruptly—

"James, how should you like to get married?"

James started as if a bullet had been lodged in his thorax: "Married sir!" repeated he.

"Yes, married. But it is too late now."

"Too late? married? Father I do not understand you."

"Why," replied the old gentleman, "to-morrow is Christmas day, and for twenty successive years there has been a wedding in the Campbell family on that day, which seemed to give a zest to our rejoicings, and aid us in celebrating the happy day which gave to the world the Savior of mankind. These marriages have always prospered. Last year your cousin Jonas was married; the year before that, your sister Elizabeth; but this year, among all your uncles, aunts, and cousins, not one is ready to be married on Christmas day. I hope that your sister Maria will be ready by next Christmas. And I did at one time hope that that slow-moulded mortal Zenas Blackwood, would have arranged matters, with your cousin Helen so as to be married to-morrow. I can't conceive what the numbskull has been about. According to present prospects they won't be married these three months, at least. I feel quite provoked with him. 'T is too bad to have no wedding on Christmas day."

"Father, said James, and a roguish smile played about Maria's mouth as he spoke. "I would do anything to give you pleasure; I wish I had known this before. As you would say, I fear it is too late, now; for I am told it is a serious and sometimes difficult thing to get married to one's liking. But who knows what may turn up? Perhaps there may be a wedding in the family yet, before to-morrow night!"

The old gentleman laughed heartily at conceit, and James took up his hat and went out to TAKE A WALK.

In half an hour after this, James was cozily seated by the side of the blushing Harriet Williams and eloquently urging many arguments in favour of his startling proposition, that she should become a bride on the morrow!

"James," said she laughing, but evidently somewhat fluttered, "this is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of. You surely can't be serious. Besides, I am altogether too young to be married."

"If you really think so," said James, with a sly look, "there's no more to be said about it."

"I have not thought of it," added Harriet. "Indeed, I am not sure that I am willing to marry you at all. What will the world say?"

"I neither know nor care," replied James.

"I suppose the old married folks will say we acted wisely; the young women will censure your taste in the choice of a husband; and the young men will, one and all, envy me my happiness."

"What will your parents say?"

"They will be surprised, but you know they will not object. They will be glad to cement, in this way, the friendship between the families."

"But you are going to sea so soon!" said Harriet, in a plaintive voice.

"I shall be back the quicker! and while I am away, I shall feel happy in the thought that I have a wife who takes a deep interest in the fortunes of the poor weather beaten mariner."

"But even if the idea of being married to-morrow were not altogether absurd, I am not prepared. I have no wedding garments."

"That's no excuse," said James. "'T is nonsense for young ladies to employ hosts of milliners and mantua-makers for weeks, or perhaps months, before they can get married. It looks as if clothes were only necessary for a wife. You have youth, beauty and intelligence, and the most costly costume could not add to your charms."

"But there is not time to be published," added the yielding Harriet.

"Never mind," said the persevering